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The Transcript.

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, December 2, 1886.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.

An Astonishing and Painful Revelation at a Circus in an Arizona Town,

HOLDON, A. T., Nov., 16.—An indignation meeting was held here last night. A circus came to town day before yesterday, and after putting up many bills, prepared for an exhibition which was to be given last evening. The people traveling with the show were few in number, and there did not appear to be much property with the caravan; but as frontiersmen are accustomed to shows that do not look very well on the outside, no attention was paid to the fact that only one wagon sufficed to bring all the property to town. The Mayor said, when asked for his opinion on the subject, that the best show he ever saw was one that came in on one wagon, and others expressed similar views. The managers toiled vigorously all the afternoon in getting their tent ready, and to the inquiries of a few bystanders who wanted to know how many performers there were, they replied good naturedly that there were plenty of them, and that they would be on hand fast enough when the time came.

A great many people were in town, and at dark they all moved toward the tent, which was pitched just outside of the camp. Two doors had been provided, and persons wishing to enter could take their choice. A man stood at each and accepted the money, no tickets being required. On entering the pavilion the spectators saw in front of them a big piece of canvas reaching from the top to the ground, and it was supposed that this was the curtain. The Mayor explained that in all the new circuses at the East curtains were used exclusively, and all hands accepted the device as fresh proof of the increasing metropolitan characteristics of Holdon. The crowd was noisy, and for a time it amused itself by telling stories and indulging in other playfulness suited to its tastes. At length, as there seemed to be some delay about beginning the performance, the Mayor stood up on a box, and, after clearing his throat, said he would speak a few words for the edification of the strangers who were in Holdon for the first time. He then branched out in a long dissertation on the advantages enjoyed by the town, and was about to invite all creation to come here and settle, when a tremendous noise was heard on the other side of the curtain.—Thinking the show was about to open, the Mayor broke off short, saying that he would finish his remarks at some other time. Taking his seat, he and all who were around him became quiet, and then was heard the voice of 'Squire Basey whooping up somebody to come here in much the same language that the Mayor had been using. For a moment the people were dumbfounded and did not know what to make of the thing. Had the 'Squire been imbibing again, and, contrary to the peace and dignity of the town, had he invaded the dressing room of the show for the purpose of making one of his long winded speeches? The perspiration stood out on the Mayor's brow. The 'Squire's voice rang out loud and clear, and at the close of every sentence prolonged cheers greeted him. It was plain that he was entertaining the performers, and if not shut off the show might never begin.

Feeling that a heavy responsibility rested upon him, the Mayor rose and said:

'I fear that the 'Squire is taking up too much of the performers' time. He means well, fellow citizens, but he forgets that we have assembled here for another purpose to-night. Is it the wish of the audience that I should prevail upon him to bring his remarks to a close so that the performers may go on with their entertainment?'

It was, as a prolonged howl signified. The Mayor accordingly put on his hat, and, with his cane in hand, he made for the curtain. He had some difficulty in obtaining an entrance, because he wished to go into the sacred precincts of the circus dressing room with proper dignity. Failing to remove the curtain as easily as he had thought it might be done, he turned to the crowd and said that he did not exactly understand its arrangement. If some of the boys would give him a lift so as to permit him to enter in a perpendicular position, he would be much obliged. Twenty or thirty of the boys sprang to his assistance, and a minute later the curtain was down a groan that might have been heard in Death Valley rose and fell on the evening air.

There facing each other were all the citizens of Holdon and the residents of the surrounding camps.—The 'Squire was still speaking when the curtain came down, and it was not until he had looked around him and seen the people in front and behind him that he was able to take in the situation. For a few seconds nobody spoke, but it was only for a few. Then came a rush for the air and an angry demand for the showmen. Not a circus man was to be found. Their wagon was standing outside, but their horses were gone, and a glance at the tent, which had nothing in it but the citizens of Holdon, who had been divided into two equal parts by the drop curtain, showed that it was destitute of dressing room and of everything else. It was a clear case of swindle, and, the night being dark and the circus men having a big start, it was decided that pursuit was useless. Later on all hands met at the hotel and held a demonstration. The Mayor and the 'Squire both spoke at length, and declared without reserve that of all the skin game that they had ever had played on them this was the worst. Several other speakers manifested a disposition to criticise the Mayor for his assertion that Eastern circuses always divided the tent with a curtain, but he parried the suggestion that he might have been standing in with the sharpers by threatening to resign, a thing not to be thought of, because he is the richest man in town. After deciding to hold a meeting to night for the purpose of raising money to bring the swindlers to justice, the crowd adjourned.

It now turns out the circus men were the owners of a show which had gone to pieces on the border, and, having nothing left but their tent and a couple of horses, they decided to sell their canvas as well as they could. It is estimated that they got away with $250, and the town is sorer than it was when Alligator Charley cleaned it out at poker.

MARRIED ON HORSEBACK.

Tennessee Lovers Escape and Are Married While Hotly Pursued.

From the Nashville American.

A novel and thrilling runaway marriage occurred a few days ago in Williamson county, the facts about which have just come to the surface. A young man, a well-to-do farmer, about ten miles east of Franklin, and a beautiful girl, the only daughter of an old and rich stock raiser near by, were the two brave parties.

They had been knowing each other for years and had been engaged for some time. The old man opposed the marriage, not because of any especial objection to his daughter's suitor, but because he didn't want her to marry anybody.

Several attempts to run away had been frustrated by the stern parent, who told the young man if he tried again he would kill him, and if they married he would kill them both. Nevertheless, remembering that faint heart never won fair lady, the lover braved the danger of losing his life and made another plan with his sweetheart.

On the day set the young man dashed on a horse up to a by-way near his beloved's house where she was waiting for him, and taking her up behind him he galloped away. The old man, who kept a close watch on the young lady whenever she left the house, seeing what was up, in five minutes was in his saddle and tearing after the flying couple. The would-be husband and wife made straight for the house of Mr. John Buchanan, the nearest magistrate. The old 'Squire was found at his sorghum mill, and when he recognized the pair jumped on a pile of cane, and as they were on horseback, before half a dozen breaths could be drawn made them one, and none too soon. On the top of the hill in the distance was the irate sire. The bride and groom dashed off in an opposite direction, and when the pursuer came up the good old 'Squire, with a merry twinkle in his eye, called to him, and in kindness for the young folks detained him for a few minutes.

The couple got away, the relator said, and the next day they wrote a note to the father, telling him if he ever wanted to see his child again he had better extend his forgiveness. The letter was productive of good results, and the old man had his daughter and the young man his wife in one and the same person and are friendly.

Statesmen Under the Razor.

From the Cleveland Leader.

I dropped into a barber's chair last night for a shave. The young colored man who handled the razor was a character. He told me that he shaved many of the prominent men of the country. Said he: "Speaker Carlisle is a hard man to shave. He has an angular, rough bearded face. He drops into the chair and does not say a word until he gets out of it except when he is afraid of being cut. He is mighty close as to money matters, and he loves the lucre. We charge here 15 cents. If Carlisle cannot make the change by 5 cents he will say: 'Just remember that, and I will take it off of my next shave.' If we happen to forget it he does not, and he will say: 'You know I gave you five cents too much last time, and so this dime will make us square.'

"I shaved Steve Elkins a number of times this summer. He is a light-haired, full-faced fellow, with a soft beard. He has an easy face to shave, and is a pleasant man in the barber's chair. He talks, but he does not waste words on the weather. He chooses big subjects, and is a liberal converser. Harrison Garrett, a brother of Bob, spent the summer at Deer Park, where I ran the barber shop. I shaved Garrett. He is a stiff young man, who clothes himself in a mantle of dignity, and never gets its off."

"Did you ever shave a President?" I inquired.

"No. But I used to go over Hendricks' face every day or two. Vice-President Hendricks was a very hard man to keep clean. It took a long time, too, to shave him, but he was such a good talker, and told so many stories, that I never noticed how the time was passing. The last time he was here Postmaster-General Vilas came with him, and he kept telling 'antedores' to him between the sweeps of the razor. I have shaved Dan Voorhees, too, at times. Voorhees has one of those red and gray, coarse beards, which is very hard to cut. He is very particular as to his personal appearance, and considers himself a dandy. Gov. Curtin has a national reputation as being the worst man in the country to shave. His beard is very hard, and it runs all sorts of ways. The hairs overlap each other, and have no regularity whatever. All the barbers about Washington know him, and some of them will make an excuse to get out of the shop when he comes in. Bancroft comes here to get his hair cut, but he oftener has us come to his house for this purpose. The old man likes to talk while we are dressing his head, but you have to work very carefully with him. He is getting old, and is liable to be out of humor at times."

IN the majority of cases the Russian priest is the son of a priest; sometimes he comes from the small shopkeeping class or from the peasantry. He passes six years at the Diocesan Seminary, where he is taught theology, the Scriptures, and a very little Greek and Latin. Those only who satisfy the examiners are ordained as priests, the remainder receiving the inferior degrees of deacon and psalmist. The members generally of the Russian clergy form a class apart, and are never invited either to the castle or the house of their middle class parishioners except for official purposes. In money matters they are exacting. One of them, a very honest man, and in intelligence above the average, said recently: 'The year has been a bad one for me, there were few births and marriages.—There were plenty of interments, but people pay more cheerfully to be married than they do for burials.' Sacraments sometimes are refused to dying persons whose friends cannot afford to pay the usual fees.

CONGRESSMEN'S SALARIES.

They are Mighty Important to Most of the Statesmen—Few Despise Them.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

There are some fifteen or twenty members of the House of Representatives who do not draw their pay regularly every month, but let it accumulate in the hands of the Sergeant-at-Arms, to whom they give orders on the United States Treasurer. Among these is Congressman Bill Scott of Erie, Pa. He has not drawn a dollar of his salary for the present Congress from the Sergeant-at-Arms, and there is over $8,000 to his credit in the office of that official, including mileage, &c. The majority of the members, however, draw their money regularly, and in several instances there are some who have overdrawn. This is done at the risk of the Sergeant-at-Arms and the money advanced is that deposited with him to the credit of those who have not drawn for several months.

There are a number who do not draw a cent from the beginning of a session until its close, when they get it in a lump, and during the recess have a draft sent to them on the first of each month for their salary for the month previous. There are some twenty-five or thirty who draw quarterly or every four or five months. One or two take it but once a year, and several only twice a year. It is said that one Ohio member has not touched a cent of his salary as Congressman for six months. It is also said that the Sergeant-at-Arms is in a hole to the tune of several hundred dollars in accommodating one Ohio statesman who will not be a member in the Fiftieth Congress. Cooper of the Mount Vernon district is one of those who do not trouble the Sergeant-at-Arms very often, but usually gets his money in the shape of a draft for a good large figure. So far as other Ohio Congressmen are concerned, the Sergeant-at-Arms does not keep on hand much cash belonging to them, as they keep their accounts pretty evenly balanced. The system of the Sergeant-at-Arms is that of a regular banking establishment, and a separate account is kept with each member.

It is said to be a remarkable fact that the majority of the members from south of Mason and Dixon's line live up to their salaries, and in many instances some of these get their pay discounted for several months in advance by the city banks, or get the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrange it for them. Usually these transactions are made by that official, who advances the money. He claims, it is stated, that he gets the notes discounted by local brokers or bankers. The transactions vary in amount from $100 to $5,000 per year. One Congressman is said to have got his salary advanced for a year. He had his life insured for the benefit of the party who arranged the transaction. The latter was thus protected in the event of the debtor's death, as any balance due a deceased Congressman or any extra pay voted on his account is paid to his widow or some other member of his family

When a Congressman is hard up and wants to sell 'his time' he calls on the Sergeant-at-Arms or some other person in a position able to accommodate him—usually the former—and executes his receipts on the United States Treasurer for the month that, if he lives, he would be entitled to compensation as a Congressman, and makes them payable for the consecutive months covering the time for which the wages are advanced. Then he is required by his benefactor, or broker, to take out a short time life insurance policy, so that if he should in the mean time be overtaken by the dread destroyer before the last receipt matures, the usurer is made safe by the insurance company. Generally, however, a number of those who are hard up get their notes discounted through the Sergeant-at-Arms. The latter claims, it is said, that he gets them discounted in the city banks, the Sergeant-at-Arms being the endorser, but the indigent statesman secures that official by having his life insured in his favor. These transactions usually take place prior to a Congressional election. It is said during former administrations of the office of Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives the discounts for loans of this character largely exceeded the salary of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

FLOOD OF CHEAP LABOR.

A Dirty and Ignorant Class of Immigrants.

Correspondence of the Sunday News.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.

Nobody need be much surprised to find the question of the restriction of immigration made an issue in Congress. It is already forcing itself upon the attention of the authorities of this city, and has become a serious problem. The class of foreigners now immigrating to America and locating in this city and vicinity is not a desirable population, either as mere laborers or as citizens. Almost every degenerate nation of Europe, Asia and Africa is represented in each shipload of immigrants dumped on our docks every week. Not sturdy Irishmen, Germans and Norwegians, such as we used to see land here and be heartily welcomed, but dirty and diminutive Italians, Algerians, Moors, Bulgarians and Gypsies now pour in upon us. They are not merely poor, but ignorant and otherwise undesirable. The most of them look as though they had never been able to accumulate a ten dollar bill in their lives. Few of the women or children seem ever to have known the use of bonnet or hat, and their other clothing is so *outre* and ill-fitting as to make them look worse than scarecrows. They seem to come here without definite purpose, and, after lingering for a while in idleness, they disappear nobody knows where. The aqueduct contractors seize and bury many of the men in the great tunnel they are digging, but these are only a small fraction of the many who are constantly landing. On Sunday last a family of Gypsies banished from Bermuda was landed here, arrested as vagrants and finally banished by a police court justice from the city, the learned justice directing the officers of his court to see that they crossed the river into New Jersey! At almost any hour of the day one may see groups of these undesirable immigrants in City Hall Park, idly looking about them and sullenly regarding everybody who observes them. One cannot walk from City Hall to the Battery without encountering parties of them evidently newly landed. The emigration commissioners send back a great many, but not half enough. The disposition of the vagrants among them gives rise to many discussions in the board. The many idle laborers of native birth—and there are many thousands of such in the city at present—regard these new comers with distrust; and trouble will eventually come from this influx of cheap and ignorant labor. The Italians are cleaning our streets, planting our parks, building our sub-ways and digging our aqueducts at about one half that which the native laborer demands.

Edward Atkinson on the Food Question.

Adward Atkinson has an article in the December *Century* on 'The Food Question in America and Europe,' in which he gives some remarkable facts and figures. We quote as follows:

'The food question in Europe may be one of possible revolution and repudiation of national debts, and of the disruption of nations as they now exist; and to this branch of the victualing department attention may well be called, because its conditions are as greatly in contrast to those of the United States; but this phase of the question will be treated separately in a subsequent article. May we not find in these costly armies, excessive debts, and excessive taxes not only the cause of pauper wages, but also the cause of the ineffectual and costly quality of so-called 'pauper labor'? May there not also be found in these figures the incentives to socialism, to communism and to anarchy? What hope for men and women, the whole of whose product would barely suffice for subsistence, when ten, twenty and perhaps even thirty per cent. is diverted from their own use, and even food is denied them sufficient to maintain health and strength, in order that these great armies may be sustained?

'The victualing department is therefore presented in these three phases:

'*First.* In our own country the only question is how to save the waste of our abundance, and how to teach not only the working people, but even the prosperous, the right methods of obtaining a good and wholesome subsistence at less cost in money than they now spend for a poor and dyspeptic one.

'*Second.* In Great Britain and Ireland the victualing department underlies a system of land tenure which is now on its trial, and which has led to such artificial conditions that great areas of good land have been thrown entirely out of cultivation, while half the people are being fed from fields from five thousand to fifteen thousand miles distant.

'*Third.* Upon the continent of Europe the victualing department stands face to face with a forced method of distributing and wasting a food-product which, as a whole, is insufficient to maintain the whole population in vigor and health even if it were evenly distributed, as food must be equally distributed by weight if not by quality, in order that men and women may be equally well nourished.

'When a famished democracy becomes conscious of its power, what will be the end of the privileges which are not founded on rights, and of national debts which have been incurred by dynastics without the consent of the people who are now oppressed by them? How will standing armies be disbanded, which now seem to be incapable of being sustained as they are impossible of being disarmed?

'Such are some of the appalling questions to which we are led when we attempt to analyze the in which men, women and children now obtain the modicum of meat and bread which they must have every day in order to exist, and that daily ration of dairy products, of fruit, or sugar and of spice which is needed for common comfort."

The Dreams of the Blind.

A paper read before the biological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was on 'The Dreams of the Blind,' by Dr. Joseph Jastrow. The object of the paper was to determine the extreme age at which a child may become blind and yet lose all memory of the visible world, so that it no longer sees in its dreams.

Almost all dreams of normal persons are sight dreams, and a dream is often spoken of as a vision. The blind are deprived of this most important sense; but if they have not been born blind, they may remember enough of what they have seen to enable them to imagine how things look, and when the imagination has free play in sleep, to picture themselves as in full possession of all their senses. Physiologists would explain this by saying that during the years in which they saw, a certain part of the brain has become educated to receive and interpret all these messages which the eye sends, and that when this part of the brain acts spontaneously in sleep, the person dreams of seeing. Such a portion of the brain would be called the sight center.

If now we find out the latest age at which blindness may set in and yet the person keep on dreaming of seeing, we shall find out the time it takes this sight center to develope. For this pupose about 200 blind persons of both sexes were questioned at the institutions for the blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and it was found that those who became blind before their fifth year never dreamed of seeing; of those whose sight was lost between the fifth and seventh year, some did and some did not see in their dreams; while all whose eyesight was destroyed after the seventh year had quite as vivid dream visions as seeing people. The fifth to the seventh year is thus shown to be the critical period. This period corresponds with the age which authorities assign as the limit at which a child becoming deaf will become dumb, and also with the age of one's earliest continuous memory of one's self.

It is interesting to note that blind persons dream as frequently as normal people, and that with those who do not see in their dreams, hearing plays the principal part. When dreaming of home, for instance, they will hear their father's voice or their sister singing, and perhaps will feel the familiar objects in the room, and thus know they are at home. We, in such a case, would see it all.

A Hint to Bashful Young Man.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bachelor Uncle—'Ah, my dear, you look as pretty as a picture, I don't wonde: George thinks so much of you. Has the rascal proposed yet?'

Pretty Niece—'No, uncle, he hasn't. I really believe he's afraid to.'

'Why don't you encourage him a little, my dear?'

'I do uncle; but you know it wouldn't be modest to do too much encouraging.'

'No, I suppose. I'll tell you what to do, though.'

'What is it, you dear old thing?'

'Just wait till Christmas and present him with one of those mottoes—'God Bless Our Home.' If that doesn't fix him nothing will.'

THE results of a census of the worshippers at the morning and evening services at the churches and chapels of London on Sunday, Oct. 24, showed that out of a population of over four millions about 400,000 were present in the morning and about 410,000 in the evening. At St. Paul's in the morning, 1,662 were present, and in the evening 3,403; at Westminster Abbey in the morning, 1,721; at Archdeacon Farrar's in the morning, 1,730, and in the evening 1,362. Mr. Spurgeon heads the Dissenters by a great distance, his attendance being 4,519 and 6,070. He is followed by his pupil, Mr. Archibald G. Brown of the East London Tabernacle, who returns 1,606 and 1,831, and by Dr. Parker of the City Temple with 1,325 and 2,415.

A SMALL dog fell into a vat of tanning liquid in a New London tannery and was likely to drown, for it was at night and the building was closed. But in swiming around he found a peg about six feet long that stops the hole in the bottom of the vat, where the liquid is drawn off, and his endeavors to perch on top of this peg loosened it so that it popped out of the hole. When the liquid ran out and the dog was found the next morning shivering on the bottom of the empty vat. No one saw all this, but the circumstantial evidence is strongly in favor of the explanation.

AN IMPERIAL MENU.

How the Sultan of Morocco Honors His Guests at Dinner.

From the Boston Herald.

Dining with the Sultan at Morocco is more of an honor than a pleasure, according to the account of a recent visitor connected with the French Embassy. The Sultan is even more of a spiritual than a temporal monarch, a sort of crowned saint, ex-officio, and therefore it is beneath his sacred dignity to dine in person with his guests, and he deputes a representative from his suite. The palace is too sacred a shrine to be the scenes of such festivity, and the dinner is usually served in the garden of the summer palace, outside of the town of Fez. When the narrator dined in the second-hand way with his sacred majesty the weather was hot, and the dinner was served in a town palace garden, beneath orange, lemon and pomegranate trees, where the buttercups, cornflowers and daisies grew so tall that they mingled with the boughs and the guests had hard work to fight their way on horseback to the table, or rather tray.

A drum-major, like a steward with a baton, headed the procession of slaves bearing the food on trays of wood with deep borders and conical covers of straw. The removal of these covers disclosed a frightful spectacle of fricasees of sheep and chickens, prepared with honey, sugar, syrup and fruits, and all imaginable and unimaginable horrors possible to cookery. The only dish which a European could eat was one of mutton, which was terribly greasy, and the conscousson. The slave who held this awkwardly spilled it into his sleeves and bosom, and conscientiously turned it out on the plate again. This upset European stomachs and desire to indulge in it, though they found that the slave knew etiquette. The proper way to eat conscousson is to take a quantity in the palm of the hand, eat it as best you may and return the remainder—for the whole never will quit the palm—into the common dish, lest the other guests should be deprived of even a crumb of the choice delicacy.

A Portrait of Henry Clay.

From Reminiscences by his Executor in the December Century.

Mr. Clay was tall and broad-shouldered without being bulky or fleshy, and when at all excited was of stately and commanding presence. Though his long limbs were loosely put together, yet his manner was neither awkward nor uncouth, nor even embarrassed; on the contrary, it was easy and natural, and wholly unpretentious: it was the easy, nonchalant air of a man accustomed to the ways of the world, and conscious that he was at least the peer of the foremost in every crowd in which he happened to be. Indeed, my own opinion is that he was never in the slightest degree, even in his early youth, awed by the presence of any one; he never seemed to feel, and in my opinion he never felt, that he was ever at any time in the presence of any one superior to himself. And therefore he was not only strikingly at ease, but at home, wherever he was, whether among his neighbors or strangers, whether at a social gathering, or at the bar, or as the Speaker of the House of Representatives, or on the floor of the Senate; and in my judgment he would have felt equally at home at a conference of kings and emperors. He seemed to have, not only an instinctive consciousness of his own strength, but of his own special capacity for leadership. Therefore he would take the lead to himself as if unconsciously, whatever the occasion, and as naturally and as gracefully as if it were his birthright; and few there were, if any, who ever seemed to be surprised that he had taken the place for which nature appeared to have designed him. Indeed, without any appearance of self-assertion on his part, and as if unconsciously to himself, there was a something in his presence and his manner that gave to him an authoritative air, and made him for the time the central, the commanding figure of the group about him.

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