The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1884. VOL. XXIII—NO. 3

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 Praces, 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,

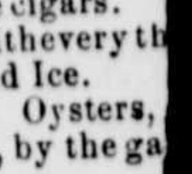
DRYGOODS of all kinds, such as Dress Goods from 10c. to 75c., Black and Colored Velveteens, Red, White and Gray Flannels, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Bleached and unbleached Muslins, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Prints, &c.

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 full line of Samples always on hand in hig price Carpets.

Floor and Table OIL CLOTHS in all wid

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

WROTH & ALDRIDGE

Nov. 22, 1883.

"RISING SUN"
SALOON,
On Bridge St. near Cross, Chestertow

Is fitted up for the accommodation of L and Gentlemen with all the delicacies, u ly found in the Saloons in the city.

In the Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be se with Cake, Ice Cream, Oysters in all styl cooking, Terrapins, Crab, Beef-Steaks, F Ham, all the delicacies of the season, a shortest notice.

In th: Gentlemen's Saloon, Gentlemen in addition be served with choice cigars.

☞Parties will be supplied with every th needful for refreshment tables and Ice.

☞Families supplied with Oysters, Cream, Water Ices, Custard, &c., by the ga upon reasonable terms.

PRICES OF ICE CREAM AND CUSTA

gallons or more, $1.00 per gallon; 1 ga nd less than 5 gallons, $1.25 per gallo gallon, 65 cents; 1 quart, 40 cents; 1 pint cents.

ICE

in large or small quantities for sale, and d ered every morning to regular custome Chestertown.

PRICES OF ICE:

5 pounds for 5 cents; 12 pounds for 1
30 pounds for 25 cents; 60 pounds for 5
75 pounds for 60 cents; 100 pounds for 7

The long experience of the subscriber caterer, justifies him in asking a liberal pa age from the public.

WILLIAM PRKIN
May 12. Propr

CARROLLTON HOTEL,
Baltimore, Light and German stre
BALTIMORE, MD.

RATE REDUCED TO $3 00 and $ per day according to location of ro or all above Parlor floor.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Do Rooms, according to size. The most con ent and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all f

All lines of city passenger cars pa doors.

Electric Light recently introduced.

F. W. COLEMAN
March 30, 1883—y. Manag

GardenSee
Fresh and Reliable.
Large Variety

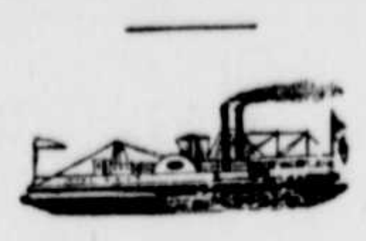
Gardeners will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

M. A. TOULSON,
March 27. Druggist.

A FEW Chamber China Sets, very low in price at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

A LARGE assortment of Rims, Spokes, Hubs, Shafts, Poles, Plow and Cultivator Handles, Neck Yokes, and Double Trees.
For sale by JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

ENTERPRISE
TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.
SPRING ARRANGEMENT



1884. 1884.

On and after Monday, Feb'y 11, 1884, steamer
Enterprise
will make tri-weekly trips between Baltimore and Crumpton, running as follows:

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3 P. M., stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 5 P. M., stopping at Newnam's, Wilkin's and Quaker Neck. Leave Hooper's Wharf at 7 P. M., stopping at Corsica, Emory's and Earle's, in Corsica creek. Arriving at Baltimore at 11.30 p. m.

Returning, will leave Piers 12 and 13, Light Street wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Thursday night at 1 o'clock, and every Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Pleasant accommodations for passengers.

The steam barge, A. J. WHITNEY, will leave Baltimore, piers 12 and 13 Light street wharf, for Ben's Point, every Friday at 10 o'clock A. M. Freight received Thursdays, and until 7 A. M. on Fridays.

We are also prepared to deliver freight at any point on Chester river and tributaries, per steamer A. J. Whitney and schooners Hattie Stark and Wm. S. Copes. Freight reasonable.

Address all communications to
CHAS. F. HARLEY, Sec'y,
Piers 12 and 13 Light street wharf, Balt.
JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,
Feb. 14, 1884. President.

SPRING 1884.
E. W. F. Simpers
Larger Room, Larger Stock, Low Price
DRY GOODS.
4-4, 10-4 Bleached Muslins, Brown Muslins, Prints. Percals, Dress Gingham, Sheetings, Cottonades.
NOTIONS.
Vic. Lawns, Swiss Pld. Muslins, Corsets, Ladies' Hose, Gent's ½ Hose, Gloves. Gent's Neck Ware. Towels all prices.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
A full stock, in part as follows:

Teas, Coffees, Grain Cut Loaf and Powdered Sugars, Chocolate, Cocoa, Cheese, Corn Starch, Dry Yeast, Oat Meal, Wheaten Grits, Plum Pudding, Pickles, Chow-Chow. A nice assortment of Canned Goods.

Wm. Lee & Sons' FLOUR, all grades.

Glassware, Crockeryware.

Bacon, Shoulders, S. C. Shoulders, "Best" Sugar Cured Hams.

Chewing Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco, Segars, Graveley's Tobacco.

"Chromo" Yeast Powder.

We are thankful for past favors, and ask for a continuance of same, assuring all that our "motto" is to always please in *Price* and *Quality*.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
April 3, 1884. Chestertown, Md.

Blooded Stock.

[redacted]

March 13, 1884—20w.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS
Plow Castings. Plow Castings.

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW and CASTINGS for sale by
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

ONION SETS.
SILVER SKIN and RED SKIN.
Very cheap. M. A. TOULSON,
March 27. Druggist.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS

Wrightsville, Penn., April, 28, 1884.

MESSRS. CHAS. WARNER & CO.,

GENTLEMEN:

We have received your letter enclosing advertisement of Mr. B. F. Fleming from the "Smyrna Record," in which he states the reputation of our Lime was based upon Lime burned by us at Kilns now operated by Messrs. Colwell & Haldeman. This Statement is an entire misrepresentation. The facts in the case being, that during the years 1846 to 1866 we operated the Kilns now worked by us at Wrightsville. In 1866 our lease expiring, we leased the Kilns of Mr. Haldeman, and operated them for seven years carrying our patronage with us from the Wrightsville Kilns. In 1873 we consolidated our Haldeman Kilns with those of Messrs. Jas. Cook & Co., at Wrightsville, and operated both Kilns under the one firm. As soon as our customers understood we had returned to our Wrightsville Kilns, they declined to use the Haldeman Lime very generally, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could secure orders for Lime from the Haldeman Kilns, and for this reason abandoned them entirely in 1876, in consequence of which they remained idle for five years. The Lime itself is a weak magnesia, and will not more than double itself in slaking. Probably the best evidence of the superiority of our Wrightsville Lime over the Haldeman Lime is the fact, that farmers will drive by the Haldeman Kilns, and come to ours, a distance of ten (10) miles, and haul it to their farms, directly past the Haldeman Kilns. We request you to contradict in the most emphatic manner, the representation made by Mr. Fleming in his advertisement, and also say, that we have never sold any of our Lime to Mr. Fleming, and have no intention of selling any to him in the future. You are the only persons, from whom our Lime can be purchased on the Peninsula for rail delivery.

If you desire references for our Lime you can refer to:—Hon. Jas. B. Groome, L. P. Roberts, Capt. A. Woodall, Hon. Geo. W. Spencer, John T. Beeks, Wm. McKenny, John B. Brown, Thos. Dodd, John Dodd, Jas. Dodd, Dr. W. H. DeCorsey, Dr. Washington Finley, Andrew Ellison, J. B. Cazier, Chas. Ratherel, J. A. Hossinger, Dr. S. E. Ford, R. T. Cochran and Gov. J. P. Cochran.

Very truly yours,
KERR, WEITZEL & CO.

Agents.

JOS. HANSON,	Middletown.	A. L. FISHER,	Bear Station.
JAS. A. HURLOCK,	Clayton.	W. S. PHILLIPS,	Millsboro.
JAS. M. HURLOCK,	Hurlock's Sta.	G.M.THOROUGHGOOD,	Georgetown.
WM. McKENNY,	Centreville.	D. B. STEWART,	St. Georges.
ELWOOD JENKINS,	Wyoming.	THEO. RUTH,	Christiana.
L.&A. G. WEBBER,	Christiana.		

CHAS. WARNER & CO. General Agents.
May 15—4t. WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

HO!
FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

THE public are invited to call and examine our Large and Well Selected Stock of
Seasonable Goods,
SUCH AS

Candies, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts of all kinds, Figs, Prunes, Plum Puddings, Canned Goods, Mince Meat, Cranberries, &c., and in fact everything kept in a first-class
Grocery and Confectionery Store,
together with a very fine line of choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,
of which we always aim to keep the *very Best* on the market. All these goods now open for inspection. We aim to keep the best fresh goods, and by fair dealing and a disposition to please all, we hope to merit a continuance of the patronage so kindly granted us in the past.

Very respectfully,
WM. H. LAMBERT.

Spring Goods
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS',
GLASS FRONT.

We have just received a large supply of spring goods, comprising in part
Dress Goods,
Percals, Ginghams, Calicoes, Muslins, Cassimere, Cottonades, Flannels, Cheviots, Victoria Lawn, Piques, Swiss, Nainsook.
A full variety of
Hosiery and Gloves,
Hamburg Edging, Laces, Towels, Bed Spreads, Shawls and Notions Generally.
SHOES
of all grades, from the cheapest to finest goods made to our order. Gent's and Boys' Calf English Ties, Congress Gaiters and Button Shoes. Ladies and Misses Pebble Button, Kid Button and Kid Fox Button Shoes, Children's Pebble Button, Kid Button and Solar Tipped Shoes.

Large assortment of Fine
Straw Hats.
for Men and Boys; also, common Straw Hats,
MATTING—Fancy, Check and White Matting to arrive.
CARPETS,
FLOOR & TABLE OIL CLOTH
GROCERIES,
Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Spices, Tobacco. Segars, &c.
With a full line of goods put at lowest prices, we are prepared to sell at prices to compete with the lowest. A call solicited.

April 10. J. H. SIMPERS.

T. J. MANN
Has Enlarged His Store,
and keeps on hand a Larger and More Complete Stock of Goods than formerly. Hisstock embraces not only
DRY GOODS
of all kinds,
HARDWARE. NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, but New Orleans Molasses, the Best Syrups, Broiling Beef, Flour, Meal and Feed. Canned Goods a specialty. All goods will be sold at bottom prices for cash or trade.

T. J. MANN,
opposite Kent National Bank,
Feb. 8, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

Lime for Sale.
Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quicked Lime
for building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel..
Oct. 20 1881. WM. PERKINS.

FOR SALE.
Post! Post! Post!

SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar White Oak and other kinds of POSTS of different sizes and lengths. They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also White and Red Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak piling and railroad ties.

Charles W. jones, living near Mr. P. A. M. Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to deliver all orders, but the sales Must be made by me. All persons are forbidden to take anything out of the said woods unless by my or Charles W. Jones' permission.

WILLIAM PERKINS.
March 8, 1883.

To Our Customers.

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

J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Leader in Low Price

COLLARS, Bridles, Back Bands, Traces and Plow Lines at lowest prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

SHOES, SHOES.—We make a specialty of Shoes. Spring Stock just received at J. H. SIMPERS.

CIGARS! CIGARS!!
Come and try our Edward Allen Poe CIGARS.
March 27. M. A. TOULSON, Druggist.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Chestertown, Md.

Prompt attention to the collection of claims. Loans negotiated.

Office opposite the Court House, on Main St. next door to the store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Feb. 1, 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.

Chster River Steamboat Company
SPECIAL NOTICE
TO FARMERS AND SHIPPERS

With every facility we are now prepared receive GRAIN on consignment, or the highest CASH PRICE paid for the same by
J. R. CLEMENTS, AGENT,
July 6, 1882—tf. Chestertown Granary

J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.
COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a good article of SOFT COAL for Steam Threshers. Also, a good quality of Anthracite (White Ash) Coal, 2,240 lbs. to ton.

All persons in want of Coal will do well to call and see us before buying.

July 12—tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART CO.,
General Commission Merchants

[redacted]

COAL! WOOD! LIME!

TO those in need of COAL would do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

Having purchased from four to five hundred cords of the very best seasoned
Oak and Pine WOOD,
we flatter ourselves in saying that it cannot be beat in quality or length.

To those interested in LIME, HAIR, CEMENT &c., would do well to give us a call before buying, as we have bought at reduced prices. Give us a call. Thankful for past patronage, I remain yours respt.,

J. D. BACCHUS.
Feb. 28—y.

J. ARMSTRONG. W. H. SPARKS.
ARMSTRONG & SPARKS,
LIQUOR DEALERS,
SALOON ATTACHED,
146 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
Baltimore, Md.

☞Jugs and Demijohns a specialty. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Feb. 28, 1884.

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.

LEVERING'S COFFEE.
Recognized as the Best.



Our Coffee is absolutely pure, not glazed or colored, and is selected from our large stock of Green Coffee, with special reference to its Drinking qualities. Glazing and coloring roasted Coffee adds to the weight and hides the imperfections, which is entirely against our interest as a consumer. Ask your Grocer for LEVERING'S COFFEE, and take no other.

E. LEVERING & CO.
Established 1842. Baltimore.

Send two 2-cent stamps for Levering's Coffee Cup and Saucer Plaque; (a large, original and beautiful design.)

April 17—3m.

ACME HALL,
the Palace Clothing Establishment of Baltimore,

Opens its doors to the public on April 5th, and extends to all lovers of fine Clothing a special invitation to look over its Goods. Our object is to supply gentlemen with such spring and summer Clothing they have hitherto been unable to procure except from Merchant Tailors, at exorbitant prices. We obviate all delays and chances of misfits that so frequently follow ordered goods, and we guarantee our garments fully equal, and even superior, to most measured work, at considerably lower figures.

The most fastidious cannot fail to be pleased with the Men's and Boys' Garments shown at

ACME HALL,
"The Mirror of Fashion,"
209 W. BALTIMORE ST.
Strictly One Price.
April 3, 1884.

WHITE Wash Brushes, all sizes at lowest prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

A CHAIN OF SONGS.

This is the song of the bee;
"Open wide the sweet enclose
Of your bosom red to me;
I would enter in, O rose,
I would come to dwell with thee.
All the sweets of wild-flowered field,
All the wealth the gardens yield,
All these shall the guerdon be
For thy love," sings the restless bee.

This is the song of the rose:
"You are nothing to me, O bee,
For at night there's a wind that blows;
In the dark he kisses me,
And no flower the secret knows.
O wind, that wayward darts,
Take my hundred glowing hearts!
Thine are they, to wear or lose,
So thou love me," sings the rose.

This is the song of the wind:
"I love you not, wanton flower;
If I kissed you, count it sport;
There's a young tree near your bower,
And to her I pay my court.
Fold me, sweet, in your swaying arms;
I will praise your maiden charms
East and west, if you are kind
To your lover," sighs the wind.

This is the song of the tree:
"Naught care I for wind that woos;
There's a lark that flies and sings,
And him for my love I choose;
Ah, fain would I clip his wings!
Draw near, love, and build thee a nest
Right here, love, upon my breast,
And safe shall thy dwelling be."
This is the song of the tree.

This is the song of the lark:
"O tree, I regard thee not;
Higher, higher, I aspire
For I long to reach the spot
Where I see you ball of fire,
Glowing, flashing, flaming, burning,
And my heart is madly yearning
Just to be a tiny spark
Of the great sun," sings the lark.

This is the song of the sun:
"O children, with hearts to break,
As ye lie on the world's broad breast,
I can see you quiver and ache,
With longing that's never at rest;
Only love that turns upward is living,
Such love liveth on with the giving,
Though love in return n'er be won."
This is the song of the sun.

—*Annette W. Holt, in the Continent.*

Loss and Gain.

An April landscape flushed with tender green;
A level, broken by a broad, clear creek;
A vista 'neath the maple rows, with streak
Of road that meets the arch; all this is seen
Where the road forks; and many a farm-house lies
Within the prospect. Sitting by the way
A crippled child, bent low in innocent play,
Raises a sweet, glad face to my unhappy eyes.
Over the fields light-footed children run
With merry laughter, but this blessed one,
Fettered, finds dearer joy and envies none.
Can I accept the lesson that I see
Writ even by the wayside here for me?
"Happy is he that, losing, findeth all!"

Margaret Bradshaw.

THE PROFESSOR'S YARN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

It was in the early days. I was not a college professor then. I was a humble-minded young land-surveyor, with the world before me—to survey, in case anybody wanted it done. I had a contract to survey a route for a great mining-ditch in California, and I was on my way thither, by sea—a three or four weeks' voyage. There were a good many passengers, but I had very little to say to them; reading and dreaming were my passions, and I avoided conversation in order to indulge these appetites. There were three professional gamblers on board—rough, repulsive fellows. I never had any talk with them, yet I could not help seeing them with some frequency, for they gambled in an upper deck state-room every day and night, and in my promenades I often had glimpses of them through their door, which stood a little ajar to let out the surplus tobacco smoke and profanity. They were an evil and hateful presence, but I had to put up with it, of course.

There was one other passenger who fell under my eye a good deal, for he seemed determined to be friendly with me, and I could not have gotten rid of him without running some chance of hurting his feelings, and I was far from wishing to do that. Besides, there was something engaging in his countrified simplicity and his beaming good-nature. The first time I saw this Mr. John Backus, I guessed, from his clothes and his looks, that he was a grazier or farmer from the back woods of some western State—doubtless Ohio—and afterward when he dropped into his personal history and I discovered he was a cattle-raiser from interior Ohio, I was so pleased with my own penetration that I warmed toward him for verifying my instinct.

He got to dropping alongside me every day, after breakfast, to help me make my promenade; and so, in the course of time, his easy-working jaw had told me everything about his business, his prospects, his family, his relatives, his politics—in fact everything that concerned a Backus, living or dead. And meantime I think he had managed to get out of me everything I knew about my trade, my tribe, my purposes, my prospects, and myself. He was a gentle and persuasive genius, and this thing showed it; for I was not given to talking about my matters. I said something about triangulation, once; the stately word pleased his ear; he inquired what it meant; I explained; after that he quietly and inoffensively ignored my name, and always called me Triangle.

What an enthusiast he was in cattle! At the bare name of a bull or a cow, his eye would light and his eloquent tongue would turn itself loose. As long as I would walk and listen, he would walk and talk; he knew all breeds, he caressed them all with his affectionate tongue. I tramped along in voiceless misery whilst the cattle question was up; when I could endure it no longer, I used to deftly insert a scientific topic into the conversation, then my eye fired and his faded; my tongue flutttered, his stopped; life was a joy to me, and a sadness to him.

'One day he said, a little hesitatingly, and with somewhat of diffidence:—

'Triangle, would you mind coming down to my state-room a minute, and have a little talk on a certain matter?'

I went with him at once. Arrived there, he put his head out, glanced up and down the saloon wearily, then closed the door and locked it. We sat down on the sofa, and he said:—

'I'm a-going to make a little proposition to you, and if it strikes you favorable, it'll be a middling good thing for both of us. You ain't a-going out to Californy for fun, nuther am I—it's *business*, ain't that so? Well, you can do me a good turn, and so can I you, if we see fit. I've raked and scraped and saved, a considerable many years, and I've got it all here.' He unlocked an old hair trunk, tumbed a chaos of shabby clothes aside, and drew a short stout bag into view for a moment, then buried it again and relocked the trunk. Dropping his voice to a cautious low tone, he continued, 'She's all there—a round $10,000 in yellow-boys; now this is my idea: What I don't know about raising cattle, ain't worth knowing. There's mints of money in it, in Californy. Well, I know, and you know, that all along a line that's being surveyed, there's little dabs of land that they call 'gores,' that fall to the surveyor free gratis for nothing. All you've got to do, on your side, is to survey in such a way that the 'gores' will fall on good fat land, then you turn 'em over to me, I stock 'em with cattle, *in* rolls the cash, I plank out your share of dollars regular, right along, and—'

I was sorry to wither his blooming enthusiasm, but it could not be helped. I interrupted, and said severely:

'I am not that kind of a surveyor. Let us change the subject, Mr. Backus.'

It was pitiful to see his confusion and hear his awkward and shamefaced apologies. I was as much distressed as he was—especially as he seemed so far from having suspected that there was anything improper in his proposition. So I hastened to console him and lead him on to forget his mishap in a conversational orgy about cattle and butchery. We were lying at Acapulco; and, as we went on deck, it happened luckily that the crew were just beginning to hoist some beeves aboard in slings. Backus's melancholy vanished instantly, and with it the memory of his late mistake.

'Now only look at that!' cried he; 'My goodness, Triangle, what *would* they say to it in *Ohio*? Wouldn't their eyes bug out, to see 'em handled like that?—wouldn't they, though?'

All the passengers were on deck to look—even the gamblers—and Backus knew them all, and had afflicted them all with his pet topic. As I moved away, I saw one of the gamblers approach and accost him; then another of them; then the third. I halted; waited; watched; the conversation continued between the four men; it grew earnest; Backus drew gradually away; the gamblers followed, and kept at his elbow. I was uncomfortable. However, as they passed me presently, I heard Backus say, with a tone of persecuted annoyance:

'But it ain't any use, gentlemen; I tell you again, as I've told you half a dozen times before, I warn't raised to it, and I ain't a-going to resk it.'

I felt relieved. 'His level head will be his sufficient protection,' I said to myself.

During the fortnight's run from Acapulco to San Francisco I several times saw the gamblers talking earnestly with Backus, and once I threw out a gentle warning to him. He chuckled comfortable and said:

'Oh, yes! they tag around after me considerable—want me to play a little, just for amusement, they say—but laws-a-me, if my folks have told me once to look out for that sort of live-stock, they've told me a thousand times, I reckon.'

By and by, in due course, we were approaching San Francisco. It was an ugly black night, with a strong wind blowing, but there was not much sea. I was on deck, alone. Toward ten I started below. A figure issued from the gambler's den, and disappeared in the darkness. I experienced a shock, for I was sure it was Backus. I flew down the companionway, looked about for him, could not find him, then returned to the deck just in time to catch a glimpse of him as he reentered that confounded nest of rascality. Had he yielded at last? I feared it. What had he gone below for?—His bag of coin? Possibly. I drew near the door, full of bodings. It was a-crack, and I glanced in and saw a light that made me bitterly wish I had given my attention to saving my poor cattle-friend, instead of reading and dreaming my foolish time away. He was gambling. Worse still, he was being plied with champagne, and was already showing some effect from it. He praised the 'cider,' as he called it, and said now that he had got a taste of it he almost believed he would drink it if it was spirits, it was so good and so ahead of anything he had ever run across before. Surreptitious smiles, at this, passed from one rascal to another, and they filled all the glasses, and whilst Backus honestly drained his to the bottom they pretended to do the same, but threw the wine over their shoulders.

I could not bear the scene, so I wandered forward and tried to interest myself in the sea and the voices of the wind. But no, my uneasy spirit kept dragging me back at quarter-hour intervals; and always I saw Backus drinking his wine—fairly and squarely, and the others throwing theirs away. It was the painfulest night I ever spent.

The only hope I had was that we might reach our anchorage with speed—that would break up the game. I helped the ship along all I could with my prayers. At last we went booming through the Golden Gate, and my pulses leaped for joy I hurried back to that door and glanced in. Alas, there was small room for hope—Backus' eyes were heavy and bloodshot, his sweaty face was crimson, his speech maudlin and thick, his body sawed drunkenly about with the weaving motion of the ship. He drained another glass to the dregs, whilst the cards were being dealt. He took his hand, glanced at it, and his dull eyes lit up for a moment. The gamblers observed it, and showed their gratification by hardly perceptible signs

'How many cards?'

'None!' said Backus.

One villian—named Hank Wiley—discarded one card, the others three each. The betting began. Heretofore the bets had been trifling—a dollar or two; but Backus started off with an eagle now, Wiley hesitated a moment, then 'saw it' and went ten dollars better.' The other two threw up their hands.

Backus went 20 better. Wiley said;

'I see that and go you a *hundred* better!' then smiled and reached for the money.

'Let it alone,' said Backus, with drunken gravity.

'What! you mean to say you're going to cover it?'

'Cover it? Well I reckon I am—and lay another hundred on top of it, too.'

He reached down inside his overcoat and produced the required sum.

'Oh, that's your little game, is it? I see your raise, and raise it five hundred!' said Wiley.

'Five hundred *better*!' said the foolish bull-driver, and pulled out the amount and showered it on the pile. The three conspirators hardly tried to conceal their exultation.

All diplomacy and pretence were dropped now, and the sharp exclamations came thick and fast, and the yellow pyramid grew higher and higher. At last $10,000 lay in view. Wiley cast a bag of coin on the table, and said with mocking gentleness:

'Five thousand dollars better, my friend from the rural districts—what do you say *now*?'

'I *call* you!' said Backus, leaving his golden shot-bag on the pile. 'What have you got?'

'Four kings, you d—d fool!' and Wiley threw down his cards and surrounded the stakes with his arms.

'Four *aces*, you ass!' thundered Backus, covering his man with a cocked revolver. *I'm a professional gambler myself, and I've been laying for you duffers all this voyage!*'

Down went the anchor, rumbledy-dum-dum! and the long trip was ended.

'Well—well, it is a sad world. One of the three gamblers was Backus' 'pal.' It was he who dealt the fateful hands. According to an understanding with the two victims, he was to have given Backus four queens, but alas, he didn't.

A week later, I stumbled upon Backus—arrayed in the height of fashion—in Montgomery street. He said, cheerily, as we were parting:

'Ah, by-the-way, you needn't mind about those gores. I don't really know anything about cattle, except what I was able to pick up in a week's apprenticeship over in Jersey just before we sailed. My cattle-culture and cattle-enthusiasm have served their turn—I shan't need them any more.'

CHA LES O'CONOR'S DEATH.

THE GREAT LAWYER PASSES AWAY AFTER THREE WEEKS' ILLNESS.

NANTUCKET, May 13.—Charles O'Conor died at his residence in Nantucket yesterday at 3:25 P. M On his return from New York about three weeks ago he contracted a severe cold, from which it was evident he could not recover. On the following Wednesday he called Dr. Edward Roth, whom he informed that he did not care to live.

Mr. O Conor said all he desired was medicine to give him relief from pain. At one time Mr O'Conor took a little tea and toast, which produced such distress that on the next day he took no nourishment whatever. The following day he drank three glasses of milk, and the next day one glass, causing so much pain that his attendants dared not give him any more. Then he tried a little wine and water, but for the last five days took nothing but water and his medicine, which he received from Dr. Roth, who had visited him eight times each day.

At noon yesterday his stomach refused to retain even a teaspoonful of water. Mr. O'Conor said his stomach had troubled him for ten years, and was the seat of his fatal illness.

His mind was clear and sound to the last, although he kept his eyes half shut or closed, except when spoken to. Three minutes before death he roused up, opened his eyes, and put out his hand to the Doctor. Then in a clear, strong voice he exclaimed "My God!" and expired without apparent pain or struggle.

There were present at his bedside his sister, Mrs. Sloane, his nephew his niece, Miss Mullaney and Dr. Roth. Mr. O'Conor's written request was that his immediate attendants should perform the last duties superintended by Dr. Roth. The family left Nantucket with the remains this morning for New York.

Charles O'Conor was born in New York city in 1804 of Irish parents. His father had inherited a fortune, but lost it, so that he received merely a common school education and lessons in French, besides tuition in Latin from his father. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1824, rising rapidly in his profession. His argument before the Supreme Court in 1829 in the case of Divver against McLaughlan first attracted attention to his great ability, and from that time, for nearly half a century, he was among the foremost lawyers at the American bar. It was his pride that he had done much to correct the mistakes of inferior courts and to expose the blunders of Legislatures when they infringed upon constitutional rights.

Among the many celebrated cases in which he was the prominent figure may be mentioned the slave Jack case in 1835, the Lispenard will case in 1843, the Forrest divorce case in 1851, the Mason will case in 1853, the Lemmon slave case in 1856, the Parish will case in 1862, the prosecution of Tweed in 1873, the protracted litigation in the Jumel will case and the defense of Frank Walworth, on trial for the murder of his father, Mansfield Tracy Walworth. His last active work was as referee in the Heath-Ingersoll case. It was a tribute to his reputation for integrity and impartial justice that he was chosen as the arbiter in this case after he had taken active part against Ingersoll and been the chief agent in the vigorous prosecution which sent Ingersoll to the State prison.

In the Tweed cases Mr. O'Conor was the able second of Samuel J. Tilden, through whose keen research and indomitable perseverance Tweed was first tracked and brought to bay. In the famous Forrest divorce case he was pitted against John Van Buren, and secured a triumph and vindication for Mrs. Forrest.

Before the Electoral Commission Mr. O'Conor made an argument that will ever stand as a monument to his keen insight, his knowledge of constitutional law, his high patriotism, his vast learning and his appreciation of the vast consequences to the nation involved in the decision. But for the fact that his argument was addressed to a court that had made up its mind before the argument began, his eloquence and learning might have saved the nation a deep disgrace.

Mr. O'Conor was distinguished as an advocate who feared no Court. A memorable instance of this was in the celebrated case of the People agt. Levi Harris, indicted for forgery, which was tried before the late Judge John W. Edmonds in the Supreme Court Judge Edmonds was convinced that there was no case against the accused, and tried to induce District Attorney McKeon to consent to a nolle prosequi. Mr. O'Conor, in defiance of the Court, induced McKeon to demand the right to go to the jury, and the result was a disagreement, which was a substantial victory for Mr. O'Conor, who represented private prosecutors. Mr. O'Conor also did memorable work in the celebrated murder trial of the People agt. Polly Bodine, indicted for murder on Staten Island. It was on the trial of this case at Newburgh that Mr. O'Conor became acquainted with Mr. William Fullerton, whom he induced to come to new York, and who was for many years his partner in business.

One of Mr. O'Conor's famous cases was that of the privateer General Armstrong, Capt. S. C. Reed, fitted out at this port and destroyed in the harbor of Fayal, after a vain effort to capture her by a British squadron of three vessels carrying nearly twenty times as many guns. Mr. O'Conor maintained a case against the Portuguese Government for not protecting the ship of a friendly power.

Mr. O'Conor never cared for public office, and refused very many offers of it from the Democratic party, of which he was the idol. He consented to act as United States District Attorney for New York under President Pierce. He was a member of the New York State Constitutional Conventions of 1846 and 1864. He was nominated for the Presidency in 1872 by the Labor Reform Convention of Philadelphia, but declined. He was also nominated by the Bourbon Democracy at Louisville and declined. He received however, 21,559 votes for President from earnest admirers.

In person Mr. O'Conor was tall, straight, and spare. His face was rather austere, and his manner generally severe. His face was always closely shaved. His eye was dark, keen, and piercing. As he stood erect and conscious of power, he was a commanding figure in a court-room. His manners were courtly and dignified, yet he was one of the most searching, persistent, and powerful cross-examiners ever known at the New York bar. His memory was wonderfully accurate, and his fearlessness was undaunted. He was a man who never cared for precedents. He made precedents, and when he found a client in danger did not hesitate to go to the foundation of the law to defend him.

Mr. O'Conor lived for years in an elegant home surrounded by ample grounds on Washington Heights, and when not engaged in business spent most of his time there. His chief exercise was walking to and from his home.

A curious instance of Mr. O'Conor's indomitable will was shown in his fearless treatment of his own case when he was so seriously ill in 1875 that he was given up by physicians, and his death was for months momentarily expected. His disease was a disorder of the digestive functions, enlargement of the prostrate gland, and other complications. His illness did not affect his mind. He appeared to be starving to death, he ate so little. The doctors said he was subsisting on his own tissue. For weeks there were daily reports of his condition published in the newspapers. His body was worn away to a skleton. The doctors said he had follicular atrophy, and some of the papers published his obituary. He had no liking for the medicine of the doctors, and disputed their diagonis. He refused to submit to any of their remedies, and finally dispensed with their services altogether. After lying at the point of death from November to January he got well.

Soon after this he made up his mind that the clear, bracing air of Nantucket would be beneficial to his health, and he removed there, to end his days. He had once been engaged in a lawsuit in which several of the witnesses were well-preserved old people, and when he heard they were from Nantucket he made up his mind that that must be a good place for old folks. There he has lived peacefully, walking, driving, resting, and amusing himself occasionally in his library by writing his memoirs.

WHAT IS THE USE?

BY ELLA WHEELER.

What is the use of this impetuous haste?
The end is certain. Let us take our time,
And hoard the vital forces that we waste
Before our day has reached its golden prime.

What is the use of rushing with spent breath
After old age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why need we hurry so to welcome Death,
Or go half way with hands stretched out, to Care?

There is no use. Dear heart, if we but wait
All things will find us. Let us pause, I say,
We cannot go beyond the silent gate,
That lies a short day's journey down the way.

So let us take our time in youth's fair bowers,
The summer season is so brief at best;
Let us look on the stars and pluck the flowers,
And when our feet grow weary let us rest.

Let us take time for love and its delight;
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for Sorrow's blight,
For Pain's despair and Death's funeral pall.

In that lost era when the world was new,
Love was men's first pursuit and life's excuse.
Now has that time come back to me and you—
Why should we seek for more? What is the use?

Sunlight and Health.

For some considerable time past the Astronomer Royal and his assistants have been weekly reporting the significant fact that the recorded sunshine during the seven days has been, upon an average, *nil*. Prima facie it is only photographers who need be affected by this intelligence. What can it possibly matter to the world at large if there is not sunshine enough to discolor a piece of sensitivized paper? As a matter of fact, however, the discoloration of sensitivized paper is but one of the many processes due to the chemical energy of the sunlight. And a prolonged absence of sunlight is a very serious matter. Its effects upon the health are direct and perceptible. We get no ozone, and we become dull and listless, as if we had been sitting up all night. When thus out of tone and below par, we are consequently deficient in that vital energy which would otherwise enable us to skake off any ordinary ailment. Nor is this all. Absence of sunlight for any considerable period is almost invariably followed by epidemic outbreaks. When the sun is active, filth of all kinds putrefies as it collects. When there is no sunshine the filth collects, accumulates in masses, and ferments. These fermented accumulations are a source of positive danger as soon as the sun resumes its activity. Decomposition under a bright sun is comparatively harmless Slow decomposition in the dark is especially hostile to health. We need no chemist to tell us all this; but, at the same time, it is as well to bear the chemistry of common life in mind.

When the Astronomer Royal reports a total absence of sunshine we ought to be especially careful, and, it may be added, children suffer more from the absence of the sun's rays than do adults. Adults have only to keep alive; children have to keep alive and to grow, which entails a double amount of chemical work. Now, if there be no sunshine, we can best supplement its absence by exercise. And yet, strange enough the absence of sunshine is regarded by most mothers as a sufficient ground for keeping children within doors. It is, on the contrary, the very reason why they should be sent out and kept out as much as possible.—*London Observer.*

From Head to Foot

The postmaster at North Buffalo, Pa., Mr. M. J. Green, says St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain conqueror, cured him of pains in the head, also of frosted feet.

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