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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10 1885. VOL. XXIV-NO. 36

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE · FREE FROM · ALCOHOL · PURELY · CALIFORNIA · DR. WALKER'S · EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.

Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.

It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malaria Fevers, are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great Rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all the fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

It invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system. It is easy of administration, prompt in action, and certain in its results.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Pneumonia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.

Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.

Measles, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters. This wonderful remedy is especially adapted to the systems of children, for purifying herbs alone give it its remarkable curative powers. It contains no alcohol, opium or other poison.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 628, 630 & 632 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

WOOD! WOOD!!

Hickory, Oak and Pine.

THE subscribers have purchased 1000 cords of the very best seasoned Oak, Hickory and Pine that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $5 00 per cord for oak, and $6 00 per cord for hickory; wood sawed and split to order.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

Also KINDLING Wood for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestert
Nov. 22, 1885.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY

D. B. STEWART CO.,

General Commission Merchants

and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c., Southern Fruits and Vegetables a Specialty,

150 W. Pratt Street.

Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwal Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. [Feb. 21.

CARPENTERING.

James Chilcutt, formerly of Centreville, having moved to Chestertown, offers his services for doing all kinds of House Carpentering, work on dwellings, barns, &c. Work done by contract or by the day. Jobbing especially attended to. Good references can be given. All he asks is a trial by the public.

JAMES CHILCUTT,
April 30, 1885. Chestertown, Md

PEABODY HOTEL.

NINTH STREET,
1½ Squares South of New Post Office,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

30 Rooms with Board $1.00 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $1.50 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $2.00 per day.
10 Rooms with Board, Bath and Dressing Room, $3.00 per day

W. PAINE, M. D., OWNER. Open Day and Night.

OUR line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to own, pound. Our 2 for cts. Cigars
J. B. SAPPING

CIGARS! CIGARS!!

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

PURE SUGARS.

Cpt Loaf, Granulated, Stan A, Extra C, and best light Brown. ee how CHEAP at
J. B. SAPPINGTON

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

WE ARE MAKING

A SPECIALTY

OF

WHITE PINE FENCING

AND

White Pine RABITED SIDING,

1x6. 16.

Having a Special Figure with a Western manufacturer on Boards that Rip to Advantage for the above, and working the Select Edges into Mouldings, &c., in the *Sash Factory*.

On any kind of Siding our facilities are unsurpassed.

Apply to

Joseph Turner,
SCOTT'S POINT, Chestertown.
Oct. 27, 1885.

NEW THINGS

At OUR STORE!

Dry Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY!

POPULAR PRICES!

White and Gray BLANKETS,
CLOTHS and FLANNELS,
Cassimeres and Shirtings.
Buttons and Knit Goods,
Hosiery and Gloves.

A large assortment of UNDERWEAR.

Latest Styles of Fall HATS AND CAPS.

A VERY CHOICE LINE OF NECKWEAR, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

BOOTS AND SHOES A SPECIALTY!

Sugars, Pepper, Syrups Teas, Coffee, Spices, Rice, Flavoring Extracts, Canned Goods, Tobacco and Segars.

A full assortment of Queensware, Glassware, Stoneware, Brooms, Brushes and Buckets.

We have some very Pretty Patterns of CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Our stock for the Fall trade has been selected with great care and will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES!

To trouble to show goods. Give us a call.

Wroth & Aldridge,
Oct 22, 1885. Chestertown.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

CORN HOES. CORN HOES.

AND

Cultivator Teeth.

WE have now on hand a Large Lot of the Best Cast Steel Corn Hoes for sale, and a Fine Lot of Extra Heavy Cultivator Teeth, made expressly for putting corn ground in order for wheat. These goods will be sold Cheap. Call and look before buying.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Sept. 10, 1885.

Egg-Making Feed

—FOR—

ALL VARIETIE OF POULTRY

The object of the Egg-Making Feed is to supply from artificial sources the chemical and physiological elements absolutely required to form egg shell, albumen and egg yelk. We believe the use of this powder will directly enliance and increase the production of eggs.

25 cents per package.

COLIN F. STAM,
March 5. Druggist

Colin F. Stam

Bookseller and Stationer,

Has now in stock a large assortment of Sea-Side, Franklin Square and Lovell's Popular Libraries. Also, books of general Literature, Writing Paper, Envelopes an d

General Stationery Materials

in Large Quantities.

Bear this in mind—you will always find the Largest Stock and Cheapest BOOKS at

Stam's Drug Store.

March 1, 1883.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

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

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

THE ROLAND FARM BELLS. For sale by

March 27. J. K. ALDRIDGE

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS. HUMPHEY'S, at

M. A. TOULSON'S, Drug

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

RED STAR

TRADE MARK.

COUGH CURE

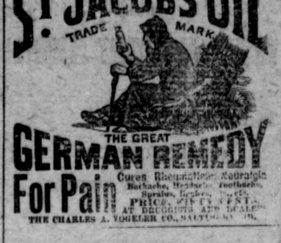
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

IN THROAT AND LUNGS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Sprains, Toothache, Earache.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

The Seeker

after the luxurious in Men's and Boy's Clothing can here be as well served as the searcher after the merely serviceable, while in our enormous assortment of Novel Shapes and Styles both are certain to be pleased. The reputation of our house for Elegance of Style and Perfection of fit, together with lowness of prices is a guarantee at all times of perfection. The great surprise of the Season is undoubtedly the unexpectedly low prices for goods universally acknowledged the best in the market.

We can fit the Boy 2½ years old, as well as the man of Weight (300 pounds).

Acme Hall,

THE GLASS OF FASHION,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

A NUT FOR YOU TO CRACK

The Winter Stock of

"MEN'S SACK SUITS,"
"MEN'S CUTAWAY SUITS,"
"MEN'S DRESS SUITS,"
"MEN'S CASS. OVERCOATS,"
"MEN'S SILK FACED OVERCOATS,"
"MEN'S SATIN LINED OVERCOATS,"
"BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS,"
"CHILDREN'S OUTFITS,"

Represents a Stock unsurpassed by any other house in Philadelphia.

A. C YATES & CO.,
602, 604, 606 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

E. T. COMEGYS,

Grain

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN DAILY.

I also have C. W. WARREN at Kennedyville, and J. H. IRELAND at Locust Grove, buying for me.

All communications by telephone promptly answered. Telephone call 64.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Sept. 3—tf. Chestertown, Md.

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.

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

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS at low prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

THE DEVIL.

[Denver Tribune-Republican.]

Man don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his Majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in the earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't, and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time wherever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

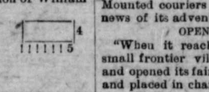
Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day spring up, for surely we want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD.

William Ferguson's Arrest, Illustrated by a Special War-Map—A Sad Song.

["His Honor and Bijah."]

The following war-map has been engraved to illustrate the situation of William Ferguson, when arrested.



1—Officer.
2—Officer.
3—William on his back.
4—Patrol wagon.
5—William's expressions.

There was no feather bed—no mahogany furniture—no velvet carpet in William's cell, and he passed the long hours away sitting on a hard bench and singing old songs. One of his sad songs was taken down by Bijah, to be sung on the next rainy Sunday to his twelve grandchildren. The words are as follows:

"Oh! it seems to me, as the days go by,
That this is a world of sorrow;
And that groans and sighs and tearful eyes
Continue my feelings to harrow.

"Oh! it seems to me that love is a farce,
And society thoroughly bad;
And every man's look is that of a crook,
While the women are all on the gad."

When William was brought out for trial he had tears in his eyes.

"Liver out of order?" queried his honor.

"Liver! Can't a man feel sad without sunthin' ailin' his liver?" snarled the prisoner.

"May be you sat down on a carpet tack or kicked a stone under an old hat?"

"May be I didn't."

"Then you feel bad in a general way? You are too good for this sinful world."

"That's it, sir."

"Oh, if that's the case I'll help your plans along. I shall send you up for sixty days, and I'll telephone the superintendent to engage you a tomb alone, with a life-sized lamb, cut on the top."

William dried his tears and wanted to live on in corrupt society, but his honor wouldn't change the sentence.

A Confederate Agent's Mistake.

[Washington Cor. New York Times.]

"While I was in England," said Mr. Lamar, "I did not meet Lord Palmerston to talk with him on the subject of recognition of the Confederacy. Dickens, Thackeray, Carlisle, were all with us. Of that I am fairly certain. Disraeli might have been with us if it had not been for an unlucky mistake made by Mr. Mason, who was then with me. We were both invited to dinner at the same house, the house of Col. Greville, where many southern men gathered, and we were to meet a number of prominent men of the time, among them Mr. Disraeli, as he was called then. Mr. Mason was a good deal of a Virginian in his notions about social etiquette, and, it appears, did not know that it was enough for two gentlemen to be invited to dinner by an Englishman to remove all bars to conversation between them. An introduction was unnecessary under such circumstances.

"When dinner was served it so happened that as the ladies and gentlemen paired and passed into the dining-room Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Mason were thrown together for the first time. Mr. Disraeli was all grace and suavity. He bowed to Mr. Mason. 'Have you heard form Vicksburg recently?' he asked. Mr. Mason drew back and fixed his great black eyes wonderingly on Mr. Disraeli. The American and Virginian could not understand how so great a liberty could be taken by one gentleman with another gentleman when there had been no no introduction. They got along very badly, never speaking, in fact, and it was impossible after that to attempt to approach Disraeli on a recognition."

The Gypsies' National Dance.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The national dance of the gypsies when seen by night in an encampment of squalid tents, has a wild and startling effect. The group is seated around the fire which has cooked their evening meal, and whose flickering rays reveal the picturesque features of those simple children of nature. They listen intently to the music which is their perennial entertainment. Presently a wild female form darts forward to commence the dance. She is scantily dressed and the rags drawn around her bosom envelop an infant of tender age. Placing her hand upon her lips she moves quickly right and left, advancing and retiring in a sidelong direction.

The music becomes quicker, her movements increase in rapidity and the clapping of hands and cries of her dusky companions rouse her to a frenzy of excitement. Her gestures are impassioned, her eyes fiery and the hair stands erect upon her head. She utters rapidly strange words of an unknown tongue to a tune still more strange and uncouth. The tawny infant seems to be inspired with the same fiend and cries and foams at the mouth like the mother. The dancer snatches the infant from her bosom, throws it in the air and allows the creature to fall into her outstretched arms. Her voice falters, her movements become less rapid, and overcome by exertion and excitement this unearthly song and dance terminate amid the frantic shouts of her companions.

The Book of Life.

[Whitehall Times.]

Childhood is the nursery rhyme, youth the love ballads, middle age the prose, and old age the blank verse in man's book of life.

A Remarkable Calculating Machine.

[New York Sun.]

The calculating machine invented by Professor Thompson appears to excel, in its ingenious adaptation to a variety of results, even Babbage's wonderful apparatus. By means of the mere friction of a disk, a cylinder and a ball the machine is capable of effecting numerous complicated calculations which occur in the highest application of mathematics to physical problems, and by its aid an unskilled person may, in a given time, perform the work of ten expert mathematicians.

The machine is applicable alike to the calculating of tidal, magnetic, meteorological, and other periodic phenomena; it will solve differential equations of the second or even higher powers or orders; and, through the same wonderful arrangement of mechanical parts, the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is done by simply turning a handle.

A DEAD COMMERCE.

ONCE A GIANT INSTITUTION WITH ENORMOUS PROFITS.

The Mexican Trading Train of Early Texas Days — Merchandise Mostly Smuggled and Sold at Prices Alarmingly Low—Gambling.

[San Antonio (Tex.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.]

"Do you know anything of a dead commerce," said the frontier lawyer. "Do you see its bones scattered around in this country, or has it so completely passed away that it leaves no trace behind it? I have been here thirty years; I saw it in its prime and fall. It was in its day a giant institution, requiring brain and muscle and capital. Like all commerces it had its victims and its kings. It made many and slew more. Its wild adventure, its hazardous, but enormous profits, its duels and its deaths, its laughter and its pain drew many to its embrace. It has a graveyard of its own. Some day I will show it to you.

"You stand on the railroaded Texas frontier to-day and can not realize the condition of things that made the Mexican trading train possible; but I have seen it when it was the sole excitement, and sometimes the sole savior, of an isolated people. It had its origin in the far fields of Monterey, and made its appearance with as much regularity—if more slowness—as the locomotive of to-day. The train was formed of 100 or more broad, heavy, two-wheeled Mexican carrettas, or carts, loaded with every description of merchandise. It was under the leadership of one captain and traveled heavily armed. It made its way from the smiling fields of Mexico through a country thick with dangers, held by the Comanche and Lipan, rank with murder, to the Rio Grande, which it crossed and camped in American Texas. Its coming had been heralded and waited with anxiety. Mounted couriers on lashed ponies gave the news of its advent.

OPENING A FAIR.

"When it reached its destination—some small frontier village, it halted for a time and opened its fair. The cattle were banded and placed in charge of experienced herders. The huge carts were ranged in a circle, leaving a place in the center for trade. There was a preliminary dance, and in the morning following the market was opened. These traders belonged to a race that has passed away. They were composite, taken from many nations. You might find among them the German, drawn from his land by hope of gain; the Frenchman, lured by adventure; the lazy Spaniard, the American desperado, the half-breed Indian, but chiefly the Mexican from the interior, all with goods of some kind, all moderately wealthy, and all ready at a hat's drop for a fight or a frolic.

"I have known one train to be worth in goods alone $50,000. Their merchandise was, of course, mostly smuggled and sold at prices alarmingly low. It contained the goods of every nation, from the silks of France to the japanned work of the east. Gold and silver were the only currency known. But $1 in those days was worth $5 now. The people came from far and near. It was the hottest scene imaginable. It was a poetic and picturesque scene. The barter lasted generally for two weeks, and was always carried far into the night. The flashing musquite fires, the drifting, pungent smoke, the swarthy, richly attired forms, the shrill chatter, the drinking, the oaths, the powerful horses standing round, the light flashing on the besilvered saddles made pictures never to be forgotten."

FRONTIER RECREATION.

"What was the chief mark of your corpse commerce?"

"Gambling. Gambling, first, last and all the time. The monte booths were the first opened. The mescal tents came next. Then the merchandise was spread out for inspection. All was a lawless population, and its acts were necessarily lawless. There was drunkenness unutterable. There was a murder every night. I have seen the peons of the rich rancheros wheel in their silver in small handbarrows. The dollars were always put up in rouleaux, canvas-covered, tarred down the sides, $100 in a sack. I have seen the lordly hidalgos bet five of these sacks on the turn of the cards, smoking and chatting unconcernedly the while; rake in their winnings quietly, or turn away with a shrug, first exchanging a pleasant word of congratulation with the dealer. They were great times, and we young law limbs, who visited these places in a spirit of fun and with an eye to business, always had our hands full defending traders and buyers. But there was never a dispute over money matters. There was many a fight, but no arguing over dimes or dollars."

Government Distribution of Seeds.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

Gradually appropriations were made for the purchase of seeds, which were distributed by senators and representatives to their constituents. When President Pierce appointed Judge Charles Mason commissioner of patents, in 1853, Mr. Landreth, a prominent Philadelphia seedsman, waited on him and represented to him the folly and evil of this proceeding. The commissioner admitted that the government was wrong in giving away seeds that might be bought anywhere in the country. He thought the funds should be devoted exclusively to obtaining from remote countries such plants, etc., as might not reach us through commercial channels.

But he soon discovered that garden seeds, no matter how common, were demanded in unmeasured quantity by members of congress. They made capital at home. Did not the onion seed draw tears from Mr. Bigler? Must not the women at home be complimented with something for their gardens? for, though having no votes themselves, they plead powerfully with those who have. Such was the pressure that Judge Mason yielded, sent a clerk to London and Paris in pursuit of seeds, under difficulties, and he spent near $30,000 at a single seed store, when varieties of infinitely greater value might have been had at home.

Laughing Gas the Latest Fad.

[New York Letter.]

There is readiness enough in the belles of New York to grab right hold of new ideas that are frivolous, and it is a pity that their inclination in that respect can not be diverted into higher channels. I went the other day to have a tooth pulled. New York has several places exclusively for that jerky sort of surgery, wherein no other dentistry is practiced, and where great quantities of laughing gas are used. The accustomed patient sits placidly down in the chair, breathes out of the bag, goes to sleep, and awakens in a minute or so find that his tooth is gone. He has suffered neither dread nor pain. But the novices do not divest themselves of the fright of anticipation, and the waiting-room is therefore full of woe-begone faces and trembling limbs, and the voice of persuasion is constantly raised. This time, however, I saw a bevy of fashionably-dressed girls, not one of whom showed symptoms of aching teeth or palpitating terror.

"Now, ladies," said one of the operators, "please step this way." They went into the sanctum, but were not so perfectly secluded that I could not see what was done to them. Each in turn took a blithesome seat in the chair, breathed the gas, fell back insensible, speedily aroused herself, and gave place to another subject. Then they paid 50 cents apiece, and departed, laughing and chattering.

"They take the gas for exhilaration," said the doctor, when I asked for an explanation. "It is usually a cure for headache; it revivifies a jaded brain, and it has suddenly become a stylish thing to take. After a late night at a reception, or any other cause of lassitude, the belles visit us, in parties like the one you've seen, and take light doses of laughing gas. That is the latest swell fad, you know."

The Gulf Stream.

The temperature of the gulf stream has been found by Capt. Pillsbury to range from 42 to 81 degrees. The greatest velocity at the surface is four and one half knots, but the fluctuations are frequent and great.

Josh Billings: If you kant trust a man for the full amount let him skip. This trying to get an average on honesty has always been a failure.

CHARLES DICKENS' DEMISE.

His Last Moments Touchingly Described by His Daughter.

[Miss Dickens.]

On the Monday morning the sisters were to leave for London. Charles Dickens had an intense dislike to, and shrinking from, all leave-taking. He never used the word "good-bye" if he could help it, and generally left us for any short absence with a kiss or a nod. But on this day his daughter Kate said: "I must say good-bye to papa," and went over to the chalet where he was busy writing. As a rule, when he was busy he would just put up his cheek to be kissed. But this day he took his daughter in his arms saying: "God bless you, Katie!" And there among the branches of the trees, among the birds and butterflies and scent of flowers she left him.

All that day and the next he was well, but soon tired—an unusual thing for him. On Wednesday morning he was in excellent spirits, talking to "auntie" about his book, "Edwin Drood," and, as he was to go to his office in London the next day he would work in the chalet and take no drive or walk until the evening. He once came to the house in the middle of the day, smoked a cigar in the conservatory, which "improvement" he took intense delight in, and went back to the chalet. It was not until he and his sister-in-law, the only member of the family home just then, sat down to dinner that she noticed a change in his color and expression. She asked him if he were ill, and he said: "Yes, very ill; I have been very ill for the last hour."

She was going to send immediately for a doctor, but he forbade her, saying that he would go on with the dinner, and to London afterward. He struggled against the fit that was coming on, and she, becoming seriously alarmed, entreated him to come and sit down. "Yes, on the ground," he answered, quite distinctly, and, on her going to assist him, he slid from her arms and fell on the floor. A couch was brought into the dining-room, on which he was laid. Telegrams were sent to his children and to his London doctor, and a messenger sent for the doctor at Rochester, and the faithful friend and companion sat alone, for a time, watching. The two daughters and Mr. Beard arrived that evening, the eldest son the next morning, and his son Henry from Cambridge the evening of the 9th, too late, alas.

We watched all through the night and all through the next day, but he never once opened his eyes or showed one sign of consciousness. It was better so for him. The last "good-bye" would have caused him such pain and sorrow. But we could tell the moment—ten minutes past 6 o'clock—when his spirit took flight. A shadow stole across his face, a tear rolled down his cheek, he gave a deep sigh, and he was gone from us.

A Noble Woman Hater.

[London Truth.]

Lord Strathnairn was a confirmed bachelor, and when he forgot the power of beauty he became a misogynist. Spirits feminine were only suffered to come near him when he was at home. He traveled about with a butler, valet, groom, coachman, who were on board wages, and who all had, save the personal attendant, to find their own lodgings. Once upon a time, and not a very long time ago, he fell ill in the course of a summer tour somewhere in a mountainous place. There was no doctor at hand, but an American doctress was staying at the hotel, and was called in by the landlady to see what was the matter with her eminent guest. He had been in a state of semi-insensibility.

On opening his eyes and perceiving two women bending over him, one of whom was young and well-favored, he bounced out of bed and told them to begone. He was a proper man and did not want any such creatures about him. In their astonishment the ladies neglected to obey his peremptory order, on seeing which he took the doctress by the shoulders and pushed her at a running pace out of the room.

In his last illness he was brought to his senses by the presence of a nurse who had been called in to see that the doctor's prescriptions were regularly followed. His mind had been a little shaken by a recent apoplectic fit, and he imagined, because an attendant wearing female habiliments was near him, that the hotel, or rather auberg, where he was staying at Versailles to look after a lawsuit, was an establishment of another kind. His rage and distress were boundless until he was by friends and servants brought to understand that the poor woman, whose presence so agitated him, was merely a sick nurse. However, no argument could bring him to let her remain. Out she had to bundle, then and there.

SHEEP AS CHAMOIS.

How the Skin of the Alpine Climber Is Counterfeited by Manufacturers.

[Philadelphia Exchange.]

It is a matter of fact that there have not been a dozen chamois pelts imported into this country in as many years, for the simple reason that the chamois have become so scarce that a successful chamois hunt is of rare occurrence. The animal, which inhabits the Alpine regions of central Europe, frequents the wildest and most inaccessible peaks and ravines of its mountain home. The port of the chamois hunt was at one time a very popular one, and expeditions to the animals' browsing places, were, in the past, frequently organized, and the few animals that existed between the snow line and the glacier line of the Alps were so thinned out by these hunting parties that they are now very rare.

In the whole year the total number of chamois killed by the hunters was 918, and if the trade depended on the chamois for the commercial "shammy" skin, there would not have been enough skins thrown on the market in that year to give each importing house in the country a half skin. Time was when the chamois skin of the trade was genuine, but the scarcity of the animal and the rapidly growing demand for the article necessitated a substitute, and this was found in the skin of the common sheep, which now masquerades under the appearance and name of the original article.

All the chamois skins that are brought to this country come from France or from England. Up to within a few years ago the entire trade in this country was furnished from England, the skins coming from the backs of sheep that were raised and grazed on English pasture lands. French chamois was unknown to the American trade. There is little difference in the value of the French and English chamois, both answering the purpose for which they are purchased equally well. The only real difference—and it is a difference in which the French lose their claim for the the superiority of their goods over the English goods—is that on account of the peculiar properties of a certain fish oil with which they prepare their skins, the French chamois, instead of drying hard and stiff, like parchment, dries as soft as before it is put in water. The English chamois is prepared in oil and lime, and is bleached to any desired shade. The best quality of goods comes from the backs of the young animals. After the wool has been removed the skins are shaved down to the required thickness, which is regulated by the purpose for which the skin is to be used.

After it has been tanned it is put into a preparation of oil and lime, softened, and then bleached to the desired shade. It is then dried and sorted, according to the sizes of the skins, and tied up in bundles called by the trade "kips," and it is ready to be thrown on the market and sold by the druggists and the trade generally as genuine.

Simply Beautiful.

[Chicago Times.]

The equipments of the fashionable "autumn hotel" at Long Branch are open fireplaces, tiling, rugs, beautiful hangings, wax candles, embroidered bedspreads, decorated waste-baskets, and other articles considered by the visitors "simply beautiful."

Money in Australia.

[New York Tribune.]

Australia must be a good place to visit. George Augustus Sala writes from there that he has "made a pot of money. Genevieve Ward has made $50,000, and Boucicault is doing a tremendous business."

THE THREE BALLS.

THE MELANCHOLY INTEREST A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP POSSESSES.

The Visits of Customers Described by an Eye-Witness—A Dreary and Gloomy Procession—A First Experience—Romance, Tragedy.

[New York Sun.]

Glance into the windows of any of the various pawnbroker's shops in Chatham street, the Bowery, and Third, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues, and there is displayed the same tangled heap of "personal property," thrown together in the same confused, dusty, neglected jumble. There is the same triple row of watches of every description, gold, silver, nickel and brass, some with chains attached and some without, in all stages of disrepute and unrepair, hung across the rear of the window. There is the same assortment of violins, dusty and disused, hung up at the sides, and in the heap at the bottom of the window there is almost everything—rings, match boxes, accordions, pipes, opera glasses, carved cigarette-holders, decorated fans, revolvers, flatirons, padlocks, watch-chains, bracelets, necklaces, lamp standards, fanciful ink bottles, scissors, eyeglasses, paper-cutters, silver cups, prize medals, steel handcuffs, sets of silver-plated forks, gold penholders, knives of every conceivable description, razors, cigar cases, musical instruments, mechanics' tools of all trades and endless trinkets and bric-a-brac.

A DREARY PROCESSION.

Stand near the door of any one of these shops and watch the men and women who go in and out. It is not very strange, but it is an index to the character of the place, the fact that the greatest number of customers come just about dusk. They dislike to go in in open day, when they may be detected on the steps; and neither do they desire to enter at night, when the lights inside make them conspicuous from the street. It is a dreary and gloomy procession that enters the portals under the gilded balls. Want has brought the great majority of them there, and poverty has stamped their features. How familiar are the types of destitution, and how hackneyed their description sounds. A woman with pinched and saddened features, wearing a faded shawl and carrying underneath its folds a package done up in a newspaper, enters the door with which she is too familiar, and goes up to the end of the counter where a big man of a Semitic cast of visage stands serene and majestic in his shirt sleeves. A young man, whom nature has stamped as his son, is at his side. The woman draws the package from under her shawl and lays it on the counter. Father and son pay her no attention, but continue a conversation relative to the respective merits of the black cigars they alternately place between their lips and then withdraw to contemplate the color of the ash at the end.

The woman opens the paper and discloses a neatly folded brown dress of some woollen material, and then waits wearily until the younger man said something jerks it toward him and inquires:

"How much you want?"

"Can you give me $1," she asks.

"Fifty cents," says the older man, with one glance at the garment.

The younger man looks at it more carefully, and then says: "Forty cents." The old man nods approvingly and turns to his papers.

"All right," the woman says, knowing from bitter experience that no amount of pleading can make one penny's difference in the result.

The young man tosses the dress to one side, makes out two tickets at the desk, pins one to the dress, reaches into a drawer that sounds an alarm bell when it is opened, and tosses the other ticket and 40 cents on to the counter.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

A young man is the next customer. He has sauntered up the street whistling, with an overcoat on his arm, as if it were too warm to wear it, though the air is sharp and biting. He stops carelessly at the pawnbroker's window and looks in at the triple row of watches, whose hands, all pointing to different times of day, give an air of recklessness and improvidence to the interior that seems well suited to its dismal usages. The young man looks in for some time at the window, not because he is undecided what course to pursue, but in order to wait until the other young man, who seems interested in the scrutiny of a pair of dueling pistols, has gone away. Then the young man with the overcoat glances hastily about and enters the door. He throws the overcoat down at the nearest end of the counter and waits for one of the black eyebrowed gentleman to come and look at it. He waits for several minutes and then carries it up to their end of the counter. It is obviously his first experience with the money lender. The young man with the prominent nose looks curiously at the coat and says: "Two dollars."

"Oh, no," says the other young man with a forced smile, with which he intends to convey the idea that he is not to be taken in. "I paid $35 for that coat, and I've only worn it a little while. I want $5 on it."

The young man behind the counter gives the garment a push toward its owner and turns calmly away. The other young man waits two or three minutes for him to turn and take it back, but as no indication of any such action is evinced, he inquires mildly:

"Well, how much will you give?"

He of the prominent nose turns and says harshly: "I told you $2. If you dont want to take it, pick up your coat and git out of the shop."

The young man does pick up his coat and walks rapidly toward the door. He is biting his lips, and can it be possible that he is trying to keep back tears—weak, effeminate tears? He stops at the door with his hand on the knob, and then turns about and walks back to the counter.

"Couldn't you give me $3?" he asks timidly.

"Did you hear me say I only give you $2?" demands the pawnbroker's son.

"All right," responds the other, meekly, and the same rapid transfer of tickets, coat, and money is made as in the former instance.

ROMANCE, TRAGEDY, CRIME.