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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1885. VOL. XXIV-NO. 12

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 lower 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.

PURE SUGARS.

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

J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

Books for Children.

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

STAM'S DRUG STORE

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
" 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, Lessee

April 2, 1885.

HAMILTON EASTER & 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 CONFECTIONERY, 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.

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 Jlow

WROTH & ALDRIDGE

Question, What shall I read?

Answer,

Examine Large Stock of Sea Side and Lovell's Libraries at

C. F. STAM'S DRUG STORE.

If you want any Books by *Mail*, send for a catalogue.

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

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

J. H. SIMPERS.

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 Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a **Ladies' Hair Dressing**, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1882*: "Ever since my hair began to give silver evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1881*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

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.

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.

Something We overooked

in our Seed advertisement.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED

A Choice Fresh Lot.

BY POUND OR BUSHEL.

COLIN F. STAM.

4 BARB STEEL FENCE WIRE and Buck Thorn Barbed fence, for sale at lowest 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

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

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

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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

A MADRIGAL—FROM THE SPANISH.

[Paul Hamilton Hayne in The Critic.]

Nestle closely, little hand,
Closely, warmly clasped in mine!
While across this evening land
Fainter grows the sunset-shine,
And a low breeze thrills the pine,
Then serenely dies away
Past the stranded wreck of Day;
Linger, little hand, in mine!

Whisper, voice of liquid tone,
Whisper in thy captive's ear;
Of all voices Earth has known,
Thine is sweetest, Love, to hear;
Heaven therein seems strangely near,
Since it hath the fall and rise
Of the rills of Paradise
On the soul's enraptured ear!

Tremble, oh! thou tender breast,
But for joy that, borne apart,
Love hath built for love a nest
In his deep entranced heart.
There, my gentler self, thou art,
(While for thy pure-thoughted sake
All the songs of Eden wake)
Sheltered, tranquil and apart.

Flutter nigh me, timorous lips,
Coy as bird-wings poised for flight;
Ah! but twilight's half eclipse
Slowly melteth into night;
Then ye faltering lips alight,
Soft as dew-falls of the South,
On a softly answering mouth,
Surely veiled by gracious night,
Hidden with the flickering flush
Of his own delicious blush,
Love may kiss, and kiss aright!

TRICKING THE CONDORS.

A Novel Way of Earning the Bounty Paid in Chili for Condor Heads.

[Clyde (N. Y.) Cor. Chicago News.]

A half dozen were the other night listening to the stories of Ned Conroy, one of the young men of this place, who has traveled all over the world. He has just returned from South America, bringing considerable money. When asked how he got it, he said:

"Shooting condors in Chili. The government pays $5 for every condor's head brought in, but most of the hunters soon get sick of the business. The condors are thicker than buzzards, but they can see a rifle further than a man can see a house, and they catch on to all sorts of ambushes in the neighborhood of a dead carcass almost before they are made. The nests are 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, so it is little use to hunt for them in the mountains. They are trapped occasionally, and some are poisoned, but as a rule the business doesn't pay, and the condors increase in number."

"How did you manage it?" he was asked.

"By playing off sick. Along the coast there are great stretches of sand, without vegetation, which are perilous to cross at all times, because of the heat and the liability of getting lost. It was my plan to start out at night, well provided with water, and seek a place under a big rock where I could find shelter and to which I could return by landmarks. At midday I would start out in the broiling sun, walking briskly and describing a large circle. It was very easy to stagger after a while and fall, and then get up and stagger on again, keeping a good look-out for the birds all the time, lest one should suddenly drop on me from behind. It would take a very short time to bring them swooping around, waiting for the death of what they supposed was a worn-out traveler. Many a poor fellow has fallen down there on those sands and been torn to pieces before he was dead.

"When I found them getting thick I'd back up against the rock and throw stones at them and shout as if I was wild with fear, and the great vultures would gather around just out of range of the stones, which I didn't throw very hard, and sit on the sand and look at me sideways. Then was my opportunity. Pulling two navy revolvers from under my coat I'd let drive at them. They are wonderful in the air, but to get aloft they must first run along the sand with wings spread for a couple of rods. It was a cold day when I didn't get at least three, and one day I captured seven. That was a trick which the condors didn't learn easily."

Composite Likeness.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The latest craze in the combined mechanical and sunstroke art of photography is said to be composite portraits. One chief trouble with the composite likenesses, however, appears to be the same as with other and common photographs—that they are not likenesses at all. Mr. W. Curtis Taylor explained in the Franklin institute, that a composite photograph made up from a dozen single photographs chosen from the rogues' gallery was as likely to be a fair likeness of an honest gentleman as a composite portrait made up from a dozen bank cashiers or lawyers or clergymen, showing plainly that something is very wrong somewhere—either in the composite business or in the learned and other professions.

If the composite likeness could only be relied on marvelous development might be expected from it. Everybody knows that the trouble with a photograph is that it takes only the expression of a human face for one moment of its existence, and as nothing in the universe changes as quickly and constantly as the human face the single photograph is not of much account except as a dull color to flatter and spoil. A composite likeness, which would really be a composition of several other photographs, would in some cases be like a portrait made up of several sittings. It might be more than this, and at once be an evolution of human character, an evolution in art, and a final proof in a new line of the entire Darwinian scheme. But if the composite likeness is a lie it appears to be another argument to prove that mechanism cannot take the place of art, and cannot be used as an advertisement in that like. There are lies enough in would-be art already.

Emperor Wilhelm.

[Berlin Cor. New York Sun.]

Soldiers, officers, anything or any one belonging to his beloved army are privileged with Emperor Wilhelm, but his love does not exclude a strong sense of justice and a severe enforcement of discipline. Latterly some soldiers of the landwehr, or reserve, all well-to-do, rich, influential burgesses, rebelled at the injunction to enter baggage wagons, and absolutely refused to travel in them. They referred the case to the emperor by telegraph, ending their statement by these words: "What does your majesty command us to do?" The answer came, prompt and curt, "Obey," and the delinquents had to answer before a military tribunal for their insubordination.

The body servant of the emperor, the oldest of all his old retainers, the faithful Engel, is a septuagenarian. His master treats him with playful familiarity, using to him the friendly du, and never fails when he enters the room in the morning to inquire after his health. He is far less strong and robust than the aged monarch, and one day last winter he regretedly informed his majesty that he must soon retire from service; that every man could not be as everlastingly hale as the emperor, and that he needed rest. William responded with a laugh: "Engel, thou and I have not the time to rest," and nothing more was said.

The emperor neither smokes nor takes snuff. He uses a short-sighted eye-glass to read and write only, and will not own that his eyes are weaker. He sleeps, like a boy, soundly and peacefully. He likes a joke, and with his inferiors is most considerately kind, buying himself little presents for each of his servants at Christmas. The other day he missed a lady's maid, whom he was wont to see about the empress daily. On inquiry he was told she had a day's leave of absence to visit her family, as it was her birthday. The next morning, meeting her, the emperor gave her a trifle, adding, "I am late with my congratulations, Mein Kind."

Paint Put in Pepper.

[Chicago Herald.]

"I dislike to see you eat cayenne pepper," said a wholesale grocer to a freind who was putting the stuff on some raw oysters. "Why?" said the friend. The grocer dusted a little of the pepper on the open page of his notebook and drew his finger over it. A number of small red lines showed where grains of pepper had been drawn over the paper. "Because half of this stuff is not pepper. The real article, pure and strong, comes from the West Indies. It is regularly adulterated for restaurant use by mixing it with rice, flour and ground mustard husks which have been colored red with red lead. Those red lines on the paper are pure red paint."

NED BUNTLINE.

AN HOUR'S CHAT WITH THE SENSATIONAL STORY-WRITER.

Col. Judson at Home Among the Catskills—Author of Between 300 and 400 Novels—His Recipe for Story Writing.

[W. A. Croffut in Detroit Free Press.]

On Saturday I started to find Ned Buntline up among the Catskills. His wounds, his versatile life, his repute as a dangerous fighter, his wild stories, and his home in the eirie of the eagle, combined to fill me with doubt as to where I should find him, whether at a hermit's cabin, in a cave, or up a tree. So I dressed for roughing it. My route led up the Hudson to Kingston, and thence up the Ulster & Delaware railroad. A picturesque trip, indeed, through a winding and shining valley to the head-waters of the Delaware. The green billows of the haunted Catskills rolled back to let us whirl through, and up our long train climbed till we stood 3,000 feet above tide-water at Pine hill. Then we slid down hill for ten miles, then climbed again toward Stamford.

Climbing off at the station I inquired of a man if he could tell me which of the mountains around the town Col. Judson, "Ned Buntline," lived on.

"Right yender, where the big flag is," he said, pointing to a handsome house across the green valley half a mile distant. "But there's the colonel on the corner with one of his teams."

I advanced to the carriage in which sat a man of striking face and portly figure, holding firmly a large pair of pancing bays. All my ideas of "roughing it" vanished as we exchanged salutations and I climbed in to be carried away to the house on the hillside. "Ned Buntline" was in the fatigue uniform of the army, blue coat with brass buttons, and upon his blue vest twinkling decorations—the badge of the Sons of America, the head of Washington set on a gold shield with two American flags crossed above it, the original badge of the order of United Americans which he originated, a golden hand crushing an enameled serpent, bequeathed to him by Congressman Whitney, of New York, when he died, a Grand Army badge and a Masonic pin. His gray hair is cut short. His only beard is a full white mustache. He weighs more than 200, I should think.

The ample residence of twenty rooms with conservatory attached could not have cost less than $20,000. There are eleven tons of Vermont slate on the French roof. Around it slopes the undulating farm of 120 acres of land. He has six or eight horses and as many vehicles, and a dozen cows came up at night to be milked. For family, there are father-in-law, mother-in-law, wife, three sisters and one pretty child—a boy of 4—who has not yet risen to the majesty of bifurcated apparel.

"Come on Eddy!" shouted the colonel to a chubby face at the bay window, as we alighted, "come on, my son! It is sunset; let's pull down the flag!" And away to the halyards of the tall flag-pole hurried the infant and the gray-haired father and the twenty-foot flag lay on the ground in a heap. "Ned Buntline" seems to-day to have two passions—the latest and most absorbing a love for this promising child, and the other, the devotion to the stars and stripes which has led him into every war we have had since he was born, which led him to join Lopez to capture Cuba, and which induced him to start the Know Nothing party. Every pleasant day of the year this big flag is unfurled from this flag-pole, visible over 100 square miles of the Delaware valley.

This is Col. Judson's ancestral home. He and his father were born here; and his two grandfathers, scions of Puritan stock, came here from Boston a long while ago. They were in the wars of their time, but as fighters they were scarcely equal to their famous descendant, who has received thirteen wounds, seven of them in battle. He still carries a visible scalp wound, two sabre cuts across the face and one on the shoulder, and he retains in his leg as a stimulant to neuralgia the rebel bullet which he picked up in Virginia. Moreover, his lungs are not quite so good as they were, on account of a bullet hole through one and the touch of a Seminole spear in the other. "I've always thought with gratitude," he says, "how lucky it is that I didn't have another lung to be perforated."

After supper we sat down in his library. Before us on the desk was a book of blank paper in which he had begun to write. I asked him how many stories he had written. "I made a little calculation the other day," he said, "and I am alarmed to find that I have written between 300 and 400 novels, which, if published in book form, would each make a book of about 400 pages each. Of course most of them have escaped being brought out in covers, but my published books make quite a library."

I intimated that I would like to get his recipe.

He laughed and said he had a good many applications for it.

"Women send their stories to me to correct their style and method. I send them back. One woman came and told me that if I would teach her how to write she would give me half of the profits! Several broken-down or incompetent ministers have applied. One last year was very persistent, and I had at last to intimate to him that more or less brains were necessary. He believed it and went off. Of course I was joking. It doesn't require a large amount of intellect to write a successful novel. Some of the poorest stuff I have written has had the largest circulation and brought me most money."

In reply to my remark that he was reputed to have made story writing profitable, he said:

"I am not rich, but I could live decently if I were to do no more work. I have earned a heap of money with my pen. For ten years I earned $30,000 a year, and some years I have taken three or four times that. I never write a story now for less than $2,000. After my last campaign with Buffalo Bill I was cleaned out, and $12,000 behind, but I went to writing and earned $30,000 in three weeks."

"You said you wanted my recipe," continued the colonel. "I've not the slightest objection to giving it to you, confidentially, as it were," he laughed. "First I get a pen and some ink and a book like this, with fifty sheets of blank paper bound up in it. Twelve of these make a story run twelve weeks. Then I select my title. That is the principal thing. It is more important than anything else. I've repeatedly had good stories ruined by bad titles and bad stories saved and made to go by good titles."

I took up a magnificent book that he had finished and looked at it. It was written in a delicate hand and every page was a handsome bit of copy without an alteration. There was only one erasure in the first twelve pages, and that only of a single word for which a better one was substituted. I asked him if he made a plot in advance.

"No, never," he said. "I simply take some character, whose name I have decided on, and begin to write about him. The story develops itself. I mean that I never know how a story is coming out, or what the next chapter is going to relate. I bring the fictitious characters into existence and then let them go ahead and work out their own destinies. Another thing—as you see—I never correct or alter. What I write must stand. If things go wrong, as they do sometimes, I just throw the book on the fire and begin again without any reference to it."

The Philosopher's Reply.

[The Argonaut.]

In some of the Boston suburbs, where concrete sidewalks have been introduced, walking is decidedly unpleasant, the choice being between this hard unyielding material and the dust and mud of the highways. A Boston philosopher, on visiting Brookline with a friend, got into a metaphysical discussion while walking along the sidewald, and stubbing his toe against its jagged edge, stretched his length upon the hard surface. "Ah!" said his companion, on helping him to rise, "that comes from looking at things in the abstract." "On the contrary," said the philosopher, "it results from striking them in the concrete."

The Chess-Playing Village.

[Foreign Letter.]

The village of Shcebeck is known throughout the whole of Germany as the chess-playing village. For centuries every native of the village, from the prosperous freeholder down to the poor village shepherd, has been an enthusiastic and a more or less efficient chess-player.

HOW LAGER BEER IS BREWED.

The Process Described in an Interesting Manner—The Part Ice Plays.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Theoretically, it's very easy to brew beer. You get your malt, grind it up, stir it with hot water, strain it off and boil this extract with hops, cool it off, let it ferment and drink it. Practically, it isn't quite so easy. It requires a knowledge, or a wisdom rather, that time and experience only can bring, to know how long to stir, how much extract to use, and how much hops, how long to boil, and how long to cool and fast to ferment, and how long to keep. These are secrets which every brewer keeps to himself, very distinctly. But he will very cheerfully show you the brewery. The malt house is not in use this year, because he can buy the malt as cheap as the barley. But he shows you the large vats where the barley is steeped, the long floors on which the soaked, swollen grain is spread out until it attains a certain growth. There are the kilns in which it is slowly dried when it has sufficiently sprouted, and then it is malt, ready for brewing. This he only explains, because, as stated, most brewers found it cheaper to buy the malt than to malt the barley.

Away up in the topmost story of the brewery the malt is thoroughly cleaned of every impurity, and the little sprout it got in the malt house is broken off by intricately beautiful machinery. Then it drops one floor to the mill, and is ground to a sweet, white flour. And now the brewing proper begins. Into a huge circular tub of sheet iron, with a capacity of 600 gallons—the mash tub—it slides, and a thick copper pipe supplies hot water. Here ingenious machinery stirs it round and round—how long is the brewer's secret. The color of the beer depends much on this, and no two brewers brew beer of exactly the same shade. It varies from a pale amber to a rich dark brown.

The extract that drips from the mash tub after several hours of stirring is the pure extract of malt. It has a sweetish taste, naturally, for the duty of the mash tub is to convert all, or nearly all, of the starch in the barley into sugar. The residue of grain hulls, etc., is run out of the tub and sold to the cattle dealers. The extract drips into a large kettle on the next floor below. Here the hops, first cut up into smaller pieces, are thrown in, and the two are boiled. The brewer knows how much hops and how long it boils. When he stops boiling it is beer, but, of course, not the lager beer that cheers the weary at 5 cents a glass. It has not yet fermented. From the kettle, whose capacity is 400 barrels, it is run into a large, shallow reservoir, on a cool floor, where a constant current of fresh air cools it off. The famous Muenchen beer is said to owe much of its reputation to the cool air that comes fresh, strong, and fragrant from the neighboring Hartz mountains.

But the cool air alone is not enough, especially in summer time, and so the beer flows over a long coil of bright tubes, which are kept cold by a constant stream of water. In some breweries a strong brine runs through the tubes. Completely cooled, the beer now runs into the enormous vats that rest in the three vaulted cellars, one beneath the other, the third being forty feet below the surface. Thick coils of pipe run through the cellars, through which brine carries the cold produced by a fine ammonia ice machine on the ground floor of the brewery. The coils are everywhere covered with a coating of ice an inch thick. The temperature of the deepest cellar, where lies the beer that has been fermenting between two and three months, and is consequently ready for market, is several degrees below the freezing point. Here it is drawn off into small kegs, and an endless chain hoists the keg up the forty feet to daylight in an instant.

Chinese Lottery Methods.

[Philadelphia Press.]

The game is played with slips of paper four inches square, on which are written 100 characters, the names of celebrated Chinese female characters who have figured in the history of the many dynasties. Through the slip from right to left a line runs dividing the characters into five lines of ten each. The game consists in spotting out with India ink certain combinations of five each. For various sums, from 10 cents to $12, the player may spot out from one to all the figures. Each day in this city, twice a day in San Francisco, 100 sticks, marked with duplicates of the characters on the slips, are placed in a bowl, and twenty of them are drawn out by a blindfolded man and recorded. It looks like a comparatively easy matter once in a while to catch eight or nine in ten characters out of twenty, drawn out of 100, yet mathematicians have calculated that the chance of catching nine is about one in 1,000,000, and ten is such a remote chance that it is not worth calculating.

The danger of Chinese lottery lies in the fact that its agencies spread all over a city. In San Francisco there are several hundred of them. Every laundryman is an agent, and even the Chinese house-servants buy slips for their mistresses. So universal has the custom of playing with Chinese lottery become on the Pacific coast that hardly a man, woman or child can be found that can say that at some time in their career they had not bought slips. In this city the passion for lottery is spreading. Laundrymen accommodate their customers and the small winnings whet the appetite for more. The police usually ignore Chinese lottery until it fastens upon a town too strongly to be shaken off. Then they find themselves powerless. It is as hard as policy to stamp out, because the game is represented by slips of paper merely and the players need never visit a gambling resort.

Tricks of Unprincipled Poultrymen.

[English Paper.]

It is said that there are upward of 12,000 poultry keepers in the United Kingdom, and their annual exhibitions are very numerous. So great is the desire of obtaining prizes at these, and so great the advantage in the sale of their fowls after getting them, that unprincipled poultrymen resort to many deceptions to secure prizes. They stain the legs with desirable colors, paint parts of the body feathers in different spots to make a more perfect show of plumage, pull some from tufts on the head and sickles from the tail, glueing in others of a more fashionable kind to take their place; cutting combs and wattles, especially of gamecocks, in order to give the head a fine snake-like appearance.

Example and Precept.

[Exchange.]

Mother—Always say "please," Bobby, when you ask for anything. Never forget to say "please," even to the servants. Father (getting ready to go down town)—Yes, Robert, my son, bear in mind what your mother has told you, and always say "please." It is a little word, my boy, but full of meaning, and the use of it marks the gentleman. Now, wife, my overcoat and hat, and be quick about it.

Alligator Skins.

[Times-Democrat.]

Although as high as 250,000 alligator skins have been tanned in a single year in the United States and Europe, it is said there is not a single tanner of these hides in the southern states.

In Ivory and Gold.

[Chicago Herald.]

The city house which Mr. J. C. Flood is building in San Francisco will be a very extensive structure, like those of Governor Stanford and the Crockers. One room will be done in ivory and gold. The cost is fabulous. At one time Mr. Flood would not hear of having it done, but the architect finally prevailed, and he will be allowed to carry out the original plans. He has furnished complete drawings—one may say paintings—of every room, just as it will appear when finished—some two years hence.

Effects of Rapid Breathing.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

The anæsthetic effect of rapid breathing—like that of inhaling nitrous oxide—is ascribed by Dr. Bonwill to the influence of the surplus of oxygen thus forced upon the lungs. In a variety of cases remarkable insensibility to pain, without appreciable loss of consciousness, has been produced, in one instance a boy of 11, after breathing rapidly about a minute, having had four permanent molars removed, the operation being painless and lasting twenty seconds.

A STRANGE DISEASE

WHICH CAME UNDER THE NOTICE OF A NATURALIST IN JAVA.

One of the Curious Characteristics of the Disease Called "Lata"—Involuntary Imitation—Some Queer Cases—The Will-Power Gone.

[H. O. Forbes, F. R. G. S.]

The first thing of interest to attract me within a few hours of my arrival at Kosala, in Java, was a case in one of the servants of the house of that curious cerebral affection called by the natives "lata." It is of a hysterical nature, and is confined chiefly to women, although I have also seen a man affected by it. On being startled or excited suddenly the person becomes lata, losing the control of her will, and can not refrain from imitating whatever she may hear or see done, and will keep calling out as long as the fit lasts, the name—and generally that word alone—of whatever has flashed through her mind as the cause of it: "Ha-ih-heh, matjan!" (tiger); "he ih-heh bocrung besar!" (a great bird). Her purpose will be arrested, as, if walking, she will stop short, and, on going on again, will often follow some other course.

The prefatory exclamation is an invariable symptom, seemingly caused by involuntary hysterical inspirations. According to the degree of alarm the symptoms may remain only a few moments or last for the greater part of a day, especially if the person be prevented from calming down. The afflicted, if not seriously affected, are not altogether incapacitated from performing the little duties to which they are accustomed. The most curious characteristic of the disease is their imitation of every action they see. On one occasion, while eating a banana, I suddenly met this servant with a piece of soap in her hand, and perceiving she was slightly lata, but without appearing to take any notice of her, I made a vigorous bite of the fruit in passing her, an action she instantly repeated on a piece of soap.

On another occasion, while she was looking on as I placed some plants in drying paper, not knowing that caterpillars were objects of supreme abhorrence to the natives, I flicked off in a humorous way on her dress one that happened to be on a leaf; she was instantly intensely lata, and, throwing off all her clothing, she made off like a chased deer along the mountain road, repeating the word for caterpillar as she ran, until compelled by exhaustion to stop, when the spasm gradually left her. My own "boy," who would unconcernedly seize all sorts of snakes in his hands, became one day lata also on suddenly touching a large caterpillar.

My host's maid once, while alone at some distance from the house, having come unexpectedly on a large lizard, the Balawak, was seized by a paroxysm; dropping down on her hands and knees to imitate the reptile, she thus followed it through mud, water, and mire to the tree in which it took refuge, where she was arrested and came to herself. Another case which came under my knowledge was more tragic in its results. This woman, startled by treading in a field on one of the most venomous snakes in Java, became so lata that she vibrated her finger in imitation of the tongue of the reptile in front of its head till the irritated snake struck her, and the poor creature died within an hour.

During the attack the eyes have a slightly unnatural stare, but there is never a total loss of consciousness, and throughout the paroxysm the patient is wishful to get away from the object affecting her, yet is without the strength of will to escape or to cease acting in the way I have described. Lata persons are constantly teased by their fellows, and are often kept in an excited state for whole days.

Electrifying a Sick Hyena's Nerves.

[Chicago News.]

"Hyena" is the conspicuous sign on one of the menagerie cages of the South Side Dime museum, but the cage is empty. Three weeks ago the eyes of the spotted occupant began to roll deliriously, and, scorning the dago pies and other delicacies that were introduced into the cage as remedies, he laid down in the sawdust to die. After he had remained in a palsied condition for two weeks and more, a scientific man happened along in the freak-seeing crowd. "Why don't you give him a shock of that electric business down-stairs," he suggested to the keeper. The keeper told the piano-player, the piano-player told the glass-blower, and the glass-blower told the press agent. "Just the thing," exclaimed the latter, but the manager said: "No; let him alone; he's only afraid the cholera is coming. He'll be up in a day or two."

Unfortunately, the manager's word did not go farther than the box-office. The other day, while there was a lull in the life of the place, the keeper and a couple of confederates sneaked up-stairs with the galvanic battery, which electrifies your nerves at 5 cents a shock, and is advertised to tell your fortune in the bargain. The cage door was opened just enough to permit the placement of the battery. The almost insensible hyena was dragged up to the bars by the nape of the neck. One handle was tied in his paw. The other was stuck between his teeth. The current was thrown open, and the switch-bar run up to 900 at one dash.

A shriek that would have resurrected a necropolis, a single bound to the top of the cage, and the hyena fell dead on the battery. The monkeys chattered, the jack-daw laughed hysterically, and the museum attaches all scampered down to the ground floor. A delegation of pale-faced men waited on the manager and imparted the news. "I knew it," he replied philosophically, "$100 for an electrical experiment that Ben Franklin would have made on a dying cat."

The corpse of the hyena was buried in the alleyway at midnight.

Edison Not a Poor Man.

[Croffut in New York World.]

How much is Edison worth? I do not know. He certainly does not own himself, for he