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KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

NO BAD EFFECT.

NO HEADACHE.

NO NAUSEA.

No Ringing Ears.

CURES QUICKLY

Pleasant, Pure.

A POWERFUL TONIC

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIR, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

and all Germ Diseases.

Bellevue Hospital, N.Y., 'Universally successful'

St. Francis Hospital, N.Y. 'Every patient treated with Kaskine has been discharged cur'd

Dr. L. R. White, U. S Examining Surgeon, writes: "Kaskine is the best medicine made."

Dr. L. M. Giessner, 360 East 121st St., New York City, has cured over 290 patients with Kaskine after quinine and all other drugs had failed. He says: "It is undoubtedly the best medicine ever discovered."

Prof. W. F. Holcombe, M. D., 54 East 25th St., N. Y. (late Prof in N. Y. Med. College) writes: "Kaskine is superior to quinine in its specific power, and never produces the slightest injury to the hearing or constitution."

Rev. Jas. L. Hall, Chaplain Albany Penitentiary, writes that Kaskine has cured his wife, after twenty years suffering from malaria and nervous dyspepsia. Write him for particulars.

Thousands upon thousands write that Kaskine has cured them after all other medicines had failed. Write for book of testimonials.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price

KASKINE CO.,
54 Warren St., New York.

Jan. 27.

Fall Goods!

Fall Goods!

JUST RECEIVED AT

J. H. Simpers'

Chestertown, Md.

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES, &c.,

Which he offers

At Lowest Prices.

Call and examine goods and prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

Sept. 23, 1886.

DO YOU WANT

YOUR CARRIAGES PAINTED & REPAIRED

If you do, go to Chapman & Lambert's. They will give you firstclass work and at a low figure. They have in their employ one of the best painters who has ever been in the State

THE CELEBRATED

FRANK B. CONVERSE BANJO.

Manufactured by John F. Stratton, 49 Maiden Lane, New York.

Nov. 25, 1886—y.

UNION HOTEL.

PRATT AND CHARLES STS., BALTIMORE

WM. J. LLOYD, Proprietor.

On the European Plan.

Rooms 25, 50 and 75 cents. Table Board $3.50 per week. Meals 25 cents, or $1 per day. Permanent Board, $4 to $7 per week. Livery Stable attached. Hacks and Express Wagons for hire. March 18.

BOOKS.

A Choice election very handsomely gotten up We have some finely illustrated which we would like you to look over. Irene Jerome's Nature's Hallelujah, Message of the Blue Bird; Harper's Happy Hunting Grounds, by Gibson, The Classic Land of Greece, are only a few of the many books we have in stock.

BEFORE purchasing your Underware, call and see what we have in that line. Gents' Undreshirts from 25c. to $2.00; Ladies' and Children's Vests at popular prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

THE GREAT DEADWOOD MYSTER[illegible]

BY BRET HARTE.

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PART IV.

IF Mrs. Rightbody's friends had been astounded by [illegible] singular and unexpected pilgrimage to California soon after her husband's decease, they were still more astounded by the information, a year later, that she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Ryder, of whom only the scant history was known, that he was a Californian, and former correspondent of her husband. It was undeniable that the man was wealthy, and evidently no mere adventurer; it was rumored that he was courageous and manly; but even those who delighted in his odd humor were shocked at his grammar and slang. It was said that Mr. Marvin had but one interview with his father-in-law elect, and returned so supremely disgusted that the match was broken off. The horse stealing story, more or less garbled, found its way through lips that pretended to decry it, yet eagerly repeated it. Only one member of the Rightbody family—and a new one—saved them from utter ostracism. It was young Mr. Ryder, the adopted son of the prospective head of the household, whose culture, manners and general elegance fascinated and thrilled Boston with a new sensation. It seemed to many that Miss Alice should, in the vicinity of this rare exotic, forget her former enthusiasm for a professional life; but the young man was pitied by society, and various plans for diverting him from any mesalliance with the Rightbody family were concocted.

It was a wintry night, and the second anniversary of Mr. Rightbody's death, that a light was burning in his library. But the dead man's chair was occupied by young Mr. Ryder, adopted son of the new proprietor of the mansion; and before him stood Alice, with her dark eyes fixed on the table.

"There must have been something in it, Joe, believe me. Did you never hear your father speak of mine?"

"Never."

"But you say he was college bred, and born a gentleman, and in his youth he must have had many friends."

"Alice," said the young man gravely, "when I have done something to redeem my name and wear it again before these people, before *you*, it would be well to revive the past. But till then——"

But Alice was not to be put down. "I remember," she went on, scarcely heeding him, "that when I came in that night papa was reading a letter and seemed to be disconcerted."

"A letter!"

"Yes; but," added Alice, with a sigh, "when we found him here insensible, there was no letter on his person. He must have destroyed it."

"Did you ever look among his papers? If found it might be a clew."

The young man glanced toward the cabinet. Alice read his eyes and answered:

"Oh, dear, no! The cabinet contained only his papers, all perfectly arranged—you know how methodical were his habits—and some old business and private letters, all carefully put away."

"Let us see them," said the young man, rising.

They opened drawer after drawer; files upon files of letters and business papers accurately folded and filed. Suddenly Alice uttered a little cry and picked up a quaint ivory paper knife lying at the bottom of a drawer.

"It was missing the next day and never could be found; he must have mislaid it here. This is the drawer, said Alice eagerly.

Here was a clew. But the lower part of the drawer was filled with old letters not labeled, yet neatly arranged in files. Suddenly he stopped and said, "Put them back, Alice, at once."

"Why?"

"Some of these letters are in my father's handwriting."

"The more reason why *I* should see them," said the girl imperatively. "Here, you take part and I'll take part and we'll get through quicker."

There was a certain decision and independence in her manner which he had learned to respect. He took the letters and in silence read them with her. They were old college letters, so filled with boyish dreams, ambitions, aspirations, and Utopian theories, that I fear neither of these young people even recognized their parents in the dead ashes of the past. They were both grave, until Alice uttered a little hysterical cry and dropped her face in her hands. Joe was instantly beside her.

"It's nothing; Joe, nothing. Don't read it, please; please, don't. It's so funny! it's so very queer!"

"It's nothing, Joe, nothing. Don't read it."

But Joe had, after a slight, half-playful struggle, taken the letter from the girl. Then he read aloud the words written by his father thirty years ago:

"I thank you, dear friend, for all you say about my wife and boy. I thank you for reminding me of our boyish compact. He will be ready to fulfill it, I know, if he loves those his father loves, even if you should marry years later. I am glad for your sake, for both our sakes, that it is a boy. Heaven send you a good wife, dear Adams, and a daughter, to make my son equally happy."

Joe Silsbie looked down, took the half-laughing, half-tearful face in his hands, kissed her forehead, and, with tears in his grave eyes, said, "Amen!"

* * * * * *

I am inclined to think that this sentiment was echoed heartily by Mrs. Rightbody's former acquaintances, when, a year later, Miss Alice was united to a professional gentleman of honor and renown, yet who was known to be the son of a convicted horse thief. A few remembered the previous Californian story, and found corroboration therefor; but a majority believed it a just reward to Miss Alice for her conduct to Mr. Marvin, and, as Miss Alice cheerfully accepted it in that light, I do not see why I may not end my story with happiness to all concerned.

THE END.

[redacted] they are [illegible] and in many cases these little chaps work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. For the extra hours he receives extra pay of five cents each, so that assuming fourteen hours to be the limit, in addition to his regular pay he would receive five cents an hour for four hours, or twenty cents, for which he gives up his rest, his sleep, his recreation—pretty tough.

We little know the temptations to which they are subjected. I have seen little fellows on the streets at midnight and in the early hours of the morning, sometimes on legitimate errands, often not. I overtook one not long since and questioned him for a moment as we walked along. He said he had been running for several hours in the service of a sick man. He had been to the doctor's two or three times, to the drug store several times, for a nurse and to the postoffice, and he was literally fagged out. The companies are as ready to place their instruments in a barroom as in a church, in a house of ill fame as in a private dwelling, and the boys, according to their turn and not according to their ages or experience, are sent to these places at all hours of the night, and to sporting-houses, dives, all manner of infamous rendezvous, where their eyes are greeted with orgiecal developments of various nature, where they acquire habits of drinking and smoking, where they meet men as bad as the women with whom they consort, who drink and make them drink, who solicit them to indulgence in every possible vice and subject them to indignities and outrages which would paralyze, one would suppose, the society organized for the prevention of cruelty to children, if by an accident they should ever know of the beastliness to which children are exposed in this Christian city.

Little chaps are forced to buy beer by the big boys in the office, and good boys who never drink are expected to put money in toward paying for it as much as bad boys who want the drink. They think it is great fun at times to badger each other and not only to tempt but to force boys to all manner of dirt and evil.

As a rule, the offices are contracted and crowded, overheated and badly ventilated. A boy may be out in the rain or the snow for hours and on returning seat himself near a heater, whence, after steaming for half an hour or so, he is called and starts out again with shrunken clothes. He rides in the heated elevated cars on a winter day or walks in the biting blast.—Joe Howard in New York World.

Haberton's "Budge" and "Toddy."

The following anecdote of "Helen's Babies" has not heretofore been published: The babies went with their mother to visit her father, D. P. M. Hastings, of Hartford, whose brother, a missionary in India, married a sister of President Cleveland. The doctor at that time lived in a house with high steps, having his office in the basement. There was an inside passageway through the cellar from the office to the living rooms, and during the visit of the little boys to their grandfather the cellar stairs were one day found sprinkled with little pieces of paper. When questioned as to their object the children explained that they put the bits of paper there in order to find their way back from the office by their aid. Their mother had evidently been reading Grimm's fairy tales to them. One of the boys is now a well grown youth. The other died while still young, and his parents, although they had then two children younger than Budge and Toddy, adopted a little girl of the age of their lost boy.—Buffalo Courier.

Zalinski the Torpedo Boat Man.

Lieut. Zalinski, whose experiments with a dynamite throwing gun and a submarine torpedo at Fort Lafayette have attracted so much attention lately, is a well built, middle aged man with dark hair just beginning to show a tinge of gray. He makes a friend of everybody he meets by his kindly and modest manners. In speaking of the progress in his work by which he has advanced from throwing a charge of fifteen pounds of dynamite to a distance of half a mile to the throwing of 200 pounds of nitro-gelatine to a distance of over a mile with safety, he always uses the pronoun we, referring to the workmen who assist him. He uses the names of the workmen much more frequently than he refers to his own efforts. He lives with his family in a comfortable cottage in the officers' row at Fort Hamilton, where, those of his friends who know him intimately say, he gives dinners that are even more perfect in their way than his experiments with engines of war.—New York Sun.

Labouchere's Glass of Champagne.

When at Frankfort I had the honor of serving under the late Sir Alexander Malet, and certainly a more kindly chief was not to be found in the service. His legation was accredited to several of the minor courts, and at one of them I was even more appreciated than my chief. This was why. Occasionally there was a ball at the court, which we were expected to attend. At my first ball supper I found myself at a table next to a grandee, gorgeous in stars and ribbons. The servant came to pour out champagne. Now, I detest this wine, so I shook my head. The grandee nudged me and said: "Let him pour it out." This I did, and he explained to me that the potentate whose hospitality we were enjoying never gave his guests more than one glass, "so you see, if I drink yours I shall have two," and he suited the action to the word. After this there used to be quite a struggle to sit near me at court suppers.—London Truth.

Winter Roads in Norway.

In riding along the roads you see at fixed intervals stones with inscriptions on them more or less extensive, sometimes simply initials and sometimes names with numbers. These are placed there to show who is bound as the owner of the land to keep the road in repair and to keep it open in the winter, and for what distance his obligation extends. This duty, so far as keeping the roads in repair is concerned, is fulfilled most admirably. From the snow plows which you see turned up along the road at intervals I apprehend that keeping it open in winter is equally well attended to. This is a duty imposed on the farmers, and only in exceptional cases is any compensation made for it.—Col. George Ellis in New York Times.

Fagging at Eton.

Fagging is not easy work at Eton. Fags not only have to wait on their fagmasters at almost all hours to bring them water and to look out for their rooms, but they even have to cook for them. All the boys of a house take their dinner together, but excepting in two or three houses, where a new rule has been made, every one has his breakfast and tea in his own room. And for these meals the poor fags are cooks and waiters. There is even a kitchen provided for their special use, where they boil water, brew tea and toast bread. Many heartaches have there been in those little kitchens. Fancy a youngster just out of the home nursery, you might say, being set to making toast when he knows as little about it as he does about Latin verses! And yet, take him to task with all the indignation of disappointed hunger and then send him off to do his work over again. But he grows hardened by degrees to this work just as he does to verse making, and in time can joke and laugh as he cooks. And, if while he talks he forgets his toast and lets it burn, what matter. With a little experience he learns to scrape off the black with a knife.—St. Nicholas.

QUAILS AD NAUSEAM.

A MAN IN CHICAGO EATS THIRTY BIRDS IN THIRTY DAYS.

A Gastronomic Feat Said to Be Unequaled—Scenes at the Final Feast. How a Wager of $1,000 Was Won. Enough.

John C. Mann ate his thirtieth quail in thirty consecutive days the other evening, at ex-Alderman Jonas' restaurant, and his backer, George R. Clark, wins $1,000 from Alderman Hildreth. A little over a month ago Alderman Hildreth offered to put up $1,000 as a wager that Mann could not eat thirty quails in thirty days, one each day, a quail to be eaten between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening. The money was covered, and the contest of J. C. Mann vs. his stomach commenced on the evening of Dec. 2. He at once put himself under the care of Dr. Bryden, of Chicago, and Mitchell, of Minneapolis, and acting according to their advice has lived for the month on a diet of oatmeal for breakfast and light cold meats for dinner, winding up with his quail supper each evening. He got along very well until he reached his twenty-ninth quail on the evening of Dec. 31. On this occasion he got through with his grand supper only after a hard struggle, and it was expected that he would fail in the attempt to consume his thirtieth. This belief was strengthened by the fact that Charley Miller, a rugged eater belonging to the Jonas restaurant, had but a few days previously failed on his twenty-ninth attempt at the same feat. Hence there was a large crowd of spectators at the place the last evening when young Mann, accompanied by Dr. C. Mahoney, the referee in the contest, entered and took his seat at one of the tables.

AT IT AGAIN.

Immediately as the hands of the clock pointed to 6, the thirtieth quail, which had been excellently broiled and placed on a pyramid of toast, was set before Mann. The accompaniments were salt, celery, bread, butter, Saratoga chips, etc. He brought with him a bottle of Waukesha water, of which he at first took half a glass, and then commenced eating bread and butter; after consuming half a slice of bread he reached for the quail with an air of a hungry man and brought it to his plate. Cutting off a good sized mouthful he masticated it thoroughly, and with apparent relish, along with a liberal supply of Saratoga chips well salted. This performance was repeated three times. Then Mann resorted to bread and butter, and finished his first glass of Waukesha. He next turned his attention to the celery and ate two stems, using salt freely and following with three more "bites" at the quail. Then he poured out another glass of Waukesha, which emptied his bottle, and some over salted Saratoga chips, another stem of celery, another mouthful of bread with an extra supply of butter, and then he commenced on the last half of the decisive half.

At this juncture Mann was just a little nervous and looked up at the clock with wistful solicitude. But nine minutes of his time had expired. Mr. Mahoney, who was by his side, handed over a cup of coffee which had been furnished him, and this seemed to encourage Mann's languishing appetite. But opposite him sat George C. Clark, a most interested onlooker, who had $1,000 on the six mouthfuls of quail that yet remained to be eaten. The crowd gathered close about the tired eater, and for a moment he appeared to weaken. Charles Miller, the defeated man in a similar match, remarked to a friend next to him that he would not at that moment bet a "V" either way. "He may get through, and he may not," said Miller. "It is just at that point that I failed."

But young Mann quaffed a portion of his glass of Waukesha and commenced on the remainder of the quail with a steady nerve. He used salt and salted Saratoga chips, and celery and salt, and butter freely, taking a mouthful of the quail at intervals in such a way that its taste could scarcely reach his palate from the abundance of other edibles which he consumed.

THE LAST WING.

At 6:15 but one wing of the quail was left. The eater eyed it with considerable nervousness. All the meat upon it would not have constituted half an ordinary mouthful, but it was a part of the agreement that all the bones should be stripped completely, and that not a particle of meat should be left on any of them. To accomplish this he had to dispense with knife and fork and resort to his fingers and teeth. An empty plate was provided for the bones, each of which had to be deposited thereon and inspected by the referee. Before attacking the final wing Mann swallowed the remaining portion of Waukesha, ate a stem of celery, half a slice of bread, and then took up the wing in his fingers, pulled it apart, and cleaned the meat carefully from the tiny bones with his handsome teeth, but the task was a difficult one. As he was struggling with the final act a man wearing a silk hat entered the restaurant, pressed his way up to the table, and commenced a sort of speech with the evident intention of sickening the eater. He referred to the idea that Mann should now be able to go into the dissecting business, as he must by that time be thoroughly acquainted with joints and bones, muscles, etc. Dr. Mahoney got rather hot, and ordered the newcomer to "shut up," but it was hard to control the intruder, for he was about three sheets in the wind. But Mann was not disturbed. He gulped once or twice, but by the use of salt and celery quieted his stomach. As he tossed the last fiber upon the bone plate, Dr. Mahoney said:

"Done; Mr. Clark wins the money," and rising, took the successful quail eater by the hand and shook it heartily. Turning to the reporters he said: "This is the first time that this feat has ever been successfully performed. Men have eaten thirty quails even in a shorter space of time, but that is not so difficult. The task of eating one quail a day for thirty consecutive days, at a stated hour each day, is no easy job. This young man has done it, and is the first who ever reached the end of the last quail with victory, though many have attempted it."

Young Mann is a fine looking fellow of about twenty-two, medium sized, rather fleshy, with a handsome face and pleasant manner. He has for some time been engaged in the restaurant business in Louisville and Minneapolis. The latter city is at present his home. He ate his thirtieth quail in exactly eighteen minutes and thirty seconds, but evinced a great desire to leave the restaurant soon after completing his work. It was believed that he would part with his winning supper before it was half an hour old. At all events, he has had all the quail he desires for a lifetime. "If you find any man hankering after quail," he said, as he bid the reporter good night, "please tell him that he may have my share from this out."—Chicago Herald.

A Hard Coal Base Burner.

The first hard coal base burner stove was taken to Deadwood, D. T., recently. As there is no hard coal out there to burn in it, the importer of the curiosity thinks of converting it into an ice cream freezer.

The Last Year's Ice Palace.

The structure of the St. Paul ice palace last winter was of rectangular cruciform ground plan, 180x154 feet, with principal tower 106 feet high, surrounded by other towers, etc., giving very beautiful and complete architectural character to the building. The principal entrance was under a Gothic arch of ten feet span and twenty-five feet high. The blocks of which the palace was constructed were twenty-two inches by forty-four inches by twenty inches, the latter being the thickness of the ice. They were marked out on the surface of the ice on the Mississippi river, and sawed at once to these dimensions, which were unchanged afterward, except where, in round towers, etc., some trimming with axes was required. The blocks were raised in place by ice tongs and tackle operated by horsepower. The blocks in walls and arches were cemented with water, which, at the existing temperature froze almost immediately.—Boston Budget.

Wolves are very numerous in the Texas Panhandle.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

RECENT REVIVAL OF MINIATURE PORTRAITURE AMONG AMATEURS.

Soup Plates that Bear the Impress of Beauty and Dishes Decorated With the Heads of the Pretty Girls of the Family.

The young New York woman has found a new amusement. She paints on china—not the sort of painting on china that was the rage during the first years of the great American renaissance of art succeeding the centennial; she no longer decorates her mamma's soup plates with a cluster of cat tails that resembles nothing on earth so much as a bunch of sausages hung up on a green string. She paints her mamma's portrait on the plate, so that when papa eats his dinner he finds a slice of rare beef reclining on his better half's plump cheek and her well preserved locks plentifully bestrewn with green peas, while her right eye regards him tenderly through a film of gravy.

This is one of the phases of an endeavor to return to the lost art of miniature painting which fell into innocuous desuetude when the reign of the daguerreotype began—that charming method of reaching immortality still to be found in country parlors. Little brown leather cases fastened with two little hooks, in which papa and mamma sit hand in hand with a smile of vacuous amiability, waiting to be "took" and ambitious to hand down his big collars and her crinoline to an affectionate posterity who have to figure around with the light to catch a glimpse of them at all.

LATELY INTRODUCED.

Whenever Americans go to Sevres or Dresden they order portraits of themsivesor their friends painted on porcelain. It is this art of porcelain miniature that has lately been introduced here by Miss Smith, who is a graduate of the Cincinnati School of Porcelain Painting, and has studied in both Sevres and Dresden. Classes of young women study under her and are learning to produce the sort of porcelain portrait for which it was formerly necessary to go abroad. The [redacted] minutes and thus the fusion of the two very successful.

SOME CHARMING PORTRAITS.

Numbers of fashionable women have taken up this new fancy, and, as a result, have made some charming portraits of their own babies, which are set as brooches or in bracelets, children's heads, with their soft curves and delicate tints, lending themselves effectively to this work. One mother, whose quiver is full, has a bracelet in which the tiny heads of her five babies are set, and it makes a charming adornment for her plump white wrist.

These miniatures are not always so small, however. The favorite size is a small square plate of procelain about the size of an ordinary photograph, and framed in plush they are a very desirable form of preserving the features of one's self and friends. The Americans had at one time a great reputation, immedately before and after the Revolutionary war, as miniature painters, and the only record of the loveliness of the colonial belles is frequently found in one of those exquisite little ivory portraits. Copley and Sharpless, both did excellent work in that line, and later Shumway was well known for his exquisite work on ivory. He was a great favorite in the south before the war and used to travel there every winter, getting commissions. Even yet there could be found in many southern homes specimens of his fine work and imperishable testimony to the beauties of the women of a past generation.

One curious phase this revival has taken is the fancy for immortalizing some one feature. Women will have the miniature painted on porcelain of a very lovely hand, or a round, white shoulder, a perfect arm; a rosy, Cupid's bow mouth, and Mme. Barrios, the widow of the dead president of Guatemala, has had her superb Spanish eyes painted, the rest of the face entirely shrouded in a black lace mantilla. A society woman here has had her velvety cheek reproduced, with its deep and lovely dimple, which has caused so much wild envy of her husband in the breasts of less fortunate men.—New York World.

The Contribution Box.

We have all heard odd names given to the contribution boxes which are passed among the pews of our churches with such regularity on all devotional occasions, especially to the long handled affairs which have of late taken place of the good, old-fashioned orthodox platter. These names have been generally strained—like "wooden corn popper," "undeveloped toy wagon," "merciles gleaner," etc.; but I heard a truly witty designation given this useful piece of ecclesiastic furniture by a keen clergyman, while attending a union service recently. He first said that the collection on that occasion would be for the needy poor, asking for a liberal allowance on that account, and then added, drolly, as he held out a couple of long handled concerns with oval-shaped bowls: "The stewards will please pass around the ladles."—Chicago Journal.

Swedish Iron.

A Swedish authority states that Swedish iron has almost lost its place in the English market. Hardwares exported to that country are being returned unsold, even though offered at the very lowest prices. The East Indian market is almost as completely closed against Sweden, and such sales as have been made there have been effected at a ruinous loss.—Philadelphia Call.

Gravitation in the Moon.

An ingenious writer treats of gravitation of the moon in The Popular Science News. If it were possible, he says, to take a journey to the moon we should find a very different state of affairs existing. The moon having a much smaller mass than the earth will exert its attractive influence less strongly; and by the exertion of the same strength a man could leap into the air to an astonishing distance, jumping over the tallest buildings with the same ease that he would clear a low obstruction on the earth. The same effect would be produced upon all other bodies. Horses would travel at a greatly increased speed, and if the rider was thrown the consequences of his fall would be much less serious; the elephant would become as light footed as a deer; a stone thrown from the hand of a careless boy might fall in an adjoining town before accomplishing its mission of destruction; armies would engage in battles at great distances from each other; and nearly every kind of labor would be lightened, from the diminished weight of tools and materials.—Boston Transcript.

MANUFACTURE OF BOGUS WINES.

"Imported" Brands Made in a New York Basement—Distillation of Raisins.

There are several old Frenchmen in New York who have made almost national reputations as wine dealers and experts. They have about retired from business, but, with the proverbial thrift of their nation, they still find time to tend to their shops a few hours daily. Some of them have large restaurants in connection with their wholesale and retail wine trade, and favored customers are often given an opportunity to smack their lips over some rare old wine, whose label is too dust begrimed to be legible, and as they hold the wine to the light they become enthusiastic over its color, flavor, and bouquet, and probably order several dozen bottles of it sent to their homes.

Now this wine may be old and it may be new. It may have been imported from France, or perchance it was pressed out on the sunny Italian hills; but it is more than probable that the old Frenchman, unless he knows that his customer has a trained and delicate palate, has given him some wine that is but the partial product of the vine, and was concocted under the skilled eye of monsieur in the sub-basement of the very establishment where it is drunk. Why should one find fault? It is surely more complimentary in a host to give one the result of his own labor than to furnish one with that of another. If it is a real wine there is exactly one chance in 10,000 that it is what the label represents it to be. It may be the outcome of a judicious mixture of several indifferent varieties blended into a harmonious whole, or it may be an American wine sailing under false colors.

Human ingenuity has never yet been able to make wine without some small percentage of alcohol, so this element remains as a base for the worst of productions. As a rule the manufactured wines are offered either as California wines, or as vin ordinaire, or sour claret. They are the distillation of raisins colored with logwood. The raisins are placed in a vat filled with water at a temperature of 60 degrees, there being fifty-five gallons of water to every hundredweight of raisins. Some sugar is often thrown in to hasten fermentation, which usually lasts eight or ten days, at the end of which time the liquid is drawn off and wine is made. It is, of course pale, and it is doctored with some high colored Spanish wine, which is cheap, and then a solution of logwood is added. These wines do not, at the most, contain more than 10 per cent. of alcohol, and having but little tannin they will not keep long. When wine is thus produced it will not cost much. Raisins are not expensive, and a moldy article answers as well as one that is fresh. A noted French chemist has declared that the raisin wine, if not drugged, is vastly more beautiful than many of the mixtures, most of them deleterious, sold for genuine wine. This may give wine drinkers a spark of encouragement, for there is no way of accounting for the consumption of the enormous raisin products of Italy, Turkey, Spain and Greece, unless one admits that they are used to take the place of grapes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Essentials of a Good Fighter.

In answer to the queston: "What are the essentials of a thoroughly good fighter?" Sullivan said:

"Pluck, skill, endurance and a good head on his shoulders. I tell you, sir, a man fights with his head almost as much as he does with his fist. He must know where to send his blows so they may do the most good. He must economize his strength and not score a hit just for the sake of scoring it."

"What portion of your antagonist's body do you aim at when you are in the ring?"

"I endeavor," said Sullivan, "to hit my man above the heart, or under the chin, or behind the ear. A man wears out pretty soon if one can keep hammering away in the region of the heart; a blow under the chin or behind the ear will knock out a man quicker than a hundred blows on the cheek or any other portion of the face. Now, the Marine has a scar on his left cheek which he received in his fight with Dempsey, and which he will carry to his grave. He told me that Dempsey kept hammering away at that spot. If Dempsey were a long-headed fighter he would not have wasted his time and strength in gettting in there. That fact alone proves to me that he is deficient in generalship."

"You can tell pretty well when your man is giving in?"

"Certainly I can," said the pugilist. "I watch his eyes and I know at once when the punishment is beginning to tell on him. And, when I talk to a man before I stand up before him at all, I can make up my mind whether he is a fighter or not. There is more intelligence required in this business than outsiders give us credit for."—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

He Sued for His Salary.

I never knew of more than one preacher who sued for his salary, and he got it. It was in Franklin county. The leading men wrote him a letter guaranteeing that the church could and would pay him a good salary—one of these offhand letters which churches noted for not paying will write. He went and served them a whole year acceptably, meekly and patiently. In fact, they were astonished at his patience. Then he demanded all of his salary that was due. Again they were astonished to meet a man who was not willing to take just what the church had seen fit to give him voluntarily. But he told them they had caused him to contract debts on the strength of the promises made by their official members, and those debts had to be paid. He went into court, produced the letters written by the official members, obtained judgment and collected it. And he did right.—Rev. J. E. Godbey in Globe-Democrat.

What Might Have Been.

Had Paris seen Helen attempt to shoot a cow out of the back yard, it is safe to say that the Trojan war would never have been waged and Homer would have been obliged to take the Haymarket riot for an epic. Had Anthony seen Cleopatra chase a street car down a dusty avenue of Cairo, it is safe to state that he would have fled disenchanted back to Octavia, and the divorce court lawyer—"decree quietly secured; no publicity"—would never have made a cent from him. Had Dante seen Beatrice fire a half brick at the vandal hen which prospected for seeds in her flower bed every spring, it is again safe to say that he would have sent back her notes, her white mouse pen wiper, the lava smoking set with "Merry Christmas" painted across the stern, and discontinued that rocky courtship which he subsequently celebrated in a poem called "The Inferno."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Easy to do Right.

The Count de Beaujeancy, who teaches French for "amusement" and a high consideration, is very thin and very pious. He was seen coming out of Mgr. Preston's church the other day by Joe Howard.

"It's very easy for him to do right," said the veteran journalist, "we have the world, the devil and the flesh to fight; he has the only the world and the devil."

Elephants at Sea.

The hoisting into the air and lowering elephants into the hold of a ship is not only an unusual sight to most men but also a strange experience to most elephants. They were lashed with strong ropes, slung as far as practicable in slings, hoisted up with cranes and three-fold tackle and lowered into the steamer's hold like bales of cotton. When in the hold they were placed in pens built of strong teak timber balks, bolted to the ship's side to prevent them from breaking loose. The fear the animals suffered was the only pain they underwent, and by watching the eyes of the poor beasts their terror was very manifest. Tears trickled down their faces and they roared with dread, more especially when being lowered into the hold, the bottom of which was sanded for them to stand upon.

We are told that one timid female elephant actually fainted and was brought to with a fan and many gallons of water. At sea it appears that the animals got into a curious habit of occasionally—evidently at a preconcerted signal—setting to work rocking the ship from side to side by giving themselves simultaneously a swinging motion as they stood athwart the ship, the vessel rolling heavily as if in a seaway.—Youth's Companion.

A LOUISIANA BALL.

HOW THE CREOLES OF THE ATTAKAPUS PRAIRIE ENJOY LIFE.

A Pen Picture of Village Hospitality. Frolic at a Lone House on the Prairie. A Lively Scene—"Gombo" and Chivalry. The Old Peddler.

Across the rolling Attakapus prairie a small cavalcade trotted, apparently in no hurry to reach its destination. The natural gait of the little Creole ponies was an easy "lope" or canter; therefore it was that the irregular, rough trot of the animals evidenced a restraining pull at the heavy bits. There were five in the party, all excellent horsemen and all dressed in the coarse but durable homespun cottonade of that section of Louisiana. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, for their hearty laughter and loud repartee, in French, all talking at one time, bespoke a freedom from care and also a source of amusement they possessed in common.

In the distance, just peeping above one of the swells in the prairie, the slender spire of the little church of St. Pierre broke the line of the horizon, and in its direction the party were riding. Out upon these broad stretches of almost treeless country distances are very deceptive, and it was about two hours after the steeple was first seen that the riders reined up in the little town. The settlement did not comprise more than twenty-five or thirty houses, the most conspicuous of which were the church referred to and two stores.

The visitors alighted at one of the stores, and were cordially greeted by the crowd there assembled. They seemed to know everybody and everybody was on terms of intimacy with them, for they were addressed by their Christan names and slapped affectionately on the back.

The lately arrived horsemen were taken in charge by friends, and each was escorted off to dinner in some of the comfortable dwellings, from the chimneys of which the curling smoke gave sign of the good cheer within.

General hospitality wore away the afternoon, and as the evening came slowly over the prairie from the far east, where it was already dark, a number of riding parties passed down the road, bound for some place beyond. Soon there were twenty-five or thirty on their way, and with them the visitors. Dressed in all the brilliancy of highly-colored calicoes, dark eyed demoiselles galloped along as if grown to their side saddles, and their merry laughter made the somber quiet of the prairie musical as they rode.

An hour's ride brought the party to their destination. The house stood alone on the prairie, sheltered by two or three live oaks. Four rooms, with a broad gallery in front, a hallway through the middle and large dining room, taking up the ground plan of the isolated dwelling. A bright bonfire was burning in front and the windows glistened like squarely cut rubies, with the genial illumination inside.

A large number of men and women, attired in quite gay toilets, welcomed the newly arrived, and for a time nothing could be heard but the warm salutations of friends. The large dining room in the rear was the main object of interest, and after ribbons had been arranged, back hair adjusted and skirts smoothed down all the ladies hurried to its precincts. The floor was cleared of all furniture, and around the walls long benches of boards had been put up, that as many as possible might be accommodated with seats. Beside the windows and doors smoking candles, inserted in auger holes bored in small pieces of wood, gave a bright light that afforded one an opportunity of a more careful inspection of the guests.

All ages were represented, but the young were in the majority. Married dames with infants in arms moved about as full of the enjoyment of the hour as the belles decked out in ribbons and perfumed with cinnamon essence. At about 8:30 o'clock the shrill squeak of a violin sounded from one corner of the ballroom and was followed by the deep diapason of an accordion.

The floor was cleared and the young gallants selected their partners. The full faced old gentleman with silver spectacles whispered to his neighbor with the accordion, "Un! Deux! Trois!" and off they started—sometimes the accordion ahead, and then the violin, in the inspiriting movement of an old fashioned mazourka. The benches around the room were now crowded with the feminine portion of the guests, the male admirers being compelled to stand in the doorways, from whence a galaxy of eyes drunk in the animated scene.

After each dance there was a promenade, which afforded anxious mothers an opportunity of seeking their infants where they were all nestled together on one bed in a rear chamber, and there to quiet lusty cries induced by hunger by a hurried administration of nature's best infantile food. Dance followed dance. Then the quadrille was announced, and three sets took the floor. The old violinist was now in his element. Beating time with the toe of a very heavy boot, he made it impossible for the dancers to forget the measure, and in a musical little voice he instructed the more modest in the figures with "Avant deux? Balancez! Chassez! Croisez! Chaine des dames!"

In the midst of the "lady's chain" a stentorian voice from the front room called out "Gombo." The music lost its influence and there was a rush for the hall. Men sought their favorites this way and that, anxious maidens kept their eyes on the floor hoping for the coming of certain gallants. There was some crowding around the entrance to the improvised refreshment room from which came the savory odor of a rich gombo and strong coffee. Unlike the custom at balls within the jurisdiction of a more ceremonious social code the gallants passed their fair ones alone by the doorkeeper into the sumptuous feast and then adjourned to the front gallery to smoke a cigarette.

As the ladies completed their hurried repast and approached the door to make an exit, the doorkeeper with lusty voice shouted the name of the demoiselles' escort, "Jean Servat! Alphonse Descalle! Bebe Latour! These knights soon put in an appearance, and paying the modest sum of twenty-five cents for the gombo their belles had eaten, secured their freedom from the doorkeeper's demands. With chivalric regards the men await their repast until the fairer are all served.

Happy in the enjoyment of the lovely dance and gay conversation, the guests forgot the gallop of the hours, and when the gray of morning began to steal over the prairie then only did they realize that New Year's day had come and another year was ushered in.—Charles E. Whitney in Times-Democrat.

A Screen from a Harem.

In Washington dwell two young women who own so much bric-a-brac that they have moved into a larger house to accommodate it. Among other rare things is a screen, such as is used in eastern harems, made of carved wood, with curious little windows which open and shut like doors.—Chicago Times.

Society in Mexico.

The habits of good society here are quite the same, with a little more dash of abandon, as any where in the world. The ladies wear imported Paris hats entirely. The sevillana, or modern small mantilla—a most delightfully graceful headdress which ought to be the fashion in the states in the summer, so universally becoming is it to all women—is not at all displaced by the French hat. The sevillana is entirely permissible in the forenoon hours, and no lady wears a bonnet to church. The church costume is a black silk or woolen dress and sevillana, and if you want to see some beautiful Spanish types among the ladies go to the cathedral or to the Santa Brigida or Profesa churches of a morning—where, among the hundreds of kneeling worshipers, you will see faces that an American painter would give much to transfer to canvas. The Mexican ladies go to church daily in the morning hours, for her worship is not restricted to one day in the week, and the Mexican church is not a combination of lecture rooms, reception halls and church kitchen. It is a place in which to worship God, and not to make a display of toilets and to sell oyster stews.—Cor. Boston Herald.

THE RAGPICKERS.

ONE ELEMENT OF THE POP