The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, EBRUARY 7, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 40

SPECIAL NOTICE !

—OF—

LOUIS. K. STAM.

New Goods!

Immense Stock !

Low Prices!

BED-ROOM SUITS, BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, WARDROBES, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS of almost every style, REED CHAIRS, Rattan Chairs, Carpet Chairs,

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS, in many beautiful styles.

BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

Library and Stand Lamps!

Old Gold and Antique Patterns—give an immense light.

Corner and Side Brackets, Wall Pockets, Comb Cases, Picture Frames, Chromos, Oil Paintings, &c., &c.

Mustache Cups, Shaving Mugs, Chamber China Set.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the different articles.

☞ I believe I have the largest line of useful Presents that can be found in town. Do not fail to visit my place and you will be convinced that my statements are strictly true.

LOUIS K. STAM.

Dec. 20, 1883.

AT STAM'S

DRUG STORE.

PEPPER,

SAGE,

SALTPETRE.

LOWEST PRICES,

LARGE STOCK.

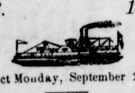
COLIN F. STAM.

Nov. 15, 1883.

Chester River Steamboat Company

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

1883. *1884.*



To take effect Monday, September 24th, 1883.

The Steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., making all the above landings.

The Steamer CORSICA will leave Pier 7, Light street wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at midnight for Centreville via Corsica creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown. Returning, will leave Chestertown every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M., making all the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD
Sept. 27, 1883. President.

COAL AND WOOD.

HAVING now laid in a Full Supply of Coal and Wood for the winter, we wish to inform our friends and the public generally that we are prepared to supply you with Coal and Wood of the best quality of White Ash and Lykens Valley Coal, and of Hickory, Oak and Pine Wood, at prices as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and see if we cannot please you.

Yours respectfully,

T. DEC. RUTH,
Chestertown, Md.
J. B. McINTIRE, AGENT.

P. S.—My employer is pushing me to make a full settlement for all outstanding bills, therefore all indebted must pay at once Pay now, we must have the money.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. McINTIRE,
Nov. 15, 1883. AGENT.

To The Public !



HAVING arranged for the Schooner BONITA, capacity 4000 bushels, we are now prepared to handle freights with quick dispatch and promptness, and will receive Grain at Travilla's and Double Creek public wharves; Buckingham landing, Chestertown, Quaker Neck wharf, and other landings on Chester river. Any orders left at the office of Joseph Turner, Esq., will receive personal attention.

JOS. W. THOMPSON.

☞ N. B.—GRAIN PURCHASED.

Dec. 6—tf.

Plows. Plows. Plows

The new Remington Carbon Plow is not surpassed in any particular, and it is superior in form, finish, metal and light weight to any other cast plow made, being one-half cast steel, has all the hardness and scouring qualities of the chilled plow, and is much stronger. The above plow is sold on a guarantee We respectfully refer parties to Messrs J. Z. Clark, Fletcher Melvin, Louis C. Justis, and others Call and examine this plow, and you will buy.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

Christmas Cards !

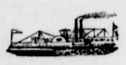
The Largest assortment in town at the CORNER DRUG STORE.

C. F. STAM.

ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT.



1883. 1884.

On and after Saturday, September 22d, steamer

Enterprise

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

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at o'clock, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock, stopping at Newnam's, Wilkin's and Quaker Neck. Leave Centreville at 8 o'clock, stopping at Corsica, Poplar Grove, Emory's and Earle's, in Corsica creek. Arriving at Baltimore at 12.30 midnight.

Returning, will leave Piers 12 and 13, Light Sreet wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Thursday night at 12.00 midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Pleasant accommodations for passengers.

Freight received daily until 6 p. m.

RICHARD J. FOARD,
Sept. 27, 1883. President.

New Goods!

For Fall and Winter Trade.

—AT—

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S,

DRYGOODS of all kinds, such as Dress Goods from 10c. to 75c., Black and Colored Velveteens, Red, White and Gray Flannels, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Bleached and unbleached Muslins, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Prints, &c.

GLOVES, large variety, from 12c. to $1 50. Kid Gloves a specialty.

Men and Boys UNDERSHIRTS and Drawers, Ladies' Vests, Bal. Skirts, Nubias, Children's Knit Sacks, Hoods and Muffs to match. Ladies' JERSEYS in all colors.

Large assortment of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Collars and Cuffs, Silk Handkerchiefs.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's SHOES, Men and Boy's Winter Boots, all grades. Gum Shoes.



HATS AND CAPS,

Latest Styles

in Stiff Hats, SoftHats in Fur and Wool, from 50c. to $3 00.

Ingrain CARPETS from 35c. to 75c., also, a full line of Samples always on hand in higher price Carpets.

Floor and Table OIL CLOTHS in all widths.

GROCERIES—Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Tobacco and Cigars.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Nov. 22, 1883.

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.

Baber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by WOOLFORD

Prompt and polite attention shown to al customers. April, 1881.

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

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange fo goods. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.r

PATENT Hammock Chairs, for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from heaven within us lying
Flash, and will flash to the last,
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken,
Man a tool to buy and sell,
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of hell.

Still the race of hero spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the world inherits—
Wife and child and fatherland,
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from work and wood;
He will dare as dared his father,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetter,
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heirs of all the ages gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing,
While a moan from man is wrung,
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

Charles Kingsley.

FLEECING STRANGERS.

HOW COUNTRYMEN ARE TAKEN IN BY NEW YORK SHARPERS.

A New York correspondent discourses upon the various ways in which strangers, generally from the rural districts, are taken in by the sharpers who infest the metropolis in such large numbers. Let us suppose, he says, that one of the strangers was walking up Broadway, dazed with the bustle and confused by the clatter. He is missing nothing of what goes on around him. Suddenly the man in front of him stoops down and picks up something. It is a glove. The country man looks at him to see what he picked up.

'Hello!' says the man, 'here's a ring in this finger. By Jove! it's a bang up gold ring. Some lady has slipped her ring off without noticing it in taking off her glove, and then she's dropped her glove.'

The countryman looks at the ring. It looks like a beauty. It might just fit his Sallie's finger. Blame it! Why does he never pick up anything?

'Look a here, young feller,' says the city man, 'here's a gold ring. I'm poor as a church mouse; have n't got a cent. The stores is all closed and I can't sell this. Gimme fi' dollars for it and say no more.'

Done—and the countryman has got a brass ring.

On the next block another very similar incident occurs. A countryman is plodding along and gawking about. He bunks into a man who has stopped to pick up something. It's a big fat wallet. The city man opens it and peeps into it. The countryman can see by the expression on the other's face that the wallet is full of bills, though he doesn't happen to see the bills.

'By George!' says the lucky finder, 'some countryman's in a hole. Lost his pocket book and a big hunk of money. It's too bad—too bad; and I've got just ten minutes to catch the boat at the Battery. The poor fellow ought to have his money. Tell you what I'll do. Give me $10 and keep the wallet till you see to-morrow's *Herald*, and then you give it to the man that's lost it. He'll advertise it sure, and you'll get $20, or maybe $50, reward.'

Done—and the countryman had got a wad of paper rolled up in a one dollar greenback.

Perhaps the next countryman among our guests drops into a Bowery museum. Why shouldn't he? He never saw a band of real Popocolopet cannibals from Patagonia, or a fat woman weighing 600 pounds, or a boy who can do with his feet whatever others do with their hands and all this can be seen for ten cents. So in he goes. Soon a very genial gentleman, with a voice like a fog horn, invites the countryman to see what another gentleman has just drawn for fifty cents. There is a case full of silver-plated ware and a gold chain, a gold watch, a diamond pin and I don't know what all, and the other gentleman has drawn ticket thirty two. Ticket thirty two? Why, ticket thirty-two was the diamond pin—well, the gold watch is there yet.

'Take an envelope out for fun and see how your luck is running. It won't cost you anything. What 103! Why that's the gold chain. Take a try in earnest, only fifty cents.'

The countryman pays fifty cents. He draws out an envelope. Perhaps it is one that sticks out a little; perhaps it is one that he accidentally saw the gentleman pull out to show a bystander in order to prove that the number on the gold watch was really in one of the envelopes. If he pulls out either of these he will find a blank in his envelopes. If he is stupid and pulls out another one, the gentleman who presides will seize it with an 'Ah, now let's see what you get,' and will exchange it so deftly that you won't see him do it and—the countryman gets a blank. If he tries again and again he will spend $4 or $5 to carry off a seventy-five cent plated butter dish, perhaps. But maybe the next countryman is shy of the envelope game. That doesn't matter. Our city people can please any taste or interest any form of curiosity.

Doubtless many of the strangers find themselves in pleasant converse with a man who adroitly sounds them to find out whether they ever played cards for money or not. The pleasant pumpers are gambling house 'cappers.' They get a percentage on the winnings from whosoever they bring to the tables. They are not violent. They do not drug a man or carry him by force, nor do they urge a man to play if he says he does not understand cards. That's all the talk of those who do not know what they are preaching about. The capper is the least offensive variety of city sharks. He asks you to come around to 'the club,' and then takes you to a hell where is played a 'brace' game. I never staked a cent in a gambling house in my life, but I have often been in those places, and once I saw a capper bring in a jolly, half tipsy country merchant with a roll of bills as big as a woman's fist. I saw him lose $400 and then offer to treat the house. The boss gambler would not permit this, but set up the wine himself. Then the man sat down to play again, and the gambler would not let him do so, but sent a capper of the house with him to see him safe to his hotel. Perhaps you think this was highly moral. Well, it was morality of the highest gambling house standard.

'Why did you not let him keep on playing?' I inquired of the gambler.

'O,' he replied, 'he had nothing but small bills left. No use cleaning him out and having him complain to the police. As it is, he has gone away feeling good toward the house,'

A CENTRAL AMERICAN MARKET.

WHAT THE NATIVES BUY AND SELL —CURIOUS SCENES.

One of these native markets is a curious and interesting sight to see. They are generally held every four or every eight days, either 'weekly' or 'fortnightly,' for the native week is of four days only. One of the days of the week often bears a distinctive name of 'selling,' or 'market' day, resembling in this the Latin and Romance name for Friday, 'Vendredi,' 'Venerdi,' etc. The natives will often come a hundred miles to attend one of these big markets, and there are generally several thousand present, buying and selling. They bring their fowls most carefully packed in long wicker cages, fastened between two stout poles converging at each end. Eggs are usually carried in large finely-plated baskets; indeed, some of the basket work is so tightly made that it will hold water. At the markets between Isangila and Manyanga 500 eggs may be bought at a time. The natives also sell fresh vegetables (pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and even a wild cabbage,) bananas, plantains, pineapples, groundnuts, sugarcane, maize, Kola nut, tobacco, and 'kikwanga.' Kikwanga needs a word of special mention, it is such an important article of consumption in the Congu menu. The root of the manioc, or cassada, a very ancient introduction from Brazil, is taken and pounded into fine white pulp. This is left to soak for about twenty four hours in running water (possibly to rid the substance of a certain acrid poision attributed to the root), and is then allowed to ferment. When worked up into a consistence of stiff dough it is divided into portions, and each portion is wrapped up in a large green leaf until wanted for cooking. Kikwango tastes and looks like sour dough, but it is highly nutritive. The best way of eating it is to cut it into thin slices, and eat these fried in butter, or, if butter be not procurable, in ground nut oil, easily extracted from the Arachis hypogœa.

Beside the articles of sale already mentioned, sheep and goats are present often in some quantity. The sheep are tall, stout animals, nearly twice the size of the little sturdy goats, are hairy, and in the ram bear a fine mane from the chin to the stomach. I have already referred to them when treating of Pallaballa as being the universal breed of Central Africa. The further south I have seen this distinctly marked variety is on the Cunene river. There they mingle with the great Cape sheep whose tails so often become so loaded with fat. The domestic goat of the Congo is a small, short-legged little beast, good to eat, and giving in the female rich and abundant milk. The Congo sheep, by the by, makes execrable mutton. In the markets there are of course innumerable fowls to sell, and even at times Muscovy ducks. The latter bird is another gift from rich America to needy Africa, and was introduced into the West Coast, in common with maize, manioc, pineapples, sugar cane, ground nuts and many other useful alimentary additions to African diet by the Portugese, to whom, in my opinion, Africa owes a deep debt of gratitude. Nor ought we to forget that it is to this enterprising people that we owe the first knowledge of the tea plant, the orange and the lime.

An African market with so many commodities to sell and so many eager sellers and buyers is a most animated scene. The din of voices may be heard afar off, and when you enter the great open square, where, under the shade of great trees, perhaps a thousand people are disposed in little chaffering groups round their heaps of wares, it is worse than the parrot-house at the Zoological gardens. The women are the keenest traders. They haggle and scream and expostulate and chuckle aside over the bargains, while the hulking men lounge about in good-humored listlessness, or squat in rows stolidly smoking. Although the strife of tongues is great, a few real quarrels occur. There is in most cases a chief of the market, perhaps an old Fetish man, who regulates all disputes, and who so heavily fines both litigants that all are chary of provoking his arbitration. This Babel lasts but one day, and then for the rest of the week the market place is void and desolate; only the old wicker baskets, banana husks, corn shucks, feathers and egg-shells remain to witness the great assemblage that has taken place.

Of such a kind is the great market near Isangila, and there are similar gatherings at Manyanga, Lutete, and in proximity to most of Mr. Stanley's stations.—*London Graphic.*

A HALF breed with three squaws, all heavily laden with skins, complacently permitted his oldest squaw to go ahead and test the ice as he was about to cross the Missouri near Mandan. She broke through repeatedly, and had to extricate herself as best she could, the noble son of the forest coolly smoking his pipe meantime, and awaiting the discovery of a safe crossing for himself and his youngest squaws.

MR. VANDERBILT'S PICTURES.

A VISIT TO THE PRIVATE GALLERY IN WHICH ARE ART OBJECTS THAT COST MILLIONS.

New York Letter in the Omaha Herald.

A pressure of my finger on a tiny button doubtless rang a bell by electricity, though the quickness with which a man servant came out suggested that the wire was attached to his heels He was a flunky of the English pattern. I passed at once into the picture galleries. There are two of them, adjoining, and each is something like fifty by seventy five feet in floor area, with a height equal to two or three stories of an ordinary house. About two hundred visitors were present during the afternoon which I spent there, and I did not detect one instance of prying audacity.

The pictures are all modern and chiefly French, the names of the painters include every artist of modern contemporary fame. the subjects are almost always attractive to a lover of decent beauty, there being no examples of horror or repulsiveness. For instance, his Turner is a partially clear and measurably perfected view of a mystic valley full of lounging persons, the title being 'The Fountain of Indolence' His Detaille has to be a war piece, of course, but there is no death or carnage in it. His Alma Tademas lack grotesqueness and his Bouguereau is a woman 'On the Way to the Bath,' not after she has disrobed there.

Mr. Vanderbilt came into the gallery for a few minutes and chatted in an off hand way with acquaintances and others. I took occasion to talk with him on the subject of the extensive frauds lately discovered in Parissian art traffic. 'There's a big rascally business done in that line in Paris,' he said, 'and I don't know that any buyer who deals with the merchants can ever be sure that his pictures are what they pretend to be. America seems a good ways off to those fellows, and once a bogus painting has been sent across the Atlantic they naturally feel pretty safe about it.'

He does not give the aggregate cost of the collection, but the sum cannot be less than three millions. In a conspicuous corner is a portrait of himself. The canvas is only ten inches by thirteen. The likeness is excellent. The plentiful small wrinkles in the the rich man's face are shown with fidelity, the crow's feet around the little twinkling eyes are all there in miniature and there is in no respect the slightest idealization of the coarse features. It is the work of the highly fashionable Meissonier. How much do you suppose was paid for it? Twenty thousand dollars. And no flattery thrown in at that!

Cheese as Food.

Mr. Matthieu Williams tells us that we do not begin to know the value of cheese in cooking, and is responsible for the statement (as the *London Queen* gives it) that twenty pounds of cheese contains as much nutriment as there is in a whole sheep weighing sixty pounds. Considering the difference in cost between cheese and mutton, this is certainly news for the house provider. Except as Welsh rarebit, macaroni au gratin and the fancies in cheese pastry for desert, the valuable 'casein' is little used in cooking, although cheese porridge, cheese rice, and the addition of cheese to mashed potato, to boiled mush, and to hasty pudding, are all known to be appetizing. Now all of these preparations are said to be equal in food-value to beef and mutton, which should certainly help to make them popular. In his cooking lectures Mr. Williams dissolves his cheese in milk or water, and adds a little saleratus to it (bi-carbonate of potash), which brings it back to its original soluble form.

Most of the cook book receipts for using cheese require the addition of egg, which is an item of expensiveness in mid winter, so that plain grated cheese in the simple dishes mentioned with oatmeal, with buckwheat, with rice, with potato are quite novelties. They can be tried with or without the saleratus addition.

"Tent Life Among Women."

In a New York letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a fashion writer says that each member of her sex lives in a tent. Her skirts make the canvas, and she is her own centre-pole. She carries this habitation around with her, except when she steps out of it to go to bed. She goes to great trouble and expense in embellishing its exterior, and it is usually a handsome structure to look at. But it is nearly devoid of comfort for its occupant. Of late years it has generally been too small, so that a long stride couldn't be taken, in it, and often of such an arbitrarily aesthetic shape that one had to distort herself in order to stay within. At times it is so long that it draggles and wraps intolerably, and at others it is so short that the feet can't be kept, under it. This tent left isn't so bad in summer, when even outdoor existence is pleasant; but in winter the suffering which it entails is terrible. No matter how thick it may be made, the cold goes under it, chilling the dweller, and nullifying all her efforts to keep warm.

'A PROFESSIONAL man with a good income' writes to an English paper that he has recently apprenticed his son, 16 years old, to a builder. 'Of course,' says the father, 'he has to work at the bench and go out on jobs, but he is happy and his time well employed. When he is 21 he will have become master of his trade, and being an educated lad and sharp to boot, a very few pounds would start him in one of the colonies on the high road to competency. The silly pride of parents,' he says, 'is the chief drawback to their sons' success in life.'

The Gorrilla at Home.

It was said by the natives that the gorilla makes a sleeping place like a hammock, by connecting the branches of a sheltered and thickly-leaved part of a tree by means of the long, tough, slender stems of parastic plants, and lining it with the dried broad fronds of fern, or with long grass. This hammock-like abode may be seen at different heights, from ten to forty feet from the ground, but there is never more than one such nest in a tree. They avoid the abodes of man, but are most commonly seen in the months of September, October, and November, after the negroes have gathered in their outlying rice-crops, and have returned from the 'bush' to their valleys. So observed, they are described to be usually in pairs, or if more, the addition consists of a few young ones of different ages and apparently of one family. The gorilla is not gregarious. The parents may be seen sitting on a branch resting their backs against the tree trunk munching fruit, while the young gorillas are at play, leaping and swinging from branch to branch with hoots or harsh cries of boisterous mirth. This rural felicity, however, has its objectionable side, for occasionally, if not invariably, the old male, if he be seen in quest of food, is usually armed with a short stick, which the negroes aver to be the weapon with which he attacks his chief enemy the elephant. Not that the elephant directly or intentionally injures the gorilla, but deriving its subsistence from the same source, the ape regards the great proboscidian as a hostile intruder. When, therefore, he sees the elephant pulling down and wrenching off the branches of a favorite tree, the gorilla, stealing along the bough, strikes the sensitive proboscis of the elephant with a violent blow of his club, and drives off the startled giant trumpeting shrilly with pain. In passing from one tree to another the gorilla is said to walk semi erect with the aid of his club, but with a waddling and awkward gait; when without a stick, he has been seen to walk as a man, with his hands clasped across the back of his head, instinctively balancing his forward position. If the gorilla be surprised and approached, whatever the ground may be he betakes himself on all fours, dropping the stick, and makes his way very rapidly, with a kind of sidelong gallop, resting on the front knuckles, to the nearest tree. There he meets his pursuer, especially if his family is near and requiring his defence. No negro willingly approaches the tree in which the male gorilla keeps guard, even with a gun. The experienced negro does not make the attack, but reserves his fire in self-defence. The enmity of the gorilla to the whole negro race, male and female, is uniformly attested. Thus, when young men of the Gaboon tribe make excursions into the forest in quest of ivory, the enemy they most dread to meet is the gorilla. If they have come unwares too near him with his family, he does not, like the lion, sulkily retreat, but comes rapidly to the attack, swinging down to the lower branches, and clutching at the nearest foe. The hideous aspect of the animal, with his green eyes flashing with rage, is heightened by the skin over the orbits and eyebrows being drawn rapidly backward and forward, with the hair erected, producing a horrible and fiendish scowl. If fired at, and not mortally hit, the gorilla closes at once upon his assailant, and inflicts most dangerous if not deadly wounds, with his sharp and powerful tusks. The commander of a Bristol trader once saw a negro at the Gaboon frightfully mutilated from the bite of a gorilla, from which he had recovered. An other negro exhibited to the same voyager a gun barrel, bent and partly flattened by a wounded gorilla in its death struggle.—*Cassell's Illustrated Natural History.*

Queer Things to Eat.

The caterer for the Ichthyophagi club, of New York, has been interviewed by a reporter. He says:

Do you know that we have not half enough respect for the horse-shoe crab and the razor clam? They feed these crabs to chickens over in Long Island, and I guess that is about the only use made of them; but they are excellent eating. The very large ones are apt to be a little rank, but the medium sized ones are apt meat for epicures. The white fat around the shell makes an exquisite sauce, and worked up with eggs and condiments is a delightful salad dressing for crabs and lobsters. The meat, picked out, prepared as deviled crab, mixed with the fat, put back in the shell neatly, dusted over with cracker with a bit of butter on it, and baked in a quick oven, is something as good as any real good man need want. The only trouble with them is that there isn't much meat in them, but they are sufficiently abundant to make up for that by their numbers.

As for the razor clams, when other clams are worth twenty-five cents a hundred, they would be worth half a dollar each, if they were only scarce and people had any adequate idea of how good they are. The razor clam makes the finest bisque that I ever tasted in my life, with one exception of the starfish. And by the way, let me cordially recommend that starfish to the careful and earnest attention of every gourmand. Take your starfish, cut their fingers apart and bruise them up in a mortar to a paste—having primarily soaked them all one night in fresh water—boil the paste, strain, add soup stock, and, in short, make it as any intelligent cook would make a bisque that he knew he was going to have reason to be proud of, and you will have the finest flavored thick soup in the world.

'I had more difficulty in getting the Ichthyophagi to eat angle worm than anything else that I set before them. And yet they are very good, if properly prepared. Put your angle worms on a fine sieve three or four inches from the bottom of a pail fill the pail up with milk and leave them there a few days. They will not only get rid of all the earth and sand they have in them, but will fatten up with astonishing rapidity until they are thicker than an ordinary lead pencil, and of a beautiful light color. Take them out of the milk bath, wash them in clean water, let them wriggle around a little in flour or dust it over them, and then drop them in a cauldron of boiling fat. That kills them instantly and crisps them charmingly. Pile them on a napkin, garnish, and send to the table with drawn butter containing a little lemon juice and a dash of Worcestershire sauce, and, provided no weak minded prejudices are awakened by a knowledge of what they are, they will delight all who taste them.

News and Notes for Women.

A pensive maid often develops into an expensive wife.

A female cowboy—that is to say, a cowgirl—has been discovered in New Mexico.

The trains of recently-made French dresses measure nearly two yards and a half.

Parisian women are powdering their hair and arranging it a la Mary Stuart in the evening.

Miss Kate Kane, a feminine lawyer who threw water into a Milwaukee judge's face, has gone to Chicago.

Susan B. Anthony is writing a book containing her observations on the position of woman in European countries.

Women will never be paid as much for lecturing as men, simply because they have done so much of the thing for nothing.

In Mexico women are not allowed to attend funerals. They are however magnanimously accorded the privilege of being present at all weddings.

'No girl,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'who is well bred, kind and modest, is ever offensively plain; all real deformity means want of manners or of heart,'

New York girls carry walking sticks. It is just as well, the *Picayune* thinks; with them they may be able to keep off the sticks of society that are always following them.

When you wish to appear beautiful and attractive consult your best lady friend, show her all your dresses and ask her to select the one you should wear and then choose another.

Mrs. Ruth Everett, of Salt Lake City, says that the Utah women who signed the petition to Congress protesting against any further legislation upon polygamy, did so under coercion,

A Boston judge declared the new standard time legal, and that very night his daughter sat up with her young man half an hour later than usual and her pa did not dare to say a word.

Among the most charming luncheon parties given in New York, says the *Bazar*, are those of a lady who cooks her simple but elegant meal in a tiny stove that stands on a dinner plate in a ball room, has no servants to wait, and washes the dishes herself when the guests are gone.

The festivities attending what the reporter calls an 'old fashioned' wedding in Rantoul, Wisconsin, recently, endured for three days. One of the striking features of the festivities was 'a wrestling match' between a Rantoul girl and a gentleman from Chilton, in which the girl succeeded in throwing the Chiltonian three successive times.

MILLIONAIRE MACKAY'S SCHEME.

HE PROPOSES TO SO FIX THINGS THAT THE PUBLIC MAY HAVE CHEAP TELEGRAPHY.

Washington Dispatch in the Chicago News.

Mackay's Postal Telegraph Company has sent an agent here to propose to take the task of building a postal telegraph line out of the hands of the government and build a line at its own expense that the Post Office can use as freely as if Senator Edmunds' plans should be carried out. It agrees to build the trunk lines between the East and West, North and South, connecting first with all the principal cities and then with every town that has two thousand inhabitants and over. It will establish its own officer and will place a connection in each place with the Post Offices, where an instrument and an operator will also be stationed. The company also agree to carry all kinds of messages, whether long or short, at the uniform rate of one half a cent a word.

All the company asks of the government is to agree to sell the telegraphic stamps of the company and that the stamps shall be devised and manufactured by the government, which is to deduct from the sales the cost of making and handling the stamps, which are to be used upon messages as they are now on letters. A message of one hundred words, for instance, will require a fifty-cent stamp and the stamping of the message will afford the company the means of estimating correctly its receipts without a complicated system of book keeping. The Postal Telegraph Company ask the government to sell these stamps as a guaranty for their receiving enough business to warrant the outlay in extending their present system.

THE immense ice fields that bar the way to the Antarctic lands have discouraged south polar explorations for many years. The geographical problems in that part of the world will be attacked with fresh vigor next summer by Prof. Nordenskjold, who will try to reach lands that have been seen but not attained by other explorers. There is a sudden revival of interest in south polar work. The French will establish next summer a scientific observing station at Cape Horn, and the Germans also will station a party on the barren island of South Georgia, only about 350 miles north east of the little known terra firma, Graham's Land.

THE KINGS SHIPS.

God hath so many ships upon the sea!
His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,
The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly,
The little fisher boats and barks of pleasure.
On all this sea of time there is not one
That sailed without the glorious Name thereon.

The winds go up and down upon the sea,
And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be,
And other ships they buffet, long and blindly,
The cloud comes down on the great sinking deep,
And on the shore the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea;
Oh, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder;
The wisdom throned above is dark to me,
Yet is sweet to think His care is under;
That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn
Into His storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I, that sail in peril on the sea,
With my beloved, whom yet the waves may cover,
Say—God hath more than angels' care of me,
And larger share than I in friend and lover.
Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?
The deep is but the hollow of His hand.

Boston Transcript.

ABOUT EGGS.

HOW IT IS THAT THEY COST FIFTY CENTS A DOZEN —GERMAN LIMED EGGS.

'It vas too pad I haf to sharge you feefty cent. I shoost make two cent on tot tozen of aigs,' said an up-town grocer who was selling eggs yesterday.

'He told the truth. He paid 48 cents a dozen, wholesale, if he bought his eggs the first of the week,' said Mr. W. S. Okie, a commission merchant, when asked if eggs had been selling at that price. 'That warm weather early in the season started the hens, and eggs came in so freely that the market was very weak. A good many got frightened and sold out. Then the weather came around cold again, and stopped the supply. The stock in hand here was not large. Of course those who had held their stocks made some money. In fact eggs were so scarce the first of the week that I do not know how we would have lived if we had not received a supply by a couple of German steamers. The warm weather of to-day has reduced the price to 42 cents wholesale, but it will be cold to-morrow, and we will not sell any lower for some time. Limed eggs bring about 35 cents.'

'How many eggs were brought in by the German steamers?'

'About 1,400 cases, or say 80,000 dozen.'

'Are they limed?'

'Yes, but the German process is better than the American. Here a bushel of lime is slacked with eight or nine pails of water; the water is drawn off, and the eggs are packed in it. The lime water closes the pores in the shell and excludes the air. The eggs will then keep two or three years. But the white of the egg gets watery; and, besides that, the limers do not pickle the eggs until they are afraid that they will spoil. Out of 1,000 barrels of limed eggs received here only 200 will be gilt edged. The German process leaves the white in such a natural condition that the imported eggs are frequently sold here as fresh ones by retailers. The only thing to prevent it is the fact that these preserved eggs cannot be boiled. They crack open every time, of course. In every other respect they are as good as nine-tenths of the fresh eggs sold.'

'How much duty do you pay on them?'

'The American hen is wholly unprotected from the pauper labor of the Germans. There is a movement on foot, though, to get a duty on eggs, which will, perhaps, enable us to charge several cents more a dozen under extreme circumstances.'

March options on eggs sold in the Exchange yesterday at 18½ cents a dozen.

Treatment of Balky Horses.

Any one observing the inhuman treatment often bestowed upon balky horses, will indorse the following persuasive measure recommended by the Germantown *Telegraph* To these remedies others may be added, but the ground is sufficiently covered by these hints to meet all ordinary cases of the sulks in horses:

As long as we can remember, this singular fit of obstinacy in the horse has been discussed, and all sorts of plans given for overcoming it. It must be remembered that what will prove a remedy for one horse will not for another. The original cause of it is, doubtless, neglect and ill treatment of the colt, or after it has been broken to harness. Sometimes stopping a few moments will be sufficient to start the animal again of its own accord. Kind words, patting, a handful of hay or grass, an apple, or a little black pepper put upon the tongue, will induce it to go ahead as if nothing had been the matter. Whipping, at all times, and especially in this case, is the worst resort. We have ourselves induced balky horses to quietly start by some of these means, and one was entirely cured of it by letting it stand until it went on again of its own will. Sometimes the mere turning of the head and letting the animal look in different direction, or rubbing the nose, has answered; so has tying a string around the foreleg below the knee and drawing it rather tight. Various resorts of this kind should be adopted, but never force.

Chief Justice Marshall's Amusements.

Chief Justice Marshall was one of the last survivors of those officers of the Revolutionary army who entered into civil service. He was a tall gaunt man, with a small head and bright, black eyes. He used to wear an unbrushed, long-skirted black coat, a badly fitting waistcoat and knee breeches, a voluminous white cambric cravat, generally soiled, and black worsted stockings, with low shoes and silver buckles. He was a rapid walker, and he never wore an outer garment even in the most inclement weather. A great judge, prominent among the mighty intellects of his epoch, and uniting inflexible honesty with rare genius, he was greatly endeared to those who knew him in private life, and his homeliness and slovenliness were attractive, as epicures value the cobwebs on a bottle of old wine. Pitching quoits was his favorite amusement, and when his iron circle 'rung the Meg,' or so fell that it encircled the peg at which he had thrown it, he exhibited childish joy.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL not long ago remarked to a friend, with whom he had been talking on the agnostic tendencies of the age, that he regarded the present time as simply the ebb tide of faith, and that he looked confidentially for a mightier wave than the world had ever seen, to rise, as such waves have always arisen, in the East.

IN the House of Commons forty members are necessary to make a quorum, in the House of Lords only three, and frequently in one night measures affecting lives and properties are passed through two readings by three old gentlemen in a gilded room.

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