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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1885. VOL. XXIV-NO. 10

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; Cassimets, 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 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.

4 BARB STEEL FENCE WIRE and Buck Thorn Barbed fence, for sale at lowest et price by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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

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

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

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	Pas'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
" Binghams*	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 HATTER & SON

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 MOR '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.

PURE SUGARS. Cut Loaf, Granulated, Standard A, Extra C, and best light Brown. Call and see how CHEAP at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

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

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

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridle Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

FRO latest styles in Gents' Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, &c. go to 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

for 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.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of a loathsome disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years previous of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers had a terrible leg, owing to the bad state of his blood, resulting in a scrofulous swelling or lump appearing on the injured limb. Horrible feeling of tight skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

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

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

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.

Books for Children.

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

STAM'S DRUG STORE

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.

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

Something We overooked in our Seed advertisement.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED

A Choice Fresh Lot.

BY POUND OR BUSHEL.

COLIN P. STAM.

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

CHANGE.

[Boston Transcript.]

Like one who hears with sudden thrill of sadness,
The lingering cadence of an old refrain
Which wakes the echoes of the vanished gladness
With tender pain,

So stand I now with mingled pain and pleasure,
After long absence at a well-known door,
Which guarded once my darling, my heart's treasure,
In days of yore.

Still bloom the roses with their old time sweetness
Round this dear cottage in my native land;
Trimmed is the hedge with all its wonted neatness;
The old elms stand.

Still slopes the lawn in beautiful gradation,
Like a soft carpet of the richest green;
Still leaps the fountain with its light pulsation,
Brightening the scene.

Years have not changed it; now as then the river
Winds in the distance like a silver stream;
Through the old orchard still the sunbeams quiver
And brightly gleam.

Ah! but no voice of sweetest modulation
Nor rippling laughter greets my listening ear;
All the bright scene but breathes in desolation,
"She is not here!"

"Not here! not here!" the murmuring elm trees sigh it,
The rustling grass repeats it 'neath my feet,
Her cheri-hed roses mournfully reply it
In odors sweet.

O'er the soft lawn the shadows westward creeping
Darkly enfold me at the rose-girt door.
In deeper shadows lies my dear love sleeping,
To wake no more!

SINGERS AND SINGERS' PAY.

Mme. Nilsson Talks of the Fleeting Power of Song—The Singer's Life a Sacrifice.

[London News interview.]

"I have a quiet word for you on the much-talked-of question of the earnings of soprani. I know you think the rate we are paid at extravagant. I have had severe losses at times, but these have nothing to do with the question, which is, are we overpaid? Now, in the first place, mon ami, we are rare, we song birds. You can count all the soprani of the first line on the fingers of one hand. Now take our kindred artist, the painter. He is not such a rare bird as a soprano. If he is really good and paints portraits in London or Paris, he makes from 10,000 to 20,000 pounds sterling a year. He is not only not rare—he is numerous. What say you of your Millais, Holl, Leighton, Herkomer, Oulen in London, and Meissonier, Carolus Duran and Cabanel, not to mention poor Bastien-Lepage in Paris, as well as Sargent and several more?"

"Two blacks, great diva, do not make a white!"

"No, but they help one to a standard of blackness. We singers are rare; we are competed for, and, according to your natural law of value, fetch a high price, as would a fairly handsome diamond. Such a one as is worth 300 or 400 pounds sterling now, if there were only four or five in the world, would fetch 20,000 or 30,000 pounds sterling—what you will."

"But the diamond and the picture remain, while the opera is only a fleeting joy."

"And so is the voice of the singer, who can not go on singing in her dotage as a painter can paint. Sans derailsonner, the working life of the artist on canvas is fully twice as long as that of the singer, whose voice or general health may break down at any moment, and who is exposed to risks in hurrying from one engagement to another, from which the painter is entirely free. As for me, I lead a triangular life between London, Paris and the United States. All receive me charmingly, and the Americans always seem delighted to see me again. But the life of a singer is made up of hard work, care and self-denial—so far as I know—the absolute conditions of achieving and sustaining a high professional reputation. One lives, as it were, in a glass case."

The Changed Condition of Things.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

There has suddenly sprung up a demand for Europeans who understand the languages of Oriental nations. The Russian government gives high pay to men who have a knowledge of the Chinese, Persian, Afghanistan, and Sanscrit tongues. They are needed as interpreters, and if they are men of affairs also, they are well paid, and are given high official positions. The whole of central Asia is to be opened up to the commerce of the world. Thibet, which has so carefully guarded its borders from foreign intruders, is negotiating through one of its Grand Lamas with an English agent named Colman Macauly, with a view to opening trade relations with India. Mr. Colquhoun, who has traveled through the country, says that a railroad would now be welcomed in the Shan states between Burmah and China, and would pay large profits.

From every quarter of Asia come reports of awakened enterprise, of the formation of new trade relations, and projects looking to the building of railroads and telegraph that though populous but heretofore backward continent. The most astonishing phenomena on this planet to-day, is the spectacle of renewed life in these Asiatic populations, a great part of which is directly traceable to the influence of Russian conquest south of the Caspian sea. War is an evil in itself, but it is often the means of spreading civilization and renewing the life of backward and decaying communities.

Puzzled by the Paddle-Wheels.

[Book Review.]

A subject of great interest among the natives at Irebu was "what is it that turns the paddle wheels of Stanley's steamer." This was a difficult puzzle to them. Some would have it that there were about twenty men concealed somewhere in the bottom of the steamer. Others doubted that, and hotly maintained that the secret was in that 'big pot' (boiler), otherwise why should the cook (engineer) be always near it making up the fire inside. But what was it that the engineer was cooking so industriously? Ah! that was another puzzle. 'Whatever it is,' said they, 'it takes a long time to cook. That engineer has been cooking all day, and it is not finished yet. It must be a strong medicine, that; and all that large pile of wood has been used up. The two other boats have similar pots, into which their cooks shove fuel continually. Perhaps if we had also big pots in our canoes, and we had some of the white man's medicine, we need not toil any more with tired arms at our paddles, and suffer from aches and pains in our shoulders.'

A Corps of Amazons.

[London Times.]

Among the various offers of assistance recently made by loyal natives, none has been more original or remarkable than that of the Dowager Maharanee Jumna Bai of Baroda. In a letter to the viceroy this lady offers to place at the disposal of the government a corps of Amazons. She observes:

"The fighting capabilities and horsemanship of the Maharatte ladies can be no secret to your excellency, and I hope that the offer which I make, and which I am prepared to carry out at the shortest notice, will be accepted, and that it will prove a precedent to the ladies of India and of England, and show the prowess with which the race of females is capable of bearing arms, and that we can fight side by side with the military forces of the empire."

"Quite a Conosher."

[Chicago Times.]

Apropos of the recent water-color exhibition, it was a lady visitor who was charmed with their beauty, and really would have liked to buy, but confided to the manager her objection, "because," said she, "I don't dare, for they won't wash, you know, and Chicago is such a terribly dusty place." It was the same lady who remarked that she had studied art to such effect that she had become "quite a conosher."

Macon (Ga.) Telegraph: There is more consolation in a Georgia watermelon than in a consulate.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

COMMEMORATING THE LAST SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

Fanny B. Ward's Description of the Land of Flowers and Guitars and Fandangos and Songs—Good Friday Festivities.

[Cor. New York Sun.]

Good Friday is observed as a sort of May festival. This year, as usual, the Paseo de las Flores (Flower Promenade) was held along the Viga, the picturesque canal which stretches away between willows and poplars to the far-famed floating gardens of the ancient Aztecs. The scene along the historic causeway was astonishing to foreigners, and as charmingly peculiar as it was typical of a poetic and pleasure-loving people. They are early risers in this land of the sun, where breakfast is not taken till midday, and everybody is enjoying a long siesta during those hours when Americans are most actively at work. At sunrise the Viga and its boulevard were thronged with the aristocracy of the city and a vast concourse of plebeians and Indians. By 7 o'clock the festivities were at their height. For miles along the tree-lined avenue a constant procession of vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians packed the space between green booths on either side, while the canal was crowded with canoes and Venetian-like gondolas. Everything imaginable on wheels was here—the stately closed carriage of the Mexican millionaire, open barouches, coupes, victorias, dog carts, wagonettes, even velocipedes and tricycles, while thousands of horsemen galloped gayly between. The severe simplicity of the German and English style of the riding habit contrasted well with the gorgeous ly caparisoned, silver-decked equestrians. Most of the ladies were dressed in what we would consider full ball or opera costume—pale silks or satins, no wraps or covering for the head, except now and then a lace mantilla, draped Spanish fashion, upon the back hair, and a wealth of jewels such as the fair Mexicanas are famous for.

Although the laws of propriety are so rigorously strict that a gentleman may not ride in the same carriage with the lady to whom he is betrothed, yet flirting is openly indulged in to an extent which would put to blush New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. Following a senorita up and down the promenade and staring intently in her face is an accepted mode of compliment here, doubtless gratifying to the young lady, but sometimes dangerous to the adorer if she happens to have others equally devoted; and it not infrequently happens that duels are the result, she being pre-eminently the belle who can boast the greatest number of such encounters.

The canal was hidden by boats, big and little, the majority being long, clumsy, raft-like barges, each with a covered space in the middle, and a deck at both ends, and propelled by three or four Indians, who push their long poles against the canal bottom, singing as they go. Others were enclosed with an airy lattice work of woven rushes, intertwined with flowers, thus shading the happy occupants. Many, gay with flags and awnings, were exact imitations of Venetian gondolas, and thousands were simply dugouts, the primitive chalupas which Cortez found in use among the natives nearly four centuries ago. Most of the canoes carried guitar players, a few were seen with harps or viols, and others had reed instruments, which may have been patterned from that of the great god Pan among the river rushes. Here everybody sings, for these happy-go-lucky children of nature are full of music. The air was vocal with their meaningless folk songs, rendered in softest Castilian, or high-pitched patriotic hymns, which just now incorporate a great deal about the transcendent virtues of "Porfi-ri-a Di-i-i-az."

The banks were lined with booths of green branches festooned with garlands, where loads of flowers, lemonade of various colors, chia, a delightfully cooling drink made from the seeds of a flower and flavored wit orange or pineapple juice, pulque, orchata and other Mexican beverages were sold. But the great attraction along shore was the flowers offered for sale by Indian girls, whose deft brown fingers darted back and forth, like shuttles, as they fashioned bouquets with surprising rapidity. From earliest days Mexico has been noted for the beauty and diversity of its flora, and here were fragrant heaps of the choicest specimens. Wicker caskets lined with moss were filled with carnations, pansies, English violets, lilies, forget-me-nots, and the most magnificent roses—gorgeous basketfuls which in New York could not be purchased for less than $25 were sold for one or two reals.

Near the bridge of the Embarcadero the city council had erected an enormous booth of leafy branches at a cost of several hundred dollars, and beneath it two fine military bands played alternately during the day. In this delightful retreat, commanding a view up and down canal and causeway, chairs were let at a real, or 12½ cents each. A detachment of gendarmes rode constantly back and forth as guardians of the peace, and police were stationed every twenty feet along the boulevard, from the bridge to the bronze statue commemorating Guatimotzin, the youthful poet, priest and soldier-king of ancient Mexico. It is estimated that fully 20,000 people visited the Viga on this Friday of Sorrows. All bore in their hands or on their heads some floral tribute, while boat-loads of blossoms were coming down from the great gardens beyond Santa Anita and the floating islands of Xtacaleo.

The festivities were kept up, though in diminishing scale, until Sunday night. During all these days the shrill, discordant rattle of 10,000 matracas rose above the Babel of human voices. These little instruments of auricular torture are made of tin, iron, ivory, wood, even of gold and silver, and in all imaginable shapes. Some are in the form of humming birds, peacocks, birds of paradise, chickens, parrots; others are like gridirons, frying pans, musical instruments, fruits, flowers, or reptiles. Everybody must have one, from the dignified grandparent to the baby in arms, and by twirling them rapidly a most unearthly, rasping, grinding sound is produced by wooden springs inside. The noise is intended to typify and ridicule the cries of the Jews, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" as they followed Christ to his death.

Already the sale of Judases had commenced, for on the following Sunday the strangest of all Mexican ceremonies took place, in the burning of the traitor. During all Holy Week men were continually perambulating the streets, holding high above the heads of the multitude long poles encircled by hoops, upon which were suspended the most grotesque figures, in every conceivable color, shape and degree of deformity, and all with horns and crooked backs and twisted limbs. These are filled with firecrackers, the moustache or tail forming the fuse, and millions of them are annually exploded. At 10 o'clock on Easter Sunday, when the cathedral bells peal forth in commemoration of Christ's resurrection, they are all touched off at once, and the air is filled with flying traitors everywhere over the length and breadth of Mexico.

"Emperor of Central Asia."

[Chicago Herald.]

There is a rumor that the emperor of Russia will proceed to Samarcand some time within the next year or two, and there, in the ancient palace of Timour Lung, be crowned "emperor of Central Asia," or with some such title. Letters just received at Berlin from St. Petersburg fully confirm this statement. A report is generally circulated and credited in the Russian capital that the czar proposes to add to his many titles that of "King of the Central Asiatic States."

Bobby's Inquiry.

[New York Sun.]

Featherly was making an evening call and the revised edition was being discussed.

"In the new Bible that pa brought home," said Bobby, joining the conversation, "sister is four years younger than she was in the old one. Is that what is meant by the revised edition?"

Gen. Butler's Success.

Gen. Butler's "ability to keep his youth" is given by the Boston papers as the secret of his constant success in his speculations and law cases.

THE VANITY OF MEN.

Running Around With Mirrors in Their Pockets—The Secret of Blushing.

[San Francisco Alta.]

"Who buys them?" asked a reporter in a Kearney street "notion" shop, pointing to a lot of tiny pocket mirrors, with nail-cleaners, toothpick and comb, all complete.

"I suppose you think the ladies are our best customers," said the "notion" man, "but it is not so. Men, sir—vain men—are the pickers-up of these unconsidered trifles."

"Pretty men?" inquired the reporter.

The salesman grinned. "It don't matter much how they look," he said, "whether they are apes or Apollos; they want a pocket mirror all the same. They retire every hour or so to some secret place to admire themselves. Talk of the vanity of women! Indeed! It pales, sir; it fades away into insignificance by comparison with the admiration the majority of men have for their own mugs.

"Why, there are some half-dozen who, entertaining a great respect for my critical judgment of physical beauty, step in here every day to inquire how they are looking. Then it is, 'Am I pale to-day, Jim?' or 'Do you think my color is too high, Jim?' or 'That left eyebrow is growing a trifle heavy; don't you think I'd better have it trimmed off a bit?' If I say 'your color is too high,' my friend is off to the barber's for a dab of powder, or,—but this is a dead secret—we accommodate him in this shop. If he is too pale we tinge him up. It's wonderful, positively wonderful. Now, the ugliest men are the toughest. If there is the slightest blemish in a pocket mirror, they won't take it, because, forsooth, it may not faithfully reproduce their bright, pearl beauty."

"Then, as a matter of fact, you have more customers among gentlemen for those pretty little articles than among the other sex?"

"Five to one, sir; the percentage of those who carry pocket mirrors is small among ladies, but eight out of every dozen men have one stowed away in the vest pocket. Why," continued the notion man, "some big, smirking fellows—business men—have come in here and asked me if I could teach them how to blush. Just think of it. Fellows in the forties, sir, who have not known a blush for twenty years, believe it would be becoming to them if they could flush up like a moss rose when a girl glances at them. The ancient rounder got hold of the secret and made all the rest hopping mad to learn it. You won't give it away? Well, when he wanted to blush he'd jab a pin into his leg and keep his mouth shut."

"What did the mouth have to do with it?"

"Because the pin would make him feel like swearing and keeping back the blasphemy was the effort that suffused his cheek. That's the true business, s'help me. Do you want to look at any nice pocket-combs today? No? Then excuse me, for here's a dude that does," and the philosopher resumed his professional air and advanced on the customer with interlaced fingers and a captivating smile.

Horace Greeley's Wakeful Sleep.

[Oliver Johnson's Letter.]

On another occasion I went with him [Horace Greeley] to hear a discourse from Rev. William Henry Channing. It was Sunday morning, and the topic announced was one in which he felt a special interest. Mr. Channing was then, in fact, ministering to a congregation of which Mr. Greeley was a prominent member. It was in a hall on the west side of Broadway, above Canal street, where Dr. Dewey had preached aforetime. On the way thither Mr. Greeley begged me to keep him awake. We occupied a settee within six feet of the platform, and right under the eye of the preacher. I tried to keep him awake by frequent tuggings at his elbow and playing a by no means soft tattoo upon his ribs. But it was of no use. He was "nid nodding" through the whole discourse, not a little to Mr. Channing's annoyance, who observed my unsuccessful efforts to keep his great auditor awake.

But now comes the wonderful part of my story. Mr. Greeley and I, when the service was over, went back to The Tribune office together. He sat down to his desk at once, and made an abstract of Mr. Channing's discourse, filling somewhat less than a column, which appeared in The Tribune next morning. Mr. Channing was utterly amazed when he saw it, and afterward asked me if it was possible Mr. Greeley had made the report. When I told him that I saw him while he was preparing it, and could certify that it went to the compositor in his own handwriting, and that, moreover, I had myself read the proof, he expressed the greatest astonishment. "Why," he said, "I could not myself have made so accurate an abstract of my own discourse, which, though premeditated, was extemporaneous. He has not only given the substance of what I said, he has followed my line of thought, and remembered not a little of my language."

I do not pretend to offer any explanation of this strange mental feat. But I am absolutely certain of the facts as I have related them, and that what had the appearance of unqualified sleep was in reality a condition in which the mental faculties were somehow awake and active.

PEOPLE WHO THINK ALOUD.

Instances of Crime Discovered by Hearing People Talk to Themselves.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"It is interesting to sometimes hear the remarks people make who talk to themselves while walking along the streets," said a Pinkerton detective in the Continental hotel. "They are simply thinking aloud. The habit itself seems altogether foolish, but I can tell you the tenor of some of the expressions is just the reverse. I always make it a point to listen to these one-sided conversations. Now you may consider that impolite and even mean, but in my business I don't think it is so, for detectives sometimes gain valuable information by overhearing persons talk to themselves. I remember, years ago, when I was a private detective in this city, how I cleared up a case just in that way. Several thousand dollars had been stolen from a prominent merchant. He suspected his son, a rather fast young man, and employed me to find whether his suspicions were correct. I shadowed the young fellow closely for weeks, but I couldn't discover any good reason for connecting him with the robbery. Finally, late one night, when I was thinking about giving up the case, I noticed him going up Chestnut street and heard him talking to himself, I got up close behind him and listened and in a minute I knew he was the thief. The affair worried him and for relief he talked about it to himself and thus gave the whole thing away.

"A most important instance occurred to me in New York a year ago. A little girl was found murdered one morning in one of the worst parts of the city. The child had been smothered to death and for several weeks I tried to discover the murderer. But I found the person at last in a most unexpected manner. It was during the winter and one bitter cold day as I was going through Central park I saw a woman ahead of me acting very strangely. She was poorly dressed and I thought at first that she was intoxicated. She was throwing her arms around wildly and talking to herself. You should have heard that woman. She was raving about a child that was murdered and called on heaven to forgive her for having killed it. Then she moaned out something about the child having been cold and freezing and starving and she couldn't see it suffer any longer. I soon found out that she was the very person I was looking for. Well, I arrested her, but the poor thing died before her trial came off. I was glad she did.

"But the funniest things are said by drunken people. I often see comical instances of intoxicated men staggering home, swearing at themselves for getting drunk and solemnly promising not to do it again. Then again they often have a serious conversation with themselves as to how their wives will receive them when they get home."

Polite Highwayman.

Frenchmen are nothing if not polite. When a highwayman in Paris snatches a lady's pocketbook he first kisses her.

Confucius: The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he who will not economize will have to agonize.

Jud Lafagan: The man who feels certain that he is a grand failure, is in reality seldom mistaken.

IN THE EVERGLADES.

ROUGHING IT IN THE SWAMPS OF FLORIDA.

A Trip to the Ochichabee Country and Some Facts About Reclaimed Land—Dredging the Swamps and Building Canals.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.]

Three of us arranged for a trip down the Kissimmee valley into the Okechobee country. We secured the little end-wheel steamer, Rosalie, one of a fleet of five or six small craft that ply these inland waters in obedience to passenger or freight demand. I may say that the passenger demand has not amounted to much as yet, for the facilities are exceedingly limited, and the dredges can only be passed once a day. The trip only possessed added attractions to our little party of two gentlemen and one lady because of the small experience in "roughing it" which it would involve.

The boat was one used in conveying supplies to the dredges of the Okechobee Land company, and consequently had no cabins. There was a room below where six or eight persons could eat comfortably, but the deck above was quite open.

We started from this enterprising town and first made the trip across Lake Tohopekaliga with but one stop—a distance of fifteen miles. The stop was made at Pine island, the handsome reclaimed property of Capt. Rose. Capt. Rose was the pioneer in most of the arduous labors connected with the inception of the vast drainage operations undertaken by the Okechobee company.

As we headed toward the foot of the lake and pushed off again, the captain pointed to the east and said:

"Yonder is the mouth of the canal which leads into Lake East Tohopekaliga, a sheet of water extending over an area of twenty-one square miles, and only drained, prior to the building of the canal, by sewage through intervening sawgrass. The canal is a little over three miles long, and has a fall of over six feet. When the canal was completed the current was so furiously rapid that a dam had to be built. The lake was lowered nearly seven feet. I am now tearing away the dam, as the current has spent itself, in order that a steamer may be enabled to ply daily between Kissimmee City and Narcoosee, the thriving English colony on Lake East Tohopekaliga."

I shall not worry the reader with statistics, but find it impossible to proceed without giving the briefest possible resume of the work already done in the way of draining and redeeming the terra incognita between this city and Cape Sable.

The company was chartered in 1881, and has a concession for reclaiming 8,000,000 acres of land in the southern half of the peninsula, with the right and title to half of the land thus reclaimed. The first surveys were made in 1882 in the country west of Lake Hichpochee, with reference to a drainage canal extending from Lake Okechobee to the head waters of the Caloosahatchie river, extending through Lake Hichpochee and Lake Flirt. A dredge came up the Caloosahatchie to Lake Flirt, and then cut its way through an immense growth of low grass on to Lake Okechobee, excavating twenty-two miles of canal that is six feet deep by forty-four wide. The canal is now being widened to 200 feet and deepened to ten feet.

The canal has already lowered Lake Okechobee three feet. Considering that the superficial area is something like 1,000 square miles, this reduction is a significant one.

After a charming ride of nearly three hours over Lake Tohopekaliga, we entered the jetties that have been built from the mouth of the canal at South Port out into the lake.

South Port is simply the name applied to the place, where a sugar farm, belonging to the Okechobee company, is located. There are half a dozen houses occupied by the operatives, and some of the families of men engaged in working on dredges a few miles down the "valley," but no postoffice. We went ashore here and had a chance to see what this redeemed land is capable of doing. Here we were, tripping along the bank on ground which was covered in from two to three feet of water but two years ago. Was this Florida? There was no sand visible. The ground appeared instead to be a rich, black loam. I approached the banks of the canal, and saw from the cut that this was not a thin crust of surface muck, but a stratum at least eight feet thick on the average. There was a small sugar mill in operation, and a shed near by where the cane juice was being boiled down into syrup, instead of being made into sugar, as the present state of the market favors the manufacture of syrup rather than sugar.

Near by were patches of cane from twelve to fifteen feet in height, of perfect stand, and an average diameter of very nearly two inches. Evidently this cane should have been cut weeks before, as it was already badly choked with an undergrowth of rattoons. I noticed that the cane was finely tassled like the cane grown in Cuba.

"When was this canal put through" I inquired of a bystander who seemed to be in authority. "Just about two years ago," was the response. "A little over a year ago the work of clearing the land was begun, and a few weeks later the cane was planted. For breaking the land a team of two ordinary mules was used; for cultivating, one mule. The season was very unpropitious, the spring being dry and the fall extremely wet; but the yield is, as you see, enormous."

"You didn't use any fertilizer upon such a rich-looking muck?"

"None at all. From one-twentieth of an acre here we cut 800 stalks of cane, from which we expressed 200 gallons of juice, an average of one quart per stalk. Many stalks would yield two quarts of juice. Thirty-five gallons of syrup were made from the juice. This would be equivalent to raising 16,000 stalks per acre, containing 4,000 gallons of juice, and yielding 700 gallons of syrup. This showing would have been 20 per cent better had we possessed first-class apparatus."

"Is there much such reclaimed land as this?" I asked.

"Thousands of acres all the way from here to Punta Rassa. Of course, there is some hopeless swamp scattered along also, but it is fair to say that agriculturally this will be the garden of the state down here a few years hence."

"How long is this canal?"

"Three miles and three-quarters. At this end it is ten feet deep by seventy wide. Down yonder you can see dredge No. 3 at work enlarging it. Beyond the dredge the depth is only six feet and the width thirty-six."

After inspecting potato and other crops that were similarly rank we boarded the Rosalie and began the trip through the canal to Lake Cypress. When we reached the dredge our whistle sounded, and in response the stays