The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 41

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.

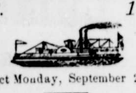
COLIN F. STAM.

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, AGENT.

Nov. 15, 1883.

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,

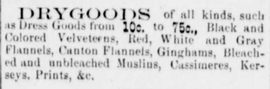
DRYGOODS of all kinds, such as Dress Goods from 10c. to 75c., Black and Colored Velveteens, Red, White and Gray Flannels, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Bleached and unbleached Muslins, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Prints, &c.

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 exchahge fo goods. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.r

BOOTS & SHOES—Men's and Boys' Heavy Boots and Fine Shoes. Ladies, Misses and Children's button and Lace Shoes for fall and winter wear at low prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

REVERIE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

We laugh when our souls are the saddest,
We shroud all our griefs in a smile:
Our voices may warble their gladdest,
And our souls mourn in anguish the while.

And our eyes wear a summer's bright glory,
When winter is wailing beneath:
And we tell not the world the sad story
Of the thorn hidden back of the wreath.

Ah! fast flow the moments of laughter,
And bright as the brook to the sea;
But ah! the dark hours that come after
Of moaning for you and for me.

Yea, swift as the sunshine, and fleeting
As birds, fly the moments of glee!
And we smile; and mayhap grief is sleeting
Its ice upon you and on me.

And the clouds of the tempest are shifting
O'er the heart, tho' the face may be bright;
And the snows of woe's winter are drifting
Our souls; and each day, hides a night.

For ah! when our souls are enjoying
The mirth which our faces reveal,
There is something—a something—alloying
The sweetness of joy that we feel,

Life's loveliest sky hides the thunder,
Whose bolt in a moment may fall,
And our path may be flowery; but under
The flowers there are thorns for us all.

Ah! 'tis hard when our beautiful dreamings,
That flash down the valley of night,
Wave their wing when the gloom hides their gleaming,
And leave us, like eagles in flight;

And fly far away unreturning,
And leave us in terror and tears,
While vain is the spirit's wild yearning
That they may come back in the years.

Come back! did I say it? but never
Do eagles come back to the cage;
They have gone, they have gone, and forever!
Does youth come back ever to age?

No! a joy that has left us in sorrow
Smiles never again on our way;
But we meet in the farthest to-morrow
The face of the grief of to-day.

The brightness whose tremulous glimmer
Has faded we cannot recall;
And the light that grows dimmer and dimmer—
When gone—'tis forever and all.

Not a ray of it anywhere lingers,
Not a gleam of it gilds the vast gloom;
Youth's roses perfume not the fingers
Of age groping nigh to the tomb.

For "the memory of joy is a sadness"—
The dim twilight after the day;
And the grave where We bury a gladness
Sends a grief, like a ghost, on our way.

No day shall return that has faded,
The dead come not back from the tomb;
The vale of each life must be shaded,
That we may see best from the gloom

The height of the home of our glory
All radiant with splendors of light;
That we may read clearly life's story—
"The dark is the dawn of the bright."

The War Feeling in China.

HONG KONG, Jan 3.—One of the first results of China's present warlike attitude is that a certain glimmering of patriotic feeling has spread throughout the entire empire, and that, in case of war, the Pekin Government can look forward to concerted action on the part of the western and southern provinces. The actual condition of China, her internal relations, the feeling between the people and the mandarins, are very little known, and still less taken into account by western politicians. The Ta Tsing dynasty sits on an uneasy throne. The Emperor is not of purely Chinese extraction, for Tartar blood courses in his veins, and his Manchu ancestry, together with the long period of minority from which he is just about to emerge, render him exceedingly unpopular with the people. Secret organizations of a political character overrun the empire, their sole aim being to overturn the reigning dynasty; and, besides these, there are other sects, such as the Triad Society of the Canton province, who are at heart nothing less than Nihilists. Their chief desire is to abolish any and all ruling factions.

There is a smouldering volcano in the heart of China, which has long threatened to overwhelm the country. The Tai-ping rebellion, as well as the Nien-fei insurrection, has proved that the feelings of dissension and discontent are rife throughout the length and breadth of the empire, and no one knows this better than do the Pekin magnates. However eloquently Europeans and Americans may write of the peaceful, home-loving, loyal character of the Chinese, it is very clear that their opinions are drawn from surface indications. It is often difficult to understand the political manœuvres of the Pekin authorities, or their direct bearing upon any one particular event. This is excellently illustrated by the apparently very confusing and contradictory positions assumed by the two leading Chinese statesmen of today. Li Hung Chang and the Marquis Tseng, for the despatches which Marquis Tseng flourished in the face of the French Government were the exact negative of the statements made by Li to M. Tricou. When M. Tricou and his suite took leave of Li Hung Chang, that astute statesman strenuously declared that China did not intend going to war with France; and this statement was in reply to a remark made by the French Envoy that Marquis Tseng was threatening war unless France consented to relinquish her claims upon Tonquin. Li Hung Chang not only thus expressed himself in thoroughly opposite sentiments to those of his colleague, but he even told the French Envoy that he hoped France would not declare war against China. M. Tricou was therefore perfectly correct in telegraphing to his Government that Li Hung Chang disavowed the policy of Marquis Tseng. China's wisest statesmen know the hidden weakness of the country, and appreciate the fact that a war with France means either the momentary gain of prestige or the entire disorganization of the country, popular sedition, and the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty.

By wisely adding to her naval forces and coast defences, and by mobilizing and furnishing the army with better weapons and reliable commanders, China has for the time awakened a widespread fraternal feeling between the most distant of her provinces and the capital. A common foe has, in this case, been the cause of a greater concord between the formerly hostile factions. This patriotic sentiment is continually evinced nowadays in letters and essays which fill the columns of the Chinese journals in the coast ports, and make the Pekin *Gazette* for once assume an interesting tone. Of course, indignant and vituperative language has been indulged in at the expense of the French. 'How dare you Frenchmen, who are as cats and dogs, fight with us who are panthers and tigers?' asks a patriotic writer in the *Hu Pao*. Indeed, a good bit of boastful pride, together with a decided contempt for everything French, has been plainly evident, even in the least patriotic effusions, to the undoubted edification of the Chinese reading public. To foreign residents in the East, the tone of the native journal is at once encouraging and satisfactory, not so much from their effusive patriotism as from the fact that they indicate an evident increase of amicable relations between the people and the Government; for sedition and rebellion, which have seemed so imminent, could but have resulted in anarchy, the forcible dissolution of the treaties, and the immediate attendant endangerment of the safety of foreign residents.

Despite all adverse rumors and a cloudy political horizon, an amicable solution of the Franco-Chinese difficulty is still expected. Up to the present date the best authorities have not ceased to deny the probability of an announcement of hostilities between France and China, at least so far as the empire is concerned. However patriotic and bellicose the people of China are today, they may not be so after the reverses of to-morrow—a fact of which the astute advisers of the youthful Emperor are only too well aware.

CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLIONS.

WELL-SUPPLIED MARKETS ABROAD AND A GLUT AT HOME BRING DOWN THE PRICES.

'Flour is dull and weak on this market,' said one wholesale dealer at the Produce Exchange yesterday. 'Flour is dull, but will not go any lower,' said another. The prices were:

No 2, from $2.10 to $2.75 per barrel; superfine, $2.75 to $3.30; extra, from $3.40 up; choice winter extras, $5.25 to $6; winter patents, $5.75 to $7; spring patents, $6 to $6.85.

'Compared with last year,' said another dealer, 'these prices are from 25 to 50 cents lower on winter grades, the 25 cents being on the good flour. Spring grades are the same as last year, except in the best grades, which are from 50 to 75 cts. lower.'

'What is the reason for the drop?'

'The markets of the Old World are well supplied and so is this market. The product of wheat in the United States last year was 420,000,000 bushels. The year before it was 600,000,000. A very large part of the crop of 1882 was carried over to 1883 by the farmers because prices were low. They have been unloading, and have brought down the price again.'

'Do the daily fluctuations in wheat affect the prices of flour?'

'It takes a rise or a fall of five or six cents on a bushel to make 25 cents difference on a barrel of flour. The price varies much with the export demand.'

'Are flour exportations increasing?'

'Much more rapidly than the export of wheat. The great improvements in American mills within a few years have enabled American millers to make better flour for the money than the foreign millers. There is quite an export trade to the West Indies and South America. The Baltimore and Richmond mills do a large South American business. A peculiarity of the West India trade is that a much better grade of flour is taken than is required for the European market. The lowest grades up to fair go to Europe. The West India trade takes flour at say $5.50, present prices.'

'Have the improvements in milling machinery tended to produce lower prices?'

'Hardly. They have given improved products at higher prices. Perhaps the lower grades are cheaper on that account.'

Empty Empires.

There is an old tradition in the United States Navy of a dispute between representatives of England and America over a bit of ground just about as useless as the North Pole would be. Two men of war, respectively English and American, met many years ago, among the South Sea Islands. Volcanic eruptions in that locality were rife and the navigators of vessels hardly dared to close their eyes at night for fear of new reefs and shoals appearing, regarding which the charts were literally "at sea."

The American ship had been longer in the neighborhood than the English one, and therefore her skipper knew something of the marvelous tricks which the land occasionally played. Hence he was not at all surprised to discover one day, looming up before him an island, where according to all accounts there should have been open sea. The Englishman sighted the land at the same time, and in a few moments a well-manned cutter shoved off from his gangway and pulled for the shore. The American captain likewise sent a boat, and a lively race ensued to see which should first reach the land.

As the English boat got into shallow water her officer jumped overboard and was followed by some of his crew, who splashed up to the beach. By the time the American boat had landed, the English flag was floating from a boathook stuck up for a staff, and a redcoated sentry was calmly walking to and fro beside it. The English captain then sent word over to the American vessel that he had taken possession of the island in the name of the king of Great Britain. The American captain, however, claimed first discovery, and sent back a counter message that the island belonged to the people of the United States. Before morning a storm arose, and both ships worked hard to keep off the lee shore, but when day broke, there was no lee shore to avoid. The island had gone, and with it flag and sentry. A convulsion similar to that which raised it above the sea had caused it to sink again, and two astonished captains might have been seen navigating their vessels over its former site, vainly searching for the beautiful island which each intended to present to his grateful country, and thus secure to himself imperishable renown.

An Evening With Other Worlds.

A very interesting lecture entitled as above was lately delivered before the American Astronomical Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., by Mr Garrett P. Serviss, of the editorial staff of the New York *Sun*. This gentleman has an attractive style of delivery, a wide command of language, and a rare power of interesting his audiences. The large hall of the Long Island Historical Society was crowded. Among other things the speaker said the motion of the earth upon its axis, and the motion of the earth in its revolution around the sun, were secondary to another and a mightier motion whose rate had not been accurately computed. This was the motion of our entire planetary system through space. Each of the great scenes of human history which had taken place upon the mighty stage of this moving air ship from age to age had been in regions of the universe separated by millions of miles. Beyond this solar system was a region of suns and worlds so vast that the imagination was powerless before it, but into which we were advancing.

The first pictures cast upon the canvas were illustrative of Jupiter, its famous red spot of 1878, and its equatorial belts. The changes in these belts and in the red spot had told astronomers that the surface of Jupiter was not solid, like that of the earth, but liquid, gaseous. In the revolution of the planet the red spot had gradually passed by noticeable spots in the great equatorial belts, whereas upon a body like the earth they would have maintained their relative position.

Jupiter he said, was apparently a world in process of formation. There was one occasion when the speaker had gazed upon it with Prof. Young, through the great Princeton telescope, which magnified it fourteen hundred diameters, or many millions of times, when it presented a picture whose beauty it was impossible to portray in words.

From pictures of Jupiter under different conditions, some of them handsomely colored, the lecturer passed to several showing Saturn and his mysterious rings, which he said would more nearly present their flat surfaces to the earth in 1885 than for many years before, and would then be very beautiful objects. Changes in these rings, their broadening, and their gradual approach toward the planet since the sixteenth century, were shown by views.

Mars, cast upon the canvas as a great globe, with lines of latitude and longitude, continents, seas, and islands, was apparently very much like the earth. It was so well understood by astronomers, and its surface so well explored and so completely named, that an astronomer who might be cast upon it would have no difficulty in finding his way about and in telling the inhabitants more than they probably ever knew about their own Arctic regions. In successive pictures the marked changes in the Arctic regions in winter and summer were shown, and the fact was noted that it had changing seasons like our own.

'Venus,' the speaker said, 'is the most shy and provoking planet of all, since she persists in constantly hiding her face beneath clouds. There was every reason to believe that, more than any other planet, she was like the world, with rain and snow and changing seasons, and perhaps inhabitants.'

The transits of Venus and Mercury were illustrated in successive pictures, and the surface of the dead moon, with its great mountains and its vast craters, was shown by several views. The lecture closed with a startling view of the earth as it would appear from the moon.

Barnum's White Elephant on English Soil.

From the London Standard, Jan. 15.

The white elephant that has been brought to this country for Mr. Barnum was not landed yesterday at Liverpool, but early this morning an attempt will be made to get it into a railroad van for conveyance to London. Considerable curiosity has been evinced to obtain a sight of the animal, which has been confined during the passage in a roomy house built for it on deck, where the temperature, by carefully excluding all draughts with tarpaulins and canvas, has been kept to something like that which it has been accustomed to in its native country. This box stands over the aft hatchway, and is about twelve feet in height, fifteen feet in length and thirteen feet in breadth. Here the elephant has had ample room to prevent any shifting in bad weather. The box was stoutly secured by chains and ring bolts to the deck and bulwarks, but, fortunately, these have never been tested by any unforseen occurrence. The elephant has been in the charge of Mr. Charles White, the senior animal keeper to Mr. Barnum, who has brought him all the way from Mandalay, where he was purchased. A "Corringee," known as "Ready," has been brought from Burmah with him, and for his keeper he shows great affection. In the darkness of the place, illumined only by a lantern, it was impossible to determine the exact color or points of the animal, but it was clear that the newcomer was a very fine specimen of a "tusker." The height is officially given as seven and a half feet, but he certainly looks taller, and is an exceedingly well-formed brute, with tusks nearly three feet in length. Owing to the cold weather of the past few days, and not having been recently washed, its skin looks darker than it probably will when it has proper ablutions, but the marks deciding the "sacred white elephant" were undoubted. Over the ears, forehead and a portion of the trunk there was a distinct mottling of a pinky color, which at places extended to a sort of "blaze." All doubts as to the elephant being what it is supposed to be may clearly be set at rest, as the agents of Mr. Barnum have taken the precaution of getting properly authenticated certificates of the purchase.

Among other articles brought over are two images of the Gor Gautama, and two golden umbrellas such as are carried by the Buddhist priests in their religious ceremonies. The narrative of Mr. White is interesting. After the purchase had been completed, and all the documents signed in Mandalay, he was anxious to get it away before either King Theebaw altered his mind as to giving his consent to the transaction, or an opportunity was taken by some religious enthusiast to annul the contract. At Moulinsin were three other ordinary elephants, and therefore he proceeded in that direction, keeping a constant guard of four whites and three natives, all well armed. When he arrived near the Irrawaddy, some 400 miles through the jungle, which was accomplished in fifteen days, a messenger was sent forward, and the other three elephants brought over the stream. The route was direct to Rangoon, a further distance of 200 miles, which was accomplished in ten days further. At Rangoon the white elephant was put on board the Tenasserim and was loose on deck for three days, until the house was completed. During the voyage, with the exception of a very short time, when he showed slight symptoms of irritation, the elephant has been loose in his box, but he has never been left alone, either the mahout or an Englishman who accompanied Mr. White remaining with him. It is a very quiet animal, having been brought up in captivity from a calf. His diet on board consisted of hay and oats, a quantity of which was got from Calcutta for his consumption. His age is fifteen years. The mahout appears to be very popular among the crew of the ship, and will, no doubt, form an attraction only second to the elephant itself at the Zoo. He has the ordinary broad features of the Burman race, and long, black hair reaching almost to his waist. This, however, is at present tied up in a knot on the top of his head, and covered with a silk pocket handkerchief wrapped like a turban, and a solar helmet, the remainder of his attire being European. This will, in due course, be exchanged for a native costume when the weather is more favorable.

A New York Man's Sleigh Ride Enlivened by a Hungry Catamount.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Feb. 5—A man driving a horse covered from head to foot with foam drove into the village of Milford, Pa., just after dark a few nights since. He was suffering from a nervous shock. His buffalo robe was badly torn, his whip broken, and the back part of his sleigh splintered and covered with scratches and deep indentations. The man gave his name as C. D. Keeney of New York. He was a traveling sewing machine agent. He had been attacked by a catamount four miles from Milford, and had only escaped from it after a desperate contest. He told this story:

He was on his way to Milford, over one of the lonely, narrow and crooked back roads of Dingman township, bordered by deep woods. It was nearly dark, and just as he was rounding one of the short turns in the road, his horse, which is some what spirited, suddenly shied and then gave a jump forward and started on a furious run. At the same time an animal sprang from the side of the road. It had evidently leaped for the horse, but the quick movement of the latter prevented its purpose, and it alighted with its fore feet on the buffalo robe that lay across Keeney's lap. The animal glared savagely at Keeney, as it clung to the robe with its claws, and uttered fierce growls. Keeney had never seen a catamount, but he knew that he had one to deal with, and a very large and desperate one at that. He had no weapon, but fortunately his whip was heavily loaded at the butt.

Clinging to the reins with his left hand, he drew the whip from the socket and dealt the catamount a blow with it on the head which caused it to loosen its hold on the robe and drop into the snow. It instantly renewed the attack with increased fury, and sprang upon the back of the sleigh. Although the horse was running madly away along the narrow and crooked road, throwing the sleigh from side to side and threatening it constantly with destruction against some rock or stump, Keeney was obliged to drop the reins and leave the result to chance, for the catamount was fighting desperately and furiously to gain a foothold in the sleigh and close with its occupant.

Keeney says that he knew that in case the sleigh collided with any heavy obstacle he would be no match for the catamount fighting on the slippery snow, even if he were thrown out and unharmed, and so he strained every nerve to conquer it while he was still at an advantage in the sleigh. Once he thought it was all up with him, for as the sleigh was carried abruptly around a turn, one runner struck a stone, and the sleigh tipped over and run for several yards on the other runner. Keeney mechanically threw the weight of his body against the upper side, while still raining blows on the catamount, and forced the runner back on the track.

A few more blows after that and Keeney was rejoiced to see the tenacious brute first loosen one claw, hang for an instant with the other while it tried to seize the back of the sleigh again with its teeth, and then fall with a loud yell into the snow and lie there motionless.

Keeney dropped back in his seat too weak to make any endeavor to regain control of his horse, which was still running wildly along the uncertain road, now made more uncertain by the gathering darkness. After running for three miles the horse was compelled to come to a stop from exhaustion. Keeney had recovered sufficiently to drive in the rest of the way.

Three large catamounts have been killed recently near the scene of Keeney's adventure. These animals are considered dangerous antagonists when wounded or cornered, but it is only when they are rendered desperate by hunger that they venture to attack a man.

How the American Minister to England Lives.

An unpretending house in a quiet London square, painted that dull red color—an American importation, by the way—with which we are now so familiar in the western districts of the metropolis. It is the residence of a minister who represents the vast republic of the west, over which the sun takes four hours to rise, and which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is nothing ambassadorial in his surroundings. The arms of the United States are nowhere conspicuously emblazoned, as would be those of some petty German State. Mr. Lowell is not approached through an ante chamber filled with secretaries and gilded attaches. You are introduced by a man-servant out of livery into a little room on the ground floor at the back of the house, which contains a few well-filled bookshelves, a writing table strewed with papers and letters, while a few simple engravings here and there cover the walls. Seated in an easy chair reading is a slight, spare man with a profusion of curling hair and a luxuriant beard which is almost white. His manner as he rises to greet you is singularly quiet and unaffected, and, though he has made the Yankee dialect of New England immortal, you cannot detect in the tones of his voice the slightest trace of Americanism. He has long passed his sixtieth birthday, having been born in the same year as Queen Victoria, yet it is impossible to regard him as old. He reminds you of nothing so much as the beautiful Indian summer of his native land, differing only from mid summer in the circumstance that the subdued tints of the foliage, and the still dreamy air tell you instinctively that they are heralds of coming winter. Taking a well-colored little meerschaum from a rack, he proceeds to smoke, and hands his visitor a box of cigarettes. Leaning back then in his chair, he turns toward you his full, deep, gray eyes, at once thoughtful and penetrating, and seems more inclined to listen than to talk. The conversation drifts from one subject to another, and it is only when some chord which interests him is struck that you catch a momentary glimpse of the varied knowledge, the rich cultivation, the genius, and power, which have made for him so great a name on both sides of the Atlantic. —*London World.*

THE EMIGRANT AT SEA.

WHAT AN ENGLISH SAILOR HAS TO SAY ABOUT THEM.

Sailors are not a very sympathetic race when afloat, but, during my three years of shore life, a good deal of the brutal indifference that is given to one by a calling made up of kicks, hard weather and bad food had leaked away, and, as I stood looking on to the main deck from the break of the poop, I saw a deal to excite my pity in some of the poorly clad folks, who, with their chins on the rail, seemed to be yielding up the ghost, and in others staggering, with yellow faces, along the deck, with outstretched hands, and in the women who sat here and there on coils of rope, on the hatch-combings, or under the bulwarks, with their gowns over their heads, forced by the motion below into the fresh air, and now trembling from the cold, raw September sea wind, without any other refuge than the gloom and groaning 'tween-decks from which they had been expelled by nausea. Sailormen know bad times and endure great hardships, but, on my soul, I think that, of all the people who go to sea, whether for a living or merely to get across the ocean, the emigrant or third-class passenger suffers the most. Look at this bill of fare—the greasy pea-soup, the green salt-pork, the horrible pudding of boiled slush and flour, the cheap preserved meat, which, whether putrid or not, is quite as likely to be dog or cat as beef or mutton; look at his accommodation, the darksome interior in to which he is crowded, as though he and his fellows were beasts of the field, meant for slaughter, under an act of Parliament, on their arrival; look—but I dare not go pointing out.

I have sailed in ships with the emigrants; I have seen them fighting like wild brutes round the galley for the meal, which the weakest or the last comer bade fair to go without; I have heard shipmasters revile and curse them for carrying well-grounded complaints aft, calling them beggars, and saying they were never so well off; I have seen delicate women and children slowly dying of hunger, because the horrible nausea excited by the sea had created an invincible loathing of the coarse, ill cooked, disgusting rations supplied to them; and I say, taking these poor people's experience all around—the diet, the darkness of the places they sleep and live in, their food and treatment—and adding to it all the pangs which people feel who leave their native country, and who are oppressed by all the gloomy uncertainties which fill the minds of those who turn their faces toward a new world, in the hope of finding bread for their children there, that, hard as the sailor's life is, ill as he is fed, poorly as he is clothed, and severe as his toil is, his sufferings, even as a mere voyager, when he is no more than a boy, and is kicked about as a boy, are not, in my opinion, comparable to what is undergone by hundreds of poor people who are driven by want to cross the ocean.

PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west
And my betrothed and I in the churchyard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over;
The light winds wandered by and robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadows sweet was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the foot and ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over;
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fear, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see;
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

Aldrich.

Miseries of a Mean Man.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. The darkness closes in about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched palm of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty and dreary must his own path appear. Why, even one lone, isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed, of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should you add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Bob Burdette.*

A TEMPERANCE ORATOR in England related the other day that a friend who took the pledge found that abstinence did not agee with him. His doctor recommended a slight alcoholic stimulant. "How can I violate my vow?" said the sick man. "I have even forbidden my servants beer, and am going to preside at a Blue Ribbon meeting next week." "Well, it is positively necessary," said the doctor. "You had better get a bottle of whiskey, hide it away, and when your shaving water comes up just mix yourself one tumbler of whiskey and water." Meeting his servant a few days after, the doctor inquired how his master was getting on. "Oh, finely in health," was the answer, "but I think there is something wrong in the head—he has taken to shaving himself six times a day."

Waifs in Salt Lake City.

Kate Field says in a letter from the Mormon stronghold: 'As for the assertion that there are 'no waifs and strays, as in the large cities of Christendom,' I reply that President Taylor's way of putting this matter is unfair. There are not as many waifs and strays in Salt Lake City as in New York, or Boston, or Chicago, but there are more waifs and strays in this town than in any town known to me of equal population. In an article contributed by me to the *North American Review* several years ago, I brought forth statistics proving that the church, through its high officers, had thirty-five distilleries in force when the Gentiles first came to Utah. As to gambling, let me tell you a little story. There are more gamblers in Salt Lake city than in any town of similar size in the country. Having always been told that the wicked Gentiles were responsible for all the crime in this Territory, I was greatly surprised on being informed that the sporting fraternity declined to register for the purpose of voting the Gentile ticket. Meeting one of the wealthiest gamblers in the street one day, I asked him if this report was true. 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is perfectly true; we don't intend to vote for the reason that we who are Ismaelites throughout the world desire no change in the government. Under Mormon control we can flourish cheaper and better than under any other government.' —*Correspondence of Chicago Times.*

THE *British Medical Journal* says that while the Irish abroad are a fertile race, they are not so on their own soil; that their marriages are few in proportion to the population, take place late in life, and are not so productive as might be expected. Many marriages escape registration, but even then it remains true that the Irish are not a marrying people. The marriages registered in 1882 were 22,029, being 4.32 per 1,000 of population, which is very much lower, says the editor, than the marriage rate of any other country whose statistics are available,

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