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The Transcript,

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, December 16, 1886.

A PASSAGE.

The world was made when a man was born.
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth;
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth
Of the friend of his soul; he must laugh to scorn
The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.
And so he goes on, till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff;
He grows formal with men and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight;
Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head,
And lives for his pleasure—and 'tis time he were dead!

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Man-Eating Tigers.

Were it not for the presence of civilized man, with his flocks and herds, a tiger could never reach old age. Its stiffening or rather failing limbs would no longer enable it to capture the deer and other active animals which are its natural prey, nor could its blunted teeth tear the dead carcass in pieces. It would become more and more feeble, and in the course of nature would creep to some retired spot and there breathe its last. But the presence of civilized man gives it a longer lease of life. For some time it can haunt the outskirts of villages, picking up a stray ox or goat, and so sustaining life. As the infirmities of age make themselves felt, even so slight an exertion becomes too burdensome, and the animal finds that an old woman or a child that has strayed from the shelter of the house is a still easier prey. When once established in either of these stages of artificial life, the tiger becomes the most terrible foe that the mind of man can conceive. In the graphic language of Col. W. Campbell:

"A confirmed man-eater always lurks in the neighborhood of villages, or close to some well-frequented road, and rarely preys upon any other animal but man. When a tiger thus quarters himself almost at the doors of the inhabitants a curse has indeed fallen upon them. The ryots cannot cultivate their fields but at the risk of their lives. The women dare not fetch water from the well. The persecuted laborers, returning at sunset from their daily toil, may be seen hurrying along with headlong speed, and uttering loud yells in hope of scaring their hidden foe. Peace and security are banished from that devoted village. Day after day some member of the little community disappears—the land is filled with mourning, and the death-lament comes swelling on the evening breeze, instead of the gay notes of the zittar and the merry laughter of light-hearted maidens. The destroying fiend revels in blood, and becomes daily more open in his attacks."

In one district only, that of Kandeish, the officer in command reported that during his four years' tenure of the post the tigers killed annually an average of ninety human beings and six thousand cattle. An old man-eater develops an amount of cunning which is simply appalling. It never remains for any length of time in one place, but incessantly travels from one village to another, concealing itself with the utmost art, carrying off one of the inhabitants, and immediately making its way to some distant spot. A single tiger has been known to paralyze a triangular district of some forty miles in extent.

The natives feel themselves powerless, and all that they can think of is to offer rice to their numerous divinities. Their only real hope lies in the European, whom they despise and abhor as an unbeliever, but respect for his powers. Mounted on trained elephants, and guided by native trackers, mostly belonging to the Bheel tribe, the English hunters first discover the beast in its hiding-place, and then destroy it.

A remarkable instance of the cunning of an old man-eater is narrated by Colonel W. Campbell in his *Indian Journal*. A man-eating tigress had been tracked for four days by the Bheel, and at last 'barbored,' as stag-hunters say, in a small thicket. As the party approached the tigress charged them, and then retreated to the thicket. The elephant was taken through the cover, but the tigress had slipped out. Guided by a Bheel, who walked by the elephant's side, the track was followed for some distance. Making a circuit, it led back to the thicket, but again the cover was empty. On making a 'cast' to discover the lost track, a fresh footprint of a tiger was seen over that of the elephant. Again a circuit was made, and with the same result. Completely puzzled, the Bheel was about to start off on foot in search of the track, when one of them happened to look back and saw the tiger crouching behind the elephant, and scarcely visible. The crafty animal had been creeping after the elephant, waiting for an opportunity of pouncing on the Bheel as soon as he left his shelter. Had it not been for the casual glance by which the position of the animal was detected the device would have been successful. As it was the hunter placed a bullet between her eyes as she was watching the Bheel, who she instinctively knew to be the real element of danger to her.

Comedy and tragedy go hand in hand in these hunts. An amusing example of the former is given by the same traveler. A tiger had been wounded, but although one of his hind legs was broken it made its way into a patch of high grass, and hid there. Guided by the Bheels the elephant entered the grass patch for the purpose of driving out the tiger. The cunning animal allowed the party to pass, and then sprang at one of the Bheels, 'a little, hary, bandy-legged man, more like a satyr than a human being.' The Bheel dashed at the nearest tree, and, owing to the broken leg of the tiger, was able to climb out of reach.—Finding himself safe, the Bheel commenced a philippic against the father, mother, sisters, aunts, neices, and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little enemy, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage.

"As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon; pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of the tiger; and at last when fairly exhausted, he leaned forward till he appeared to be within the grasp of the enraged animal and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face."

Sometimes the tragic element prevails. In one of these too numerous instances a man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood, had been traced down and was seen to creep into a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by a wound. Unfortunately these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from his refuge, and one of them who had taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing his sword and waving it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned to bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid; the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon ball.

The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrific strength diminishes when the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet five inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was *two feet seven inches*. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference.

Not until it becomes a man-eater is the tiger much dreaded, especially in the case of those natives who do not possess flocks or herds. Indeed, when an Englishman has offered to kill a tiger whose lair was well known, he has been requested not to do so, as the tiger did no harm, and killed so many deer that it supplied the neighbors with meat. The tigress is much more to be dreaded as a man-eater than the male animal. Should she happen to have cubs it is necessary to kill the entire family, as the young ones have been accustomed from the first to feed on human flesh, and begin, instead of ending, by being man-eaters.—REV. J. G. WOOD, in *Good Words*.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S PORTRAIT.

The Artist Keppler Tells How She Gave Him Sittings.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland has been privately giving sittings to Joseph Keppler, the artist, for a portrait to be duplicated in colors by lithography, and there is going to be a great deal of surmise and speculation as to why, with the President's avowed antipathy to celebrity, the lady consented to do any such thing. Mr. Keppler said to your correspondent to-day:

"The sittings took place in Washington, where I went for the special purpose of securing them. There was little difficulty about it. Mr. Cleveland seems to be a plain, honest man, who sincerely dislikes the excessive notoriety that comes with his position, but he recognizes that it is unavoidable and is desirous that only the truth should go out about him and his wife. So he had to trust in this matter somewhat to the skill of the artist, and doing so was only anxious that the matter should be kept private as long as reasonably possible. I told him that I did not propose to make a caricature, but a portrait, and that it should be executed faithfully. I did not attempt to conceal or disguise the business significance of the project, and he said that he should be glad to do what he could to accommodate me. 'But,' he said, 'Mr. Keppler, why are you in such a hurry about it if the picture is not to be published until Christmas?' So I had to explain that it took much time to execute the work, and that when a publisher gets an idea he is desirous of being the first in the field. So he appointed a time for a sitting. I ought to say that my original design was to make a picture from a photograph, fearing that the President would not consent to a deliberate sketch, and I went to Washington for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Cleveland that I might get some points about complexion and the like that photographs do not give. But when I saw her I was convinced at once that the project was hopeless without private sittings, for the photographs are far from presenting a worthy likeness of the lady. There were so many characteristic touches in her features that the photographs omitted entirely. You see, the photographer uses his judgment in erasing lines that he might think would mar the beauty of the photo, and as a matter of fact they frequently use such bad judgment in doing this that the character of the likeness is destroyed. You get the features, the outlines, perhaps, but the life is not there. I was anxious to produce a picture that should be what it purported to be, and so dropped the photograph idea at once.

"Well, we came to the first sitting. You may be very sure it was the first time Mrs. Cleveland ever went through the experience. It was plain from the way she acted she did not know what was expected of her or what was to be done with her. She thought, however, that it was the simplest thing in the world to sit for a picture, but I told her she would fall asleep from fatigue within half an hour. And so she would, had I insisted that she sit so long. I am no hand, as some artists are, to entertain a subject with pleasant talk during the work.—The duration of the first sitting was only ten minutes, and I confined myself to making rapid sketches. This was early in September. I went to Washington twice after that for sittings, and the time occupied was about twenty minutes or half an hour each time.

"Mr. Cleveland said in reference to the general subject of pictures of himself and wife: 'I have a great many requests for photographs both of myself and Mrs. Cleveland and have constantly to reorder copies from the artists. When a little girl calls here and asks for a picture of me or Mrs. Cleveland with an autograph I cannot refuse it. And people frequently write to me, several a day on the average, enclosing a photograph of me with a request that I put my autograph on it. And, Mr. Keppler, the photographs they send are something frightful. I don't like to have such misrepresentations of myself abroad and so I usually return one of my own with the autograph instead of the one sent me.' Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are overwhelmed with requests from artists of every sort for sittings.—That I was favored with one was probably owing as much as anything to the desire of the President to do me a personal kindness."

New York Groceries.

"This is not coffee," said the reporter.

"Who said it was?" replied the jolly, rosy cheeked grocer. "Are there any marks on it to indicate that it is coffee?"

"No, not particularly; but it certainly looks like coffee, and tastes entirely different."

"Ah, you have hit the nail on the head," continued the grocer, with a smile. "It would not do to let every one know it, as it might shake people's confidence in their grocery store. The bag, a few beans from which you have just tasted, contains an imitation of coffee. It is nothing more than flour, and poor flour at that, which has been shaped like the coffee bean and baked brown. If you will take a genuine coffee bean in your hand and put it along side the imitation you can see that there is a difference in the color. The shape is also different, but that is nothing, as the various kinds of coffee vary in shape and size. The flavor of course is not there, but the way the imitation is sold does not require its presence. The grocer is not a foolish man. He does not sell these flour beans for coffee. This would give the business away. But when trade is dull and the grocer must have something to occupy his mind it is a pleasant recreation for him to mix a quantity of the flour beans with the genuine coffee. Then it cannot be easily detected. Only just enough of the flavorless bean is used to make a little profit. This is not quite one-half. When the honest housewife who buys whole coffee so as to get it pure grinds up this mixture, and the odor steals out from the mill, her eyes snap and she laughs at the people who are foolish enough to buy the coffee which is ground at the store and can be easily adulterated. The taste of this compound is not unpleasant, and it will not injure any one. Even the baby can take it with impunity. If the coffee were drunk plain its weakness would be noticeable, but being usually taken with milk and sugar the fraud is not detected. Years ago all the coffee was ground in the grocery, but adulteration was carried on so extensively that the practice was established of buying the whole bean. This led some inventive Yankee humanitarian, who believed that too much coffee is bad for the nerves, to bring out the flour bean.

"Here is something else interesting. See these beautiful samples of cloves and peppers. Imported? Well, no, not exactly. They are home made to suit the trade. They look good, but there is little flavor to them. Some one thought it was a shame to waste the beautiful and nourishing cocoanut shell, and conceived the idea of heating it and then grinding it to a fine powder. This, when artistically mixed with various kinds of oils, makes a good spice for pies and other good things. It is a growing industry and well patronized. Some of this powdered shell, after being flavored and made into a stiff paste, is pressed through moulds into the shape of peppers and cloves. These, mixed with a quantity of the genuine article, give about all the flavor that it is safe for a person to take, and the grocer does not lose anything, but goes on paying his pew rent and building rows of houses the same as if there were a little cream in the cheese, a small quantity of sugar in the glucose and a taint of butter in the oleomargarine."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Greatest of Great Walls.

Says a correspondent of the *Milling World*, who has recently been traveling in China: Of course we had to go to the great wall of China. This country abounds in great walls. Her mural defenses were most extensive—walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled temples and palaces—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, which crests the mountain range and crosses the gorge from here some forty miles away. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in the solid rock cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reach the great, frowning double bastioned gate of stone and hard burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission, the great wall of China, built two hundred and thirteen years before our era; built of great slabs of well hewn stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high and then topped out with large, hard burned bricks, filled in with earth and closely paved on the top with more dark, tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for the use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprang far up the mountain side—now straight, now curved to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each three hundred feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—twenty-five feet high by forty thick, twelve hundred miles long, with room on top for six horses to be driven abreast. Nor need I tell you that for fourteen hundred years it kept those hordes at bay, nor that, in the main, the material used upon it is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wide streams, netting the river archways with huge hard bars of copper, with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world before which the old time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid, were toys. The great pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known.

Mrs. Cleveland and Washington Society.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"There is no danger," said a Washington lady, who recently called upon Mrs. Cleveland when she was receiving informally those of her acquaintances who had previously met her in a social way, "of the President's wife ever injuring his political prospects by injudicious remarks. She seems on the spur of the moment to say just the right thing in reply to remarks that she could not possibly anticipate. I begin to think from the opportunities I have had of observing ladies in public positions during over twenty years' residence in Washington that, like the poets, Presidents' wives are born, not made, and Mrs. Cleveland certainly was endowed by nature with the qualities of mind and heart which would best fit her for the place she now fills so gracefully. When one is with her one thinks more of her charming, unaffected manners than of what she wears or whether she is a beautiful woman or not."

Mrs. Cleveland receives with a frank, unaffected cordiality that puts her visitors at ease at once. She both talks well and listens well, and manifests interest in all that is said to her, as well as readiness in beginning a conversation. She seems absolutely unconscious of the fact that she is 'the first lady of the land' doing the honors of the residence of its Chief Magistrate. When some one said to her that she need not be afraid of 'people whom she would not care to meet' intruding when she was receiving informally in the evenings, because those who would be embarrassed by sitting down for a tete-a-tete with the mistress of the White House would rather come on some more public occasion, when they would be lost in the crowd and any deficiencies in their dress or conversation would escape notice, Mrs. Cleveland said promptly and with evident sincerity: "I do not know who the people are that I 'would not care to meet.' I don't object to meeting any one, but only to having a crowd come when I am receiving in the evenings, as might be the case if they thought I was having a formal reception for the public." A Congressman said on hearing this: "Mrs. Logan herself could not improve on that speech for its ready tact."

Mrs. Cleveland sees her visitors in the Red Parlor. While waiting for her they are shown into the Blue Room, and in a very few minutes she comes to them, walking with the buoyancy natural to her youth, and invites them to go into the Red Room, as that is less a chamber for occasions of state than the other. When passing through the doorway Mrs. Cleveland always steps back for her visitors to precede her, and when one of them recently, a lady much older than herself but unmarried, said to her at the door, 'Oh, Mrs. Cleveland, you must go first; the married ladies always take precedence of unmarried ones," she said in a merry tone: 'Is that so? Then we will go together,' and so walked by the other lady's side. As soon as she enters the Red Parlor she asks her visitors to be seated and, when they are, herself draws a chair near to them and takes her seat.

At one of her informal evening receptions a few days ago Mrs. Cleveland wore over black silk black Brussels net, the front breadth of which was dotted with silver and had small silver pendants. The waist had the black silk lining cut square in front, so as to show the white neck through the black net. It was fastened at the throat with a diamond crescent, and she wore a *boquet de corsage* of natural roses. She had on no gloves, and her arms were bare and exposed nearly to the elbow. Her skin is very fair, and her arms and hands are very white; but, while round, her arms give proof by their shape and size of more muscular strength in them than one would expect from a lady whose duties had never required her to use them much in a way to develop the muscles. She seems to avoid wearing earrings whenever possible, but had on several handsome finger rings on the occasion noted, one gold bangle on her arm, and no other jewelry except the diamond crescent at her throat.

Ingenious Financiering.

One of our foreign contemporaries relates the following method adopted by the people of Guernsey for providing themselves with a new meat market, which they very much needed, but had not the means at hand to pay for it. But they were determined to have the market, so £4,000 was voted to defray the cost, and notes were issued by the authorities for that amount, and were guaranteed on the "whole of the property of the island, said to be worth four millions." A singular provision was introduced, which rendered these notes worthless outside of Guernsey, and so they were never exported. They were 1 pound notes, and were numbered from 1 to 4,000. With them the contractor was paid; he paid his workmen in the same money, and those that supplied him with materials. Tradesmen took them for goods, landlords for rent and the authorities for taxes. "In due season," to quote from Jonathan Duncan, "the market was complete. The butchers' stalls, with some public rooms constructed over them, were let for an annual rent of £400. At the end of the first year of tenancy the States called in the first batch of notes, numbered 1 to 400, and with the £400 of real money received for rent redeemed the 400 pounds of representative money expressed by the 'meat market notes.' At the end of ten years all the notes were redeemed through the application of ten years' rental; and since that period the meat market has returned a clear annual revenue to the States, and continues to afford accommodation without having cost a farthing in taxes to any inhabitant."

A Dog's Sense and Devotion.

John Templeton is a blacksmith who owns a fine specimen of the English mastiff. Last week Mr. Templeton was working at his forge, putting a new steel in the pick. The new steel was slightly burned in the heating, and, instead of welding, flew in half a dozen pieces. One piece struck the blacksmith just above the right eye with such force as to fasten itself in firmly. The blacksmith staggered and fell backward. How long he was unconscious he does not know, but when he revived the dog lay almost in the middle of the shop crying almost like a human being, and rubbing his jaws in the dust of the floor. The piece of steel that had struck Mr. Templeton lay a short distance from the dog. The faithful brute had seized the hot steel with his teeth and drawn it from the frontal bone of Mr. Templeton's head. The dog's mouth was found to be badly burned.—*Albany Journal.*

Young America's Political Duty.

From the Altoona Sun.

General James R. Hawley made some remarks at Hamilton College the other day, which deserve the attention of young men generally, and especially those who make it a practice to sneer at politics. "Next to the preaching of God's Word," said General Hawley, "there is no calling better fitted to call out all that is true and lofty in manhood than that of the true politician." General Hawley is right, nor is his language extravagant. The subject of politics is the welfare of the people; and what could be more lofty? Rightly understood it means not only the assertion of sound and patriotic principles, but true men in office. It means capable and honest councilmen and school directors, as well as Governors, Congressmen and Presidents of the right stamp. The young American who sneers at politics as something beneath him (it is generally above him) should be shipped to Russia, where there is no politics, but a great deal of absolutism.

Signs of Character.

Omaha girl—'Oh! I have such news for you.' Omaha youth—'Has your father consented?' 'Yes, and what do you think he based his faith in your character on?' 'I'm sure I don't know.' 'Why, he said he had always noticed that a man who is thorough in one thing is thorough in everything, and he had found that you always blacked your boot heels just as carefully as the fronts; isn't it lucky?' 'Yes, indeed; I'll raise that bootblack's wages to-morrow.'

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On and after Monday, Sept. 20th, the steamers of this Company will run as follows:
Steamer EMMA A. FORD
will leave Chestertown for Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock a. m., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.
Returning, will leave pier 7 Light Street Wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 o'clock a. m., for the above landings.
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Sept. 23, 1886.

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