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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1885. VOL. XXIV-NO. 7

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 embrodiery 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 ALWAYS 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.

A LARGE 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. Call and see how CHEAP at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

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

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton.

On and after Monday, March 30th, 1885, until further notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

GOING NORTH	Pa se'r & freight no. 1 daily	Passe'r & freigt No. 3 Thursdays
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
Chestertown	6 30	1 45
Worton	6 47	2 05
Lynch's	6 53	2 15
Still Pond	7 00	2 25
Kennedyville	7 12	2 40
Blacks	7 27	2 55
Lambson	7 41	3 10
Masseys	7 53	3 22
Delanys	8 06	3 25
*Bingham	8 12	3 45
arr Clayton	8 30	4 00
leave "	8 43	4 24
" Middletown	9 04	4 50
" Wilmington	9 42	5 50
arr Philadelphia	10 40	6 50
Baltimore	12 35	8 25

GOING SOUTH.	Passenger & Freight No. 2 daily	Passenger No. Thursdays.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M
New York		
Baltimore	6 35	12 10
Philadelphia	7 32	3 01
Wilmington	8 35	3 50
Middletown	9 36	4 31
arr Clayton	10 03	4 53
leave "	11 17	4 57
" Bingham*	11 30	5 07
Delanys	11 40	5 12
Masseys	11 55	5 27
Lambson	12 10	5 37
Blacks	12 25	5 47
Kennedyville	12 40	5 57
Still Pond	12 50	6 04
Lynchs	12 55	6 09
Worton	1 05	6 14
arr Chestertown	1 20	6 30
	p. m.	p. m.

☞ Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.
Freight for Delanys and Bingham's must be prepaid.
The morning trains make connection at Clayton with the Delaware Railroad going North and South.
Passengers on morning train for Baltimore change at Wilmington.
Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.
Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates.
FRED. GERKER,
April 2, 1885. Lessee

HAMILTON EATON & 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.

MATTING, MATTING.—Fancy, Check & White Matting to arrive. Carpets and Oil Cloth at lowers prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

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

EXTENSION TABLES—
new lot just received, very low
Feb. 14, LOUIS K. STAM.

SHOS, SHOES.—We make a specialty o Shoe. Spring Stock just received
ar J. H. SIMPERS

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridle Hallers, Traces and Plow-Lines at
WROTH & 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.

COAL AND WOOD

Having laid in a full supply of the Best Quality of

WHITE ASH COAL

of various sizes.

We would call attention of all in need to give us a call and examine our stock and price before purchasing. We are sure it will be to your interest. We keep also on hand a genuine article of

SOFT COAL

or blacksmiths' and threshing purposes. Try it

WOOD.

In Wood we can give entire satisfaction either long or sawed to suit Hickory, Oak or Pine. All orders promptly attended to, and delivered at short notice.

Thankful for past favors. Give us a call

T. DEC. RUTH,
Chestertown, Md.
J. B. McINTIRE,
Oct. 9, 1884. AGENT

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a little cough, and caused night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried.
A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRADDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Trade Mark
QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY On Every Bottle
THE BEST TONIC.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

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.

FOR latest styles in Gents' Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, &c. go to
WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

[Harper's Magazine.]

I've sat bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
'N' feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
To find out what wuz new;
When I seen this sign a hangin'
On a shanty by the lake;
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used to make."

I've seen a grizzley show his teeth;
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his hooter 'n advise
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;
But nothin' ever tuk me down
'N' made my bowlers shake
Like that sign about the doughnuts
That my mother used to make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch,
'N' standin' thar in teed
I seen an old white farm house,
With its doors all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Was I sleepin' or awake?
The smell was that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,
Whar huneysuckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple-ass
Wuz settin' thar in view;
'N' on the table, by the stove,
An old-time "johnny-cake,"
'N' a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used to make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
In tidy dress of black;
I almost thought I heard the words,
"When will my boy come back?"
'N' then—the old sign creaked; but now
It was the boss wo spake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up,
"N' es I've "struck pay gravel,"
I rather think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n' travel,
I'll make the old folk jubilant,
'N', if I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used to make.

QUEER GERMAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Luck in Fish Scales—Telling Fortunes with Melted Lead—The Bible.

[Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

A true German would never think of going to bed on Sylvester Abend before the ushering in of the new year. Were he to be guilty of such forgetfulness a year of sickness and ill-luck would surely attend him. From the emperor down to the most humble of his subjects, the night is spent in reading the psalm-book, recounting old family stories, dancing, in singing conviviality and eating. So, too, does every loyal German buy a carp and feast upon it with brown sauce and potatoes at this time. The fishmongers frequently make enough money on Dec. 31 to support them a year. For, since every one must have a fish, and since thousands are sold, advantage is taken of the custom to send the price up to eight and ten marks per fish. The scales of the fish must be saved, and punctually at midnight secured in a sealed packet; a small number are put in the pocketbook, in which there must be some money. This is sure to bring the possessor much wealth during the ensuing year. The fish is cooked in some sweet sauce, and is quite delicious. The roe brings with it excellent good luck.

At 11 o'clock each member of the family melts some lead in a shovel over a hot stove, and when it is thoroughly liquefied it is poured quickly into a bowl of water. Naturally, it assumes all manner of queer forms and shapes which a lively imagination can weave into various types. Early on New Year's morning the fortune-teller calls, and with these leaden effigies spread out before her, proceeds to read the fortunes for the coming year. Now, it is a singular inter-reaction of the psychic with the physical that these forms should often partake largely of the substance of that which occupied the mind when the lead was poured into the water. For just at this time one must make a wish. Whether the insensible metal does really take on the forms, or whether the imagination, governed by the wish, causes them to assume such forms the reader must judge for himself.

At midnight each one jumps into a chair, turns about, jumps down and shouts and then jumps up again. Each member of the family embraces, and the streets are filled with "Prosit Neu Jahr" from the mouths of the passers-by. Then the Bible is again brought out, and without looking, the finger is placed on a certain verse, which becomes the text for the next twelve months. The young women congregate together in one room, and, opening the stove door, expect to find the faces of their future husbands in the sparkling flame. Others, with a similar object in view, peer into the looking-glass just as the clock begins to strike 12. For ghosts the Germans have all possible respect, and their legendary tales are full of quaint, weird, fireside stories.

She Got the Facts.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Johnny (who is spending the afternoon at the Smith's)—My mother says she would like to look like you, Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith (who is extremely plain, but not entirely aware of it)—Like me, my dear! I take that as a compliment, indeed, from so very pretty a lady as your mamma. You're quite sure that it was I, Johnny, that she meant?

Johnny (accepting another cruller)—Oh, yes'm. She said that if she could have your health and strength she believed she's as lief look just as you do.

Did Him Lots of Good.

[Exchange.]

A worthy old couple, the man member of which is an invalid, have various attentions from kind neighbors. One day a well-meaning friend sent in a bottle of disinfectant, which she thought was needed, and calling later to see how her protegee were getting along she was informed that Mr. —— had taken considerable of that medicine, and it seemed to do him lots of good.

Writing Rhythmically.

[The Current.]

Celebrated Author (to a friend)—Do you know that if I can't write rhythmically I'll not write at all? Yes, sir; yes, sir! Only the other day I says to both my wife and my sister: "Give me a three-syllable adjective with the accent on the first syllable!" [Stands on tableau, watching the effect on his admirer.]

Colored Photo Negatives.

[The Current.]

German students of photography are making considerable progress towards the perfection of a process whereby negatives may be obtained in all the colors of the original. Professor Fogel, who has been experimenting many years, has succeeded in reproducing blues, yellows, reds, and greens.

Fringe for Trimming

[Boston Budget.]

The tramp is preparing his wardrobe for his summer tours. It will be light and picturesque, and a great deal of fringe will be used for trimming.

The City of Mexico has sixteen daily papers.

A Cotillon Dinner.

[Boston Beacon.]

No, "Hermoine," a cotillon dinner does not mean the guests should follow the leader, over or under the table, or indulge in a romp that might smash the china. It simply means that your partner should take you out between the acts—beg pardon, of course—and waltz in the hall, then you return with renewed appetite to eat another truffle.

Unsung Songs.

"Are you at all aesthetical in your tastes?" she asked in a sprightly manner, as she moved toward the piano. "Well, a little," he answered. "I'm aesthetical to the extent of having an admiration for unsung songs." There is how a deep gulf between them which nothing can bridge.

Delaware's Big Peach Tree.

The "boss" peach tree in the Delaware region, according to local fame, is a tree eight or ten inches through, and hoary with age. Last season it yielded eight crates of merchantable fruit besides a bushel and a half picked from the ground.

MOUNT LEBANON.

TENETS OF A PECULIAR ORDER OF RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

A Visit to the Communities Who Follow the Doctrines of Mother Ann Lee—Industries at Lebanon—Disintegrating Influences.

[Cor. Boston Herald.]

Elder Frederick put on his broad-brimmed hat, then a knitted scarf across his shoulders, took his staff and led the way.

"Our community," you understand, is divided into families," he explained, "and each is entirely separate, having its own government and its own property. All property is held in common in these families, but the families are entirely distinct from each other. Ours is called the North family; the others are the Church, the Central, the Second and the South families."

The elder then piloted his visitor through the extensive buildings of the North family. The laundry was first visited, where the machines for cleansing the linen are driven by water power. In a room adjoining the laundry were several large churns in active motion, also driven by water. In a large, airy, and light room above were several quiet figures clad in soft browns, with close-fitting lace caps and muslin kerchiefs, all engaged in ironing. The next building is the grist mill, where is ground the meal and flour used by the family.

"You make your own flour?" was asked in some surprise.

"Yee. The flour you buy and use isn't fit for human beings to eat. Just look at this wheat. It has been washed in three waters. If you could see the second water it runs off, you would be surprised at the amount of dirt you eat. Now that wheat is fit for a christian's stomach. The wheat you eat is only fit for heathens. Just look in that hopper. You don't see any dirt there. Yee, we believe in keeping clean. Now I am a vegetarian. I haven't tasted meat for more than forty years. It isn't fit to eat any more than is dirty wheat. When that wheat is ground into flour we bake it without leaven. That's the bread that Moses fed the children of Israel with."

The barn was the next objective point, and its long line of well-kept stalls for horses and cattle and its two enormous silos were thoroughly examined. Next the kitchen, with its great range; the closets as clean as soap and water could make them, and the wonderful refrigerating closet, surrounded by iron pipes, through which flowed streams of ice-cold spring water, were showed and admired.

Then Elder Frederick led the way up the steep side of the mountain, past a thriving grove of sugar maples planted twenty-five years ago, until about the height of the roofs of the buildings, was found a well constructed reservoir, from which pipes descended the mountain side to supply the power in use in the building visited. This reservoir was filled from a lake in the mountains, a mile beyond and above.

Descending the mountain, the shirt factory was visited, where were more brown-robed, white-capped figures, and half a score of clattering sewing machines engaged in turning out shirts for a large New York manufacturer.

"We do this work in our spare time, when we have none of own work to do," explained Sister Margaret. "We turn out perhaps twenty or twenty-five dozen a week. It is remarkable how much work there is in a shirt, and it is remarkable how little they pay us for making them."

Throughout these explorations Elder Frederick interspersed his explanations of what was seen, with a dissertation upon the tenets of the order, chief among which is a belief in the dual nature of God, combining attributes of both male and female, the rejection of the idea of Christ's divinity and of the resurrection of the body.

"It has been said of us," said Brother Daniel, "that celibacy is one of our cardinal principles. It is simply a condition growing out of the whole system. We believe in and practice a celibate life, because it alone is consistent with the higher angelic life, which is attainable by this system alone."

A stroll was next taken among the other families of the community. At the Church family was found the most extensive and costly dwelling in the settlement, built of brick, and with every appliance for comfort and to facilitate labor. Here also the utmost plainness and neatness prevailed, though here and there an upholstered chair, a picture upon the wall or a well-filled shelf of books displayed a refined taste, and suggested the idea that the waves of the outer world are beating restlessly against the shores of this island of asceticism, and threatening to irrigate it not to overwhelm its fields and meadows. Here also are well arranged works, bringing a supply of water from the mountains; a tannery, and a large and fertile garden, where is conducted the business of raising vegetable seeds for sale throughout the country. A large building furnishes accommodations for putting up and selling these seeds.

Across the way, a large laboratory and manufactory of proprietary medicines is conducted by the Central family, in which industry the very young and the very old are alike employed.

By the South family a large manufactory of the beautiful and unique Shaker chairs is conducted, the exquisite fabrics with which they are upholstered being woven by themselves, from wool raised in their own mountain pastures.

"Your numbers are gradually lessening, Elder Frederick says," was remarked to a brother to whom the writer was presented.

"Yes, we have been growing less for twenty years. Sometimes there will be a revival, just as there frequently is in other religious societies. At such times our order receives an impetus, and accessions are made. But the reaction comes, and it always leaves our numbers a little less than before the revival."

"One family has been broken up within a few years, I learn."

"Yes, one of the Canaan families grew so small in number that it was broken up and its members were incorporated with our families here."

"Is it common for attachments to be formed among members of the society, especially among the younger members, which culminate in marriage?"

"Oh, yes, it is not uncommon; but they go away and marry. Sometimes they write to us afterwards that they regret the step. We do not attempt to detain them when they are so determined. Cases of outbreaking immorality are extremely rare among our people. Of course we have not been able to wholly prevent such occurences, but they are speedily discovered and the parties at once sent away."

"Do husbands and wives sometimes come to join you and bring their children?"

"Oh, yes; it is not uncommon; they are at once separated of course, and are thenceforth no more to each other than the other brothers and sisters."

"Are the children brought up under the control of their parents?"

"Nay; there is one sister in each family who is placed in charge of the children, and the parents have thenceforward no share in their government."

"Is your population somewhat changeable?"

"Oh, yes. They come and go. Many of the children who are brought up among us drift away when they grow up. They become uneasy and want to see the world, and they go away. Not more than one in ten of those who grow up here remain with us through life."

"Do you admit all who come to you?"

"We exercise discretion in the matter of admitting members. New comers are not received at once as full members of our families, but must serve a novitiate. If they except our faith and give promise of being useful members of our order they are admitted."

"How do you account for the gradual diminution of numbers in your societies?"

"I do not pretend to account for it. I have never given it much thought. We do not marry, as you know, and are dependent upon accessions from without to keep our numbers good. We formerly sent out elders and deacons to proselyte; but that is not done now, at least not systematically. Occasionally Elder Frederick, who is very zealous, goes out on a preaching tour, but this is seldom."

"You do not condemn marriage as wrong?"

"Nay, not in those who are of the outside world. I, for one, believe in the institution heartily. But it would not do for us here. I am not speaking now from a religious, but from a business point of view. If we were to marry and have families of our own in these communities, our system would speedily disintegrate. Now we have no division of interest; each, as an individual, works for one end, and that is the common good of all. If we had wives and children there would be a division of interests; jealousies and strife would creep in, and there would be trouble without end. Communism to be successful must carry with it no division of interests. As single individuals this result is readily attained; with families it would be impossible."

A BABY ESKIMO MARKSMAN.

The Arms and the Marksman—Ship of the Arctic Nursery.

One of the first toys that a little Eskimo has is a small bow of whalebone or light wood; and sitting on the end of the snow bed he shoots his toy arrows, under the direction of his father or mother or some one who cares to play with him, at something on the other side of the snow house. This is usually a small piece of boiled meat, of which he is very fond, stuck in a crack between the snow blocks; and if he hits it, he is entitled to eat it as a reward, although the little fellow seldom needs such encouragement to stimulate him in his plays, so lonesome and long are the dreary winter days in which he lives buried beneath the snow.

These toy arrows are pointed with pins; but he is also furnished with blunt arrows, and whenever some inquisitive dog pokes his head in the igloo door, looking around for a stray piece of meat or blubber to steal, the little Eskimo, if he shoots straight, will hit upon the nose or head with one of the blunt arrows, and the dog will beat a hasty retreat. In this sense, the little Eskimo boy has plenty of targets to shoot at, for the igloo door is nearly always filled with the heads of two or three dogs watching the baby's mother closely; and if she turns her head or back for a moment, they will make a rush and steal something, and get out as soon as possible before she can pound them on the head.

In these exciting raids of the half dozen hungry dogs, the little marksman is liable to get, by all odds, the worst of the encounter. He is too small to be noticed, and the first big dog that rushes by him knocks him over; the next probably rolls him off the bed to the floor; another upsets the lamp full of oil on him, and while he is reeking with oil, another big dog, taking him for a sealskin full of blubber, tries to drag him out, when his mother happens to rescue him after she has accidentally pounded him two or three times with the club with which she is striking at the dog; and if it were not for his hideous yelling and crying, one would hardly know what he is, so covered is he with dirt, grease and snow. Thus the dogs occasionally have their revenge on the young sharp-shooter.

WHICH IS THE STRONGER?

A Woman's Way of Putting the Question—Weak Woman Indeed!

[Annie R. Noxon in St. Louis Republican.]

Once more the most wire-nerved, limber-toed, iron-hinged man performing in the arena of private life is asked to come to the mourners' bench and contrast his accoutrements with those of his weak, feeble, and nervous sister human, and to ask himself whether or not, king of beasts as he is—he thinks he could frolic around with all his muscles, tendons, sinews of war, and solid flesh if he were comparioned from neck to heel as woman is. He may claim six feet in his stockings, or as many as a centipede if he pleases, but he will tell you that he can't leap-frog worth a baubee unless he lowers a notch in his suspenders. He may be able to wrestle with truth and throw it like a blacksmith, but he first demands a ring, fair play, and no tight waistbands.

His cranium wouldn't be worth an empty cocoanut for mathematics if a dozen long, crooked hairpins were jabbing his thinking apparatus. He will not be hit below the belt, and he takes off the belt when the mark has been sufficiently made in that region. In fact, man is a pretty good forty-horse power engine without harness—all his trammels gone and a space to move in left him. But haul him in, reef him, tackle, cleat and shackle him as women are; stick wires in his brains, gird in his lungs, liver, heart, spleen and stomach with no more chance for a good, long, yard-wide breath than a man would have in his iron coffin, then turn him loose.

Pin his arms to his sides in tight gros-grain silk sleeves, choke his Adam's apple in a No. 12 collar clenched with a diamond button. Pinch him in most where he lives and when his knees tremble and the cold sweat runs off his ample brow, add one more indignity—nay, fifty others—in the shape of tight, stiff undergarments, bustles, lopsided from their own heftiness, plait after plait of heavy woolen, bouffant fatness of cashmere, all in a weak spot, just where nature meant her spines to give way and curve like a ram's horn if pressed too much. Then lasso what there is left of him in jetted Jersey as heavy as a coat of armor or cuirasse of Charlemagne, weighted down with long spikes, balls, tassels, and chunks of jet.

Put on him elbow kid gloves so tight as to give his thumb a deathly cholera-infantum grip in two seconds; put on his head a bonnet prickled with burrs and sticky with beads; tie this under his left ear in a knot which threatens strangulation—then ask him to maneuver, jump dance, prance, fight, wrestle, or play copenhagen, leap-frog, or any of his gymnastics, and watch this giant fall down right away in a fit and grow black in the face. Poor, weak woman, indeed!

Talmage and His Cigar.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

There are ministers of religion to-day indulging in narcotics, dying by inches, and they do not know what is the matter with them. I might in a word give my own experience. It took ten cigars to make a sermon. I got very nervous. One day I awakened to the outrage I was inflicting upon myself. I was about to change settlements, and a generous wholesale tobacconist in Philadelphia said if I would only come to Philadelphia he would all the rest of my life provide me with cigars free of charge. I said to myself: "If in these war times, when cigars are so costly and my salary so small, I smoke more than I ought to, what would I do if I had gratuitous and illimitable supply? And then and there, twenty-four years ago, I quit once and forever. It made a new man of me, and thou h I have since then done as much hard work as any one I think I have had the best health God ever blessed a man with.

"Literary Syndicates."

[Mark Twain in Pittsburg Dispatch.]

These combinations of newspapers which print stories and sketches once a week will, it seems to me, give rising and capable writers the field they desire as well as the market. Charles Dudley Warner told me of these syndicates which is in charge of Thorndyke Rice, of The North American Review. He has fifteen of the leading papers of the country which pay liberally for a page of matter either for their Sunday issue or for any other day they may select. The idea is, I believe, to give at least one sketch or story by some very well known writer in each issue, and give other articles on the same page by clever people not so well known. This will bring into Mr. Rice's hands about $10,000 a month to pay his corps of writers. He can pay them just as good if not better prices than any of the magazines, and besides he can handle matters of passing interest before the magazine gets at them.

They'll Get Him.

[Courier-Journal.]

"Is that the crowd going out to the races or is it a ratification meeting?"

"Neither, stranger; that man walking so fast in front is a country merchant; the 700 other fellows you see are drummers. They'll get him, stranger."

Tree-Planting.

[Chicago Herald.]

The day is not far distant when it will everywhere be considered a duty to plant a tree for every one that is felled. If civilization cannot show its superiority over savagery in ways like these it will have much to answer for.

Virtues of a Credit Balance.

[Hugh Conway.]

I am informed by those who ought to know, that a credit balance at one's bankers possesses great virtues as an elevator of both morals and character.

A FEMININE CRUSOE.

HOW SHE LIVED EIGHTEEN YEARS ON A DESERT ISLAND.

The Story of the Lost Woman of San Nicolas—Her Ingenuity and Fertility of Invention—A Wonderful History.

[Cor. Rochester Democrat.]

Seventy miles from the shore is San Nicolas island, the sixth of the group that clusters around the bay of Santa Barbara, California. It is celebrated for having been the residence for eighteen years of "The Lost Woman of San Nicolas." As her name is famous, and as her story has been told in romance, I will give the bare facts about her as I found them to be, without any added ornament, and leave the fiction to the pen of the novelist.

The island of San Nicolas was once densely populated. This is attested by the skulls and bones and other evidences of human abode that are found there. The Alaska Indians frequently visited the island to hunt for the furs of the sea-otter. They took their women with them on these hunts, and on returning after the hunt was over they left them on the island to their fate. By order of the government, in 1835, the Indians were removed from the island. Just before they were to embark, and carry away every human inhabitant, as it was supposed, a white Indian woman begged the privilege of going ashore for her child, which she had accidentally left. She was gone a long time in a fruitless search for her offspring. The wind blew a gale, the water was shallow; there was no one who was seeking the lost one. They set sail intending to return for the lost woman of San Nicolas, but the boat becoming unseaworthy, she was left to her fate. It was generally known that there was a woman abandoned on the island, but no attempt was made for her deliverance. As the world soon forgets, so the woman of San Nicolas was forgotten, and the years passed away. After a lapse of sixteen years a man who landed on the island found that it was inhabited by some one. The footprints of a human being sunk deep in the ground were seen. The hardness of the ground was an indication that they had been made a long time. From their size they evidently belonged to a woman. Circular inclosures made of brush, six or seven feet through, were seen, where some one had lived. Near the huts were sticks driven in the ground and dried blubber hanging on them, thus prepared for food.

In 1853 San Nicolas was visited again and another hunt was made for the long-lost woman. The huts were seen that had been seen before, but the old blubber had been taken away, and new food of the kind hung in its place. Wild dogs were found which ran away at the approach of civilized man. In a basket covered with sealskins that they found in a bush-heap was a dress made of shag skins, cut in square pieces, a rope made of sinew and several smaller articles, such as fishhooks and bone needles. The discoverers of these proofs that there lived on that island a human being scattered them on the ground, and on their return they found them gathered together and placed in the basket again.

The Catholic fathers of the "Old Mission," the foremost in every good word and work, offered a reward to anyone who would find the lost woman, and a third effort was made in 1853 to discover the prodigal about whom there was such a mystery and in whom the world of this coast was beginning to take an interest. Fresh tracks of the woman were found. They belonged to very small feet, and were like those that were seen in the first attempt to find the woman. Huts made of whale rib and covered with brush were discovered. At length an object was seen in the distance that appeared to be moving. Going toward it they saw the woman that for eighteen years had reigned queen of San Nicolas, her subjects being the wild animals, her robe a dress of birdskins she had made, and her throne the hut she had built. She was seated in an inclosure, so that only head and shoulders could be seen. Two or three dogs were about her that disappeared at the command of their sovereign. She was seated on some grass that covered the ground and served her as a bed. Her dress was neatly made of birdskins, extending to her ankles, the feathers of which were pointed downward. Her head was covered with a thick mat of yellowish-brown hair, and her shoulders were bare. She was occupied in stripping blubber from a piece of sealskin which she held across her knee, and using for that purpose a knife made of an iron hoop. In her hut was a fire, beside which she sat, talking to herself, and, occasionally shading her eyes with her hand, looked at the men that were in search of her.

She received them with much courtesy, bowing and smiling and showing that this lost child of nature had much of the politeness of a true woman. She took some roots in the bag, roasted them in the fire, and gave them to the men to eat. She gathered up all her food, which was her chief concern, owing to the famines she had experienced, washed herself at the spring, and followed the men cheerfully to the boat. On being taken to Santa Barbara she manifested great delight on seeing the sights of civilization. She became a universal favorite, and was presented with many gifts. Passengers on the Panama steamer that landed there all wanted to see the lost woman of San Nicolas. She related by signs her experience on the island, as she spoke a language that none of the Indians knew and none of the Spanish fathers versed in Indian dialects, could understand. Civilization, which prolongs the life of some, shortened that of the woman of San Nicolas. An excessive love of fruit led to her death in Santa Barbara at the age of 50. She was buried with the honors of the Catholic church by the Franciscan fathers, and her dress and trinkets were sent to Rome and placed in that receptacle of the world's curiosities.

The story of the lost woman of San Nicolas will always remain a wonderment. Her ingenuity is seen in the pails she made of grass, made to hold water by smearing them with melted asphaltum, and in her birdskin dresses, her bone needles, her knife of iron hoop, and the language she invented and spoke. It is inexplicable to all who have learned her story how a woman could live eighteen years on an island around which the waves were beating a requiem to hope, getting her food and cooking it without even those facilities which are common to the savage, and making her dresses neatly without the aid of needles except what she carved out of bone. She laid aside one dress for eighteen years, to be worn when the white men should come, of which she had a presentment. She built her own house, protected herself from the cold, gained supreme control over the wild beasts about her, and preserved her love for men and women for well nigh two decades of human life alone in the wild. With no previous knowledge of civilization, solitude appeared to have educated her for it. An ordinary woman would have perished with despondency in such a desolate, hungry, naked, shelterless outlook.

Overloaded with Freight.

[Chicago