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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1885. VOL. XXIV-NO. 6

I am not a candidate

—FOR—

Any Public Office,

But

WILLING TO SERVE ALL

Parties

with anything in the way of

Footware!

at the Lowest Reform Price.

Cases Upon Cases

Arriving daily from the manufacturers crowded with all the

LATEST STYLES

of Spring and Summer

Shoes and Slippers

The Best $1.00

MEN'S PLOW SHOES

in the country.

Every Pair Guaranteed

to be all leather.

AND OTHER SHOES

in proportion.

Remember we give our entire attention to the Shoe business, and make your wants our specialty.

☞ Don't forget the place, and look for name in the windows.

M. T. Goslee,

Adj. Chestertown Nat'l Bank,

April 9, 1885. Chestertown, Md.

SPRING GOODS!

LARGE STOCK JUST RECEIVED

—AT—

J. H. Simpers

CHESTERTOWN.

Dry Goods.

Dress Goods, Lawns, Percals, Ginghams; pretty assortment of Calicoes, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, in all widths; Cassimers, Cottonades, Tickings; full line White Goods in India Linen Nainsooks, &c., Shirtings, Flannels, &c.

Notions.

Hosiery in all grades from Cheapest to fine regular made goods, Ladies' and Gents' Gloves, silk and linens handkerchiefs, corsets, a very good corset for 50c., gents' collars, cuffs and neck wear, towels from 5c. up; a bargain for 25c. Buttons of all kinds, suspenders, white and colored shirts, hamburg edging and inserting, nice assortment Swiss embroidery at low prices. Remnants of Lace in packages 10c. each.

Shoes.

Ladies and Misses kid button, goat button, and grain button; children's goat and grain button and lace; Children's solar tipped. Gents calf and buff lace and button; Men's and Boys' plow shoes, Men's and Boys' base ball shoes; Ladies kid opera slippers $1. Our stock of shoes is large, and the prices as low as can be found.

Straw Hats.

We have just opened a line of Straw Hats, comprising all grades, from common to fine goods; newest styles to suit all ages at lower prices that ever.

CARPETS, MATTING OIL CLOTH.

Ingrain and Jute Carpets; Matting from 12½ cts. per yard up; Floor Oil Cloth from 25 cts. per yard up.

Groceries.

Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Flour, Tobacco, Segars, &c., at lowest rates. Full assortment Queensware and Glassware, Wood and Willowware, all at lowest cash prices.

April 23, 1885. J. H. SIMPERS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Mattings!

CARPETS!

OIL CLOTHS, &c.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO HOUSE-KEEPERS!

Great Bargains in Spring Goods. We call the attention of our friends to our

FINE SELECTIONS

of Matting, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., of all the NEWEST STYLES,

and at prices

WE LWAYS GUARANTEE!

We ask you to give us a call.

CRANE BROS.,

67 W. Balto. St., near Gay St.

Formerly of Queen Anne's Co.

April 9—2m.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW, Nos. 43 33 23, 13, 133 and ORIOLE PLOWS. For sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

OUR po line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to $1 town, und. Our 2 for 5 cts. Cigars the b at J. B. SAPPINGT

The I. P. Thomas

TIP TOP

RAW BONE SUPERPHSOPHATE

is offered again to the farmers of Kent that are willing to pay for what they get, and unwilling to pay for what they do not get.

Every Farmer may be guaranteed in his purchase, if he so desires, by written agreement, a prepared copy of which will be sent to any one upon application. Any amount invested in

TIP TOP

will be guaranteed to produce equal to a like amount invested in any other commercial Fertilizer on the market, or the same value of stable manure.

Notwithstanding the Drouth of last season not one single failure of a corn crop to which

TIP TOP

was applied has been reported. Corn crops that would have been a credit to any season, were raised by Hon. W. T. Hepbron, Elias Walraven, Thomas Gale, Wm. Gale, John P. Nicholson, Charles Stephens and others, all of whom used the I. P. Thomas

TIP TOP

liberally. Seed corn of remarkably fine quality can no doubt be secured from any of the above parties. That

TIP TOP

is a permanent improver of the soil is abundantly proven on what was heretofore among the poorest land in the county. The product of which now compares favorably with any land in the country.

Applications of

TIP TOP

to old peach orchards in the spring of 1884 produced the most remarkable results in quantity and quality of fruit, besides giving a healthy, vigorous growth of new wood. In every case it has proven even more than a substitute for stable manure.

The Highest Price Obtained per basket for any entire crop sold from Kent county, with probably one single exception during the season of 1884, was from old orchards mainly, treated with the I. P. Thomas

TIP TOP

in the early spring of same season. This fact can be abundantly proven by a number of the most reputable fruit growers of the county.

All orders or letters of inquiry addressed to

I. P. THOMAS,

Cheyney, Del. Co., Pa.,

or J. W. HICKMAN,

Still Pond, Kent Co., Md., will receive prompt attention. March 19—2m.

HAMILTON EATER & SONS,

199, 201 and 203,

W. Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

Have the Largest Assortment of

DRY GOODS

In Baltimore for RETAIL Buyers.

We claim to give best value for your money. We do not sell Goods that are not reliable. Fifty years in business will warrant this fact.

☞ Samples furnished Free of Postage.

Principal Departments.

Colored & Black Dress Goods.
Colored and Black Silks.
Linens, Blankets, Flannels.
Domestics, Calicoes, Ginghams
Cassimeres, Suitings for Gents and Boys.
Notions, Embroideries, White Goods.
Hosiery and Underwear.
Laces and Lace Curtains.
Ladies' and Misses' Wraps.

When you write for samples, state as near as you can the kind of Goods wanted.

March 19—3m.

At Sparks',

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

POSITIVELY AT COST!

GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING-GLASSES & PLATED-WARE.

Contemplating a change in our business we will sell all of the above named goods

At Cost!

A $12.00 China Tea Set we will sell at $9.50; a $10.00 China Tea Set at $7.50; a $13.00 Lamp at $10.00; a $7.50 Lamp at $5.50.—These are really bargains. Come and see.

OUR CONTECTIONERY, CIGAR & TOBACCO

department we keep well supplied with the best goods at fair prices. We offer no baits, but give full value every time. Come and give us a trial.

H. A. SPARKS,

April 16, 1885. opp. Court House.

NO MORE "BACK ACHE"

FROM THINNING CORN.

Farmers! Farmers!

Be merciful to your Laborers as well as yourselves, by using

Bryan's Patent Corn Thinning Cane

PRICE $1.50 EACH.

Charles C. Hampton,

Agent for 3d, 4th and 5th districts of Kent Co.

N. B.—My headquarters will be at L. B. Russell's flour and feed store, opposite Mr. S. Vannort's new residence. All farmers and the public generally are invited there to examine the "Cane," which Mr. Russell will be pleased to exhibit, as he has full authority to sell and take and fill orders, and will do so as promptly as myself.

April 2—8t. C. C. HAMPTON, Ag't.

WE Give a China Cup and Saucer or Fancy Fruit Plate with every Pound of Henkle's Baking Powder; also, with Half-pound a Fancy Cup and Saucer. The Baking Powder Guaranteed to be as Good as Any on the Market, or Money, Refunded.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

CHAIRS—very large lot of many kind cheap, LOUIS K. STAM.

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS. HUMPHEY'S, at M. A. TOULSON'S, Druggis

---

GARDEN TOOLS! GARDEN TOOLS Hoes, Rakes, Spades, Spading F at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

Elegant Clothing.

We believe that our New Stock is as well made as it is possible to make clothing, and respectfully request our out of Town friends to visit our establishment before making selections.

Men's, Boy's & Childrens'

Fashionable Clothing, at moderate prices

Acme Hall,

THE GLASS OF FASHION,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Order Dep't in Connection.

A FEW HINTS

FOR THE USE OF

AYER'S PILLS

DOSE.—*To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills; thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.*

For Constipation, or **Costiveness,** no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition.

For Indigestion, or **Dyspepsia,** AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.

Heart-burn, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Flatulency, Dizziness, Headache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved and cured by AYER'S PILLS.

In Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, and Jaundice, AYER'S PILLS should be given in doses large enough to excite the liver and bowels, and remove constipation. As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these PILLS are unequalled.

Worms, caused by a morbid condition of the bowels, are expelled by these PILLS.

Eruptions, Skin Diseases, and **Piles,** the result of Indigestion or Constipation, are cured by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

For Colds, take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

For Diarrhœa and **Dysentery,** caused by sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S PILLS are the true remedy.

Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and **Sciatica,** often result from digestive derangement, or colds, and disappear on removing the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

Tumors, Dropsy, Kidney Complaints, and other disorders caused by debility or obstruction, are cured by AYER'S PILLS.

Suppression, and **Painful Menstruation,** have a safe and ready remedy in

AYER'S PILLS.

Full directions, in various languages, accompany each package.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers,** and **Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

WORTON MANOR STOCK FARM.

Imported Southdown Buck J. J. Coleman stands at the head of my flock of PURE Southdown Ewes, some of which I purchased from Pennsylvania. Also, others from Ohio, which had just taken first premium at the Penn. STATE Fair of 1884. The public are invited to call and inspect my stock which are for sale.

Southdown Bucks and Graded Hereford Calves a specialty. JOHN GALE.

April 2—6m. Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

ALARGE assortment of Rims, Spoke Hubs, Shafts, Poles, Plow and Cultiva or Handles, Neck Yokes, and Double Trees or sale by JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

PURE SUGARS. Cut Loaf, Granulated, Standard A, Extra C, and best light Brown. Cal and see how CHEAP at

J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

BOOTS & SHOES. Large Stock, all grades, at lowest prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

Writing Paper

n Beautiful Boxes, the Nicest Assortment in town—at

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Books for Children.

Choicest selections from English and American authors. The low prices will astonish you at

STAM'S DRUG STORE

SHEEP SHEARS! SHEEP SHEARS!! A very large assortment on hand, and pricesery low, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S

MATTING! MATTING!! From 12½ cts. per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

TO arrive—A Large Lot of Fruitars an Jelly Glasses. Prices as low as t Jlow

WROT H & ALDRIDG E

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

[The Advance.]

I know that deep within your heart of hearts,
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You can not know, when we two sit alone
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a silent prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given,
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our graneries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them can not enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors.

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

BARNUM'S PRIZE BABY.

The Winner of $100 and a Gold Badge Turns Up Unexpectedly.

[London Truth.]

The real name of Perucini, the tenor, is Chatterton. He proves Wordsworth's saying that the child is the father of the man. He is, in a plastic sense, a masculine beauty, and at the age of 3 years and 6 months won a first prize at Barnum's baby show. It was awarded him by a jury of twelve ladies, who all kissed and caressed him. He retains a vivid recollection of the ordeal. The prize was $100 and a gold badge.

When Barnum sailed last for Europe Perugini was in the same steamer. Meeting him on deck, the famous showman put his hands in his pockets, planted himself firmly on his feet, stared at the tenor, and said: "Well, I guess this ain't the first time I've met you!" "No, Mr. Barnum, it is not. I am curious to see if you can remember where the meeting was." Mr. Barnum thought and thought. "Perugini, Perugini," he cogitated. "I have seen the name in operatic advertisement, but I can not associate it with the face, which somehow I know well. Are you an Italian?" "No." "Well, then what were you called originally?" "Chatterton." "That's it! You're the prize baby." "Yes, Mr. Barnum, it is to you I owe my earliest success." "So it is; and I'm proud to hear you acknowledge it."

A few days later an attempt was made to get up a concert on board. Barnum came to ask Perugini to be tenor vocalist. The singer, who was not well, needed to be pressed. Said Barnum: "If you don't shake off that cold and sing, I'll tell how you were the hero of the baby exhibition." "For Heaven's sake don't. Keep silent about it, and you shall have the song. But you must be my sponsor." Barnum, therefore, on the occasion of the concert, advanced to the place set apart for the singers, leading the handsome young tenor, and said: "Ladies and gentleman: Allow me to present to you Sig. Perugini, whose first appearance in public took place under my auspices, under what circumstances you need not ask, for I don't mean to tell you." Barnum told Perugini that he was the liquid-eyed juvenile he remembered him, plus a mustache. He has just the face and figure of the "beau jeune premier," and a voice sweet enough to melt the hearts of obdurate coquettes.

Not Sold Separately.

[London Letter.]

Those who deal in Bibles are just as cute as those who deal in razors. A great many people bought the new version of the New Testament when it appeared flattering themselves that they would buy the Old Testament when it came out, and thus have both parts. The English publishers, however, do not propose to issue the Old Testament separately, and to obtain it purchasers will be obliged to buy the Bible.

Sugar as a Diet.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Dr. Phipson advocates, in a German scientific journal, the general use of sugar as a regular article of diet. For forty years he has eaten at least a quarter of a pound daily, not counting sugar-forming substances taken at the same time, and has found it very healthful. Men's condition would be greatly improved if the use of sugar should substitute that of alcohol.

To Distinguish Him.

[Alexander E. Sweet.]

It has become the custom to speak of a capable newspaper man as a "practical journalist" to distinguish him from the rest of the world. All other people are theoretical journalists, and believe they could run a paper, if given a chance, just as easy as slipping on a banana peel.

A "Book Reception."

[Exchange.]

A new charity in country towns has taken the form of a "book reception." A party is given by some leading lady, and each invited guest is expected to bring with him a book as a donation. A library for the benefit of the poor is in this way soon collected.

A Fine Picture.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

Crossus (to Mr. Ruskin De Vere, art critic)—Now that's what I call a fine picture; shows remarkable talent. My daughter painted that, sir, and I wouldn't take $200 for it. Why, the paint alone cost $150."

A Modern Incident.

Fashionable Ma—Children! children! stop that noise. Sit down and keep quiet. Children—Why, what's the matter, ma? Ma—Doggie is taking his nap.

The Duelist's Secret.

[Chicago Times.]

Paul de Cassagnac, equally noted as journalist, politician, and duelist, says his skill with the sword is not due to assiduous practice in youth. "I never was a good fencer," he says, "and never cared to be. I fenced only to amuse myself. All that is said about my studied tricks is pure invention. The whole secret is this: I am pretty strong and very quick of hand and eye. Then, I don't mind getting hurt. If I am proud of anything it is of being a good shot. I modestly consider myself one of the best in France."

But One Survivor.

[Texas Siftings.]

Parson Whangdoodle Baxter distinguished himself once more at the funeral of an aged colored man: "Our deceased brudder was married foah times during his life," said Whangdoodle, "but only one ob de widows am so fortunate as to be able to survive him long enough to be present on dis heah solemnious occashun."

Lost His Head.

[New York Graphic.]

"Yes," he observed, "I was more than surprised. I lost my head."

"Ah!" she returned, with an aggravating look, "who told you?"

FARMING IN MEXICO.

SLOVENLY AND STUPID METHODS IN AGRICULTURE.

Finest Adobe Soil—Trust Reposed in Water—Peons and Wooden Plows—A Fine Opening for American Inventions and Skill.

[City of Mexico Cor. New York Post.]

The poverty of Mexico may be traced directly to the slovenly system of farming which is there so universal. The agricultural resources of the land are enormous, as may be sufficiently proved from the fact that not over one-fifth of the best land on the great plateau is under the plow; yet that one-fifth supports millions of people with a style of farming that in California was utterly worthless and would produce starvation in the best sections of New York or Pennsylvania. Vast tracts of the finest adobe soil on a belt of more certain and abundant rains than any part of the east enjoys in summer lie yet unbroken and used only for stock range. In the dryer sections of the northern parts millions of acres that would raise good crops in three years out of five and with good cultivation would raise something in the other two, millions more than that could be irrigated if the water were properly distributed, as in California, instead of being wasted, now lie in the same way.

Of cultivation the Mexican as a rule knows absolutely nothing. His sole conception of the utility of plowing is to scratch up enough loose earth to cover the seed. Occasionally a corn-field is seen in which the plow may have been put once after the seed has been sown, but in the great majority of fields the ground is never touched after planting. The sole trust after planting is reposed in water. If the rainfall is sufficient, well enough. But if it does not rain enough the ground is then drenched by irrigation of underditches. By sufficient rainfall the farmer in Mexico means enough to keep the ground wet all the time. Last fall they were complaining seriously about the dryest season they ever had, yet the gauge showed a fall of sixteen inches in the valley of Mexico during the five growing months, more than the best of the eastern states get three years out of five. As the Mexican average is about twenty-four inches, with a maximum of thirty-six, it is easy to understand why they would think sixteen quite low. But I did not see a corn-field south of Zacatecas that would not have made a fair crop if it had been decently put in and attended. Of cultivation to keep the ground moist and to loosen it so that the plant-roots may penetrate it the Mexican never dreams.

Nearly all of the plowing is done with wooden plows made on the farms by the peons, or Indian laborers. A stick of hard wood four or five inches in diameter is sharpened at the end, which is sometimes shod with iron. About the middle of this the beam is attacked and at the back end a single handle. The beam has a cross-piece to which the oxen's horns are lashed with rawhide. The poen then takes the handle in his right hand and a long goad-stick in his left. The plow makes a round-bottomed gutter in the ground two or three inches deep, sometimes deeper if the ground is in good condition. This gutter is about as straight as a rut in a New Jersey clay road and varies about the same in depth. The ridge of hard earth that remains between these gutters varies in width from an inch to four or five inches at the top. Upon this the seed is quite apt to be dropped occasionally, but it is difficult to see how it can do much worse there than in the furrow with its hard bottom and sides. It is no wonder the native feels compelled to drench the ground with water from the ditches, if for a week or so the usual afternoon showers should hold off. Nothing but plenty of water could raise a crop on land so tilled, and the wonder is that even that can do it. The amount of produce that is raised even by this miserable system is amazing. It is doubtful if any part of the United States can show a heavier yield of corn and wheat to the acre for a series of years than Mexico in those portions where there is sufficient rain.

The owners and superintendents of the great ranches of Mexico are quite ready to adopt American machinery, but being generally gentlemen whose severest labor has been the rolling of cigarettes, neither knows any more of its use than the peons to whom it is turned over. A threshing machine may last a week or two if the peons do not in the meantime filch the bolts and other movable parts, which they are quite likely to do if it is not locked up. Against the American plow the laborers have no prejudice whatever, and seem to make a fair effort to use it. The left hand must, however, be free for the goad, or the oxen would stop. The peon therefore tries to manage the plow with one hand. Finding two handles unnecessary, and one of them militating against his ribs occasionally, he cuts it off. The plow, of course, runs every way but straight and even in depth, and as it does even worse work than the old wooden one it is soon cast aside.

It seems no better with the sulky-plow. At Acambaro I saw about thirty American sulky-plows, all in line upon one ranch, running in black adobe, about six weeks after the rains had ceased. To make a furrow of any depth needed at least four stout horses. To each plow was attached a pair of 500-pound cattle, and a fat peon, himself a load for them, reclined luxuriously in the seat. The plows tore the ground up in broad flakes about two inches thick. Half an inch more would have anchored the cattle in their tracks. Between each furrow was left a ridge of unbroken ground about six or eight inches wide. An American farmer who could speak Spanish and be patient and courteous to the peons could get good wages upon some of these large haciendas just to show the peons how to work.

Most of the fruit-raising on the plateau is done with similar stupidity. The flavor of the apples and pears is excellent, and there is every reason to believe that all over the great plateau, where it is wet enough, nearly all the fruits of the United States may be raised in the highest perfection. Yet in most of the gardens there is no evidence of the ground having been stirred for many years, the sole dependence being upon soaking from ditches. In most of them, too, the trees are entirely too near each other and so irregularly planted that plowing between them would be impossible, even if dreamed of. There is scarcely any sign of the pruning-knife, and apple trees look more like big quince bushes than anything else, while the pear is often barely recognizable. As in farming, they cannot conceive the possibility of vegetation getting through the shortest dry spell without water.

CRUSE'S BONANZA.

Thomas Was a Stayer and He Stayed Till He Got His Price.

[Portland News.]

On Saturday there arrived at the Gilman hotel, in this city, a poorly dressed, cadaverous-looking man, about 50 years of age, who took a $1 room. The new arrival was Thomas Cruse, the man who had sold the Drum Lummond mine, in Montana for $1,600,000. It was noticed during the millionaire's presence in the house that he spent no money that he could possibly avoid. On Tuesday he left for his house in Montana.

A gentleman was met who knew Mr. Cruse well, and he said: "Yes; I am well acquainted with him. For the past twenty-five years he has been a prospector in Montana and Idaho, and his present wealth is due to the fact that he is one of those fellows that get hold and never let go. Why, it is twenty years since he struck the mine that he sold for more than a $1,500,000. In order to develop it he would work for a while for others to obtain a stake for grub, tools and powder. Then he would put in his time on the mine until his funds were exhausted.

"Finally he struck pay dirt and his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and for two or three years before he sold out he made a living out of it by extracting a few hundred pounds of ore and taking it to his cabin and reducing it to a pulp in a mortar and washing out the gold into a bread pan. You see the mine, although rich, could not be properly developed without capital.

"Being of a secretive disposition he had a door at the entrance of his secret treasure, which he kept locked at all times, and the miners used to facetiously call the place 'Cruse's prison.' The story of the great richness of the mine spread far and wide, and big offers were made for it. Among those who made an offer for the mine was Mackay of bonanza fame, but the hardy prospector knew full well the value of his find, and would not sell until he got his figure. Cruse was a stayer from away back, and don't you forget it. Had it been me I would have sold out long ago.

"Finally an English syndicate commenced to angle with the lucky prospector, and at one time negotiations reached such a stage that the papers were drawn up and read to Cruse, who was also represented by his attorney. A clause in the agreement was read by which the purchasers could buy the one-sixth interest he retained should they so desire. This jarred on the old man's ears like the false note to an orchestra leader.

"'I want that stricken out and I'll give you just five minutes to do so. If you don't the jig is up,' sententiously said the man who had waited twenty years for a purchaser.

"'Well, but that's a mere formality, and it's not likely the company will want to freeze you out,' said the representative of English capital. This sort of expostulation was kept up until the hands on the clock marked the expiration of the fateful five minutes.

"'The jig's up,' slowly and sternly said Cruse.

"And indeed it was, and the failure to accede to the request made by Cruse cost $100,000 extra, and it was several months before he resumed negotiations. Had the clause been struck out, five-sixths of the mine could have been purchased for $1,500,000, but when the negotiations were resumed $1,600,000 was asked and received for five-sixths of the Drum Lummond mine."

How They Address the President.

[Washington Correspondence.]

Dropping in on Col. Lamont the other day, as he was opening the mail, he remarked:

"Isn't it funny what queer ideas some people have about directing their letters to the president. Most people think they must elaborate the address to the president. Look at these for instance:"

Gov. Grover Cleveland, first Democratic President.

To his Excellency Mr. Cleveland.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland, Esq.

To his Honor G. Cleveland, President of the United States.

The Hon Mr. Cleveland, Esq., at President's White House.

Gov. Cleveland, President of the United States.

To the President.

Mr. Grover Cleveland, White House.

His Excellency the Honorable President of the United States.

G. Cleveland, Esq., President.

Mr. Grover Cleveland, President United States.

His Honor Judge Cleveland, the President, strictly confidential (evidently an application for a postoffice).

To our President, Gov. Cleveland.

Gen. Cleveland, the President. (Private.)

Rt. Hon. Grover Cleveland, the President, at White House.

MARTIAL YOUNG WOMEN.

An Instructor Who Drills Ladies Into the Mysteries of Military Tactics.

[Washington Republican.]

"My experiment of instructing young ladies in military tactics has caused more interest in the matter than I thought it would," remarked Sergt. Maj. Dunn, of the marine corps, last night, to a reporter.

"What led you to undertake the experiment?" asked the reporter.

"A mere freak of fancy. For many years I have drilled both officers and men of the marine corps, and also the Washington light infantry and the National rifles and their cadet corps. I met with such success in these undertakings that the thought occurred to me to turn my attention to making militiamen of fair maidens. I judge, though, that the impression forced itself more firmly on my mind by watching the stage drills of the ladies in various plays of the Kiralfy troupe. I am more than satisfied with the results of my training of the Amazonian Manipulators. A curious name this to take, but if you could see the way they handle the broom a la militaire you would say that they were a success.

"Have you much trouble in instructing them?"

"None at all. I find that they enter into the spirit of the drill with more earnestness and zeal than men do. They are quicker to 'catch on,' more alert, and seem to understand better the instructions given to them than the average male recruit. It is the best exercise possible for ladies. It gives them an erect posture, develops the strength and gives free motion to the body and limbs. In the foot movements, such as marching and wheeling, there is a constant, yet regular movement, and the cadence is governed by the order of the instructor. When the manual of arms, or rather the manual of the broom, is called for the arms and body are kept in perpetual motion. There is also to be added that the eye and ear are trained to be quick and sharp and the mind brightened. I will venture to say, from my experience in drilling young ladies, that it is not impossible to train them to march and drill with a neatness of execution that would startle the veterans. I would not be surprised to hear added some day the name of some female corps entering into competition with male companies for prizes. Ladies have the ambition to excel and the patience to succeed. There will be a big boom in this direction before long, or my guesses have gone wide of the mark."

A Sketch of Chief Poundmaker.

[Toronto Globe.]

Poundmaker, one of the Cree chiefs, and beyond comparison the ablest Indian in the northwest, is a particularly fine-looking specimen of his race, being over six feet high, of rather slight build, and singularly erect. He has an intelligent and rather refined-looking face, a high, prominent forehead, and a nose of the purely Grecian type, while there is nothing coarse or sensual about the lower portion of his face. His hands are small and delicate in appearance, his fingers being long and faultlessly tapered.

Though a pagan, he has more than once betrayed a strong inclination to embrace Catholicism. His father was a Cree, and his mother a half-sister to the great Blackfoot chief, Crowfoot. His grandmother, on the side of his mother, is said to have been a Stoney, and this is corroborated by the great chief's peculiar cast of countenance. Poundmakers career has been in many respects a remarkable one. It was he who accomplished peace between the Blackfeet and Crees, hitherto hereditary enemies. He had trouble with the Indian department last winter, and he is not a man to quickly forget any indignity offered to himself or his people.

There is not an Indian in the northwest who knows the country better than Poundmaker. In 1881, when Lord Lorne went across the plains, Poundmaker joined the party for the purpose of interpreting the language of the Blackfeet into Cree, as the interpreter accompanying the party did not understand Blackfoot. Johnny Saskatchewan was taken along to act as guide, but between Battleford and the crossings of the Red Deer, the half-breed lost himself, and for the last two days Poundmaker was "guiding the guide." After crossing the Red Deer, Poundmaker took the lead and traveled in almost an air-line to Blackfoot crossing, though there was no trail, and what was even more remarkable, arranged his "time-table" so that he hit the best grass and water to be had, just about camping time on every occasion.

Funniest Thing in the World.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Snivery is the wife of the captain of a New York militia company. She attended a review not long since at which her husband was the commanding officer. Mrs. Snivery laughed all the way home, and when, after she got home, she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied: "It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dares open his mouth at home, ordering all those men about, and they doing just what he told them to do."

An albino gopher—pure white with red eyes—was captured a few days ago at Wooden valley, Napa county, California.

AN INITIATION.

STARTLING INCIDENT IN A COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETY.

Story of a Dealer in Regalia—Skeletons Said to Be a Part of the Stock—Imported from Europe's Catacombs.

[New York Sun.]

"The most successful initiation ceremony that I ever saw in a college secret society was one that was popular at an Ohio school until accident happened. Then part of it was dropped. That part was a skeleton."

The speaker was a dealer in society regalia. He continued:

"We were initiating a sturdy young fellow who said he didn't believe in spirits or anything supernatural and this is how we did it. He was stripped to the waist, one foot was bare, and he was carefully blindfolded. When we led him into the darkened lodge-room, where two guards grasped his arms firmly. As they led him slowly around the room one of them said, in a melancholy voice: 'My friend—for I can not yet call you brother—the journey of life is before you. Consider it. Life is what we make it, but trial must come, and sorrow and distress. Look well to your pathway.

"That injunction was rather aggravating to a man who was blindfolded and led by two strong companions who were guiding him to a short, smooth plank at an angle of forty-five degrees. 'Man rises suddenly in life,' said the guide as the victim stumbled up the plank, 'and quickly drops into a pitfall and is lost,' and the victim dropped from the plank to a hassock placed on edge, which rolled away and let him sit down on the floor.

"He was picked up and led on as the guide said: 'The path may be smooth for a time, but obstructions are sure to lie across it,' and then the victim stumbled lengthwise over a ladder supported three inches above the carpet, while his conductors moaned in unison. 'Even when in trouble himself he may be called upon to help a brother, and his he should do to the utmost,' said the guide, who helped himself to the victim's pocketbook. 'Last of all comes Death. He is terrifying at best, but should it be your fate to meet him alone show yourself a man, for a crown awaits you beyond.'

"The victim had been led through double doors, into the closet. The twine that held the hoodwink over his eyes was loosened. The doors closed noiselessly, and the guide and other officers of the lodge placed their eyes at the peep-holes. For a moment the victim stood motionless; then the hoodwink dropped off. He rubbed his eyes with his hand, and then his jaw dropped. A blue light flamed in the skull of the skeleton before him, and poured out of the eyes and through the peculiarly marked teeth, that were opened half an inch. The air of the blue-lined closet seemed to wave and dance as the right arm of the skeleton was slowly raised until the fleshless hand rested on the young man's shoulder. Then the melancholy voice said: 'I am thy fate.'

"The victim drew his hand slowly across his forehead, and then over his eyes, and looked again at the skeleton more closely. Then he said: 'At last!' and fainted.

"As I said, part of our ceremony had to be dropped. The victim was not frightened; he had recognized his father's skeleton."

"Do regular business secret societies use skeletons in their ceremonies?"

"Certainly. There are several orders that use them. We keep them in stock constantly. They are packed in half-length cases, made of pine or walnut, and are shipped by express all over the country."

"Some skeletons are plain with steel articulations; others have silver-plated articulations, and where there is likely to be no strain the hinges may be made of silver. Some of these high-priced skeletons are carefully polished and glisten in the light of the lodge-room. Fine cases go with high-priced goods."

"How high-priced?"

"A fine skeleton, elegantly mounted, will cost as much as $60. One equally strong and able to stand the racket of the goat's attacks may be had for $30."

"Makes business for the resurrectionists?"

"No, it does not. These skeletons are all imported, and are taken from the catacombs of the old country. There is no tariff to protect home industry in skeletons, and we can import them cheaper than we could dig them here. The demand is very irregular, according as an order is spreading or not. They are shipped to all parts of the country impartially, and are very effective in awing a fresh candidate for light and instruction."

Remarkable Mechanical Accuracy.

[New York Sun.]

An interesting comparison in the mechanical work of past and present times is presented in the claim made by James Watt, namely, that he had attained remarkable accuracy in boring a cylinder of a steam engine and fitting its piston so closely that "the thickness of a half crown could not be introduced between them," and the fact that standard gauges are now made that show errors of 1-100,000 of an inch, and work is positively exactly to 1-50,000 of an inch.

Such accurate work is not, however, generally necessary, except in the construction of gauges, the standard gauges being the means provided for keeping or producing within proper, useful and practicable bounds thousands of pieces of the same size and shape, in which oftentimes a certain amount of variation is allowed, both plus and minus. A certain amount of looseness is to be allowed, for instance, in the fit of journals and bearings, the amount to be determined according to the length and size of the journal; but this variation is to be referred to some particular gauge as a standard, hence the value of accuracy in the latter.

English "Mystery Gold."

[Leland's London Letter.]

Counterfeiting gold coin is looking up again in England, several instances of it having been published. Some light was cast upon it in the course of a pawnbroking case heard recently at Bow street, during which it was shown that a number of persons have been engaged in manufacturing sovereigns and articles of jewelry from what is called "mystery gold," a composition of platinum, tin, and copper which stands the acid test and weighs as much as pure gold. I do not believe that this article is any novelty, but it suggests a curious reflection. What if somebody were to really discover the art of imitating gold almost to perfection? We are really very near it. It is a pleasant reflection that on the whole it would do more good in the arts than it can do harm in the hands of the dishonest. What with silver growing cheaper and science progressing so that even the value of gold is no longer certain, one may, without being Utopian, contemplate a time when currency will be based on value in property of any kind.

Grasshoppers as Horse-Feed.

[Sacramento (Cal.) Record-Union.]

A gentleman driving a little bay horse attached to a buggy left Folsom yesterday morning for this city at the same instant that the train pulled out for Sacramento. He arrived just five minutes after the train. The animal he drove was a common mustang, but evidently has considerable speed and lots of bottom. In conversation he said: "I turned him out about two weeks ago on a field near White Rock. All he could find to eat was grasshoppers, and I think for giving animals speed, limbering up their stiff joints, giving them a kind of Maud S. style or a Jay-Eye-See gait, grasshoppers can't be beat. Allow that horse to feed on grasshoppers for one month, and I will speed him for 100 miles against the best locomotive Stanford has got."

Improvement in Gambling-Houses.

[Chicago Times.]

A San Francisco paper notes a valuable improvement in gambling-houses. It says: "The most popular faro bank on Kearney street has the latest modern improvement. This is a trap-door in the floor, through which the players can let down their watches into the pawn-shop beneath without leaving their seats."

"Dot Greek."

"Greek? Do I undershtand Greek?" said a jolly German. "Vell, I shoost can schmile. Vy, ven I vas a leetle poy, I always swim in dot greek inshteadt of dot riffer."

ON THE PICKET LINE.

ADVENTURES WHICH NEVER FOUND PLACE IN OFFICIAL REPORTS.

**Fed and Confed Meeting Half