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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1885. VOL. XXIV-NO. 13

I am not a candidate

—FOR—

Any Public Office,

But

WILLING TO SERVE ALL

Parties

with anything in the way of

Footware!

at the Lowest Reform Price.

Cases Upon Cases

Arriving daily from the manufacturers crowded with all the

LATEST STYLES

of Spring and Summer

Shoes and Slippers

The Best $1.00

MEN'S PLOW SHOES

in the country.

Every Pair Guaranteed

to be all leather.

AND OTHER SHOES

in proportion.

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

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

M. T. Goslee,

Adj. Chestertown Nat'l Bank,

April 9, 1885. Chestertown, Md.

SPRING GOODS!

LARGE STOCK JUST RECEIVED

—AT—

J. H. Simpers

CHESTERTOWN.

Dry Goods.

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

Notions.

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

Shoes.

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

Straw Hats.

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

CARPETS, MATTING OIL CLOTH.

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

Groceries.

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

April 23, 1885. J. H SIMPERS.

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

March 27

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS. HUMPHEY'S, at M. A. TOULSON'S, Drugg is

THE ROLAND FARM BELLS. For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

March 27.

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.

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

NEW GOODS. Paper Flower Materials. A large and choice assortment just received from the N. Y. Factory. For sale at City Prices. COLIN F. STAM, Druggist.

YOU can get a Box (containing 50) Coo Cigars for 87½c. Best 50c. Tobacco i Town. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

BOOTS & SHOES. Large Stock, all grades, at low ices. J. H SIMPERS

4 BARB STEEL FENCE WIRE and Thorn Barbed fence, for sale at lowes et price by J. K. 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	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 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, opp. Court House.

April 16, 1885.

NO MORE 'BACKACHE'

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.

STRAW HATS! STRAW HATS!! All grades, low price J. H. SIMPERS.

UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS—Wamsutta Muslin 2100 linen, at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS,

WHITEWASH BRUSHES, all sizes, at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS

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.

SHOS, SHOES.—We mak e a specialty o 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.

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

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, AGENT.

Oct. 9, 1884.

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

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

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

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

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE

WHISKERS

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

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS OF Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark — QUALITY P 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.

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 ct per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

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

FRO latest styles in Gents' Neckwear, Co ars, Cuffs, &c. go to WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

VELVETEENS—In the leading colors—Cheap at J. H. SIMPERS'.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The myths of ancient solitudes
Are merely stocks and stones;
You see Diana in the woods,
And only find—Miss Jones.
—[New York Telegram.

A slender waist, just lightly clasped,
As up the scented lane they stroll;
A small, white hand, just lightly grasped,
Two heads beneath one parasol.
—[Boston Courier.

I left my heart and my lorgnette
Last night, my love, with thee.
Please send the glass—and don't forget
To keep the heart for me!
—[E. Hough in The Current.

A woman's anger burns with awful light,
When you are in the wrong, she in the right,
But, oh! what lightnings deadlier wrath prolong,
When you are in the right, she in the wrong!
—[Anonymous.

WORKING THE FAMILY GATHERINGS.

A Tramp's Scheme for Getting Grub and Good Clothes—Some Mistakes.

[New York Tribune.]

"Well," said the tramp to the reporter, "if you won't give it away I'll tell you. For the past two years I've been working the family gatherings—those folks, you know, who advertise for everybody of their name to meet at some one place to chin about themselves and have a picnic. You see, one day last summer, I was killin' time readin' a newspaper I'd found when I run across one of these meetin's. Well, it must have been—must have been—what is't that gives them poets a steer?"

"Inspiration?" suggested the reporter.

"Yes, that's it, it must have been that; for all of a sudden suthin' said: 'That's the racket for you, my boy, go make believe you're one of the gang!' You see, before I got way down where I was when you first saw me I used to "supe" a sound and theatres; that made me think how easily 'twould be for one of them actors to put up such a job. Well, the first lot I tackled was on a big farm up the North river. I got a piece of blue pencil, made an anchor on my wrist, and put their name under it, so as to look like India ink, you know. I had on a sailor's blue flannel shirt when I went on the grounds. There I told 'em I had always follo'd the sea, and had lately had hard luck; had read about the meetin' and come to see if I knew anybody of my name.

"Well, they are always jolly and free at these places; so they asked me to rest myself and raised me some better clothes than I had on; after that we had some bully grub. I walked around and answered questions as well as I could. Now and then, when no one was looking, some good old maid would come up, unlock her sachel and slip a dollar or two in my hand. I've been goin' from one place to another, summer and fall, ever since. I keep the run of 'em by the papers and what I hear around, and I get plenty of good duds and lots of cash. I play the sailor dodge 'most always. Sometimes I fix up, but it isn't a good way, for they expect you to chin too much.

"Say, if ever you go on this racket, let me give you the straight tip; don't be fresh, don't talk more'n' you can help; let them do the chinnin'. I made a mistake that way when I was last week; I was gettin' along first rate, had been there two days. At lunch under the trees the last afternoon an old lady squinted at me through her specs for a while and then said I put her in mind of 'Ike,' who went out west a number of years ago to see some cousins who were not known out this way. Well, I was fool enough to say I belonged to the western branch, as they called it, and remembered 'Ike.' That settled it; they all soured on me at once, and I found out that the western blokes had got 'Ike' a drinkin' and gamblin' and that branch of the family was looked at as N. G. So, I didn't get a rake that time.

"Another thing; don't take in any folks with long highfalutin names, with de or van to 'em; they generally have their families down fine and you'll get left sure; better go for the Smiths, Thompsons or Browns."

A Couple of Funny Mistakes.

[Cor. Baltimore American.]

A newspaper man of long experience got into a reminiscent mood the other night and told of several funny mistakes which he had met with in press dispatches. Said he: "In the early days of telegraphing, when the wires and operators were few, the task, unheard of before, was undertaken of sending one of President Polk's messages through to Pittsburg. The operator was heartily tired of the job long before he got through, and after ticking off the signature, James K. Polk, he added, in his joy, the words, 'God and liberty,' in the style of a Mexican pronunciamento. The receiving operator, tired to death and half asleep, wrote the concluding exclamation, and it appeared in the papers as part of the message, to the mortification of all concerned. During one of the great debates in congress on the slavery question the Dred Scott decision in the United States supreme court was frequently referred to, but one night in the press report it was written out, 'Dr. Ed. Scott.' Fortunately, the error was corrected before reaching the newspapers."

Joppa, Once Baltimore's Rival.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

We of California have a way of sending strangers to Milpitas, but Baltimoreans send them to "Joppa," the ruined site of a once famous town and would-be metropolis. Even before Joppa was founded a place called "Old Baltimore" had been started on Bush river (in 1683). About twenty years later a promising site on the Gunpowder river was selected, and by 1712 it was occupied by an incorporated town of "cosmical ambitions." It had large wharves at which ships loaded for New England, the West Indies and Europe. Stone mansions were built on the sunny slopes of the western hills. It had a ship-yard and wanted the state capital. Suddenly the town of Baltimore was founded, possessed greater natural advantages, and the most enterprising Joppaites moved to the new seaport. In ten years Joppa was a defunct metropolis.

Advance On a Previous Accomplishment.

[New York World.]

The announcement that the prince of Wales is now successfully practicing as an amateur photographer is an advance upon his previously advertised accomplishment as a banjo player. To be sure his pay, either as a photographer or a banjo performer, is somewhat high, for he gets an annuity of $200,000 a year from the public treasury. This magnificent income is enhanced by his annual receipts from the duchy of Cornwall, amounting to more than $300,000 a year over and above what is paid for improvements on the property, which includes coal mines in Somerset and mines and quarries in Cornwall.

Caused by a Change of Fashion.

[Exchange.]

That so apparently slight a change in fashions as the abolishment of feathers as an ornamentation for hats and bonnets may lead to distress and suffering among the poor is illustrated by the fact that within the past few weeks over 4,000 women hitherto employed in the feather business in New York, have been thrown out of employment.

Names People Pride Themselves On.

[Good Words.]

Can it be family pride or is it mere eccentricity that inspires such repetitions as Fitz-Barron Barron Barron, James Ashburner James Ashburner, Eve Eve, Pickup Pickup, George Ellis Ellis Ellis and William Prior Johnson William Prior Johnson? (In these examples the reader will perceive that the surname, as well as the Christian name or names, appears in its place.)

A Curtain Wanted.

Some man will make a fortune one of these days when he invents a curtain through which the light can come, but which will intercept the heat.

New York is the wealthiest state in the Union; Pennsylvania comes next, followed by Illinois, third.

"Poundmaker" Explained.

The name "Poundmaker" is an attempt at translation of the Indian name Opetukshanapewiyin—literally, "he who sits at the gate gathering animals into pound."

THE SILK-WORM.

A PEEP AT THE WORK OF THE TINY MANUFACTURER.

The Ways of the Worm—Ready to Begin His Job of Spinning—How He Performs the Task—The Cocoon.

[Harper's Magazine.]

The insect is in one sense a tiny manufacturer himself, finding his "raw material" chiefly in the leaf of the mulberry tree (morus), which gives name to the common silk-moth (Bombyx mori), the caterpillar of which is the silk-worm. The tree is said by a proverb to be made for the worm and the worm for the tree, and it seems to have a fiber peculiarly suitable for textile use, some of the Pacific islanders making clothing by macerating the bark of the paper mulberry, without the intervention of the silk-worm. Most of the silk of commerce is made by this one moth from this one food, yet it can feed, in whole or in part, upon other leaves, as those of the osage orange in this country, and it has a score of cousins or more distant relations, as the Tussah moth (Antheria paphia) of India, which live upon other trees, and produce a similar material.

The moth is about an inch long, whitish, with brown stripes, and lays at the close of summer numerous eggs about the size of a pin-head, attached singly to the leaf by a kind of gum, which, when dry, has a silky appearance. The moths soon die; the eggs do not hatch until the next summer, and can meanwhile be sent around the world. The sale of grain or seed, as the eggs are also called, is of itself a business, for it brings as much as $4 per ounce, tenfold the price years ago, before an epidemic swept through the silk world. Each moth lays from 400 to 700 eggs, but it takes over 600,000 to make a pound. In obtaining eggs for breeding, the grower usually places the moths on cloths in a dark, warm room, where they contentedly lay their eggs and die. In tropical countries, as southern China and India, the eggs hatch by natural heat; in others, artificial warmth is necessary; and in old times hot-beds were used, or the eggs were carried about by women in little bags in their bosoms.

The careful grower makes ready for the hatching by providing latticed trays or bundles of twigs, about which the food of finely chopped mulberry leaves is distributed. The tiny worm at first eats two meals a day; at the end of five days he casts his first skin, on the ninth day his second; again, on the fifteenth, twenty-second, and thirty-second days he "moults," becoming torpid, and exchanging his old skin for new. Like his fellow-worm, man, he has "seven ages;" the sixth, when he has attained the mature age of 32 days is the spinning, the last the breeding period. At the approach of the spinning age the worms from a single ounce of eggs (nearly 40,000 eggs) will have required over 1,200 pounds of leaves, and will need about 184 square feet of space for their homes.

Each day's hatching is kept together, lest the older eat up the food of the weaker brethren, and every care must be taken to prevent the growth of the minute fungus which makes "silk-worm rot," and to ward off other diseases. In 1857 Europe was swept of much of its silken wealth by one of these parasitic diseases, and one of Pasteur's early triumphs was in discovering its nature.

The worm is conservative, and never attempts to move from his place until it is time to begin spinning; he then becomes distended with the silk juice and semi-transparent, like a ripe yellow plum, and can presently be observed lifting his head and looking about for a good site for his cocoon-building, which has been furnished by the cocoon-grower in arches of twigs or lattice-work. Some of the worms are lazy, and the twig has to be applied. The spinner, with careful forecast, adjusts his body in the best position for the cocoon, and commences to throw the floss that forms its outer coating.

The material of the silk is a gummy secretion in serricteria, two large glands along each side of the body, terminating each in a spinneret in the mouth; each fiber of the thread proves on microscopic examination to be double, one strand coming from each spinneret. What the angler prizes as "silk-worm gut" is this sericterium soaked in vinegar, stretched and dried in the sun. The worm closes himself in tighter and tighter, the interior thread being the finer; he fixes his body in place with his hooked feet, and throws his head here and there as he spins.

The thread is sometimes 1,800 feet long without break; good cocoons should yield 300 yards; it takes at least 2,500 worms to raise a pound of silk. Within five or six days the spinning is completed, and the moth presently makes preparation to emerge, by the help of another secretion, which softens or dissolves the end of the cocoon. Since in piercing the cocoon the worm breaks the continuity of the thread, it is usually killed just before this stage by exposing the cocoons to the sun where the temperature is above 88 degrees, or by baking, steaming, or otherwise heating them carefully, so that the fiber is not gummed together by the heat.

George Eliot's Favorite Room.

[Tid Bits.]

A very pretty little personal paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that George Eliot's favorite room in a house was a clean kitchen. This is worth knowing and emphasizing. Not that anybody will be surprised at her preference, but because the knowledge may give the clean kitchen a boom.

There is no doubt in the world that a thoroughly clean kitchen is one of the healthiest and most cheery places to be found. Every house ought to be clean from cellar to roof, but the kitchen ought to be particularly clean. It is the place where the food that is to maintain the human body and to evolve itself into human ideas is prepared, and from which it is served. Any dust or cobwebs or vile odors about the kitchen are sure to get into the food, and so help to poison the human victims fed thereby. But the breath of the kitchen fire and of healthy cooking are as invigorating as anything short of an ocean breeze.

People who have made a study of human faces know very well that the George Eliot type of face means cleanliness and good housekeeping wherever women are found. Perhaps this gift, or combination of gifts, resulting in thorough character and thorough cleanliness, is as much a gift of nature as the gift of poetic genius itself.

Bust of Gen. Grant.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The bust made by Karl Gerhardt, Mark Twain's protege, of Gen. Grant is said to be so faithful that it aroused the admiration of the general. The unfinished likeness was so good that in March last, while Grant was ill, a friend took it to the family. The general saw and admired it and invited Gerhardt to visit him and complete the bust by studies from life. Presently Gen. Grant, glancing from the bust to the mirror, said: "Don't touch it again; it seems to me perfect."

An Old Belief in India.

[Calcutta Cor. London Times.]

A remarkable instance of the tenacity of old beliefs among an ignorant class lately occurred not very far from Calcutta. The idea that government always inaugurated every good work with human sacrifice was long current among the lower orders of the Indian people, but it might be supposed that it had died out long ago. It appears, however, to be as strong as ever. The boatmen on the Ganges, near Rajmehal, somehow came to believe that the government required 100,000 human heads as the foundation for a great bridge, and that government officers were going about the river in search of heads. A hunting party, consisting of four Europeans, happening to pass in a boat, were set upon by the 120 boatmen, with the cry "Gulla Katta," or cutthroats, and only escaped with their lives after the greatest difficulty. The men were arrested, and thirty-one of them sentenced to terms of from one to three months' imprisonment.

Masons in Mexico.

The Masonic fraternity is very strong in Mexico, despite the Catholic tendencies of the people and government.

THE HINDOOS A NOISY SET.

A Bedlam in the Cities—Birds and Beasts—Tam-Tam, Drum and Banjo.

[Bombay Cor. New York Sun.]

Nothing is done in India without noise, and in the cities it is perfectly appalling. The roar, the howl, the chatter, the rush, the bustle are mingled so intimately that you feel that you are intruding on Bedlam. You can scarcely hear yourself speak sometimes, and you look on the hubbub with fear and trembling, finding no occasion for the uproar. A congregation of natives is worse than any swarm of Italians, and as one sees the frantic gesticulations, the imagination is of a violent quarrel rather than of the amicable bawling that the scene really is. What are they talking about? Money or women—nothing else commanding such a chorus. The tones are shrill and the delivery is rapid, the "O!" "O!" of the vocative case being the invariable form of speech.

As I am riding—

"Oh, Khud, a cow!" exclaims one jampanny.

"Oh, Hawab, it is Toi Hyder's cow!" answers Khud. "Oh, Khud, it is a 10-rupees cow!" pipes Lak. "Oh, Khud, and Oh, Lak, I wish I had its milk!" chimes in Dorgher Ali. And so of everything they see. When I order a halt the four chorus shrilly:

"Oh, Mem Sahib, we stop!" Or, if it is to proceed, "Oh, Mem Sahib, we go!"

They never whistle as they go, and laughter is never heard.

As I ride I listen not alone to the irritating hum of musquitoes that are not exclusively Indian, but, if it is not too dry, to the loud call of bullfrogs that would do credit to any New Jersey swamp. If it is dry weather, the frogs' notes are replaced by the monotonous drone and creak of the wells. All day long the Hindoo pigeon sends forth its booming notes from the woods; the kites cry long and piercingly, and the kastura, or Indian blackbird, is almost the only singing-bird. The minas chatter among the hills, and the ever-present crow is perpetually cawing everywhere around us. A tiny owl, about as large as a robin, mourns plaintively just at dusk. Tree toads hiss, and rasp, and chirp. Jackals growl at night, and occasionally the hyena may be heard.

So much for the natural sounds. There are some artificial ones equally familiar, such as the noise of the tam-tam, which is always being beaten, and that of the shepherd's pipes, which are very like Scotch bagpipes, and give forth a sweet, weird sound. The Brahmins produce a frightful noise by blowing the sacred shell, called a suak, a blast that is held to exorcise the evil spirits. The women sing some wild and plaintive notes in a minor key, the accompaniment being performed on a small goatskin drum. And there are trumpets, enormous things of brass, some four feet long, on which a man will blow some of the most excruciating blasts. There are also little silver-plated ones that squeal like young pigs.

The most agreeable music that is heard in India is that of the banjo. But a Hindoo banjo is not like one of ours. The lower part of the instrument is made of a section of gourd that resembles a deep, flat drum, open at one end. There are four strings, two passed through blue glass beads, and the other two raised by cowries. The notes produced are very pleasant. The vocal music is the dreary chanting of the professional singers in the Hindoo temples. It is monotonous, but it is worth hearing. The singers spoil it, though, when they read aloud their holy books in their grating, sing-song get-along-some-how way.

Artificial Ball Lightning.

[Scientific Miscellany.]

One of the most remarkable of electrical manifestations is that known as globular or ball lightning, which is so rare that physicists have had little or no opportunity of studying it. A similar phenomenon, however, has been produced in the laboratory on a small scale. It has been caused accidentally on various occasions, and, on having a piece of apparatus destroyed by one of the discharges, M. Plante, the well-known French electrician, has been led to experiences in which a successful imitation of ball lightning has evidently been obtained. With a powerful current from secondary batteries he has produced in an air condenser, formed of two moistened pads of filter paper placed near together, a small incandescent globule, lasting some minutes and moving slowly in a curious and most erratic path. When a condenser was used in which the insulating material was ebonite, a sound was emitted like that of a toothed wheel rapidly rotated against a piece of cardboard.

Spanning from Italy to Sicily.

[Boston Transcript.]

The project of a tunnel under the straits of Messina, to connect Sicily with Italy is an enterprise which has long received the attention of engineers, and been recommended by scientific experts. Recently, however, a Piedmontese company has come forward with a counter project for a bridge, an enterprise which, it is remarked, will, if ever carried out, constitute as remarkable a work of the kind as there is in the world. According to the published statement, the width of the strait, at its narrowest point, is about two miles, but owing to the great depth of the water—more than 500 feet—on this line, the projectors propose to locate the bridge where it would have a length of about two miles and a half.

The plan of this gigantic structure involves four piers, connected by spans of five-eights of a mile in length, the two shore arches having half the span of the three central ones.

Smelling Through a Brick Wall.

[Chicago Herald.]

"If there's a more invading odor in this world than fish," remarked an employe of a large wholesale grocery, "I'd like to see it. I don't mean that I'd like to see the odor, but I'd like to see the thing that can produce a stronger and all pervading smell. You see those big glass bottles of fish there? The bottles are hermetically sealed. Well, we'll go around to the next store-room. The door connecting the two rooms is forty feet from where the fish are, and the scent doesn't go around that way. Now, here we are on the opposite side of the division wall from the fish. Do you smell 'em? Of course you do. If there is anything in this world besides fish that can send its odor through a brick wall I'd like to know

After Gotham's Pet Dogs.

["Uncle Bill's" New York Letter.]

To most of those New York belles still in town the salvation of their pet dogs is the uppermost interest. The streets are hunted over every day by the official catchers, and a badge of license, with a muzzle all adjusted, is not a hinderance to these huntsmen, who are suspected of sending the more valuable captures to dealers in distant cities instead of taking them to the pound for drowning. The catchers go out early in the morning, about the time that dogs are let out unwarily. On seeing a beast not closely protected they sneak up quietly behind, grab it by a leg, hold it aloft to save themselves from a bite, and hurry with it to their wagon, which is driven a block or so behind.

Car Coupling by Electricity.

[Exchange.]

A South Carolina genius claims to have invented a perfect system of car coupling by electricity. Upon a recent trial a freight train was cut in four pieces and again coupled up without the aid of any person except the conductor, who did the entire work from the rear car. The invention, if successfully introduced, will save many hundreds of lives annually.

Driving Away the Swallows.

The authorities of Charleston, S. C., have been trying to drive away the clouds of swallows from the battery with a steam fire engine and a one-inch nozzle.

Which Goes to Show.

[Harper's Bazar.]

It was a bright boy who asked his teacher the other Sunday what language was spoken before the polyglot performance at the tower of Babel.

"The English language, of course," was the reply. Which goes to show, as strange as it may seem, that there are some teachers who do not know everything.

Puck's Sun: Originality is a garb worn only by those who can cut, fit and make it themselves.

IN A SANDSTORM.

CARNIVAL OF THE WILD ELEMENTS OF THE SOUDAN.

The Perturbation It Carried to the Tent of a Newspaper Correspondent—Genii of Arab Folk-Lore—Destructive Sand Billows.

[Dongola Cor. London News.]

Dongola was visited the other day by a sandstorm—to my idea the most dreadful of storms. Was there ever such a one before! Millions, I suppose; but I never experienced one so bad. I must really use the penny-a-liner's very convenient expression, "it baffles all description," and for that reason I shall describe it. Our respected friend, the penny-a-liner, I observe, after stating that a thing baffled description, invariably tries to describe it. Why, then, should not I? Midday, everything sweltering and seething in the sun that happens to be exposed to it; everybody bubbling—positively bubbling—with perspiration, who happens to be in the shade; thermometer looks as if it would burst—I am afraid to say how high the mercury has risen—in fact, the perspiration pours so into my eyes that I can not see the small figures. Rock and sand pain the eye by their glare. A black dense, mud-colored cloud suddenly appears on the horizon at the south, at first a speck, then growing larger and larger, rolling rapidly toward us, now in the distance, now nearer and nearer. Down go tents and up in the air go straw huts and sheds, while the palm branches wave and nod like the plumes of a hearse caught in a gale, or of the helmet of a knight at a mad gallop.

On, on, it rolls, that grimy fast-riding cloud. Now I can not see twenty yards ahead of me. The landscape is suddenly enveloped in a black shroud. It bursts upon my hovel. Away, away, away go my half-answered home letters. Who shall catch them? "Go; run after them; quickly, quickly, boy." I am enveloped in sand. Over goes my only globe lamp,—crash! My bottle of seven days' allowance of lime-juice—it totters and capsizes. Down come the spiders, and away bolt the rats—whom I encourage to run about and eat the scorpions, centipedes, and white ants. In comes a flock of little crimson-headed bats, and tumble exhausted. I have no doors or windows to be blown in, and there is no fear of a shower of broken glass, such as I have seen during a sirocco on the shores of the Levant. Books, sketches, writing paper, manuscript, linen, lie scattered on the floor, I was going to say—no, the earth—we have no floors here in Ethiopia—buried in a moment in black dust; and over goes my only bottle of cognac, kept for medical purposes. Luckily the cork was in. But the only bottle of whisky an Irish friend had been at; he had left the cork out; it was light, not much balance left, and over it went. An aroma of mountain dew pervades the room. Bisallah! It was to have accompanied me across the desert to Wady Halfa, where some say Cambyses lost his army, though others near Meroe.

I put my head out of my window, was I going to write?—I mean a square hole in one of the four mud walls forming what is called by courtesy a house. I was blinded as quickly as any inhabitant of the cities of the plain was by the hand of the angel. My eyes were instantly filled with sand, every molecule of which was a burning spark and every particle a scintillation. It wearied me to find my way to my—washing stand; I mean my pile of old wooden cases, on which was carefully balanced my basin—an old biscuit tin, with a classically-shaped red amphora in it. Finding it at length I cleanse my eyes, smarting with the fiery dust, and put on a pair of huge green goggles—all glass; these are the only kind that keep out the sand.

Thus armed, I looked forth into the moving mountain of sand. A burning blast, like unto the breath of a fiery furnace, scorches my face, dries up my skin, stopping every pore. I look unto the heavens. The sun was a blood-red ball of fire, floating "all in a hot and copper sky;" while along the horizon hung a lurid light, such as one sees on the ocean before a storm. In the distance trees, huts and tents were invisible; but near one could just make out the winding, lead-colored Nile, lashed into billows. A dense cloud, which enveloped all, seemed raining fire. The atmosphere as if seething, boiling, sputtering. And now waltzing, whirling along the banks come the "devils" (shaytams), as the Arabs call them, the sand spouts—aerial giants—each indulging in a pas seul, their huge, fantastic figures rearing their heads from earth to heaven. One is reminded of the djin of the "Arabian Nights" let out of the casket in which King Solomon had sealed him up, and rising as a tall column of smoke. How grim and gruesome are they! No doubt the fanciful ghouls, efreets, and genii of Arab folk-lore drew their origin from such as these.

And a destructive element are these rolling, spiral sand billows—powerful agents of disintegration, having a grinding, roughing action on rocks and stone—as they ride the whirlwind, accelerating destruction in a country replete with decaying pedigrees of decay—a country where all changes are not of life, but of destruction—where the characteristics of the scenery around are heaps of rocks breaking into fragments. And these gusts of sand penetrate everywhere, into clefts and fissures of stones, eating into and sapping their foundations, and acting with mechanical strength, lifting and rolling rock over rock.

There is a weird and ghastly dance all around, in a dull and lurid glare. Now I am enveloped in a heaving mountain of sand; the air is stifling, my mouth is parched, speech is impossible without wetting the lips, the tongue is swollen. I never before properly understood "the darkness of the Egyptian plague," which "could be felt." Half an hour—the sand tornado has swept by. I can hear the rush of scared horses, mules, donkeys, and cattle, as they rush madly by, having bro