hestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER AN | CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1884. | VOL. XXIII-NO. 12

TO THE

Peach Growe

—OF—

KENT & QUEEN ANNE COUNTIES!

PREPARE IN TIME TO UTILI YOUR CULLING FRUIT.

The undersigned are agents for the AUTOMA IC FRUIT EVAPORATOR, the Best in the Mark There are Twenty of these Evaporators in Ke and Queen Anne's Counties, and all who are need of an Evaporator can satisfy themselves the good qualities of this machine. We requ all who are in need of an Evaporator to call us or write to us before purchasing. Descr tive circulars furnished on application.

We refer to the following gentlemen have this Evaporator in use:

T. A. Hulme,	Fairlee,	Kent	county,
A. L. Corey,	"	"	"
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Address JOHN ARMSTRONG,
or JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,
May 22, 1884—tf. Chestertown, M

Chester River Steamboat Compa

SPRING & SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

1884. *1884.*



To take effect Monday, June 9th, 1884,

The Steamer GEO. LAV—

will leave Chestertown every Monday, W nesday and Friday at 7 o'clock A. M., for Ba more, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quak Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent land, arriving in Baltimore at 12.30 P. M.

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

Steamer CHESTER

will leave Baltimore every Monday, Wednesd and Friday, at 10 A. M., stopping at all t above landings; also, Round Top, Deep Lan ing, Spry's and Crumpton.

Leave Crumpton every Tuesday, Thurs and Saturday at 6 A. M., and Chestertown a A. M,

Steamer CORSICA

leaves Baltimore every Monday, Wednesd and Friday at midnight for Centreville via C sica creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolp and Chestertown. Leave Chestertown ev Tuesday and Thursday at 5 P. M., and Saturday at 1 P. M.

Freight received daily.

GEO. WARFIELD
June 12, 1884. Preside

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

DAILY BOAT

—FROM—

Tolchester Beach



Steamer LOUISE

Will leave Tolchester at 10 A. M., and 5 P. M., daily.

Leave Baltimore, Pier 16, Light St., at 8 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

Excursion Tickets 50 cents, Fare E Way 40 cents.

WM. C. ELIASON, Manag
May 29, 1884. ket.

GardenSeed

Fresh and Reliable.

Large Variety

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

M. A. TOULSON,
March 27. Drugg

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOW

Plow Castings. Plow Casting

The ROLAND CHILLED PLO and CASTINGS for sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE

THE MASSANETTA

MINERAL SPRING WATE

Said to be a certain cure for laria, Chills and 3.912 50 U Blood Poisons. For sale by pin gallon at

STAM'S DRUG STORE

June 19.

LIME! LIME!

No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,

—FOR—

BUILDING AND WHITEWASHIN

LOWEST PRICES

by J. B. SAPPINGT
May 22, 1884.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOW

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW, Nos. 2, 23, 13, 133 and ORIOLE PLOWS. For sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE

INSECT POWDER.

DALMATIAN.

Guaranteed to exterminate Roaches, and kindred Pests.

M. A. TOULSON
March 27.

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—AT—

SIMPERS',

S FRONT.

ived a large supply of spring a part

s Goods,

licoes, Muslins, Cassimere, Cheviots, Victoria Lawn, ok.

nd Gloves,

es, Towels, Bed Spreads enerally.

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e cheapest to finest goods ent's and Boys' Calf Eng- aiters and Button Shoes. ble Button, Kid Button Shoes, Children's Pebble nd Solar Tipped Shoes.

Fine

Hats.

o, common Straw Hats, —Fancy, Check and ve.

PETS,

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ERIES,

es, Tobacco, Segars, &c. ods put at lowest prices, at prices to compete with icited.

J. H. SIMPERS.

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WORKS

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der my sincere thanks onage of the public, and pproval and patronage n prepared to cut and he marble business. ome assortment of my

TONES.

Latest Designs

FINISHED,

PARIS EXHIBITION.

children, different pat 6.00, lettering included terns for grown persons me of them as low a ed. Also, a fine line o ssly for the

NG GROUNDS,

handsomely finished

Vases with Pedestal, mes and monuments, of

worked to order. I ot to color or blister— t. I set up all of my purchaser of all trouble

that are in want, and arn my prices. I will d the money out of

not like to canvass for d a business to barter

all the cemeteries of ounties.

W. REGISTER

STAM,

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EDICINES

the

Reliable Drugs

ket.

TION IS GIVEN

Recipies,

ared in the *l Manner* l the improved meth-

Prices,

and Pharmaceuti- or our work. sign—Illuminated

March 1, 1883.

ANTED.

JUSTABLE TO BOOKS

RESENT.

TO

TEACHERS, MERCHANTS, STUDENTS, AND ALL WHO READ BOOKS.

CEST, BEST.

ornamented, Can- e and convenient, icle of furniture, will hold a set of sizes for table, ce than any other ch. Send for des-

E SOLICITED

ATT & CO., in everything in the t., New York. Illustrated Cata- ns of educational

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Post!

LOCUST, Cedar s of POSTS of dif- lay in the second, so White and Red te Oak piling and

ar Mr. P. A. M. agent to deliver be made by me. ke anything ont y or Charles W.

PERKINS.

NA.

e of Cholera in medy in gapes.

IN F. STAM, Druggist

Drugg'en for Country ggs, Meat, Lard ALDRIDGE'S

HOPE H. BARROLL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Chestertown, d.

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 permanently 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 prepare d 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

and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, ried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c., Southern Fruits and Vegetables a Specialty.

68 SOUTH CALVERT STREET,

Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwall Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. [Feb. 21.

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.

Wanted.

100,000 BUSHELS

—OF—

Wheat!

For the WM. LEA & SONS CO., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware.

E. T. COMEGYS,

LOCUST GROVE,

KENT COUNTY, MD.

July 10, 1884—y.

THE BEST

CLOTHING.

The largest and finest stock ever shown at prices which cannot be equaled elsewhere.

Our entirely *new stock* is so desirable that every man and boy should have a suit, and to appear handsomely dressed you must wear our clothes.

Should your circumstances be such that only a small amount can be invested in clothing, then our house is the one to patronize for the reason that you can get just what you pay for economical administration of all its affairs makes our establishment the popular one to buy from. Every garment in our house entirely new, handsome and serviceable,

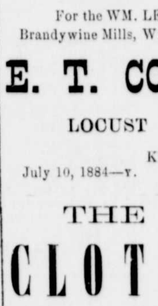
Acme Hall,

"The Glass of Fashion,"

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

ABSOLUTELY ONE PRICE.

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.

DON'T fail to Call and Examine Our Stock of Swiss and Hamburg Embroideries.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

THE GROGSELLER'S DREAM.

1.—The Grogseller sat by his bar-room fire
With his feet as high as his head, or higher,
Watching the smoke, as he puffed it out,
That in spiral columns curled about,
Veiling his face on its fleecy fold,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled,
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room

2.—To their drunken slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled, his friends were gone,
To awake in the morn to the drunkard's pain,
With a bloodshot eye and a reeling brain,
Drowsily rang the Watchman's cry;
'Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky;
Yet the host sat wakeful still, and shook
His head, and winked, with a knowing look.

3.—'Ho, ho!' said he, with a chuckling tone,
'I know the way the thing is done!
Twice five are ten, and another V;
Two ones and two twos and ragged three
Make twenty-four for my well-filled tob!
He, he! 'tis rather a good night's job.
The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine:
Much good may it do them—the cash is mine!

4.—And he winked again, with a knowing look,
And from his cigar the ashes shook,
'He, he! the yonkers are in my net;
I have them safe and I'll fleece them yet,
There's Brown, what a jolly dog is he;
And he swills the way I like to see,
Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate
And his farm is mine, as sure as fate!

5.—'I've a mortgage now on Thompson's lot.
What a fool he was to become a sot!
But it's luck for me—in a month or so
I shall foreclose, and the scamp must go.
Zounds! won't his wife have a taking on
When she learns that his house and lot are gone;
How she will blubber and sob and sigh;
But business is business, and what care I?

6.—'And Gibson has murdered his child, they say.
He was drunk as a fool here yesterday,
And I gave him a hint as I went to fill
His jug, but the brute would have his will.
And the folks blame me! why bless their gizzards,
If I don't sell he will go to Izzard's,
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade
And take my chance where there's cash to be made.

9.—'If men get drunk and go home to turn
Their wives outdoors, 'tis their own concern,
But I hate to have women coming to me
With their tweenle-dum and their tweedle-dee,
With their swollen eyes and their haggard looks,
And their speeches learned from temperance books,
With their pale, lean children, the whimpering fools,
Why don't they go to the public schools?

8.—'Let the huzzies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interferd with theirs;
I will turn no customer away
Who is willing to buy and able to pay,
For business is business, he, he! he, he!'
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee.
'Many a lark have I caught in my net;
I have them safe and I'll fleece them yet!'

9.—'He, he! ho, ho!' 'Twas an echoed sound.
Amazed, the grogseller looked around
This side and that, through the smoke peered he,
But naught but the chairs could the grogseller see.
'Ho, ho! he, he!' with a guttural note,
It seemed to come from an iron throat.
And his knees they shook and his hair began to rise,
And he opened his mouth and strained his eyes.

10.—And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Stood an uncouth form with an aspect grim.
From his grizzly head through his snaky hair,
Sprouted of hard, rough horns a pair,
And redly, his shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flames did his small eyes glow.
And his lips were curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched from his mouth the while.

11.—Folded and buttoned around his breast,
Was a quaint and silvery gleaming vest,
Asbestoes it seemed, but we only guess,
Why he should choose so cold a dress;
Breeches he wore of an amber hue,
From the rears of which a tail peered through;
His feet were shaped like a bullock's hoof
And the boots he wore were caloric proof.

12.—In his hands he bore, if a hand it was,
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's claws,
A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull,
Through the sockets were thrust of a grinning skull.
Like a sceptre he waved it to and fro
As he softly chuckled, 'ha, ha! ho, ho!'
And all the while his eyes, that burned
Like sulphurous flames, on the grogseller turned.

13.—And how did he feel beneath that look?
Why his jaw fell down and he shivered and shook
And quivered and quaked in every limb,
As if an ague had hold of him!
And his eyes to the monster, grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood.
But the fiend laughed on, "ha, ha! he, he!"
And he switched his tail in his quiet glee.

14.—"Why, what do you fear, my friend?" he said,
And he nodded the horns of his grizzly head,
"You're an ally of mine, and I love you well.
In a very warm country that men call hell,
I hold my court, and I am proud to say
I have not a faithfuller friend in pay,
Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil.
Mayhap you don't know me; I am called the devil!

15.—Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and wan,
Up started, instanter, the horror struck man,
And he turned up the whites of his goggle eyes
With a look half terror and half surprise,
And his tongue was loosed but his words were few.
"The devil,—you don't?" "Yes, faith I do!"
Interrupted old Nick, "and here's the proofs,
Just twig my tail, my horns and my hoofs.

16.—"Having come from warmer climes below,
To chat with a friend for an hour or so,
And the night being somewhat chilly, I think
You might ask an old fellow to take a drink;
Now let it be strong—the pure clean stuff,
Sweetened with brimstone,—a quart is enough;
Stir up the mess in an iron cup,
And heat by the fire 'till it bubbles up."

17.—As the devil bade, so the grogseller did,
Filling a flagon with gin to the lid,
And when it boiled and bubbled o'er
The fiery draught to his guest he bore.
Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff,
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh,
But faint and few were the smiles I ween
That on the grogseller's face were seen,

18.—For a mortal fear was on him then,
And he deemed that the way of living men
He should walk no more, that his hour had come,
And his master, too, to call him home.
Thought went back on the darkened past
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast,
And gliding before him pale and dim
Were gibbering fiends and spectres grim!

19.—"Ho, ho!" said Nick, "'tis a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who has been for years in your employ,
Running about like an errand-boy;
But we'll not fall out, for I plainly see
You're rather afraid (it's strange) of me.
Do you think I've come for you? never fear,
You can't be spared for a long while, here.

20.—"There are hearts to break, there are souls to win
From the ways of peace to the paths of sin,
There are homes to render desolate,
There is trusting love to be turned to hate,
There are hands that murder must crimson red,
There are hopes to be crushed, there are blights to be shed
Over the young, the pure and the fair,
Till their lives are crushed by the fiend despair.

21.—"This is the work you have done so well,
Crushing the earth and peopling hell,
Quenching the light on the inner shrine
Of the human soul, till you make it mine;
While want and sorrow, disease and shame
And crimes that even I shudder to name
Dance and howl in their hellish glee
Around the souls you have marked for me.

22.—"Selling grog is a good device
To make a hell of paradise;
Where e'er may roll the fiery flood
It is swollen with tears and stained with blood,
And the voice that was heard ere-while in prayer,
With muttered curses stirs the air
And the hand that shielded the wife from ill
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill.

23.—"Hold on your course, you are filling up
With the wine of the wrath of God, your cup,
And the fiends exult in their homes below,
As you deepen the pangs of human woe.
Long will it be, if I have my way,
Ere the night of death shall close your day,
For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival in mischief the devil himself."

24.—No more said the fiend, for clear and high,
Rang out on the air the watchman's cry:
With a choking sob and a half-formed scream,
The grogseller waked, it was all a dream.
His grizzly guest with his horns had flown,
The lamp was out and the fire was gone,
And sad and silent his bed he sought
And long of the wondrous vision thought.

Anon.

MOSE.

Frank Wilkeson in the New York Sun.

It was late in July, 1872, and late in the afternoon, when I rode up to George Warner's house on Fish creek, in Northern Montana. After greeting my comrade, who sat in meditation on a pine log, I unsaddled my horse and turned him loose in the valley, and then sat down by Warner's side to enjoy the glories of a Rocky Mountain sunset. The soft, gray light of the plains blended in the distance with the purple tints hanging over mountain glens lying in the shade of lofty, snow-clad peaks. The silence of the plains was absolute. Between us and the precipitous walls of the foot hills antelope grazed. A few cattle walked in file toward the water holes for their evening draught. My horse joined a small herd of horses that were feeding in the valley below us. They gathered together compactly, to talk probably. Soon they differed and fought, and my horse was promptly kicked out of the herd. I noticed these incidents lazily, unconsciously almost, as I sat with chin on knee-supported arms, watching the light fade from the serrated crest of the mountains. The silence was broken by a heavy pat, pat, pat on the porch behind us. I turned and saw a large, handsome half-blood stag hound walking on the porch. In his mouth he carried a billet of firewood. Seeing me he stopped, and with his head high in the air looked intently at me for an instant and then resumed his walk. Slowly he stepped off the porch and walked around the end of the log nearest to Warner and stood motionless before him. My comrade's voice thrilled with affection, or it may have been the unspoken recollections of the past conjured up by the silent and mysterious power of the hour that affected his tones as he said lovingly: 'Mose, old boy.'

After looking affectionately at Warner and disapprovingly at me, the dog dropped the billet of wood, and then, holding it firmly with his powerful paws, he made a pretense of gnawing it, as though it were a marrow bone, looking appealingly at his master the while. My comrade stroked the animal's head and smiled as he said: 'Mose, I suspect that you are a fraud. You know you are not hungry. Are you not ashamed to bring that stick here and pretend to eat it? You are trying to convey the impression that I starve you. What will my friend, a stranger to you, Mose, think of me, you wretched, wretched dog?' While Warner was speaking Mose looked into his eyes, his face beaming with love. His expression was almost human in its intelligence. Lovingly Warner looked at the dog for an instant, and then he inquired, 'Are you really hungry, Mose?' For answer the dog worried the stick as though he would devour it. Warner arose and said, 'Come and eat, you humbug.' They disappeared around the house in the direction of the pegs on which antelope were hanging. I heard my friend talk to the dog as he fed him as one talks to a child, questioning him as to whether he had had enough, admonishing him not to bolt his food, lecturing him on the vulgarity of greediness. Presently Mose came around the corner of the house, and, walking to me, thrust his nose into my hand and smelled of it inquiringly. Then, after looking me full in the face for an instant, he laid his long head on my knee and sedately wagged his tail as I smoothed his forehead and talked to him as dogs love to be talked to. I have owned and loved one brown eyed setter bitch that frequently exhibited quite a high order of reasoning power. But I have owned and heartily disliked and promptly killed two score of beetle-headed dogs, wretched, semi-idiotic creatures that bayed the moon, set rabbits in the field, and sucked eggs assiduously when off duty. But Mose surpassed all other dogs I have seen in intelligence. He was modest, courageous, honest and loving. He was a far more agreeable companion than many men I have camped with.

The morning after my introduction to the dog we started on our journey into the land of the Blackfeet—Warner and I and Mose. The dog trotted after our horses. Occasionally he relieved the monotony of the trail and expended the surplus of his animal spirits by short combats with intercepted badgers that he artfully worried into intense rage and then allowed to escape. After one of these sham fights Mose would cock up his head and look at us, as much as to say: 'Great sport—eh? That fellow smelled very badly; worse than usual, I believe. Did you see him back into his hole?' and he would leap high in the air and bark loudly with delight. I noticed that Mose was careful not to close with the badgers. He simply teased them. I doubted his courage and asked Warner if he could kill the animals. My friend smiled scornfully and refused to answer the absurd question. The next badger Mose artfully cut off from his hole was unfortunate. The dog was having great fun in making pretenses of furious onslaughts on the vile-smelling animal, when Warner said, lowly, 'Kill him, Mose.' Instantly Mose closed with his antagonist. There was a crunching of bones between powerful jaws, and the dead animal was tossed aside. Kill badgers indeed! as a terrier does rats. Toward evening we crossed a divide, on the northern slope of which a small herd of antelope were feeding. Warner's rifle flew to his shoulder and craked sharply. Instantly the animals were in flight. The shot was long, and I feared my comrade had missed. When the gun cracked Mose bounded forward and seated himself on his haunches, by Warner's side, and looked attentively at the running antelope. Suddenly he leaped, and was running at full speed in pursuit. 'Follow the dog,' Warner cried, as I rode after Mose. 'He would not course if the antelope was not wounded.' Weeks of experience proved the truth of my friend's assertion. When one of our rifles cracked Mose was enormously interested in the result of the shot. He would study the fleeing animals until he saw which one was wounded, and that one he would run down; but if he was satisfied that the shot was unsuccessful he would not course. He would look at us, I used to think sympathetically, as much as to say: 'That's all right. You must not expect to kill every time. We'll find another one pretty soon, and I know we'll capture that one.' And the gentlemanly creature would wag his tail and feign a joy he did not feel, and promptly distract your thoughts and relieve his own feelings by worrying the next badger he found.

When Mose was a young dog, just out of his puppyhood, he caught a wounded antelope, after a long chase. Warner lost sight of the chase in the intricacies of the hills. An hour passed before he found the game. When he arrived at the spot where the dead animal lay he was horrified at the rotund appearance of his dog, and the disappearance of a large portion of the antelope. Mose had eaten the prized brisket. This crime Warner punished severely. After that Mose would never eat in the field. Often I have stood over dead game and offered him bits of meat. Invariably his high-curved tail became pendant, his head sank, his ears drooped, and the light and joy faded from his face. He would lie down at a little distance from us and look reproachfully, sorrowfully, even, at us, as though saying, 'I am disappointed in you. I think it exceedingly ungentlemanly in you two to laugh at me, and recall my shame and disgrace.' And he would sigh deeply. But when camp was made Mose was always hungry, and if not promptly fed he would carry a stick to the fire and there lie and pretend to eat it.

In the morning, after breakfast had been eaten, the horses saddled and the burden placed on the pack animal, Mose would beat the camping ground for overlooked articles, as a setter dog does a patch of grass for a scent withholding quail. An overlooked knife, or spoon, or spur, or pipe, or even a twig that had been used as a wihp the previous day, he would pick up and deliver to Warner. When he was satisfied that nothing had been left he would caper and twist himself and bark for joy. One evening, as we descended into the Milk-river valley, Warner discovered that his knife and sheath had fallen from his belt. He called Mose. The dog reared and placed his fore paws on Warner's thighs as he sat in the saddle, and looked earnestly in his master's face. My friend talked to him as he would to a man, telling of his loss. Then, with outstretched arm, pointing backward over the windswept divide we had just crossed, he said, 'Go find it.' Mose dropped to his feet and started back. We went on to the river and made our camp. In about two hours Mose loped into camp with the leathern sheath of the knife in his mouth, and gave it into Warner's hand. With ineffable scorn he looked at Mose as though he expected him to sprout donkey's ears. He savagely told Mose that he was the greatest ass in the Rocky Mountains. Then holding the empty sheath before the dog's eyes, he sternly asked: 'Where is the knife?' and he added: 'Go back, you donkey, and find the knife you allowed to slip from the sheath.' The dog turned and disappeared in the darkness. In less than an hour he returned with the knife in his mouth. I understood why Mose so carefully searched the camp each morning. Experience had taught him that Warner would send him back for any article that had been overlooked, and Mose, being a sociable dog, and not fond of lonely trips across the plains and over hills, behind which savage gray wolves lurked, took care that nothing was left in the abandoned camps.

Mose was noisy. He dearly loved the sound of his own voice. His spirits were always high. He chased jack rabbits; he pursued coyotes; he coursed swifts; he tormented badgers; he avoided gray wolves; he barked at game o' nights. One evening we rode into the Marias valley. Stamped into the clay by the edge of the water were the fresh prints of many moccasined feet. We were among hostile Indians. Warner and I dismounted and examined the tracks. Mose smelled of them. That night, after it was dark, we rode northward and made a dry camp among the hills. After our horses were picketed Warner carried a saddle blanket to the top of a near-by hill that overlooked our camp and there spread it. He told Mose to lie there and guard the camp, and he added to his instructions the caution, 'No more noise from this on, Mose.' I never again heard the dog's voice. Nightly he watched our camp in silence. The approach of game that he could not make out, such as buffalo in the distance or traveling elk or antelope, he announced by waking Warner. Often while lying on the northern plains I have awakened with a start and a keen sense of the presence of danger to see Warner, rifle in hand, and Mose at his side, gazing intently into the darkness. The dog understood as well as we that his bark might betray our camp to the Blackfeet, who were hunting in the land, and he suppressed it. Mose became a solemn dog. He quitted playing with badgers; he stuck close to the horses when we were on the trail; he lost all desire to explore the crests of the divides or to admire the scenery from the tops of hills. The low valleys and tiny draws that hid us from the sharp eyes of the Blackfeet suited Mose as well as us. I have not a particle of doubt that Mose felt the presence of danger and understood that we were careful because it was essential to our safety.

Late in August the trading post of Healy Brothers & Hamilton, at Whoop Up, on the Belly river, sheltered us. There we lost Mose. Dogs as well as men have their hours of weakness. Mose was of ardent temperament. He fell a victim to the wiles of a fair, golden-haired, dark-eyed female of his species and was lured by her into the Piegan camp. The children of the plains, having secured the dog by honest thrift and finished craft, refused to surrender him to Warner when he entered their camp, and they told him they would kill him if he came after the dog again. The tears stood in the brave gentleman's eyes when he returned to the trading post. The descendants of Mose are famous among the Blackfeet for sledge dogs.

Facts for the Curious.

A railway company in England gives its horses Turkish baths.

The five positions in dancing were introduced into England from Italy in 1541.

Thirty-eight million barrels of petroleum are stored in tanks in Pennsylvania, enough to make a lake a mile square and ten feet deep.

Feathers were first used as a headdress by Marie Antoinette, who tried their effect from curiosity, was pleased with it and set the fashion.

The Austrian national hymn, called Haydn in this country, for its composer, was first sung February 12, 1797. The words were written by L. L. Haschka.

Two sorts of spurs were in use in England at the time of the Norman conquest, one with a single point and the other with several. The sort now in use were first made about 1400.

Charles II. was fond of music, but only of that in which the time was very marked. In consequence the sacred music written for the Chapel Royal in his day sounds as if meant for the ballroom.

The name and title of Fortescue came from the conduct of the ancestor of the house, who protected William I. with his shield at Hastings, and thence acquired the name Fortescue, or strong-shield.

Chinese Mandarins are so adverse to owing the superiority of foreign military organization and arms that officers commanding drilled troops have been known to reverse the use of rifles for the enclosed barrack yards, and to review their men in public armed with match-locks, spears and bows.

The lumber for 48,000 clothespins costs $8, and the clothespins are worth $386.50 Four kinds of saws, a revolving polishing cylinder of iron and a kiln are requisite for their manufacture, and the poor creature who makes them only has fifty per cent. profit when he sells twelve of them for a cent.

The manuscript of 'The Arabian Nights' was taken to England by Mr. Claudius James Rich, consul at Bagdad. He was a very remarkable man, and before the age of seventeen had made himself master of Hebrew, Chaldee, Persian, Arabic and Turkish, beside Latin and Greek, and French and Italian, and many other modern languages. He began Arabic at nine and Chinese at fourteen, was devoted to the study of music, and was well skilled in horsemanship and in the management of the cimeter and lance.

How to Cook a Beefsteak.

Procure from the butcher a good fat sirloin steak with the tenderloin attached, cut an inch thick.

Cut out the tenderloin, trim off the extra fat, split into four parts so you will have four steaks one-fourth of an inch thick.

Take a sheet of foolscap paper, spread out to full size on a smooth surface; with sweet butter give the paper a thin coat all over the exposed side of the paper.

Salt and pepper the steak to taste, not too much; lay your steak on one side of the paper, turn the other half over the steak; then, beginning at the corner of the fold in the paper, crimp from each corner until you reach the centre; fasten with pins, so that the paper will not lose its folds, and you have your steak in a tight paper bag.

Have a light broiling fire; place your steak as above prepared on a gridiron; hold over the fire, retaining hold of the handle, and watch carefully that the paper does not scorch or burn.

The steak will cook thoroughly in four or five minutes. Serve on a hot dish, garnished with sliced lemons. Cooked in this way the meat retains all its juiciness and is free from all taints of smoke or fire and will be accepted by the most delicate stomach and retained.

AN actor who accompanied Mrs. Langtry in her American tour, just concluded, says that she is keen in business. She would take a curtain peep at the audience and size it up in dollars. Driving through a city she would note the bill-posting, and express her opinion as to whether it had been well or ill done. The manager's statements were conned over carefully, and objections, if any, politely made. In asking questions of her business staff and company she was direct and to the point, but withal so polite, so very polite, that at times it was embarrassing. Altogether, Mrs. Langtry impressed her employees and others with whom she came into business contact as a woman well able to take care of herself.

Columbia River Cannery.

Mr. George Home, one of the largest canners of fish, on Columbia river, Oregon, says that he suffered with rheumatism for seven years, having spent six months at Arkansas Hot Springs, and at Paso Robles Springs, Cal., four months in every year without benefit. Finally he tried St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, and in a short time all stiffness and soreness of the joints disappeared.

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