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# The Chestertown Transcript.

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## IMMENSE STOCK

## Paints, Oil, Glass, Wall Paper!

And Everything in That Line.

IN PAINTS I HAVE A VERY VARIED ASSORTMENT.

ARTISTS' MATERIAL to begin with. Coach, Carriage, and Car Colors, ground in Japan. Carriage Varnishes of many kinds. Full line of House Painters' Paint and Supplies.

VERY BEST AND PUREST

## LIQUID PAINT!

by half pint, pint, quart, half gallon, gallon and barrel. VERY LOW PRICES!

I HAVE A

## LARGE STOCK OF WALL PAPER

on hand, and my stock is being constantly replenished with Very Latest Designs. Estimates cheerfully given and Paper Hanger furnished at reasonable rates, and all work guaranteed.

Remember, my Stock is the Largest, my Styles the Latest and Prices Low a ay.

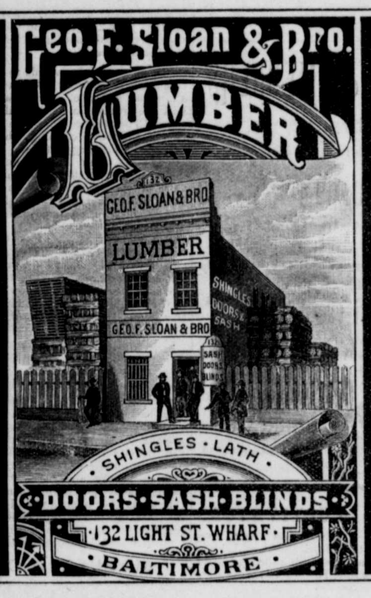
## LOUIS K. STAM,

June 2, 1887. PAINT, WALL PAPER AND FURNITURE STORE.

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.

Geo. F. Sloan & Bro.

LUMBER




WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

## NOTHING BUT SHOES

Our remarks are concerning

SHOES,
SHOES,
SHOES.

It must be understood, though, that Men's Long Boots, from the Finest to the Heaviest, are included in—

SHOES,
SHOES,
SHOES.

With the flowers that bloom in the spring—and a trifle earlier—we wish to call attention to Gentlemen's Fine Dress Shoes. We Take Measures, and have Made to Order, a gentleman's Shoe, Neat Fitting, of the Latest Style, and the Finest French Calf. We also keep in stock Dress Shoes that can be sold from $1.25 up. Remember that we make a specialty of

SHOES,
SHOES.
SHOES.

Men's Plow Shoes, Strong and Substantial, we have a large stock of and sell at bottom figures. We claim that we cannot be undersold because we deal in nothing but

SHOES,
SHOES,
SHOES.

Our Ladies' Fine Shoes are more Stylish and Elegant in Finish than you would think unless you see them. Our trade in this line is constantly increasing. The tasteful ladies of this beautiful and flourishing county, are finding out, as time goes by, that we supply a perfectly lovely Shoe—something dainty enough and stylish enough for a princess, if the princess really knew a good thing when she saw it, in

SHOES,
SHOES,
SHOES.

We will not spin out this story any longer. At the same time we shall hope and expect a call from you before you buy your Shoes this spring. To our country friends from all the districts, we extend a specially cordial invitation.

## M. T. GOSLEE,

NEW STORE,

UNDER NEW TOWN HALL.

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

J. H. SIMPERS

## IMPORTANT!

FOR YOU TO KNOW THAT

## Wroth & Aldridge

have just opened a Fine Stock of

Spring and Summer

## GOODS!

of all kinds kept in a FIRST-CLASS STORE.

FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

Gent's Neck Wear,

ON THE SHORE.

It gives us pleasure to show Goods and quote prices. Give us a call and be convinced that we stand up to our promises.

## LIME! LIME! LIME!

FRESH BURNT SHELL LIME

suitable for

Whitewashing, Building purposes or Land.

The subscriber is now burning Shell Lime, and has it on hand ready to sell at the kiln, or ship wherever it may be wanted.

WM. PERKINS,

RISING SUN SALOON, Chestertown, Md.

P. O. Box 108.

THE STEAMER METEOR

will in a day or so land for

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

A LARGE LOT OF CHOICE

CYPRESS FENCING.

Call and examine.

June 16, 1887.

IRON Cultivators! Iron Cultivators!! and Extra Cultivator Points complete at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

LADIES' CORSETS—Lace Edge ones 30 cents a pair. Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery very cheap at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

COMMISSION CARDS.

Walter S. Hill,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts.,

NEW YORK.

REFERENCE—Irving National Bank, N. Y.

June 2, 1887.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

BEALL & BERRY,

General Commistion Merchants,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

*Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.*

Office and Warehouse—No. 4 Camden St., (New Number 15) Baltimore, Md.

Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.

Telephone 965. May 19—y.

PHILIP E. CREW. WM. P. IRELAND.

CREW & IRELAND,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT, EGGS, POULTRY, LIVE STOCK, &c.,

324 NORTH WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

REFERENCES.—National Bank of Northern Liberties, and The Produce Trade of Philadelphia. m24, 1887-y.

J. E. HENDRICKSON. R. A. BRICE.

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

328 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We respectfully solicit correspondence and shipments. Returns promptly made. Refer to Union and Produce Banks.

March 3-y.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.

CREW & LOANE,

Grain & Fruit

AND GENERAL PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,

New No. 15. BALTIMORE, MD.

GRAIN AND FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

March 17, 1887.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. C. C. TILGHMAN.

WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.,

(successors to Kenly & Tilghman.)

General Commission Merchants,

—for the sale of—

GRAIN, FRUIT, and All Kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

219 (Old No. 18) Bowly's Wharf,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Having secured the services of Mr. WALTER B. SIMPSON, a thoroughly competent salesman, we are now prepared to give special attention to the sale of

FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, WOOL AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

June 9, 1887.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY

D. B. STEWART CO.,

—GENERAL—

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

150 W. Pratt St., Balto., Md.

Mr. Berry has an experience of fourteen years and Mr. Stewart four years as salesmen of different kinds of produce in the Baltimore market Shippers contemplating changing their commission merchants this season will do well to give us a trial. We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday. Oftener if desired.

We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also, The Peoples Bank, of Baltimore. [June 24

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, 1886.

*Connecting with Delaware Railroad at Clayton*

On and after Monday, Dec. 20th, 1886, until further notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

| GOING NORTH | Pass & Fr'e No. 1 daily | Passe'r & freigt No. 3 Thursdays only. |
|---|---|---|
| LEAVE | A.M. | P.M. |
| Chestertown | 6 15 | 1 35 |
| Worton | 6 35 | 1 55 |
| Lynch's | 6 39 | 2 02 |
| Still Pond | 6 45 | 2 12 |
| Kennedyville | 6 57 | 2 27 |
| Blacks | 7 13 | 2 43 |
| Lambson | 7 28 | 2 58 |
| Masseys | 7 40 | 3 08 |
| Delanys | 7 55 | 3 22 |
| *Bingham | 7 59 | 3 26 |
| arr Clayton | 8 25 | 3 40 |
| leave " | 8 38 | 5 08 |
| " Middletown | 9 00 | 5 35 |
| " Wilmington | 9 42 | 6 35 |
| arr Philadelphia | 10 32 | 7 40 |
| " Baltimore | 11 10 | 8 32 |

| GOING SOUTH. | Pas'er & Fr'g't No. 2 daily | Passenger No 4, Th'r'd'ys only |
|---|---|---|
| LEAVE | a.m. | p.m. |
| Baltimore | 6 40 | 2 30 |
| Philadelphia | 7 27 | 3 01 |
| Wilmington | 8 30 | 3 50 |
| Middletown | 9 33 | 4 37 |
| arr Clayton | 10 00 | 4 58 |
| leave " | 11 05 | 5 10 |
| " Binghams* | 11 14 | 5 17 |
| Delanys | 11 19 | 5 22 |
| Masseys | 11 34 | 5 35 |
| Lambson | 11 46 | 5 44 |
| Blacks | 12 00 | 5 53 |
| Kennedyville | 12 16 | 6 03 |
| Still Pond | 12 31 | 6 09 |
| Lynchs | 12 37 | 6 14 |
| Worton | 12 47 | 6 19 |
| arr Chestertown | 1 15 | 6 37 |
| | p.m. | p.m. |

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freight for Bingham, Flatland and Nicholson's must be prepaid.

The morning trains make connection at Clayton with trains on Delaware Railroad going North and South.

Pasengers to and from Baltimore change at Porter's.

Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time in order to insure dispatch.

Excursion tickets issued at reduced rates.

The above arrangements will give passengers four and a-half hours in Philadelphia, 3 hours and 20 minutes in Baltimore, and return home the same day.

FRED. GERKER. Lessee.

Dec. 20.

LAWN Mowers. Lawn Mowers. The Philadelphia, Boston and other Manufacturers' or sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

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.

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. Collecter 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.

KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

Science emerging from Darkness.

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 MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PUERFIER. Superior to quinine.

Mr. F. A. Miller, 630 East 157th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.

Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport, Conn. says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I recently began with Kaskine which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds.

Mrs. T. A. Solomons, of 159 Halliday St., Jersey City, writes: My son Harry, eleven years, was cured of Malaria by Kaskine, after fifteen months' illness, when we had given up all hope.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

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.,

Jan. 27. 54 Warren St., New York

FRAME HOTEL.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE

will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES

contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,

Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

HAVING leased the ARMSTRONG HOUSE in Chestertown I am prepared to accommodate the general public.

MY TABLE

will be supplied with the best the market affords, and I shall use every effort to insure the comfort of those favoring me with their patronage. On Tuesdays and Saturdays extra preparations will be made to secure our county friends a First Class Dinner.

FREE HACKS will connect with the Steamboats and Trains. First Class Livery attached.

TERMS—$1.50 per Day.

jan6-3m. ALBERT I. DUGAN.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

[FORMERLY HALL'S HOTEL.]

HAVING Leased the House, which is fitted up in the very best manner, I am prepared to accommodate parties at very reasonable rates. I will leave nothing undone that will add to the comfort of my guests. I shall aim to have everything in season, and no effort will be spared to make this the BEST HOTEL ON THE SHORE. This House has a

FIRST CLASS LIVERY ATTACHED,

and parties will be conveyed from Boat or Cars free of charge, and to any part of the Peninsula at LOW RATES.

SAMUEL H. CRAWFORD,

Jan. 8, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

FOR MEN AND YOUTHS, FOR BOYS AND CHILDREN

LEDGER BUILDING,

SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

NOTICE.

THE RISING SUN SALOON is now prepared to accommodate the public with all the delicacies of the season, such as Spring Chickens, Soft, Deveiled and Hard Crabs, Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, Turtle Soup, Terrapin Soup and Ox Tail Soup.

WM. PERKINS,

June 2, 1887. Proprietor.

SALESMEN

WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. Refer to this paper.

CHASE BROTHERS,

May 26—10t. Rochester, N.

REFRIGERATORS, Ice Chests, Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers, for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.


### JULY.

*F. O. Sherman, in St. Nicholas.*

July—for you the songs are sung
By birds the leafy trees among;
With merry carolings they wake
The meadows at the morning's break,
And through the day the lisping breeze
Is woven with their tree-top glees.
For you the prattling pebbly brooks
Are full of tales like story books.
For you a fragrant incense burns
Within the garden's blossom-urns
Which tempt the bees to hasten home
With honey for their honeycomb.
The river, like a looking-glass,
Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass.
Until it makes us almost doubt
If earth and sky aren't changed about.
July—for you, in silence deep
The world seems fallen fast asleep,
Save on one glorious holiday,
When all our books we put away,
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American!

### BRIT FAXTON'S CLOSE CALL.

**A Particularly Lurid Time with a Barrel and a Bear.**

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, June 10.—When Brit Faxton was left alone on Heald's ranch, across the Divide last winter, he turned his attention to drinking up the barrel of whiskey that lay under the counter in the old store-house. In about three weeks, for the first time in his reckless life, his nerves became affected. He was no longer alone, for Charley Beetle, whom he killed years ago at Fort Dodge, came around between drinks and glared savagely at the old man. Occasionally Beetle would bring along the whole gang of Old Brit's victims, and they would raise Cain before Brit could corral them in oblivion by deep potations from the barrel.

After a while Brit could not stand this ghost racket, as he called it, any longer, so he sent word to Hank Boyle, who was ranching in the Sacramento Mountains, to come down and keep him company. "Tell Hank," he said to a party on its way to Owl Tanks, "tell Hank fur me that if he'll only come down and keep me company he 'll be as welcome as the flowers of May to all he wants to drink and eat while he stops." Boyle, whom the drought had made very thirsty, grabbed at the offer, and he joined the next outfit that was going about Brit's way. When Boyle came hallooing about the ranch late one night in February Brit was mighty glad to see him, for Charley Beetle and the Mexican Brit had drowned in the *acequia* at El Paso were dreadful tiresome company.

Brit had now a partner to assist in drinking the whiskey.

"It ain't quite strong enough, is it Brit?" said Hank, the morning after his arrival.

"It's the weakest I ever tackled," was Brit's reply.

So Hank cut up six navy plugs and fired them into the barrel. That afternoon an Indian came along and paid a dollar to Hank for one drink. He rubbed his chest as he poured his liquor down, but let a yell out of him and jumped three feet high when the tumblerful struck bottom. He lay in the store-house from that out for two days, and when he came to and rode away he looked as if he had been born about the same time as Montezuma.

By paying close attention to the barrel it lasted a week after Hank's arrival, and then he and Brit fell to drinking red ink and cherry pectoral, and all the other patent medicines containing alcohol. What Brit did not see about this time in the ghost line was not worth talking about. But he was as tough as all the six old mules in the corral, and, as Hank sat up to drink even with him, he just lasted until March 3, when Brit cleared away the old poker decks and ink bottles to the leeward of the ranch, and buried Hank, using the old water trough for a coffin, and setting up the empty barrel as a headstone.

For two days after Hank's demise Brit roosted on top of the old store-house with his rifle in his lap waiting for every man, live or dead, whom he had ever had trouble with to come and kill him. "This will never do," he said at length, glaring around him. "I'd rather be chawed by a bear than keep on reviewing them ducks I've done up. I'll go for a hunt up the canon. It will help pass the time." So he sallied out, with his Winchester in the hollow of his left arm and his revolver in its sheath swinging back and forth in his belt, like a pendulum, every step he took.

The canon widened as he went on, and many flocks of wild turkeys on Brit's approach went 'clupping' up the steep sides of the ravine in single file. Brit's rifle wabbled mightily in the old man's hands as he sighted the birds every now and then to see if he could hold her straight, and he mumbled many strange oaths as the piece swayed from side to side. It was along in the afternoon when he reached the water pool, where he knew if there were a cinnamon bear in the whole range it was sure to come down from its crevice in the rocks to grub about and drink. Ascending several giant steps on the rough mountain side, Brit squatted down behind some live scrub oaks and began waiting for Mr. Bear. He didn't have to look long before the rolling of the slag down the precipitous wall of the opposite side of the canon attracted his attention to the bear, which, with cautious steps, was working its way from ledge to ledge in its descent to the bed of the canon. He was a monster of his kind. Twice after he reached the bottom in his shambling lope to the water had Brit tried to steady his rifle against the side of a tree and make his shot, and each time the old man's hand shook so violently that he did not dare to press the trigger. This made Brit very angry, and he cursed his nerves and shaking hands as he went boldly down to tackle the bear at a close range. His nibs, by this time, all unconscious of an enemy's presence, had crushed his way through the dead grass, and begun wallowing like a hog. Brit crept up within twenty-feet before opening fire. He let go five times in all, and the only bullet of the lot which touched the bear cut a deep furrow along the brute's shaggy side. With his head down the infuriated bear made for Brit, who, dropping his rifle, made straight tracks for a tree. He had just reached the trunk when the bear closed in on him.—Brit, who thought his time had come, sang out, and drawing his big Colt's revolver, took a snap shot at the bear's head. It was a dreadful lucky shot, for the ball, going through the eye, pierced the brain, and with a grunt the bear pitched forward dead. But the huge carcass had taken the legs from under Brit, and he rolled over the ledge and fell twenty feet, striking on his side at the bottom of the arroyo. The moon had long been looking down on the unlucky hunter when he regained consciousness. He sized up the situation, he says, at once, but it took all the sand he had to pass his hands along his sides and limbs for he knew a broken leg meant a lingering and terrible death. Luckily, no bones were fractured, but his left hip had been wrenched so badly that he could not put his left leg to the ground. In an agony of pain it took him till morning to crawl to where the water was, and there he regained his rifle. He got a short stick, and jamming one end of it into the muzzle of the rifle, improvised a crutch, on which he began to hobble homeward. Brit says he thinks it was the red ink in his system that got him "locoed" and made him miss the trail; whiskey, he is sure, never could have done it. As it was, Brit was clean off his base, and his fever was augmented from want of water. Wild with despair, he wandered on all day. He fell many times and cut himself against the sharp slag. At night he sank down and could go no further. He heard the sound of running water in his ears, which in a lucid interval he knew to be one of the premonitory symptoms of death from thirst.

In the morning Brit was found lying six feet from the running stream of water he had really heard, by a party of Scotchmen on their way to El Paso. He had a close call and he said the other day when he was here that he intended to sell out when he got well, and go home east.

### The Prince and Princess of Wales, Four Kings and Buffalo Bill.

The New York *World's* letter describing a royal party at Buffalo Bill's Wild West show on Monday, says:

The shooting principally seemed to interest the King of Denmark and the Crown Prince of Austria. When Miss Oakley had finished her shooting, both the Danish King and the Austrian Crown Prince insisted upon examining her gun and sighted it, as if they were anxious to try their skill. The riding and shooting were greatly admired. The entire royal party seemed bent upon a lark. Several of the numbers of the programme were given before the Princess of Wales arrived. She came conducted by Major Burke and followed by her two daughters and Prince Albert Victor, who is at home on a visit. The Princess of Wales seems to regard the wild West as a place for a lark. She wore a light summer dress, with a dainty small bonnet tied tightly under her chin. When the Deadwood coach was brought out it was the question whether she would ride on it or not. She rode the other day. She decided the matter very quickly. She signaled to Major Burke, and said she was going to try the coach again. She climbed up onto the back seat of the coach without any help, although several rushed forward to assist her. She coaxed her father, the King of Denmark, to climb onto the crazy coach by her side. Then the grave and severe King of Saxony was invited to risk his life on the same wagon. The ancient King stroked his side whiskers with great calmness, as if to show that he had as much courage as the Princess of Wales. After him came the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, a very tall, melancholy-looking young man, with black eyeglasses, a crisp black moustache and short black whiskers. He wore a tightly buttoned gray frock suit. He languidly puffed his cigarette smoke into the face of the Princess of Wales, and indeed all of the royal party followed the example of the Prince of Wales and puffed cigars or cigarettes all through the performance. The Crown Prince of Austria clambered onto the centre seat and Prince George of Wales mounted the coach by the side of old John Nelson. Orator Richmond raised his hand and away the coach dashed. The Indians charged down upon the coach and in a moment the royalties were encircled in a volume of smoke and fire. The cowboys came to the rescue after the usual fashion. There was a mad dash around the ring. Only one item in the programme was omitted. No death occurred during the short ride. All arrived safe and well in front of the royal box.

PRESENTED TO THE ROYALTY.

Buffalo Bill and the leading members of the show were subsequently presented to the various royalties. Mr. Cody, every one conceded, looked much more at ease among the kings than any of the royal party. After he had cracked his bull-whip the Prince of Wales sent out for it. He showed his relatives that the whip weighed 30 pounds and that what looked so simple and easy required extraordinary strength and skill to handle. During the Indian war-dance a little Indian papoose, not over five years of age, took part in the dance. The little fellow was stripped naked all but a yellow clout and line of feathers. The royalties insisted upon this youthful chief being presented. He came forward very much against his will. But at length making up his mind to be kind to the royal visitors, he extended his little red paw in the most patronizing manner, and after he had shaken hands with all the royalties he deliberately turned his little brown, bare back on the distinguished group and gave his entire attention to the more interesting war-dance.

This was not all. After the royalties had seen all there was to be seen of the wild West show they went over to the open park beyond the regular American exhibition, and there they all took a ride on the switchback railroad. It was a sight for democratic visitors to see these four sovereigns, with all the princes and princesses hanging on behind, riding like mad and yelling in perfect ecstacy of enjoyment at the swift motion and novel enjoyment of the switchback railroad.

Then after trying the swings they came back to the American bar and tried every variety of American drink, from cocktail up. They all voted the American exhibition a great success and said they would come out often.

Towards the close, just before the Prince of Wales went away, he asked Col. Cody if he had ever played before four kings before. Cody replied with a courtly bow to the group: "I have, Your Royal Highness, but I never held such a royal flush as this against four kings." The Prince had asked his question in all seriousness, but he was delighted with Colonel Cody's ready answer and laughed very loudly. He then turned around and explained all the complicated bearings of this answer of Col. Cody to the royalties, who—poor, benighted beings—do not understand the American game of poker.

### A Simple Cure for Rheumatism.

A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* says: Let all of "ours" know the following. My wife has suffered occasionally with acute rheumatism in her feet, with painful swelling, completely taking her off her feet for many days at a time.

The following remedy was recommended recently and tried, and took away the agonizing pain in less than fifteen minutes, and she can now walk very fairly, and in a couple of days she will be able to button her boots and walk without a stick or crutch.

One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir one ounce of alum; this makes curds and whey. Bathe the part affected with the whey until too cold. In the mean time keep the curds hot, and after bathing put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel, and—go to sleep (you can.) Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

EXTRACT from the London *Court Journal:* "Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was a close companion of a man named Boone, who discovered Kentucky in 1869. Mr. Cody married a granddaughter of a distinguished gentleman, known as Sitting Bullfrog. Cody was twice Governor of Chicago, and was at one time mayor of the Arkansas Legislature. He served in the Confederate army, in the command of General Butler, who so gallantly defended New Orleans against the threatened invasion of the Federal general, Longstreet. After the war, Mr. Cody went to Congress from the province of Detroit, and introduced a measure for the relief of the citizens of Buffalo, which gained for him the name of Buffalo Bill. He has contributed largely to the *Atlantic Monthly*, a newspaper edited by Mark Twain and Uncle Tom Cabin, a man who is mainly noted for his negro dialect sketches. Mr. Cody has a ranch of many acres in St. Louis, where he keeps a large lot of Indians and ponies constantly on hand."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

### Marylanders Buying Alabama Lands.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., June 29.—Northern capitalists are rapidly acquiring all the pine lands in Southern Alabama that are still offered by the Government and that can be had for $1.25 an acre. Elihu E. and William Jackson, of Maryland, have just purchased forty thousand acres of finely timbered land in one tract in Covington county, and twenty thousand acres were bought by another party about a month ago.

GOOD butter cows will make a pound of butter to every 14 to 18 pounds of milk. "General purpose cows" want from 22 to 31 pounds, and some cows would require 50 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter. Average dairies require somewhere about 25 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter.

"BOY," he said, as he halted beside a bootblack who was eating a big turnip, "I'm afraid that's bad for you."

"Yes—yum—but you'd better put out all your sympathy on the turnip," was the reply, as he bit off another quarter section.—*Anon.*

## FUNNY BUSINESS.

### She Only Looked at Him.

*Chicago Ledger.*

The child is only 10 years old, and if there ain't going to be trouble about her when she grows up I shall be surprised. She was apparently progressing very nicely at school. At first she had a good deal to say when she got home every day, but of late she has made but few remarks, and has been distinguished by an air of self-satisfaction, which has much disturbed her good mother. The other morning as she was going off to school she said: "Mamma, I want a bottle of water." "What for?" "To take to school with me." "What do you want to do with it?" "To put the flowers the boys bring me in." "Flowers! Well, I never! You don't mean to say you ask the boys to bring you flowers?" "No, of course not!" very contemptuously. "Well, how did you get them?" "There is only one boy who brings them. Jimmy Smith brings flowers every day." "For you?" "No; all the girls tease him all the time for them." "I hope you don't." "No!" again very contemptuously, "of course I don't. I just look at him and he gives them to me."

### Neither Went.

*From the Detroit Free Press.*

Two mothers who sat opposite each other in a car on a Michigan Central train going to Toledo the other day, each had a baby about a year old, and each baby came in for a share of the admiration of the passengers. This seemed to make the mothers jealous, and after thinking the matter over for awhile one of them leaned across the aisle and said:

"I feel it my duty to tell you to go into the car ahead with your child, as mine has the whooping cough."

"O! has it? Thanks for your kindness, but mine is all over the whooping cough and is now coming down with the measles. Perhaps you had better go into the car behind!"

### Too Much Enthusiasm.

*New York Sun.*

"Teaching, to me," said an enthusiastic young school ma'am, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. I think only of—" "I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might ask you—in fact I called to-night to—but I hardly dare go on, in the light of what you—" "You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady, softly; "I'm a little too enthusiastic at times, perhaps."

### The Sort of Boys that Don't Drown.

*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

If you have a boy named Bill, or Bud, or Sam, or Tom, you need not fear that he will be drowned during the swimming season. The boy who has a plug name and whose hair stands up straight like a hazel brush, and who has stone bruises on his feet, is not in danger of drowning. But if your son has curly hair, and if he wears shoes in summer and has a pretty name, you had better let him swim in a washbowl.

### A Glorious Way for a Tramp to Die.

*Albany Journal.*

Some Illinois girls tried to see who could walk the farthest on the rails of a railroad without falling off, and three of the crowd went through a cattle-guard in a heap and fell upon a tramp and killed him. We hope that will be a warning to all tramps to be sure, when they are walking under railroad tracks, that no Illinois girls are overhead.

AN Eastern firm got hold of a new drummer who was very highly recommended by some friends of theirs. They gave him a case of samples and $500 and sent him off. He was gone a couple of weeks, and they heard nothing from him. They finally got on his track, and telegraphed him. His answer was brief and worthy of his profession. It was: "Send me another $500. I am still with you."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"BOY!" called a patrolman on Antoine street as he hurried into the alley to find a boy coming out of a back gate, "did you hear that report of a gun?" "You bet," was the reply. "Where was it?" "In our back yard." "Who fired it?" "I did; and don't keep me here any longer! Dad was in the woodshed when I fired at a cat, and from the way he is cussing and thrashing around I guess I missed the cat by about six feet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. BAGLEY—William, it will be necessary for you as treasurer of this firm to shell out $10 to the disbursing agent.

Bagley—Meaning you, Susan?

"Yes, William; I wish to invade Eighth street this afternoon."

"Confound it, what an unreasonable thing a woman is! Only the other day I bought you as handsome a pocketbook as a woman could wish, and now you want money to put in it. There don't seem to be much use trying to satisfy you."—*Philadelphia Call.*

BROOKLYN *Eagle:*—The male wasp, the naturalist tells us, never stings. But so long as he and his sister are twins and dress exactly alike this bit of knowledge availeth nothing to the careless man who does not know it is the lady who is approaching him, until it be that she smiteth him with her bustle. What humanity demands of science in the case of the wasp is the invention of some prompter method of distinguishing between mousieur and madamewazzle at forty yards.

PROVIDENCE *Journal:*—One of Henry B. Anthony's stories was of a policeman who recovered on a steamboat a pocketbook which had been stolen from the good Bishop Griswold. "I did not want any reward," said the policeman; "and I would not have taken anything, but I did think the bishop might have said, 'Oh, damn it, Smith, take ten dollars.' If he had just said that I should have been satisfied."

ONE of the callers at the President's reception on Monday is said to have presented his wife with the remark:

"Mr. President, this is Meran-da. My other two wives met Hayes and Garfield, and I had to fetch her to keep peace in the family. Being a married man you know how it is yourself."

It is added that Mr. Cleveland, though moved to a good-natured laugh, declined to commit himself.—*Anon.*

"Young man," said a salvation soldier solemnly, "do you realize, when you retire at night, that you may be called before the morning dawns?"

"Yes, sir," responded the young man. "I realize it fully. I'm the father of a three weeks' old baby."—*Anon.*


### Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used *Boschee's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and Lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the *German Syrup* cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers, in the United States and Canada.