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FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

——AGENT FOR——

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS

—AND—

Pure Chemicals for All Formulas.

ANALYSES:

Pure Ground Raw Bone	*Pure Dissolved Raw Bone*
5 to 6 per cent. Ammonia,	*3 to 3½ per cent. Ammonia,*
50 to 52 per cent. Bone Phos.	*32 to 36 per ct. Bone Phos*

It is no longer a question for the farmer to determine whether Fertilizers pay him or not it but remains for him to determine the kind and quality which pay him best. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We sell it separate or will manipulate and mix it to order according to any formula which may be required. Our brands of Ammoniated Bone Super Phosphates we guarantee to be made of the best and purest materials, and which have stood successfully the test and competition of 40 years, we respectfully commend to farmers who are not governed in their purchases by the low prices regardless of the more important considerations of quality. We have also a carefully prepared Fertilizer for Peach Trees, Corn and Oat Fertilizer, Bird Guano and Potash. Pure Dissolved South Carolina Bone Phos., Muriate of Potash, Kainit, Sulphate of Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, Agricultural Salts, Ground Plaster, and all Chemicals used for fertilizing purposes.

☞ SPECIAL FORMULAS COMPOUNDED. ☜

☞ LOW PRICES FOR CASH. FREE ON BOARD IN BALTIMORE

All orders promptly attended to by addressing

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Feb. 17, 1887.

Our Peach Tree Guano! — TRADE MARK — Our Peach Tree Guano

The most successful growers of peaches are using fertilizers upon their orchards, and they believe it is necessary that the tree must be fed to produce yearly crops. A large crop one season necessarily reduces the quantity of fruit the next, without you supply to the tree what the fruit takes from it. A properly prepared and low cost Fertilizer is cheaper than fruit, therefore you must make a good profit if you feed your trees. Peach trees should not have applied to them any fertilizer containing sulphuric acid. Nearly all the Peach Tree Fertilizers are made with the objectionable article. Our Peach Tree Guano does not contain one lb. of sulphuric acid, and the wonderful results from its use prove our claim that it is the most successful Peach Tree Food upon the market. Ask the gentlemen mentioned below their opinion of these goods. Dr. John J. Black, New Castle, Del., author of the celebrated work upon the peach, pear and quince, says; 'I think the condition of my trees warrants me in saying the application of your tree Fertilizer to them has been of advantage.''

BETTERTON, Md., Jan. 12, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen:—In the Spring of 1885 and the Spring of '86 I used your "Special Tree Guano" with very satisfactory results. My crop was nice both years. The summer of 1886 my crop was large and fine and what was very peculiar my peaches did not rot on the trees, which I attribute to your fertilizer. HENRY H. McVAY.

WORTON STATION, March 4, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen:—I used one ton of your "Peach Tree Guano" last Spring on our peach orchard with the most surprising results. The orchard is sixteen years old, and as the trees had not borne any peaches up to last year for over seven years, I advised Mr. Porter to let me cut it down, but we did not do so I am glad to say. We had a nice crop last year; the peaches were nicely colored and of fine size, We made three pickings from the trees; we counted the peaches in one basket and it contained only fifty-two peaches. I measured one, it was 10½ inches in circumference. The *Kent News* contained an account of the basket containing the fifty-two. For a large number of our peaches we got one dollar per basket, and the basket returned at the station. Another strange thing was; that the orchard kept its foliage longer and greener than any orchard I saw last fall. I certainly cannot help recommending your Peach Tree Phosphate and advise all growers to use it. P. H. GEARS.

BETTERTON, Md., Jan. 12th, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen:—We have used your 'Special Peach Tree Guano' with wonderful success on old peach trees, and in our nursery, the most remarkable result was on our June budded trees; we gave them an application when we budded in June, and where we made the heaviest application our trees were over five feet high in the following October.—Where we only used a small quantity the trees were about two and a-half feet high, an increase in size of one hundred per cent. We truly believe your "Peach Tree Guano" the best article made for peach trees, and the lowest priced; shall need more next spring. We will be pleased to answer any questions regarding its worth, and advise all nurserymen and peach-growers to use it.

Very respectfully,
H. H. McVAY,
J. T. VANDEGRIFT,
Nurserymen.

A FEW NAMES OF PURCHASERS LAST SPRING:

Josias Ringgold, Chestertown, Md.;	J. H. Porter, Worton Station;	B. F. Beck, Lankford, Md;
Sam'l Vannort, " "	J. Rankin & Bro., Fairlee;	Thos. Hulme, Fairlee, Md;
H. W. Vickers, att'y, " "	W. T Baker, Edesville, Md.;	Chas. D. Brown, Pomona;
Henry Massey, " "	John Evans Church Hill;	Jos. Porter, Worton.

Black Residuum! Black Residuum!

Hand in your orders for this article early. It prevents frenching in corn, and destroys insect life in your peach orchard. We are always the lowest priced in fertilizers and chemicals. A trial will convince you. We were the first to lower the price of these goods.

CORN FERTILIZER.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

Do you believe that Phosphate on Corn will pay? We know it will if you get a good article, and at a fair price. We lead in Low Prices. Our increasing trade convinces us that our customers are finding this out. Those who doubt call and see us. We give the opinion of one gentleman. Only have room for one testimonial. Plenty more in the office.

Testimonial of J. H. Toulson:

☞ 57¾ *bu. per acre from Clover Sod and Manure; 67¼ bu. from our Corn Fertilizer per acre on Same Ground*:

MESS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.:—It is with great pleasure that I state to you and others interested the success of your corn phosphate sold to me last spring. I put a field containing eighteen acres in corn in the spring of 1885, turned under a clover sod and manured heavily. My crop of corn was 57¾ bushels to the acre. I put the same field in the next spring. Planted it also in peach trees, and used your corn phosphate. The result was 67¼ bushels to the acre. The increase of fodder more than paid for the fertilizer. I did not put any phosphate between the peach trees running one way. The corn was so much poorer that my neighbors asked me why it was. I told them it was because I had not put any of Charlie Kennard's phosphate there. I have used the highest priced phosphate on corn of other makes, but your lower priced goods I consider the best. Your Special Potato Phosphate grew me fine sized, smooth potatoes, and a large crop. I shall always recommend your goods. Very respt., JAS. A TOULSON.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

SPECTACLES!

I have the agency for the celebrated

Diamanta Spectacles

AND EYE-GLASSES.

They are ground on scientific principles; they are perfectly Colorless, and do not tire the eye as common glasses do. If persons who need glasses will call on me I will test their eyes with an optometer and give them glasses to suit their eyes.

I also have on hand a Nice

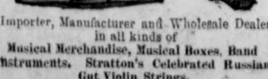
ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES
JEWELRY, CLOCKS,
and
ROGERS & BROTHER SILVERWARE.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

C. M. LUCAS.

March 10, 1887—y.

JOHN F. STRATTON,
49 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK.



Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

Musical Merchandise, Musical Boxes, Band Instruments, Stratton's Celebrated Russian Gut Violin Strings.

Nov. 25, 1886—y.

A EMEDY FOUND AT LAST TO CURE

Hog Cholera!

LIEBERMAN'S
HOG CHOLERA REMEDY
WILL POSITIVELY CURE & PREVENT
HOG CHOLERA.

It is not a new remedy, but has been tried and experimented with for two years, and found that if used when the hogs are first attacked, that it will cure the diseased hogs and prevent the contagion from spreading to the others in the same pen.

Manufactured and sold by

N. LIEBERMAN,
MELITOTA, MD.

Correspondence Solicited. Telephone Call 36.

PRICE, 50c. per Package; by Mail, 75c.
Feb. 10, 1887.

ONION SETS!

May be planted now. We have a CHOICE LOT of SILVER SKINS, which we are selling CHEAP.

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

March 10, 1887.

WE ARE now taking orders for BINDER TWINE. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridles Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

A Large, Handsome, Commodious DWELLING on Front street, Chestertown, large Garden, new Stable and new fencing. A very desirable property, will be exchanged for land or will be sold on easy terms. Key of building at H. H. Barroll's office. Apply to

E. T. COMEGYS,
May 12—tf. Locust Grove, Md.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

A SMALL FARM, suitable for Peach Growing. Address or apply to

JUDEFIND BROTHERS,
April 14—tf. Edesville, Md.

FOR SALE.

GOOD FARM of 280 Acres, in 5th district, this county; Fine Peach Orchard, fair buildings; very low price, easy terms.

Address or apply at once to

JUDEFIND BROTHERS,
April 14—tf. Edesville, Md.

J. W. BRYANT. HOWARD BRYANT.

J. W. & H. BRYANT,
Attorneys at Law,
303 ST. PAUL STREET,

COR. SARATOGA, - - - BALTIMORE.

April 7—3m.

JOHN D. URIE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's counties. sep16.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., Sundays excepted.

Special attention given to women and children. j.20, 1887—tf.

INTERESTING CARD

FROM DR. PHELPS, GALENA.

The demand is for GOOD DENTISTRY at REASONABLE CHARGES. I meet the demand!

NO PAIN in extracting teeth. Teeth inserted OVER OLD ROOTS by new method of BRIDGE WORK give GREAT SATISFACTION.

Thanks for increasing practice.

Sets for $5. j.20.

REMOVAL.

Dr. C. P. Gilpin has taken the dwelling house on High street adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past.

Jan. 6, 1887—tf.

RAG CARPETS.

Buy from the maker. Another big lot ready for inspection. Hundreds of yards to select from. Biggest Variety and lowest prices ever offered.

JOHN BARTLEY,
Apr. 7—3m. Cross St., near the jail.

TAX-PAYERS, TAKE NOTICE.

I MUST settle my levies, and therefore I must collect taxes that are due. Those who have not settled will please take notice and settle immediately. I shall regret if I am compelled to advertise. I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday, and at Hanesville every Saturday, until further notice.

M. M. RASIN,
Jan. 20—tf. Collector Third District.

TAX-PAYERS, TAKE NOTICE.

THOSE who are yet owing me for taxes must settle. All levies are now due, and unless those owing pay promptly, I must proceed to advertise. Interest will in all cases be charged from the 1st day of January. I will be at the sheriff's office, Court House, Chestertown, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 11 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M.

STEPHEN LECATES.
Jan. 20. Collector for 4th district.

T. H. MCGAW. A. E. DROMAN.

McGAW & DROMAN,
DEALERS IN
PURE RYE WHISKIES, WINES & LIQUORS
108 SOUTH CALVERT ST.,
Between Lombard and Pratt Streets.
BALTIMORE.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

☞ The Demijohn and Medicinal trade a Specialty. f.10-6m.

JOS. E. WEER & SON

are prepared to do

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
WHEELWRIGHTING

In all its branches at their shops in Kennedyville. Special attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING.

Give us a call. JOSEPH E. WEER & SON,
May 26—6m. Kennedyville.

---

12 H. P.

TRACTION ENGINE,

Used Two Short Seasons on Fresh Water.

WOODS' MAKE,

and in Perfect Order. For sale by

JOSEPH TURNER.
June 16, 1887.

TO ALL PERSONS

Interested in Coal.

WE, having made arrangements by which we have our Coal shipped direct from the mines to Chestertown, perhaps it would be to your interest to call and see us before buying elsewhere.

J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

JACOB WOLF,
Dealer in WINES & LIQUORS.

OLD RYE FROM	$1.50 TO	$2.00
" SHERWOOD,	2.50 TO	6.00
" MONTICELLO,	2.50 TO	6.00

CORNER OF LIGHT AND CONWAY,

opposite Chester River Steamboat Co.

May 19—6m.

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED.

We would be pleased to call your attention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,
July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

Soda Water!

FRESH AND COLD.

Those who can appreciate a good glass of Soda give me a call.

TOULSON'S.

ACROSS THE BROOK.

Her dainty form across the brook
Like some sweet care, I carried;
Scarce later stands in memory's book
The morning we were married.
Both dates are dim; but glowing yet,
They shine when on the page I look,
Nor fifty years have brought regret
I lifted her across the brook.
—William G. Richards in The Cosmopolitan.

A DIAMOND ROBBERY.

The latter part of last May witnessed the arrival of an American gentleman at a well known private hotel in London, one of the houses which appeal only to the patronage of those who are not compelled to count the cost of their accommodations. He secured a bed room and sitting room on the third floor. He was an old man, and his health so precarious that he spent most of his time indoors, leaving the house only on the warm, clear days, which are so infrequent during the early part of May in London. After he had been there a few days, the lady who had occupied the suit of rooms immediately beneath his left for the continent, and the American engaged these for a friend of his then on the way to London. The friend arrived, and two highly respectable American gentlemen were now installed one over the other. The first arrival—say Mr. A—left a considerable sum of money, in English bank notes, in the care of the manager of the hotel. In the course of some casual conversation with the manager, he subsequently gave the latter to understand that he was a Chicago railway man of great wealth. The manager had every reason to believe him, for Mr. A, so far from trying to obtain accessive credit at the hotel, or to cash drafts on Chicago, had deposited a quantity of ready money in the safe, and paid his bills each week without even drawing on this fund. In due course the manager learned that Mr. A's daughter was about to be married, and Mr. A consulted him as to where he should go to buy her a sufficiently valuable set of diamonds to be worn by a rich man's daughter, who was marrying another rich man.

The manager, with his fat commission in view, arranged to go with Mr. A to one of the largest jewelers in Bond street and assist him in selecting the stones. He was himself, he said, a connoisseur, and Mr. A admitted that he knew very little about diamonds and that his eyesight was impaired. As luck would have it, Mr. A's cough grew worse daily, and the time approached when he wanted to dispatch the stones to Chicago without his having been able to go to Bond street. The manager ventured deferentially to remind him of this, and Mr. A said that he had about made up his mind to let his business correspondent in New York buy the stones at Tiffany's, even if they were a little more expensive than they would be in London. The manager saw that little commission of his receding toward the convergence of the lines of perspective, and proposed to Mr. A that the man in Bond street should send around some stones for him to look at. Mr. A expressed a doubt as to whether the man would be disposed to send round a large assortment of really fine goods.

The manager said there would be no trouble about that, and he himself went round to see the jeweler, made an arrangement about the percentage, which was satisfactory to both parties, and the jeweler promised not only to send around the best sets he had, but likewise to get a larger assortment on approval from the diamond brokers, according to their usual practice, and submit those also.

It should be noted here that Mr. A had told the manager that he did not care so much for enormously large stones as for stones of great brilliancy—real old Brazilian and Indian diamonds. His intention was to let his daughter have them set in such forms as she might herself prefer, unless, indeed, the jeweler should happen to have something very striking in the way of hair ornaments, bracelets or necklaces already set.

The man of Bond street was a good, old fashioned, conservative west end tradesman, and when he saw what an enormous sum the assortment of jewels which were going to the hotel aggregated, instead of sending a man with them he went himself, accompanied by a porter who carried the leather bag containing the stones, and who was, more as a matter of habit than because any special precaution seemed necessary, armed with one of those fearful and wonderful English revolvers, which are about as convenient to carry as an 80-ton gun, and take about as long to cock and fire. It was, indeed, more because the jeweler wanted to conduct the negotiation in person and use his own judgment as to how stiff a price he could insist upon than because he had any misgivings about the good faith of the purchaser that he went to the hotel himself.

Arriving there, the manager accompanied him and his porter to Mr. A's room. Mr. A was reclining on a sofa before the fire. The jeweler unlocked the bag, which was chained round the porter's waist, and the manager removed a number of books and papers from a small table which stood by the sofa. On this table the jeweler arranged a tempting display of set and unset stones, worth in the aggregate, at his prices, some £18,000, of which he hoped to be able to sell about one-fourth, judging from the way in which the manager had spoken of his customer.

Now, what was the position of affairs? Around the table were the jeweler himself, his armer porter and the manager of the hotel, a man of unimpeachable integrity. Aside from the presumption that Mr. A was a most highly respectable individual, which in this case seemed to amount to a moral certainty, he was a weak man, attenuated by long illness, about which there could be no deception. The odds were, in reality, far more than three to one, and a pull at the bell would have made them more than that. The jeweler pointed to the various sets and stones, stating their weight, character and price; and in the instance of one superb necklace telling Mr. A a curious history of the great nobleman who had been recently obliged to dispose of it among his family jewels. Mr. A listened with great interest, and then said:

"It must be a nervous sort of business handling these things. I should be afraid the devil would fly away with them, I think!"

The jeweler smilingly assured him that he did not worry very much about that, at any rate.

Mr. A. then excused himself while he went into his bedroom a moment, remarking that he expected a friend of his who was in the hotel to come up there in a moment, and wanted his advice in making the selection.

As the door closed behind him, the jeweler smiled at the manager and the manager at the jeweler. The jeweler thought of his profits and the manager thought of his commission.

A moment later there was a little noise, like the sharp closing of the lid of a box, and to all appearances the devil had flown away with the stones. It took the three men in the room a moment to realize what had happened, and at the end of that moment the commissionnaire at the door of the hotel saw Mr. A. and his friend, who occupied the rooms below, walk out of the door, the second gentleman carrying his ulster on his arm, step into a hansom, and drive rapidly down the street. Just as the cab drove off he also noticed a tremendous shouting and bell ringing, and, in company with the other employes of the house, ran up to the corridor on the third story, where he met the jeweler, the porter and the manager rushing out of Mr. A.'s sitting room as if they had seen a ghost.

Before many hours the jeweler was closeted with one of the confidential inquiry agents, who have frequently been described as "crooks' agents," and a few days later he recovered the stones by paying the broker £5,000. If he had gone to the police instead of the broker he would probably have never succeeded in bringing the artists to justice and certainly would have lost the stones altogether. The police have never heard anything about the operation. The manager had excellent reasons for not advertising his own blunder in having been hoodwinked, and, as the jeweler had compounded a felony, he certainly wanted to keep his mouth shut.

The Americans were, it need hardly be said, first class artists. They had perhaps in all invested £150 in the job, although when their trunks came to be examined they were found to contain an amazing number of newspapers, which, with all the respect in the world for the periodical press, can hardly be regarded as valuable assets. The English bank notes locked in the safe, with the exception of one at the top of the roll, were like the old Bank of Elegance notes; they were some of a quantity of advertisements having the general appearance of bank notes which a theatrical manager in Liverpool was indiscreet enough to distribute through the streets of that city not long ago, and which were seized by the police as soon as they were called to their attention, but a good many of which had found their way to London in the mean time. The manager had, of course, not scrutinized the notes, as he merely saw Mr. A put them in an envelope and write his name on it.

This is a story from the outside. Now let us look at it from the inside. A few days before the robbery Mr. A's friend had bought for him a curious antique table, which Mr. A intended to take to America with them, and which, for the time being, he had in his sitting room, covered with a cloth to prevent its being scratched.

It was on this table that the diamonds had been laid, and, as a matter of fact, this table was the devil that flew away with them. It had been made, or rather remade, from a curious piece of old furniture by a manufacturer of stage conjurer's appliances in Paris. It was a small, round topped table, and from the top it sloped in and then spread out again toward the floor, something like the trunk of a tree or an hour glass without its waist being pinched in very tightly. The top of the table was inlaid, the pattern consisting of a number of pie shaped pieces and radiating from an enameled medallion in the middle. From the top to the floor the table was hollow, when the flat piece at the bottom of it was unscrewed and a lead weight which made it as heavy as a solid table was removed. Through this hollow there ran a stout piece of heavy fish line, fastened to the under side of the medallion in the top of the table.

Before the jeweler's visit this medallion had been replaced by a wooden plug, in which was set a little iron ring. On the under side of the cloth a piece of stout dogskin was securely glued and the ring sewn to this. When the cord was sharply jerked the top of the table collapsed toward the middle, the pie shaped pieces being hinged at the outside and arranged so that their points would drop in when the cord pulled down the plug. Therefore, when the cord was pulled the cloth would be drawn down into the hollow part of the table, wrapping in itself whatever had been lying on it when the cord was pulled.

The two crooks had quietly cut a hole through the floor of Mr. A's sitting room and the ceiling in the room below as soon as the two sitting rooms had been cleaned up by the hotel servants that morning. In Mr. A's room the hole was of course concealed by the table, but the room below had to be kept locked and unentered during the morning.

This the partner had easily arranged by saying that he was writing letters and did not wish to be interrupted. When Mr. A went into his bedroom from the sitting room he went out of the bedroom door to the corridor and down stairs to his partner's room. His partner was in readiness, and when he knew it was time to act he stood on a chair under the hole and held his overcoat ready to catch the tablecloth and the stones. Mr. A stood with the cord in his left hand and an open knife in his right. He jerked the cord. His partner's ulster received what it was waiting for, and he quickly cut the cord close up to the cloth.

The ulster was hastily doubled over its contents, and with it on the partner's arm they walked quickly down the stairs and were in the hansom before the people up stairs realized that the stones were gone; and even when they saw that the top of the table seemed to have fallen in it took them a moment to discover that it was not in that room that they must look for the vanished diamonds. The two artists must have got fully five minutes' start, and three minutes was all they needed to be lost.—London Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Lion Trade in London.

Is the trade brisk in lions? Yes. The week before last I sold one to the Antwerp Zoological gardens for £200. Imported forest bred lions are always worth their money, but those that are brought up in gardens and menageries are not nearly so valuable. They become stunted in their growth and deformed. The system of breeding lions in one family is responsible for this degeneracy, and what should be done is to mix the breed by means of imported lions. The principal source of supply is Africa. The war in the Soudan put a stop to the traffic in them, but I can still import plenty. A good male lion is worth about £200, and the value of a female is something like half that sum.—Pall Mall Budget.

Suspects He Is a Yankee.

There's a fellow, I think he is a Yankee, stopping at a boarding house not very far from here, and I took dinner there yesterday. This fellow sat next to me, and everything went well until the dessert was brought in, when he asked for a finger bowl. It was brought him. Suddenly I heard a peculiar click, and, looking at my friend, I saw him deliberately remove his false teeth and drop them into the finger bowl to be cleaned.—Cor Florida Herald.

The Persians Good Riders.

Of the cavalry of the regular army of Persia there is little to say excepting of its famous regiment of Cossacks, so called not because they are of Cossack race, but because they are uniformed and drilled to resemble the Cossacks of Russia. They are instructed by Russian officers, which appears to us a serious mistake, as the enemies of Persia are thus able to corrupt the patriotism of these troops, which is made the easier because, as imitators of the Cossacks, they feel almost identified with them.

All Persians are good riders; if not always graceful they can always keep on a horse whatever be his action; it goes without saying, therefore, that the shah's Cossack regiment is unsurpassed for skill in equestrianism. Every feat is at their command, Nothing can be finer or more exciting than to see these Cossacks going through their exercises. Now dashing in line ventre a terre with the speed of the winds; then, at the word, separating and flying in all directions like evening swallows, wheeling with lightning rapidity, threatening to overthrow each other in what seems a wild disorder. But they shoot by without collision, firing their muskets, tossing their sheepskin shakos on the ground and picking them up as they rush by, and suddenly coming to a full stop as if under an instantaneous spell. Such evolutions of cavalry can be seen in Russia, Turkey, Persia and Arabia.—S. G. W. Benjamin in Inter Ocean.

Unenlightened Picture Buyers.

There is a curious idea among a certain class of unenlightened picture buyers that the value of a picture is injured if it is exhibited to any one else. To gratify this whim the dealers keep many of their purchases a profound secret and exhibit the pictures to one person at a time in their private rooms, which could tell many amusing stories. There is a great deal of nonsense about this mystery, but there is still plenty of provincialism among New York picture buyers, many of whom would apparently prefer to have their pictures come straight from the studio to some secret chamber in which they might be sealed up away from an inartistic world.—New York Tribune.

Feminine Management.

Little Dot (laughing)—Why, Dick, what's the matter?

Little Dick—I's most dead. I just took some awful stuff.

"That what your mamma put on the table?"

"Yes; she left it there in the cup an' told me not to touch it 'cause it was for pudding, an' when she went out I took a great big swallow, an' it's castor oil."

"Yes, she said you ought to take some, an' I told her how to fix it."—Omaha World.

Production of Quicksilver.

The lightest production of quicksilver in the United States for the last ten years was last year's, being only 27,756 flasks. The increased imports of nearly 8,000 flasks from England to the United States include the large transit trade of that article to the Mexican mines.—Chicago Times.

The Soudan Chieftain.

A red headed Texan thinks it ridiculous for Lord Wolseley to write about the war between the states. "He never fought anything but naked niggers and half starved, half armed barbarians," says the Texan, "and they mostly got the best of him."—Montgomery Advertiser.

A colored man who is 105 years old, and who once blacked Washington's shoes, was discovered the other day in Nashville, Tenn.

Chauncey Depew and the Reporters.

Mr. Depew is at all times an agreeable talker, and to reporters he is especially so. "I never but once refused to be interviewed," said he, while here the other day, "and I gave in on that finally. It was very late at night, and I had gone to bed more than usually tired. I was in the midst of my first sleep, which is my best, when the door bell rang. I made up my mind I wouldn't answer, hoping that whoever he was he would tire out and go. But he didn't, and finally I got up and went down to the door and ushered in a young man. 'Mr. Depew,' said he, 'I am a newspaper reporter. My wife is very sick and the doctor says I must take her to Clifton Springs to-morrow. I don't come to you for a pass; I don't ask you for money. One of the newspapers (naming one of the leading dailies of New York) has given me a column and a half. I've got to fill it. The money I will get for it will, perhaps, save my wife's life. I have walked the streets an hour wondering what I would write, when I thought of you. Now, I want you to fill that space.'

"'But,' said I, 'what shall I talk about?'

"'Anything,' said he. So I walked up and down the room and commenced to talk upon a subject. 'No,' said he, 'I don't think they'd like that.' Then I started off on another. 'I'm afraid of that,' said he. He suggested a topic, but that was professional and I could not talk to him about it. Then I rambled off a category of different things until he interrupted me on one. 'That'll do,' said he; 'give me something on that,' and I fired a speech at him. In a few minutes he stopped. 'That's enough, Mr. Depew,' said he; 'I've got my column and a half,' and he had. The next morning the interview appeared, and my night friend's wife no doubt received the benefit of it."—Albany Journal.

Carrying the Creel.

The mode of procedure in the village of Galashiels was as follows: Early in the day after the marriage those interested in the proceeding assembled at the house of the newly wedded couple, bringing with them a "creel" or basket, which they filled with stones. The young husband, on being brought to the door, had the creel firmly fixed to his back, and with it in this position had to run the round of the town, or at least the chief portion of it, followed by a number of men to see that he did not drop his burden, the only condition on which he was allowed to do so being that his wife should come after him and kiss him. As relief depended altogether upon the wife, it would sometimes happen that the husband did not need to run more than a few yards; but when she was more than ordinarily bountiful, or wished to have a little sport at the expense of her lord and master—which, it may be supposed, would not unfrequently be the case—he had to carry his load a considerable distance.

This custom was very strictly enforced, and the person who was last creeled had charge of the ceremony, and he was naturally anxious that no one should escape. The practice, as far as Galashiels was concerned, came to an end about 100 years ago, with the person of one Robert Young, who, on the ostensible plea of a "sore back," lay abed all the day after his marriage, and obstinately refused to get up and be creeled. He had, it may be added in extenuation, been twice married before, and had on each occasion gone through the ceremony of being creeled, and now, no doubt, felt that he had had quite enough of creeling.—All the Year Round.

Bazaine's Mexican Daughter.

Among the loveliest of all the lovely daughters of the tropics is Eugenie Bazaine, daughter of the French exile, Marshal Bazaine. But you will ask how did Marshal Bazaine's daughter find a home in the Mexican capital. It is a romantic story. Marshal Bazaine was the representative of Napoleon III when the latter espoused the cause of Maximilian, aspirant to the throne of Mexico, and he came to Mexico and marshaled the French troops as a representative of the French emperor, in the interest of the Austrian duke, until the star of the latter began to wane. Bazaine became owner of palatial residences, and he levied tribute off the richest haciendas.

While in Mexico he became enamored of a Miss de la Pena, a lovely Mexican girl, and ere returning to France left a boy and girl, babies, fruit of a lawful marriage. As a French exile he is now in Spain, where his Mexican son is also an officer in the army, but his Mexican wife and daughter are living here in a quiet way on the north side of the Alemada. His possessions were naturally confiscated by Juarez and the Liberal party, so that the income of the wife and daughter does not afford them opportunities for extravagant display. The Mexican government, however, has generously allowed them to retain a home, but, though a fine substantial residence, a stranger would ask in passing an explanation of the gloom that seems to surround and overshadow it. Miss Bazaine is one of the prettiest girls in Mexico. She is about 19 years old, and, being the daughter of a Mexican mother and French father, possesses the united charms of both races.—Cor. St. Louis Republican.

View of Great Salt Lake

The first view of Great Salt lake is of a silver mirror with arms, in the midst of an immense plain. Only the silver gray water, the blue gray sky and the vast expanse of flat, marshy land. We were not very favorably impressed; in fact, I was very greatly disappointed with the first glimpse of Salt Lake City. This is natural where one's expectations have been raised to an extravagant height. It looked like a third or fourth rate town on exhibition as a show, and not equal to its reputation. There was a crowd of arrivals, tourists and sight seers. The station was surrounded by hacks, the strangers besieged by vociferous hackmen. We were too accustomed to the modern conveniences of everyday life in the east to find their reproduction here marvelous. Had we come over the trackless wastes, like the early settlers, after months of struggle and warfare with cold and fatigue and weariness, had we penetrated rocky canyons, forded rivers and marched over interminable wildernesses of salt and sage brush, this modern city of the plain would indeed have been a marvel; but we had been whirled hither between a day and a night and were disappointed to find it less idyllic than we had pictured and so much like other places.

Where were the "streams of the living God" that flowed "directly through the streets?" Where the rich milk and honey of this typically fruitful land? Where, oh! where the far famed cleanliness of its vine wreathed cottages and sidewalks? The general aspect was commonplace and second class, and we were not sorry that our stay was to be short.—Jennie June in Demorest's Monthly.

Where Alexander Hamilton Rested.

A favorite Sunday walk used to be along the western shore of the Hudson to the spot where the duel between Hamilton and Burr was fought. This spot is now covered with railroad tracks, and although a monument was once erected there, it is no longer to be found. But the large, red stone against which Hamilton rested while his wound was being examined is preserved on the King estate, on the bluffs overlooking the river, and marks the entrance to a sort of observatory called "The Fort," as if in rivalry with "The Castle" of the Stevens family, a mile or two away.—New York World.

A Venerable Man.

Mr. Boggs (reading English history)—"The Prince of Wales in 1798"——

Mrs. Boggs (interrupting)—"The Prince of Wales in 1798?" Goodness! I didn't know the Prince of Wales was such an old man as that!—Detroit Free Press.

Of all the New York managers Lester Wallack is the only one who was born in the dramatic profession and brought up in the expectation of following a managerial career.

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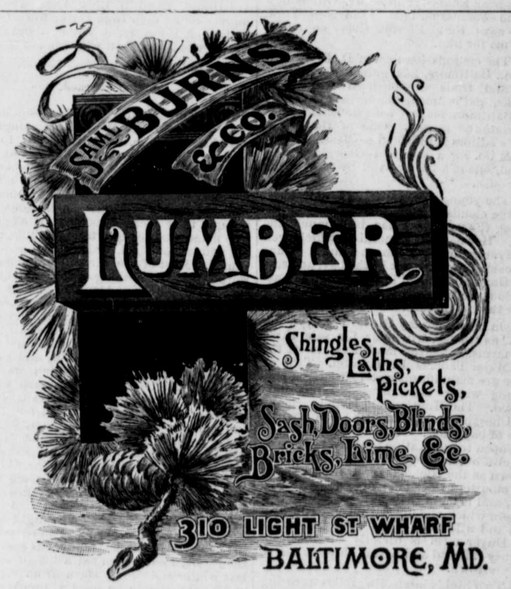

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