The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1884. VOL. XXIII-NO. 28

Elliott & Gemmill's

Farmers' Agency

Will furnish at short notice and Bottom Prices, any Implement manufactured in the United States.

We make a specialty of the Iron Turbine Wind Mill, manufactured by Mast, Foos & Co.; also, the Buckeye Force Pump, especially adapted to deep wells and forcing water.

Any one needing a Wind Mill we say try a Turbine. They are strength and durability itself. We control this Mill for the county, and have no sub-agents. Will make prompt estimates for any one desiring a Mill.

We would also call the attention of Farmers to our

NEW BUCKEYE GLASS FEED FERTILIZER DRILL,

which we pronounce, after thorough testing it last season, to be the best combined Grain and Fertilizer Drill ever offered to the trade. Our reasons are—

First, It is a perfect Wheat Seeder

Second, You have no cog wheels to take off or put on to chance quantities.

Third, With the Glass Feed for Phosphate you can sow any quantity of Fertilizer without clogging, gumming or pasting, from 100 to 500 lbs., and can make the changes while walking along.

Fourth, Both wheat and phosphate are distributed within plain view of the operator.

Fifth, It has double force feed for wheat, which makes it sow regular in whatever position it may be placed, especially when seeding side hills. All other drills will seed more or less according to position.

Call and examine it before buying, it will pay you.

Farmers clubbing together can make it pay.

Remember we have no sub-agents Save money by giving us your orders direct.

We have in use in Queen Anne's county eighty-three of the Buckeye Drills. In 1882 we sold there 28; in 1883 we sold 55.

WM. A. ELLIOTT,

Chestertown, Md., Agent for Kent county.
July 17.

TO THE LADIES!

The Picking and Preserving Season IS UPON US,

To meet it we have laid in a very large stock of

SPICES,

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MUSTARD, CLOVES, ALLSPICE, NUTMEGS, CINNAMON, MUSTARD SEED, CELERY SEED, RED AND BLACK PEPPER, TUMERIC, GREEN & GROUND GINGER all select goods, and prices low.

COLIN F. STAM,
July 31, 1884. Druggist

Something We overooked in our Seed advertisement.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED

A Choice Fresh Lot.

BY POUND OR BUSHEL.

COLIN F. STAM.

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.

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.

WOOD! WOOD!!

Hickory, Oak and Pine.

The subscriber has purchased 1000 cords of the very best seasoned Oak, Hickory and Pine that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $5 00 per cord for oak, and $6 00 per cord for hickory; wood sawed and split to order.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

Fine KINDLING Wood for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown
Nov. 22, 1883.

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

J. H. SIMPERS.

Acme Hall,

"The Glass of Fashion."

shows the acknowled fashionable Stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits in Baltimore.

We manufacture at our own factory the Clothing we sell.

They possess all the beauty of made-to-order work, without the cost and bother.

Every Garment in our house this Season's manufacture.

No Sham Here!

No False Prices!

The very best way to convince you that we are selling the Finest Clothing, is a personal examination of our Stock. We specially invite you to inspect it.

All the nobby, fashionable patterns (only shown by us) in Sacks, Double and Single-breasted, Cutaways, Prince Alberts, &c., &c., for young men, and a full stock of elegant modest patterns for gentlemen of quiet tastes.

Our Stock of Children's Clothing, not equalled in America.

Overcoats, all shapes, in plain, fancy and elaborate patterns.

Acme Hall,

FINE CLOTHING,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

near Charles St.

ONE PRICE.

Oct. 23—1m.

Levi Bar's

Tailoring House,

COR. GAY & FAYETTE STS.,

BALTIMORE, MD

We have made special efforts to produce a handsomer line of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

for the

Fall Trade

than any previous season, and can confidently assert that our goods, besides being cheaper, will be found Superior in Quality, Style and Finish to any that are offered in our city, besides being all of

OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

We will also call attention to our extra line of

Piece Goods,

for measured work. Our trade in this line is constantly increasing; we make this a separate and distinct business, and turn out as nice a suit of Clothes as any tailor in Baltimore. We solicit a visit to our establishment,

L. BAR.

Aug. 28—6m.

Lumber! Lumber! Lumber!

I not only ask you to patronize home industry but I offer you for sale the largest assortment of Seasoned

HOUSE SIDING.
HOUSE FLOORING.
SHINGLES.
LATHS.
FINSISHING LUMBER, Etc.

In stock in any one yard on the Eastern Shore, and at prices that make it your interest to examine directly in person. Orders given us for all the material in Houses or Barns can be shipped by rail or water promptly.

ROUGH LUMBER

In Large Quantities a Specialty.

Yet Dressing and Shaping such of this to your order as may be necessary, making your Frames, Sash, Blinds, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings, &c., with the most Improved Machinery. We guarantee our shipments to fit and give satisfaction.

Joseph Turner

SCOTT'S POINT.

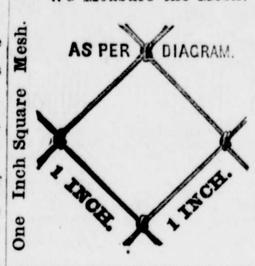
Sept. 25, 1884.

NEW MACKEREL in barrels, halves and kitts, cheaper than you think at

J. E. SAPPINGTON'S

NETTING,
—FOR—
SEINES AND POUNDS.

We Measure the Mesh.



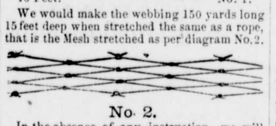
Parties ordering Netting or seines, will give the length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is, if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 YARDS



10 Feet. No. 1.

We would make the webbing 150 yards long 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the Mesh stretched as per diagram No. 2.



No. 2.

In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

Send for price list.

BALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO.

Wm. J. Hooper & Son,

6 S. Calvert St., Baltimore Md.

Dec. 27—y. (Mention this paper.)

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE

WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.



FOR ALL THE FORMS OF

Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,

the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

COLIN F. STAM

DRUGGIST,

PREPARES MEDICINES

from only the

Purest and Most Reliable Drugs

in the market.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN

—TO—

Physicians' Recipies,

Which are prepared in the

Most Skillful Manner

and in accordance with all the improved methods of Pharmacy.

Moderate Prices.

Absolute Accuracy, Neatness and Pharmaceutical skill are what we claim for our work.

Drug Store on corner—sign—Illuminated Mortar.

March 1, 1883.

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.

CHEAP LOT OF FURNITURE

In sufficient quantities,

Will be delivered at your home free of charge.

Feb. 14 1884. LOUIS K. STAM.

THE Cooler Creamer, with elevator attachment. The Davis Swing Churn, and agent for all goods made by the Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.

J. K. ALD RIDGE

VERY BEAUTIFUL line of Window Shades, very low at LOUIS K. STAM'S.

GOD'S CHANNEL.

Like the channel of a mighty river,
God made the heart of man, a glorious source
Thro' which he means his bounties to deliver:
Wealth, love or learning to speed on their course
To all this suffering world. He who retains
The riches of his purse, or soul, or brains.

For his own use, dies God's grand endeavor,
And chokes with weeds of pride and selfishness,
And rank, vile growths, the bedway of that river,
Whose stagnant waters—meant to heal and bless—
Grow poisonous in their turbid overflow,
And breed disease, and countless crimes and woe.

Is thy life crowned by knowledge or affection?
Hast thou been prospered in a worldly way?
In thy heart's channel gaze with close inspection—
See if foul weeds fill up its course to-day,
Or do its wholesome waters run forth free,
So men may drink and share thy joy with thee?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Utica Observer.

LIFE IN A MINING CAMP.

PRIMEVAL SIMPLICITY OF ACCOMMODATIONS IN A MOUNTAIN INN.

From the N. Y. World.

RED MOUNTAIN TOWN, Col., Sept. 15.—Imagine a town nestled in the mountain pines, with rough-hewn log houses all guiltless of paint, and a race track (alias main street) 100 yards long, being the only stretch of level ground. This metropolis boasts two saloons, about four stores and, as a mighty climax, a hotel. Possibly some provincially prejudiced New Yorkers would prefer the Windsor or the Victoria, but that would be to slap the face of the soul-widening goddess, Experience. To be sure half a pane is out of the front door, and on the opposite side of the small room swings a kitchen door with a permanent objection to latching; the door to the dining-room is always open, and just beyond is an "entrance out" that happens to have no handle; but who would object to a circulation of such fine, pure air as one finds here, 11,900 feet above New York Harbor?

CUTE DARKY MINERS.

This much-ventilated room is as ingenious as a Yankee invention, being general thoroughfare, parlor, universal wash-room, office and occasional bedroom. It served as a concert-hall one evening when we were visited by a couple of darkies, who own a good mine and yet were working on the new road for a "grub stake," to get food for the winter. One enormous darky stoutly declared: "I b'lieve the way to make big money ith to hold on t' it. Y'ave ter worrk ha'd, but we bound to keep it. We've refuthed mighty big offerth." "How much?" "Well, one man he offered uth thirty thouthand, and we heerd thome fellow was talking about forty thouthand. Bot we vally it at $150,000. You nevah gwine to sthrike nothing rich if you don't expect to, and if you hold on t' it why then you may or you may not. Got to take big chantheth in mining to make big money."

On the concert evening the little room held thirty souls. A sad-voiced fiddle that wandered in original keys was brought, and the big black startled us by bellowing,

Oh, won't you bury me, mother, mother?
Oh, won't you bury me, mother?
Oh, won't you bury me, mother, mother,
Way down by the sycamore tree?
For I'm g'wine to git married, mother, mother,
I'm gwine to git married, mother;
I'm gwine to git married, mother, mother,
Way down by the sycamore tree.
Mconlight, starlight,
Moonlight shines so bright.

Their great boots, hobnailed and caked with mud, keep time to this, and the fiddle mumbled independently along. The livery stable man sat in the long sink leaning heavily against the water barrel in the corner and helped them out with the refrain. On a bench in a dark corner some girls got the proper young men sandwitched in. A few chairs, which are borne in and out of the dining-room for meals, were on one side, while a wide bench, covered with a gray blanket ("mountain sofa"), was crowded, and at last was pulled away from the table so that newcomers could take an elevated seat. A sickly kerosene lamp on the table cast weird, low shadows on the fine, manly faces of the rough-looking fellows who lined the wall of the little room. A dirty roller-towel figured as drapery, and a great Sunday-school text glared down from the wall at the odd audience, the roaring darkies, struggling fiddle and the highly edified Eastern spectators.

PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY OF EDITH'S BOUDOIR.

The boudoir was another revelation to my benighted ignorance. The stairs led into a large space in which were two beds and the kitchen stove-pipe. Partitioned off were a half-dozen little rooms and we entered one. A candle stood on a solitary wooden chair, a home-made bedstead in pine, in native yellowness, covered with red comfortables, some books, a tin lard pail, an old blanket by way of carpet completed the truly charming simplicity of our apartment. We must add sundry embellishments, such as a midnight chorus of snores and a little friendly gale that, playfully scorning the loose-jointed window as a barrier, entered and gambolled sweetly over our temples the livelong night.

At breakfast one man observed: "The rain was trickling down the back of my neck in the night and woke me up."

"What did you do?" asked the horrified Easterner.

"Just moved a little away," answered the philosopher.

Then we realized that another luxury beside a feather bed and a chair had been granted us, for we had been protected by the only unleaking roof in the house. The terrible rain had sprinkled every bed, boots and clothing were wet, the floor damp enough for rubber shoes and tin pails to catch the leakings spotted the house.

All that dismal, rainy Sunday we hugged the wood stove and fought the drafts. One man solemnly read the dictionary; some the old papers. Others told us of the terrible winter when the snow was twelve feet deep, and their only occupation was digging tunnels through it from place to place and shoveling it off the roofs. Others, when spoken to, would instantly pull a bit of ore from their pockets and begin expatiating upon a "property I'm interested in, just over there. Yes, big streak of mineral assays; give 120 ounces in silver and 40 per cent. lead. Like to have you look at it. It's just up that mountain. Go nearly there on horseback," meaning the horse would have to climb about one thousand feet, and then the poor tenderfoot would have to scramble over rough places for about half a mile. Each man would then have his specimen to show and some seemed to have their pockets full of mineral. One inch fall of snow ended the fifty-six hours' rain, and dazzling indeed was the reflection as the raddiant sun poured down from a heaven of intense blue. All the sharp, jagged outlines of the rocky peaks freshly powdered with whiteness, showed with exquisite clearness in the rarified air, and the wonderful beauty of a perfect Colorado day seemed to waft our thoughts to heaven.

ROMANTIC DISCOVERY OF THE YANKEE GIRL MINE.

A mile from this stronghold of Democratic principles is the famous Yankee Girl mine. It was discovered by chance. A miner in an adjacent camp saw a deer in the valley, seized his rifle and started in pursuit. When he came to where the deer had vanished in the timber he sat down on a small boulder to watch, and idly handled the stones around. They seemed so heavy he broke open one, and another and another, and found them to be galena. So he and his partners staked a claim and started a tunnel; when 12 feet in, the vein was 10 feet square of perfectly solid mineral, a wonderful phenomenon.

The mine was bonded for $65,000, but Messrs. Posey, Crawford and others from Silverton immediately offered $125,000, and on acceptance went to Pittsburg and raised the necessary funds. The lucky owners now are Hammond and McKay, of Pittsburg, and Crawford, the remaining twelfth interest being divided among Standard Oil people.

Miners live well, we discovered, besides earning $4 per day, for we took dinner at the Yankee Girl Mine and had a really "good, square meal" served on long tables covered with clean white oilcloth, at which we sat on benches on either side. The forty men who were our dinner companions sleep in a big room upstairs without the luxury of sheets but with plenty of blankets, and they give the room a quaint, fantastic air by hanging their clothes on the rafters.

At this mine we first entered the ore-house, where the mineral is packed in hundred pound bags. These are sewed up and borne to Silverton, eleven miles, by burros. But the ore must first be sorted. The car from the tunnel dumps it on big tables and two men with a hose-pipe wash the dirt off and then throw away the waste rock, and divide the ore as nearly as possible by values. Next to this sorting-room is the boiler and the charcoal furnace, where the tools are made redhot and then hammered sharp. Each taking a candle we entered the nicely timbered tunnel, where a six-footer had to stoop occasionally. It was a little muddy, the drips from the candle were a little warm on our fingers and considerable water spattered on us, but those were additional pleasures. After going 165 feet we entered a large cave formed by taking out a "pocket" of mineral, and there was the engine quietly working away in the dimly lit cavern, looking odd enough. The steam is conducted through the tunnel in a large pipe. A terrific roaring noise, as of a mountain of rocks falling, startled us, but in looking at the shaft we saw that it was a bucketful of ore that had silently risen from the depths being dumped into the car.

DESCENDING INTO A TUNNEL.

The lady of the party being anxious to descend in the bucket she and her husband and the obliging foreman stepped on the edge of the big barrel and grasped the cable. Being sure that it balanced the word was given and we slowly dropped. Between the timbers of the shaft we could see mineral glistening and caught hasty glimpses of miners working in two stations before we got off. It is as yet simply a cave, this third level, 120 feet down. Candles were stuck in the rocky walls and by their light six miners were working in groups of two. One held and kept turning an iron rod from one to three feet long, while the other swung a heavy hammer with all his might, and gave a grunt at every blow. When deep enough, six-inch caps of powder are inserted in these holes, and just before dinner and supper the fuse lighted, and by the time the men return to work the smoke has all cleared away. The reports are like very heavy but short thunderclaps and are heard a mile. We picked out little pieces of the mineral that glistened around, and the foreman told us to 'Take a good look, for you'll not see the like of this again," and we tried to realize that every ton (about three cubic feet) of ore contained $20,000 in silver.

Then the bucket gently hoisted us to the engine-room again. My companions went down a perpendicular ladder forty feet to the second level and climbed around and pushed through small places, coming up through another shaft, that gave them ten feet of rope climbing.

It was wonderful to look down the main shaft and see the candle a miner carried become a smaller and smaller speck of light in the great well till it seemed stationary, and only the running cable showed that he was dropping to the very lowest level.

A CURIOUS GEOLOGICAL FORMATION.

All the mineral does not run $20,000 to the ton, but an immense quantity does. The first ore was shipped Nov. 6, 1882, and the net profits since are over $800,000, the expenses of labor, machinery, buildings and shipping the ore amounting to under $100,000. One twelve month the men's wages amounted to just $27,000.

Another wonderful mine in this vicinity is the National Belle. Being only a year old it is little developed yet, having merely the tunnel and a commenced shaft. A visit shows a curious formation. The mineral seems to come in immense caves, and from these shoots of mineral extend many feet. Much of the ore is a fine pulverized dirt that has merely to be shovelled out. In this mine are found great quantities of tale, or kaolin, the material of which fine chinaware is made. It is a soft, sticky white stuff, which is thrown away. So far much of the ore is galena and this sometimes forms a coating of crystals on the 'country rock.' No distinct vein has yet been found and it will be of great interest to watch the further developments of these two mines, both so rich and containing such quantities of mineral, and there are a good many anxious prospectors waiting to see their boast come true of their properties, for they all say: 'Why, sir, just look at it and see if it ain't a second 'Yankee Girl.''

EDITH FRECKLES.

The Art of Seeing.

In everyday life it is much more important to be an accurate observer than a mere book learner. I have frequently seen the latter made to blush for his deficiencies by the most unlearned says a correspondent in an English comtemporary, for in a contest between eyes and no eyes, eyes have generally got the best of it. Nature has given us such an inexhaustible store of interest that those who go through life withhout 'seeing' lose much of the zest of it. The savage, who necessarily depends upon his keen eye and quick ear, cultivates those faculties in an extraordinary degree; for does he not see indications and hear sounds which to an unpracticed observer would be utterly unintelligible? So also with all persons who live near the heart of nature. The English shepherd, while perhaps ignorant of the very formation of the alphabet, stores up a fund of interesting knowledge, derived entirely from observation.

He can give you simple, interesting astronomical facts which might astonish a scientist, as well as trustworthy information on natural history and even botany. His pursuits lead him to study nature in all its varied phases; it is in this way that he can tell you that the arrival of the swallow may be expected on the 11th of April, and not later than the 14th. He will tell you the best time for noticing the flight of birds, and that nearly every bird has a different manner of flying, and that each has wings adapted to its different habits; for instance, those like the swallow, who catch their food while in the air, have long, pointed wings, while rounded, short wings are only for birds who have slow and short flight. He will also tell you how the tiny pimpernal warns him to house his lambs by closing tightly its petals on the slightest indication of rain; and thousands of other simple facts which to a student of nature are most interesting.

Thus, one may possess everything in the way of scholarship, but if he or she have that alone, those who are unlearned but observing will often make them feel very small. I would, therefore, urge my readers to cultivate the art of seeing or observing; there is nothing like seeing things for ourselves. Our ideas become fresher, more natural, and more in unison with latter day tastes when they are formed from observation. Nature's book is the one wherein we find the richest, the most varied, and the most inexhaustible subjects for thought. Whole pages of lessons may be learned from the very stones we walk on, and the most insignificant of God's creation possesses an interest unknown to those who go through life without 'seeing.'

The Horrors and Ghastly Attractions of an Anatomical Museum.

[*Kansas City Journal Letter.*]

One of the most ghastly sights in Munich is to be witnessed in the Anatomical Museum, on Schillerstrasse. It consists of the heads of persons who have been guillotined in Bavaria for a good many years back.

I dropped into the museum yesterday and paid for my prurient curiosity by the loss of my appetite for the rest of the day. The museum contains a good many attractions, but these heads are the great drawing-card. Nothing is said about them in the guide-books, and so the average tourist goes and comes without the slightest suspicion that so remarkable a spectacle is to be seen for a very small fee. The heads in question are just inside of the door, to the right as you enter. They are inclosed in rows of glass jars filled with alcohol. There are seven in a single row which are made more conspicuous than the rest, for the reason, I suppose, that they are souvenirs of criminals who attempted some extraordinarily audacious thing, and therefore became specially celebrated. The eyes were all closed, and the faces expressionless. I looked in vain for any that bespoke still, by facial distortion, the agony of dread which must have inspired the victim as he approached the instrument of his death. Not a few wore mustaches, but none beards, from which I infer that it is customary to shave the chin before execution. The eyes of over half the heads had been cut out.

An examination of the places where the neck had been severed revealed skilful work on the part of the machine, as a rule. Some were as neatly cut as any apple that you halve to divide with a friend. One head had evidently belonged to a man with a short neck, as the amputation had taken place so close to the chin as to almost pare off its under surface. A few necks were very ragged where the knife had struck, as though the machine had bungled—necessitating more than one stroke. The heads of prisoners executed in Bavaria are thus publicly preserved, for the warning of those who are disposed to be similarly lawless, and the bodies are turned over to the medical students for dissection.

The anatomical collection contained many other remarkable attractions. There were shelves loaded down with skulls and dried heads. The various organs of the body were preserved according to several methods, some specimens being preserved in alcohol, others dried, pickled, &c. The odor was by no means savory, or else my imagination is too vivid. There were glass tanks filled with alcohol containing nearly full length sections of the body, sawed and split so as to illustrate the functions of all the myriad organs. There were dried bodies intact, hung up as skeletons are usually hung. There were also all sorts of malformations and monstrosities presented in bottles and glass retorts. The assortment of infants with an extra number of heads, arms or legs was especially comprehensive. A series of glass jars contained heads of individuals who had evidently met with violent accidental deaths, as their cracked skulls or mashed countenances implied.

In fact, the place was such a repository of horrors that I hurried from it with a feeling that I had been following some invisible Mephistopheles into the infernal regions by special permit.

Personal.

Mr. Ruskin is thinking of entertaining the world with a short autobiography.

General Grant forgot to register at his New York home and so lost his vote.

Sergeant Fredrick and Seargeant Long, of the Greeley party are visiting in New York.

President Eliot, of Harvard College, voted the Democratic ticket without a scratch.

Robert Louis Stevenson is writing a romance about highwaymen, which is to be called 'The Great North Road.'

Lewis Redmond, the once notorious 'King Moonshiner of the South Carolina Mountains,' is living a quiet and industrious life at Sunny Dale, in Pickens county.

Hugh Conway is so popular an author in England that 60,000 copies of his forthcoming story, 'Dark Days,' have been ordered there. As for 'Called Back' it has been translated into French, German, Italian, Norse, Swedish, Dutch, Roumanian and Welsh.

Mme. Sophie Kovalevsky, of Russian birth, fills the chair of mathematics at Stockholm University. Most women are said by the professional wags to object to the telling of their age, but it is to the glory of this intellectual ornament of her sex that she holds one of the highest positions among the learned at the age of 30.

The 'Mrs. Polk and daughter,' whom several Washington correspondents recently mentioned as visitors at the national capital, are not the widow and daughter of the late President, as those correspondents asserted. In the words of the Nashville *American*: 'The Philadelphia *Times* says that the widow of President Polk and her daughter are in Washington. Mrs. Polk is at her home in this city. She has not been to Washington since she left it as mistress of the White House. She and her illustrious husband were never blessed with an heir. In the bosom of a community that idolizes her she keeps her vigils over the tomb of her husband.'

Capital Punch.

[*Washington Letter to Boston Budget.*]

A huge punch bowl is to be found in almost every house in Washington, and punch making has become a fine art. One of the most famous punch-makers was the late Charles Astor Bristed. His punches were neither too strong nor too weak. In other words, one glass would not make you drunk, neither were you obliged to drink several gallons in order to reach a point of exhilaration. This point of exhiliration is the place to stop drinking. Daniel Webster Punch is a complicated drink that calls for whiskey, rum, champagne, arrack, maraschino, green tea, lemons, sugar and a very little water. A party of distinguished Scotch gentlemen, who were in the city not long ago, during their stay were invited to visit the private residence of a prominent gentleman. During the evening a light collation was served in the dining-room and a huge punch-bowl was set out. The head of the party, a Scotchman, who at home occupies the position of provost in his native town, stepped up and tasted the punch, and, turning to an acquaintance, said: 'That seems very light: I think it would take a man a long time to get drunk on that.' This cool liquor glided very easily down the provost's throat, and a second glass followed. Pausing before beginning a third glass, he engaged in conversation for a moment, then he shook his head, and said, 'I don't see what is the matter with me.' His eyes became half shut, and as he stepped forward he nearly lost his balance. Turning in the most surprised fashion, he looked at the punch-bowl and said: 'Do you know, I think that drink is very inseedious. What is it made of?' His friend replied, 'Whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar and lemons and a little water.' The Scotchman understood at once what was the matter.

Italian Cookery in London.

[*H. P. in Paris American Register.*]

Poor dear old Sam Ward used to say "commend me to the man who gives a good dinner," and he further added that "next to New York, there was no better place for getting a decent restaurant dinner than London." I do not know why he left Paris out of the reckoning, but perhaps the Cafe Anglais, Voisin's and the Maison Doree did not quite hit his taste. There is no doubt that Ward was what the French call a *belle fourchette*, and when he lived in London a couple of years ago, he used to experiment about at the various restaurants that bear a good name for presenting well-arranged menus. One of his "houses of call" was Previtali's (kept by the Brothers Mentasti), in Arundel street, near the Haymarket, which has a specialty for Italian dinners, macaroni in its various masqueradings, risotto, Spaghetti and cognate dishes. In a general way I am not a fervent admirer of Italian cooking, but I am bound to say that Ward's opinion of the gastronomic excellence of this hotel was quite deserved and I can honestly recommend "Previtali's" to such Londoners and tourists as wish to vary their dinners from the eternal "roast and boiled," the steak and chop of the English dining rooms, or the highly sauced *entrees* and *entrements* of the numerous French restaurants which are springing up in all our leading thoroughfares. In most of these places I may remark, *en passant*, the cooking does not remind one of Paris, or if it does, it recalls the Quartier Saint-Antoine, or the old Latin Quarter, where students once did congregate. The Brothers Mentasti have a good cellar and are amateurs in that indispensable and important concomitant of dinner—good honest wine.

Detection of Oleomargarine.

Dr. Thomas Taylor reports to the Department of Agriculture that he has made a series of experiments with oleomargarine of different fats, using a variety of acids to ascertain what permanent change of color would take place by oxidation, etc. Of the various acids employed, sulphuric acid gave the most satisfactory results. The test is a very simple one. If a few drops of sulphuric acid be combined with a small quantity of pure butter, the butter will assume first an opaque whitish-yellow color, and, after the lapse of about ten minutes, it will change to a brick red. Oleomargarine made of beef fat, when treated in the same manner, changes at first to clear amber, and after the lapse of about twenty minutes, to a deep crimson.

That the changes in color do not arise from the action of the sulphuric acid on the artificial coloring matter (annatto) is certain, as I find that when annatto is combined with sulphuric acid a dark bluish-green color is produced, entirely unlike any of the changes mentioned.

Owing to the active corrosive properties of the sulphuric acid, in making these tests, a glass rod should be used in combining these substances.

An Adopted Pup.

From the Portland Times.

On one of the east side wharves is a cat which a few days ago gave birth to two kittens. Tuesday the little ones were drowned, and in consequence the cat seemed disheartened, and showed that she felt her loss keenly. In another shed, about fifty yards from where the kittens were born, were five puppies only a week old. Tuesday evening the cat stole one of the puppies and carried it to her domicile, since which time she has nursed it as fondly as if it were a kitten, and will not allow any one to approach the locality where the strange pair are now quartered.

THE question as to the habitability of the planets has lately been discussed with much ability by Prof. McFarland. His conclusions are that the four large outer planets have not sufficiently cooled down to allow life on their surface such as is seen on the earth; that Mars gives all telescopic probabilities of conditions compatible with life as we see it; that the earth, certainly for millions of years, has been covered with multifarious life; that in respect to Venus and Mercury no certain evidence or knowledge presents itself; and that the satellites are manifestly not fitted for such life as the earth exhibits—the moon in particular, having no water and no atmosphere.

Don't Look Like a Wreck.

'When a man is going down hill everybody is ready to give him a kick.' Yes, that is so. It is sad, but natural. Why, many a man and woman, seeking employment, would have got it if their hair hadn't been so thin and gray. One bottle of Parker's Hair Balsam is then the best investment. It stops falling hair, promotes new growth and restores color. Clean, highly perfumed, not a dye. A great improvement over any similar preparation, and sold at the low price of 50c. 4t.

THE number of deaf mutes in the world is roughly calculated to be from 700,000 to 900,000, and 63 per cent. are said to be born deaf, the others losing their hearing by different accidents. The number of deaf mutes in Great Britain is probably about 20,000. To meet the educational wants of these there are on the face of the globe 397 institutions, containing 26,473 inmates of both sexes, and employing over 2,000 teachers.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla works directly and promptly, to purify and enrich the blood, improve the appetite, strengthen the nerves, and brace up the system. It is in the truest sense an *alterative* medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

DON'T neglect the stock at this season. You will save money by placing them in good condition before cold weather sets in. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

MR. HENRY BECKEMERER, St. Libory, Illinois, writes, that his wife suffered with neuralgia for years, when he applied St. Jacobs Oil, the magical pain-annihilator, which cured her.