The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884. VOL. XXII-NO 42

Farmers', Builders'

—AND—

MECHANICS' HARDWARE

Our Stock is complete in every department and the public are invited to call and examine our goods and prices.

For the Farmer we have Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Feed Cutters, Corn Crushers, Corn Shellers, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Hoes, Axes, Wagon Hames, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing Knives, &c., which we are selling at very moderate rates.

Joel R. Clements.

For Builders we have everything in the way of Hinges, Locks, Bolts, Catches, Sash Locks, Cord and Weights, &c., &c.

For Mechanics we have all kinds of Tools, such as Planes, Saws, Chisels, Hatchets, Braces, Bitts of almost any quality; Saw Files, Spirit Levels, Plumbobs, &c., which we are selling as cheap as can be had in the city. Call and see us,

JOEL R. CLEMENTS,
adjoining Kent Nat'l Bank,

Jan. 31, 1884.

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.

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.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE GAMES

From 10 cts. up.

A great variety at C. F. STAM'S.

Blooded Stock.

For sale by E. J. Plummer, Worton Md., as agent for the well-known importers and breeders, N. P. Boyer & Co., of Chester county Penn.

Seventy-five head of Jersey Heifers in calf, for Sale Cheap.

To make room for new importations we will sell seventy-five head of pure blood Jersey Heifers in calf, at $85 to $125 each, as to age, style and earliness in calving. They are all very large and handsome, good colors and finely developed in all points that go to make up a first-class dairy cow, for butter or milk. Are all from first-class thoroughbred Jersey cows, making 14 to 17½ pounds of butter per week, and are served by solid colored Herd Registered Jersey bulls. Due to calve in March, April, May and June.

These heifers are all sired by the celebrated Herd Registered Jersey Bulls, Lord Darnley No. 3759 Lowrie No. 2484, and Earl of Willow Glen No. 2843; all solid color, full black points. They have been served by Imported Devon bull No. 7910 (of the celebrated Coomassie strain), one of the best young Jersey Bulls that ever left the Island. Rapier No. 3743, Winsome Boy No. 5496, Maurus No. 4639, and Hercy Douglas No. 3769. These bulls are all from the very deepest milking strains, and from the very best butter families. Solid colors, full black points. They cannot fail to produce very fine calves.

Carefully boxed, delivered on board the cars, free, with feed, &c., for their trip, warranted to reach purchasers safe. Also, for sale, thoroughbred and imported sheep; thoroughbred and imported hogs; improved breeds of poultry. Full information as to prices may be had upon inquiry of

E. J. PLUMMER,
Worton, Md.

The following certificate is held:

COATSVILLE, PA., Dec, 12, 1883.

This is to certify that E. J. Plummer is our duly authorized agent in Kent county, Maryland, for the sale of blooded stock, seeds, &c.

N. P. BOYER & CO.

Dec. 20, 1883--y.

NURSERY STOCK.

Through the very liberal patronage of my friends and customers, I have been enabled to sell this fall over 180,000 Peach Trees, and still have remaining

8000 first-class trees

and about

30,000 Second Class,

consisting of the leading popular varieties.—These 2d Class Trees will run from 2 to 3 feet in height; have good roots, and are healthy Trees. Almost all my own planting has been of this class, and some even prefer them. Price $30 per 1,000; 1st class, $60 per 1,000.

Other Nursery Stock, and especially Strawberry, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants, for sale in quantity. Catalogues ready.

Thankful for past favors I hope to merit a liberal share of patronage.

N. BARNARD,
Stanely, P. O., Kent co., Md.

We, the undersigned, having known Mr. N. Barnard for the past 15 or 20 years, take pleasure in recommending him as reliable and trustworthy, and trees that we have purchased from him have proven satisfactory and true to name.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT,
Pres't Kent Nat'l Bank.
WM. T. HEPBRON,
H. T. JUMP,
ISAAC PARSONS,
THOS. J. F. SMITH,
GEO. R. BECK,
RICHARD C. SMYTH,
J. W. COREY.
M. A. S. MAXWELL, M. D.,
W. S. MAXWELL, M. D.,
JOHN B. PARROTT,
R. S. DIEHL.

Nov. 29. 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.

OUR stock of HARDWARE just opened, is full and complete in every particular. Call and get our prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

POETRY AND THE POOR.

"The world is very beautiful!" I said,
As yesterday, beside the brimming stream,
Glad and alone, I watched the tremulous gleam
Slant thro' the wintry wood, green carpeted
With moss and fern and curving bramble spray,
And bronze the thousand russet margin-reeds,
And in the sparkling holly glint and play
And kindle all the brier's flaming seeds.

"The world is very horrible!" I sigh,
As, in my wonted ways, to-day I thread
Chill streets, deformed with dim monotony,
Hiding strange mysteries of unknown dread—
The reeking court, the breathless fever-den,
The haunts where things unholy throng and brood;
Grim crime, the fierce despair of strong-armed men,
Child-infamy and shameless womanhood.

And men have looked upon this piteous thing—
Blank lives unvisited by beauty's spell—
And said: "Let be; it is not meet to bring
Dreams of sweet freedom to the prison cell,
Sing them no songs of things all bright and fair,
Paint them no visions of the glad and free,
Lest with purged sight their miseries they see,
And, thro' vain longings, pass to blank despair."

O brother, treading ever-darkening ways,
O sister, whelmed in ever-deepenitg care,
Would God we might unfold before your gaze
Some vision of the pure and true and fair!
Better to know, tho' sadder things be known,
Better to see, tho' tears half blind the sight,
Than thraldom to the sense and heart of stone
And horrible contentment with the night.

Oh! bring we then all sweet and gracious things
To touch the lives that lie so chill and drear,
That they may dream of some diviner sphere,
Whence each soft ray of love and beauty springs.
Each good and perfect gift is from above,
And there is healing for Earth's direst woes;
God hath unsealed the springs of light and love
To make the desert blossom as the rose.

W. Walsham Bedford.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOOK.

DIARY OF A TRIP WITH HER "SIX ORPHANS" TO THE HIGHLANDS.

LONDON, Feb. 11.—The Queen's new book, which was distributed to the press this morning, consists of a disconnected diary from Aug. 21, 1862, to September, 1882, with a long gap from October, 1879, to the final date, covering the period of transition from the administration of Lord Beaconsfield to that of Mr. Gladstone. The entire book is devoted to domestic and family affairs. Political allusions are only incidental. The illustrations include portraits of the Queen and of the Princess Eleanor, Louise and Beatrice. There is also a portrait of Grant, the Queen's body servant, and one of her attendant, John Brown. There are pictures, too, of the Queen's collie dogs, Sharp and Noble, and several views of scenes in the Highlands from sketches by the Princess Beatrice.

In the preface the royal authoress says: "Remembering the feelings with which our 'Life in the Highlands was received, the writer thinks the present volume may equally evoke sympathy, as, while describing a very altered life, it shows how her sad and suffering heart was soothed and cheered by the excursions and incidents it recounts, as well as by the simple mountaineers from whom she learned many lessons of resignation and faith in quiet of the beautiful highland

After the dedication to the Highlanders, and especially to memory of the faithful attendant and friend, John Brown, the opens with the building of the [redacted] orial cairn in honor of the P[redacted] Consort. It reads:

We started off in a little pony chair, Brown, Bertie (the Prince of Wales) in Eleanor and Louise on ponies, and the t[redacted] tle boys, Arthur and Leopold. I actually in the little carriage to the very top of Lowrigan, Grant and Duncan pushing riage behind. Sweet baby Beatrice we[redacted] at the top. The view was so fine, the da[redacted] so bright, the heather so beautifully pink[redacted] no pleasure, no joy—all dead Here at [redacted] is the foundation of the cairn to be erec[redacted] my precious Albert. I and my six orph[redacted] placed stones on it, and our initials are[redacted] placed on stones all round it.

Several succeeding entries i[redacted] diary mention other visits to[redacted] Prince's cairn, and give family[redacted] ords and remarks of the domes[redacted] The following is an example of the latter:

When near the cairn Grant said: "I thought you would like to be here to-day, on his birthday." So entirely was he of the opinion that this beloved day, and even the 14th of December, the anniversary of his death, must not be looked upon as a day of mourning. There is so much good and strong faith in these simple people.

In October, 1863, when making an excursion from Balmoral to Clova, the carriage was overturned. The face and the right hand of the Queen were bruised, and Brown's knees were badly hurt. The succeeding entries refer to Brown's injury:

I was much distressed at breakfast to find that poor Brown had been dreadfully cut at the back of the knees, and he said nothing about it. But to-day one became so much inflamed and swelled so much he could hardly move. The doctor said he must keep it up as much as possible, and walk very little, but did not forbid his going out with the carriage. I did not go out in the morning.

The next day, Oct. 12, she writes:

Brown's leg is much better. The doctor thought he could walk over the hills to-morrow.

When making the first visit to Glassalt Shiel mountain lodge, in 1868, the diary describes the house warming as follows:

Brown came to say that all the servants were ready. There were present Louise, Arthur, Jane, Lady Churchill, a number of domestics and the policemen. We made nineteen altogether. Five animated reels were danced, in which all but myself joined. After the first reel, whisky toddy was brought round for every one, and Brown begged I would drink to the fire kindling. The merry, pretty little ball ended at 11, but the men went on singing in the steward's room for some time, all very happy But sad thoughts filled my heart, both before dinner and when I retired to rest. I thought of my darling husband, whom I fancied I must see, and who always wished to build here. Then the sad thought struck me that it was my first widow's house. But I am sure his blessing rests on it.

In 1871 the Queen witnessed the Scotch communion service one Sunday at the Crathie Church, near Balmoral. She writes:

The communion is most touching and beautiful. It impressed and moved me more than I can express. It is impossible to say how deeply we were impressed by the grand simplicity of the service. It was all so truly earnest. No description can do justice to the perfect devotion of the whole assemblage. I longed much to join it. To see all these simple good people in their nice plain dresses, including an old woman in her mutch, so many of whom I knew, and some of whom had walked far, although they were in deep snow, was very striking. Since 1873 I have partaken of the communion at Crathie every autumn.

On Oct. 3, 1870, the Princess Louise became engaged to Lord Lorne. The Queen says:

The event took place during a walk from Glassalt Shiel to Dhu Lock, where Louise had gone with Lady Ely, the Lord Chancellor and Lorne. Louise, on returning at night, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her, and had proposed to her. She had accepted, knowing I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But naturally I gave my consent, and could only pray that she might be happy.

The sole reference to events in France in 1870 occurs in speaking of a sermon which she heard in a church at Balmoral. She says:

Dr. Macleod gave such a splendid sermon on war. Without mentioning France, he said enough to make every one understand what he meant when he pointed out how God would punish wickedness and vanity and sensuality. The chapters he read from—Isaiah the 28th, and from Ezickiel and Amos and the Psalms—were really quite wonderful for the way in which they seemed to describe France It was all admirable and heart-stirring. Then the prayers were beautiful, in which he spoke of the sick, of the dying, the wounded upon the battle field, and of my sons-in-law and daughters.

In June, 1879, the Queen records the receipt of the news telling of the death of the young Prince Imperial;

Brown knocked and came in. He said there was bad news. When I, in alarm, asked what, he replied, "the young French prince is killed." I could not take it in, and asked several times what it meant. Beatrice then came in with a telegram in her hand and said, "Oh, the Prince Imperial is killed!" I feel the thrill of horror now while I write the words. I put my hand to my head and cried out, "No, no; it cannot be true!" Then dear Beatrice, who cried very much, as I did, too, gave me the telegram. To die in such an awful, horrible way! Poor, dear Empress; her only, only child, her all, gone. I was quite beside myself. Brown was so distressed. Every one was quite stunned. Little sleep did I get thinking of the poor Empress, who did not yet know it. The Prince was so good and so much beloved. To think of that dear young man, the apple of his mother's eye, born and nurtured in the purple, dying thus, is too fearful, too awful; and it is inexplicable and dreadful that the others should not have turned round and fought for him.

One part of the diary gives recollections of "My dear valued friend, Dr. Norman Macleod," Scotch chaplain to the Queen, who is 'so clever, so agreeable, so kind and good:"

Dr. Macleod is greatly alarmed for the Established Church of Scotland, as he fears the attempt will be made to pull it down, though, thank God, should this happen, the Free Church and the United Presbyterians, with the present Established Church, would become one very strong Protestant body. I asked him about Lord Lorne, and he said he had a very high opinion of him.

During her excursions the Queen's privacy was greatly troubled by reporters. When visiting Glencoe she writes:

The day was most beautiful and calm. I sat down on the grass for luncheon. Then I sketched. Here, however, here in this complete solitude we were spied on by impudent, inquisitive reporters, who followed us everywhere. One in particular, who writes for some Scotch paper, lay down and watched us with a telescope, dogged me and Beatrice when we were walking about, and was most impertinent when Brown went to tell him to move. He went away at last. Brown came back, saying he thought there would have been a fight, for when Brown said the Queen wished him to move away he said he had quite as good a right to remain there as the Queen had. Brown answered very strongly that the highest gentlemen of England would not do what he did, much less a manly reporter. Other reporters came up and advised the man to come away quietly.

The concluding page is devoted to the death of Brown. It contains these sentences:

His loss to me is irreparable, for he deserved-[redacted] he is life-[redacted] d de-[redacted] t is [redacted] out the [redacted] ela [redacted] n in [redacted] am [redacted] ebir [redacted] y of [redacted] ary [redacted] k I [redacted] ling [redacted] y to [redacted] ts a [redacted] vic-[redacted] uke [redacted] eup [redacted] joy [redacted] tele-[redacted] her [redacted] rec[redacted] firmly, saying, 'What joy and cause for thankfulness we have, to know that our darling is safe and so much praised. I feel quite beside myself with joy and gratitude, though grieved to think of our losses."

One Meal a Day.

Dr. George Fordyce, the anatomist and chemical lecturer, was accustomed to dine every day for more than twenty years at Dolly's chop house, in Queen Head, Paternoster row, London. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a day, being sufficient for that noble animal, the lion He made the experiment on himself at his favorite dining house, and, finding it successful, he continued the following regimen, for the above term of years: At four o'clock his accustomed dinner hour, he entered Dolly's chophouse, and took his seat at a table, always reserved for him, on which were instantly placed a silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him the cook put a pound and a half rump steak on the grid iron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as *bonne bouche*, to serve until the steak was ready. This delicacy was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish. When he had eaten this he took a glass of his brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. We say devour, for he always ate as rapidly as if eating for a wager. When he had finished his meat he took the remainder of his brandy, having during his dinner drank the tankard of ale, and afterward the bottle of port. The Doctor then [redacted] rned to the Chapter Coffee-house in Paternoster row, and stayed while he sipped a glass of brandy and water. It was then his habit to take another at the London Coffee house, after which he returned to his house in Essex street, where he gave his lectures on chemistry. He made no other meal till his return next day at 4 o'clock to Dolly's.

The sub-editor of a newspaper in the north of England was a man of very similar habits. He invariably dined at about 6 every day, and commenced his evening duties an hour later; and it is only fair to say that he was one of the quickest workers in his own particular business. His one meal a day was, however, a prodigious affair, and his landlady had a full afternoon's work set in preparation for the meal. From a pound to two pounds weight of chops or steaks, with vegetables in proportion generally formed the first portion of the meal. This was followed by a rice pudding, tapioca pudding, apple, plum or other seasonable pies, and invariably backed up by a good serving of bread and cheese: the whole washed down with a pint of beer, tea or coffee. The meal of chops or steaks was varied now and then with a plentiful serving of fowl, duck, goose, hare or rabbit; but in all cases the amount consumed was enough to have satisfied most men for at least a couple of days. The most singular part of the business was that he slept the whole of the day, always on an empty stomach, so far as meat was concerned, although, as he many times remarked, he had gone to bed scores of times "with a good skinful of drink." His capacity in the latter respect was as wonderful as the quantity he ate at his one day meal. For instance, half a dozen or more glasses of beer, followed by a dozen or more glasses of brandy and soda of an evening, was a dose he could carry off to bed comfortably and be ready at six next day for his meal, and at seven for his daily round of duty He was a strong, healthy looking, robust, fellow, excelling in all kinds of field sports and gymnastic exercises, with muscles of iron, and he could hit a blow which would fell an ox. At a push he could, and did, occasionally indulge in an extra meal, but this was only in deference to social custom, or at the earnest solicitation of his friends.

THE CZARDOM OUT OF GEAR.

DISORDER PREVAILING IN ALL PARTS OF RUSSIA—CONFLICTS OF JURISDICTION.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 15.—The huge Czardom, embracing half a dozen Russias and counting over a hundred million inhabitants, is most decidedly out of gear. How to bring it back into working order is to day, as it has been for the last fifteen years, the most urgent question here. The Czar, the boss of the machine, gave up the job even before he knew its details. Some of the engineers in his employ, that is to say, the Minister, tried to overhaul the old machine in good earnest, but they discovered in it so much rust, and so many worn out and broken parts that he at once dismissed them lest they should tumble the whole machinery down in their attempts to repair it. The chief engineer now in charge pleases the autocrat because he does nothing, but that will not answer, for the creaking and squeaking of the rusty machine well nigh alarms the whole country.

As the Czar is the sole legislator, the only supreme judge, and the executive of his own laws, there ought to be perfect unity and harmony in his Government, yet, in fact, there is no country in the world whose administration presents so much discord and contradiction. It is silly to excuse and explain the Czar's maladministration by the Nihilist plots. The cancer that is eating the autocratic body is far deeper than any of the Nihilist mines. Under the irresistible pressure of modern civilization, the late Czar not only freed the serfs, but also introduced trial by jury, and established provincial self-government; in other words, he voluntarily abandoned the two pillars on which rested the whole autocratic structure. His subjects, once become jurors, cared no more for the Czar's interests, and often sided with the party prosecuted by the imperial agents. The new courts were then put under ban. Thus it has come about that the Czar is at war with his court, or in other words with his own law. So there is now no law in the Czar's country.

Moreover, the members of the provincial administration, being elected by the people, care not for the interests of the autocrat, but for those of their own electors. This is of course displeasing to his Majesty, and he has declared war upon provincial self government, and so in the provinces there is now no Government properly speaking.

The Czar having lost his solid pedestal is trying to balance in the air on the administrative rope tied to the rotten posts of spydom. Such is the true situation of his Majesty today.

This capital may furnish a good example of the state of disorder which prevails throughout the country. There is an independent elective city administration with a Mayor at its head. Then there is a Chief of the City, or Prefect of Police, appointed by the Czar. Next there is a provincial government composed of elected deputies. Then comes a civil Governor of the St. Petersburg province, and a military Governor General of the St. Petersburg district, both appointed by the Czar. Now neither the law, nor any Minister, nor the Senate can plainly discriminate between the jurisdiction of these administrative bodies. The result is an endless contest between them which makes them all equally powerless.

There is a Minister of the Public Instruction, but if anybody should suppose him to be at the head of all the Russian schools he would make a great mistake. Each Minister has a large number of schools under his own control, and so has the Czarina, and so has the Holy Synod, and so have the provinces, and various societies, and even individuals. Add to this that all these schools pursue different methods of instruction, and that their pupils are granted different rights, and you will have some idea of the anarchy in Russia's educational system.

It is the same story with the hospitals, asylums, and other charitable institutions. The same chaotic state is apparent in the press and in public opinion. Among the Russian papers there are some whose text is simply "Hold on," and they are called conservatvie. Others exclaim, "Hold on, and smash everybody who doesn't hold on," and they are called revolutionary conservative. Some cry "Go ahead," and they are called liberal Others shout "Go ahead and smash all who go backward, or stand still," and they are called radicals One paper calls out "Smash!" and it is named terrorist. Some timidly sugges "Peace!" and they are styled Christian. Yet others demand peace, but in an unpeaceful manner, and they are called revolutionary clerical. The public reading all these papers becomes dizzy, thinks incoherently, and acts queerly. While Mr. Pobedonostzeff, Count Tolstoi, and Mr. Katkoff, the "revolution conservative," are hunting for Nihilists, their wives and daughters are giving balls and raising money for the families of political criminals. The "peaceful Christians" dance, too, and raise money for the Red Cross Society. The "Radicals" dance and raise money for the Revolutionary Red Cross Society.

The same strange divergence of opinion was manifest on the occasion of the death and funeral of Lieut. Col. Sudeikin. When the news was received, some St. Petersburgers sighed and others laughed; some prayed and others danced; some said respectfully: "His Majesty has hardly another such a faithful servant as Col. George Porphirovitch Sudeikin was. God, remember his pure soul in Thy Czardom!" while others exclaimed: "A blood hound he was. His death was that of a hunting hound, and his memory shall be that of a dog." The Czar himself made a very singular remark when the news was told him: "He was not in his place," he said, "for if he could not save his own life, he certainly could not protect the lives of others." The Minister of the Interior was not present at the funeral services, and, in fact, the services were far from being impressive. Only some gendarmes and policemen went to the church to pray for the repose of the soul of their comrade. The gendarmes laid a wreath on the coffin, bearing this inscription: "To him who fulfilled his sacred duty." The priest who performed the requiem did not deliver any funeral sermon. After the requiem, the remains were placed in a railroad car to be transported to the city of Orel, the native place of Sudeikin, In Moscow there was another requiem over the remains, and the officiating priest delivered a sermon. He said:

"Oh, beloved brother in Christ! Thy brilliant career and thy virtuous life thou hast crowned with a martyr's wreath. Now thou departest to the place where eternal love reigns. Thou preservedst the true Christian faith, and I doubt not that the Supreme Judge will crown thee with a wreath of glory. Thou gavest us the best example of how we must serve our Czar and our country."

Commenting on this sermon, a St. Petersburger said:

"Sudeikin's virtuous life! Was there another man who hated humanity as bitterly as he did? His looks were poison, his words daggers, and his deeds plague. He revelled in the ruin of innocent victims, and yet the Pope sends him to the Czardom of love. He sets us a good example! Indeed, were we to imitate it the whole empire would be turned into a mad dogs' kennel."

OREGON'S STRONG MAN.

A GIANT WHO SMASHES TWO-INCH PLANKS—HE MEETS SULLIVAN—THE RESULT.

From the Astoria Independent.

Our citizens are all familiar with Sylvester Le Gowriff, a native of France, who has lived in Astoria for some time. Probably no man on this coast has as much muscular power as this giant of strength. In wrestling he has thrown a number of professional wrestlers in San Francisco, and his wonderful powers of endurance have surprised every one who has seen his exhibitions. Last winter, on a wager he performed a remarkable feat. Two men seated themselves in chairs, and Le Gowriff, grasping the bottom back round of each chair, lifted one with each hand and and set them on a counter three feet high. Not long ago he was making his brags that he could break a two inch plank with his fist, and a number of gentlemen anxious to see this done, tried to find a plank, but unsuccessfully. They produced three boards one inch thick, and nailed them together and set them up. Sylvester marched up to the boards and let drive with his fist, and the boards were split in several pieces. His fist did not show even a bruise or scratch. We do not know that this wonderful man has the requisite scientific knowledge to cope with a man like Sullivan, but one thing we are certain of, if he ever gets a blow in on Sullivan, the great champion of the world will be evicted from this world to the next. Sullivan has published in every city he has visited that he will give $1,000 to any many that will stand up to him for four, rounds, each round to last three minutes. Le Gowriff has accepted the proposition.

THE RESULT.

From the Northwest News.

John L. Sullivan, the Champion, arrived at Astoria yesterday afternoon on the steamer Oregon, and was received by an immense crowd. The exhibition given at Occidental Hall was well attended. Everybody wanted to see the champion, and, more than that, they wanted to see Le Gowriff stand up before him. After some sparring between members of the combination, Le Goriff and Sullivan made their appearance, Le Gowriff is a well-built, muscular fellow, and is a perfect giant in strength. In wrestling he has thrown a number of professional wrestlers in San Francisco, and his wonderful powers of endurance have surprised every one who has seen his exhibition. Le Gowriff, when he met Sullivan, exhibited a look that showed he had lost hope of being able to stand up the four rounds, and it was well he did so, for he was not then doomed to disappointment. Sullivan simply did a little light sparring for about nineteen seconds, and then he threw out his left hand and hit Le Gowriff a slap on the face that sounded like a meeting between a fog horn and a political orator, knocking him down and completely out of time. The yells sent up at this feat were terrific.

FOUR WEALTHY WIDOWS.

ONE OF THEM CRIED WHEN ASKED IF SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY THE PRESIDENT.

From a New York Letter.

Some of the very rich women of New York have many peculiarities. Mrs. Stewart, for instance, never opens her front windows, and she goes out driving so seldom that even the neighbors on the adjoining block do not know her.

She is a sincere Christian, believing more in the English Church than any other, and yet worshiping more to suit her own quiet taste than according to any set tenets of faith.

She does not care for her personal appearance and does not dress half so neatly as her servants.

She walks out of pleasant afternoons twice or thrice a week, and while always accompanied at a respectful distance by a strong man servant, she looks so commonplace that not one of the multitude are aware that she is the richest widow in the world. Mrs. Stewart always carries goodly sized coins for beggars.

Miss Wolfe differs from Mrs. Stewart in this respect. When she meets a beggar she must know his or her references before doing anything of a substantial nature. It is a very difficult matter to fix the age of Miss Wolfe. She is no longer young, and yet does not look old.

She possesses a face of the type which never ages. There is a story about her having loved a brave fellow some years ago, and that he passed away before the day agreed upon for their wedding, and when he was buried her heart also was put away in the tomb. It is a pretty romance, all devotion, nothing but truth and pureness, and she now devotes her life to charity.

Mrs. Goelet, like her late husband, is of a retiring disposition. For intervals of weeks she will remain closely at home, out to all callers, and then again she will be seen at every place of note in the city. Her jewels are said to be the finest private collection in the country. The Goelets were always a curious family.

But the most sensible and attractive of the rich ladies in New York whom this article has called to mind is Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts,

The widow of a mining king, intelligent, cultured and handsome, she, with $5,000,000 in her own right, numbers her suitors by the dozens. Some time ago, it will be readily recalled, the gossips said that she expected to enter the White House as the wife of Arthur and its mistress. According to an informant of mine, Mrs. Roberts, when this story came to her ears, burst out crying as though her heart would break, pronounced it false and supplemented it with the statement that she would never again go to the altar as an expectant bride. She is the centre of the social circle of brave men and women, does a great deal in the aid of literature and art and is well known to the poor of Five Points and the East side.

Passing Conclusions.

That the price of wisdom is experience.

That it is a wet day when the bootblack gets left.

That Hope always sits on the edge of a precipice.

That you hear more of bad morals than of good ones.

That the only way to deal with lying is not to indulge in it.

That you are your own teacher in learning the lessons of life.

That the number of books and papers printed is ink read-able.

That if you confide in wooden gods they will never betray you.

That wrinkles on the face are often the tally sheets of our troubles.

That Passion is a tyrant and Self-control is too good-natured.

That a fast mule is better than a slow horse when you are in a hurry.

That it is a smart compositor who knows the difference 'twixt anti and ante.

That gray hairs should not always be respected—on a Thomas cat, for instance.

That when a woman can't trust her husband she can't give credit anywhere.

That there is no use trying to argue with an angry man if he is larger than you are.

That when you go to kick an enemy just stop and think how you would like it yourself.

That a fellow is pretty well pushed for something to do when he works for pure love and not cash.

That no matter how careful you are during the soft weather you are sure to put your foot in it.

SONG.

Loud wind, strong wind, where art thou blowing?
Into the air, the viewless air,
To be lost there,
There am I blowing.

Clear wave, swift wave, where art thou flowing?
Unto the sea, the boundless sea,
To be whelmed there,
There am I flowing.

Young life, swift life, where art thou going?
Down to the grave, the loathsome grave,
To moulder there,
There am I going. *Frances Anna Kemble.*

STRONG WORDS UNSPOKEN.

Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs;
Sententious showers! Oh, let them fall!
Their cadence is rhetorical. *Crashaw.*

Odd Things in England.

The tin pail as an article of kitchen and pantry furniture is quite unknown in England. It is seen only at oil and paint shops, and never with a cover. Coal with the English is always "coals." What we term the "gaiter" they call the boot. What we call boots they call "Wellingtons." A barber shop is one thing in London, a hair cutting saloon is another and separate establishment. The average English shave is a brutal performance as compared with the American. The patent must arise from the straight-backed chair, wash his own face and brush his own hair. London newsboys do not cry their papers—printed placard placed on the walk notifies the public, and the boy stands by his stock in trade and seems to ponder over it. Their livery stable signs read "Cars on Hire;" buggies are unknown. So is a general assortment of dry goods and groceries in one shop. The "haberdasher" keeps pins, needles, stays, takes and all the other minutæ necessary for the lady's outfit. The woollen draper, cloths. The green grocer never goes beyond vegetables, save to deal occasionally in coals. The exceptions to this rule are with the co-operative stores, which deal in everything. In the sale of cooked food there are shops confining themselves to hams, corned beef and a few vegetables, served hot at noon, and to be bought from two pennyworth upward. There are small shops making a specialty of eel and kidney pies; some of pea and beef soups, and others cook nothing but fried fish. "Crash," our name for coarse towelling, is an unknown term, at least in London. Programmes must be bought of the theatre ushers. Molasses is called "treacle," and sold by the pound. A pie is either a "tart" or a "turnover." The English street car a "tram" and the road a "tramway." A pitcher is a "jug" and glasses are "tumblers." And when you call at the bar for beer they understand you want porter. Breakfast in many families is not a set meal, but a morning lunch, to be eaten whenever you are ready. Business, election and militia notices are posted on church doors, and in some places the amount of last Sunday's collection, in pounds, shillings, pence and farthings.

Uses of Hot Water.

A new cure for the various ills which flesh is heir to has sprung up in this country. The drinking of hot water was an old fashioned practice among persons with impaired digestive organs. Hot water as a cosmetic has greatly advanced in favor during the present London season, while the practice of drinking hot water as near to boiling point as is humanly possible has sprung up in the United States. The probably apocryphal saying attributed to Diane de Poictiers that she owed the preservation of her beauty to the use of cold water is gradually becoming discredited, and Phylis no longer laves her lovely features in the cool translucent wave, but in the same made almost boiling hot. As, a few years ago, people were enthusiastic about cold tubbing, most meritorious when the ice on the top required to be broken with a bootjack, so is a kind of scalding propaganda in progress at the present moment, and those who clung most desperately to the gelid tub are now quietly pushed into lukewarm if not hot water. The matter of external application seems thus to be settled for the present, but the swallowing of scalding water is recommended at various times and seasons. Many excellent people begin the day on it, and declare its effect excellent; while others "never drink anything else after dinner," insisting that it is a sovereign remedy against dyspepsia. The quantity taken as a dose, from one to two tumblers, is a little amazing at first, for there is a "maist serious deal o'drinking" in a pint of very hot water. Two tumblers are generally prescribed, to be taken an hour and a half before eating, the complimentary part of the cure.

Dredging for the Galleys Sunk at Salamis.

From the London Times.

The Archæological Society at Athens has decided to make research-es at the bottom of the sea in the Bay of Salamis, where the famous naval battle between the Greeks and Persians was fought. The water is not very deep in the bay. As the present state of technical science enables the society to adopt efficient means of investigation, and as the association possesses the necessary financial strength, it is hoped that the enterprise will succeed. Since the Greeks lost about fifty and the Persians nearly two hundred galleys, which have since been lying undisturbed at the bottom of the sea, it is thought that it may be possible to bring up some complete specimens, or at least portions of them, which may afford more accurate knowledge of the naval architecture of the old Hellenes and the Persians than can be gathered from their writings. The attempt is looked forward to with great interest.

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