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The Chestertown Transcript.

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KIRK'S

FLOATING SOAP
—IS—
THE CHIEF
For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.
Snow White and Absolutely Pure.
If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,
JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.
June 30, 1887—y.

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 Commission 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 Keely & 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

SPRINGDALE PURE RYE,
(5 Years Old), 50 Cents a Bottle.
ROCKBRIDGE RYE WHISKEY,
$2.00 A Gallon.
PURE MALT OLD WHISKEY,
$3.00 A GALLON.
H. ROSENHEIM & SON
413 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
m24-y o Eu taw and Paca

Machinery Oil!
for all purposes
AT TOULSON'S DRUG STORE.

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, and will make it to the interest of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.
J. H. SIMPERS

SHOES, SHOES, SHOES
DON'T pay fancy prices for Shoes. We have a good, fresh stock for Ladies, for Misses, for Boys and for Babies, at prices that will sell them on sight. Call and see at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'

SHAFER & MEDDERS,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.,
Would respectfully invite all in need of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
to call and examine their stock.
Plows Plows
We are the only agents in Kent Co.
—FOR THE—
OLIVER CHILLED
Plows

And Plow Castings,
and we keep a supply constantly on hand. No Castings are genuine except those sold by us or our agents. These Plows have no superior for lightness of draft, strength and durability. The Oliver Combination, with reversible Share and Point, is perfect. For economy it takes the lead.
—OUR—
FARM WAGONS
AND DEARBORNS

HAVE NO SUPERIORS. We build them of the very best material. Give us a call.
OUR BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING DEPARTMENTS
receive our personal attention. REPAIRING promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a specialty.

☞ All orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention. m24-y.
SHAFER & MEDDERS.

A REMEDY 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.
Oct. 27, 1887.

NOTICE! NOTIE!
The Rising Sun Saloon
IS now open for the Summer Trade. We are now making
THE BEST ICE CREAM
that the town or county can produce.
Frozen Custard, Water Ices, Cakes, &c., Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, Coffee, Lobster, Canned Oysters, Turtle Soup, Ox-Tail Soup, Hard and Soft Crabs.
P. S.—We are also making a BOSTON CREAM that cannot be beaten. All lovers of good Ice Cream please give our Boston Cream a trial.
I have Harrison Jenkins, a very nice young man, who will receive all orders and act in my place when I am absent.
WILLIAM PERKINS,
May 19, 1887. Proprietor.

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. Kennedyvill

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.

Soda Water!
FRESH AND COLD.
Those who can appreciate a good glass of Soda give me a call.
TOULSON'S.

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

KASKINE
(THE NEW QUININE.)

Science emerging from Darkness.
Superior to QUININE in its Power to Cure one DISEASE Without Causing another.
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. W. T. Totten, Druggist, North Tenth St., Phila., writes: "Mr. J. Wonderly, cor. 29th St. and Montgomery Ave., has just been talking to me about Kaskine. He says he has regained his health by the use of it, and is free from all pain. Before that he could work only one or two days a week."
Other letters of similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, 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.,

FOR SALE.
150,000 - PEACH TREES,
25,000 - - APPLE TREES,
500,000 - **Asparagus Crowns,**
—AT—
Little Grove Nurseries,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
THE above Peach Trees are grown from Genuine Natural Tennessee Peach Seed and buds cut from Choice Bearing Trees. In every way these trees are grown for the best interest of the planter.
My Apples are grown from Seed Imported from France and budded with grafts from the Southern part of North Carolina and the Best Native Varieties, thereby obtaining long-lived, good-bearing and good-keeping Apples.
Asparagus Crowns are the Select Conover Colossal variety.
To meet the demands of the trade my stock will be graded.
Correspondence attended to promptly.
Reference:—Successful growers of this and adjoining counties. Address
R. G. NICHOLSON,
Aug. 11—8m. Chestertown, Md

The Independent
The Largest, The Ablest, The Best
RELIGIOUS and LITERARY WEEKLY
IN THE WORLD.
"One of the ablest weeklies in existence."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London, England.
"The most influential religious organ in the States."—*The Spectator*, London, England.
"Clearly stands in the fore-front as a weekly religious magazine."—*Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, Pa.
Prominent features of *The Independent* during the coming year will be promised
Religious and Theological Articles,
—BY—
Bishop Huntington, Bishop Coxe, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Dr. Howard Osgood, Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, and others;
Social and Political Articles,
—BY—
Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Pres. John Bascom, Prof. Arthur T. Hadley, and others;
Monthly Literary Articles
—BY—
Thomas Wentworth Higginson and other critical and literary articles by Maurice Thompson, Charles Dudley Warner, Jas. Payn, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, R. H. Stoddard Mrs. Schuyler, Van Rensselaer, Louise Imogen Guiney, H. H. Boyesen, and others.
Poems and Stories
—BY—
E. C. Stedman, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edward Everett Hale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Schayer, Rose Terry Cooke, Edith M. Thomas, Andrew Lang, John Boyle O'Reilly and others, and
A SHORT SERIAL STORY.
By E. P. ROE.
TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Three months.....$0 75	One year.....$3 00
Four months..... 1 00	Two years..... 5 00
Six months..... 1 50	Five years.....10 00

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Every Intelligent Family Needs a GOOD NEWSPAPER. It is a necessity for parents and children.
A good way to make the acquaintance of the INDEPENDENT is to send 50 cents for a "*Trial Trip*" of a month.
SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.
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Will both be sent, one year each, to any person not a regular subscriber to *The Independent*, for $3.75. The regular price of both is $4 50.—Make remittance to *The Independent*, P. O. Box 2787, New York.
No papers are sent to subscribers after the time paid for has expired.
The Independent's Clubbing List will be sent free to any person asking for it. Any one wishing to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines in connection with *The Independent*, can save money by ordering from our Club List. Address
The Independent,
P. O. Box 2787, New York.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.
A SMALL FARM, suitable for Peach Growing. Address or apply to
JUDEFIND BROHERS,
April 14—tf. Edesville, Md

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

LADIES' CORSETS—Lace Edge ones 39 cents a pair. Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery very cheap at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

PURE APPLE VINEGAR, Home-made for sale by J. B. SAPPINGTON.

THE BARBER OF PRINKIPO.

Hon. Sunset Cox Proved Too Much for Him.

A majority of the inhabitants of Prinkipo, an island southeast of Constantinople, are Greeks, but many sojourners there belong to other nationalities. Hon. S. S. Cox, late minister to Turkey, thus gives his experience with a barber of Prinkipo, who was determined to discover his nationality. The barber himself might have been either a Greek, a Maltese, a Slav, Bulgarian or Montenegrin, and had an extraordinary knowledge of tongues:

"You have been here long?" he asked.

I replied in Bohemian: "Ne."

"You are here for your health?"

I reply in Danish, affirmatively and negatively: "Ja, nei, mit herre." This puzzles him.

"An army gentleman, perhaps?"

I reply in Hungarian: "Igen" (yes).

"Your vessel is at Constantinople?"

I answer in Italian: "Si, signore."

"You will bring your vessel to Prinkipo?"

It is the modern Greek in which I reply: "Nae vevayos." He is thunderstruck; it is evidently his mother tongue. When he asks me in French: "Will your vessel touch at Athens?"

I respond in Polish: "Tak" (no).

"You will visit Egypt?"

"Sim, senior." This is Portuguese for Yes, sir.

"You have never been in Egypt?"

I respond in Swedish: "Ja," adding in Roumanian the affirmative: "Gie.'

He believes he has fixed my nationality and that I come from some Balkin province and he asks:

"Have you been in Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Herzegovina?" I give him, in Roumanian, an emphatic negative.

"You have been quite a traveler?" This suggests Chinese as a fitting language and I say, "She."

"You like the Chinese, monsieur?"

I answered promptly in the negative, "Puh!"

He then asked if I have visited Jerusalem. I responded in Arabic, "Na'am."

"You like Constantinople?"

I answer in a sweet Japanese accent, "Sama san!"

"Perhaps you have been in America?"

"Waal, yaas, I guess."

Then began a fusilade of questions and replies.

"You have lived in Paris?"

"Jamais."

"Been to Genoa?"

"Si, signore."

"Are you an English?"

"Yok!" an intense Turkish negative.

"French?"

"Non."

"German?"

"Nein."

"Well," said he, taking breath, "will you tell me, monsieur, where you do come from?"

"Don't you remember the only nation in the world where the barber is as good as the king?" I said proudly.

"Oh, Switzerland!"

"No, I am not Swiss."

And so the matter rested, but next day the minister found that his identity had been discovered.

Habit of Routine Work.

Habit is the master of the world.

Take a slimly built fellow, nervous, needing sleep, accustomed for years to irregularities of eating and resting, and put him at work in the office of a morning newspaper, where his hours are from 7 at night until 2 in the morning. You think very naturally that he will grow thinner and paler and be more nervous. On the contrary, after a few days and nights, the habit of routine work, the habit of routine hours will settle upon him and in him, and in six months from the day of his commencement he will gain in weight, his nerves will be stronger, his muscles harder and his general condition improved, not alone because of the violence, but because of the regularity of his work—the habit of his occupation. Men who turn night into day, as tens of thousands of newspaper workers are compelled to, benefit very largely by the change. They are spared the broilings of the midday sun, they avoid very largely the crowds upon the streets, and although they are strung at times to the very verge of nervous excitement by the exactions of peremptory duty, and the pushings and forcings of much work in little time, the night workers of the press, as a rule, are the healthiest of the two sets.—Joe Howard's Letter.

A Hand to Hand Fight.

At the culmination of the battle of Sailors creek, when we got into the "hand to hand" part of it, there was a brass cannon belonging to the rebel battery stuck in the mud and the artillery men had left it, when it was discovered that it was loaded. It was not in a position to be of any service to either friend or foe, while if it could be extricated from the mud it was good for at least one shot at somebody. Three "Johnnies" and two "Yanks" took in the situation about the same time, and throwing aside their empty rifles rushed for this gun. A "Yank" and a "Johnnie" caught the sponge staff simultaneously and began a fight for it, while the other two "Johnnies" caught hold of one wheel and tried to turn the muzzle of the gun toward us. The other "Yank" caught the opposite wheel. Thus they stood and tugged away for two or three minutes, until our men coming up drove the "Johnnies" away. For a few minutes things were mighty lively; the "Johnnies" got a battery into position and began throwing shells into the crowd, where blue and gray were mixed together, but a section of one of our batteries coming up on the dead run soon drove them off, and settled the matter for the day.—"Trefoil" in Buffalo News.

An Omaha Horse Puzzle.

It is becoming customary to propound puzzles having horse trades as a central theme. While this paper has no horse editor, there are several people upon its staff who can tell a horse at sight, and who are not slow at arithmetic. A puzzle has occurred to one of them, and he gives it to the world at large. Suppose A sells a horse for $100 to B. Then B in turn sells him to C for $110, and the animal dies. What does each make or lose? The problem looks simple, but it is not. In the first place, A had stolen the horse. His profit would naturally be $100. A difficulty presents itself just here, for B paid A in counterfeit money, while C paid B by a note. B was indicted for passing counterfeit money. In revenge he had A arrested for stealing the horse, and both went to the pen. To add to the complications, D, the real owner of the horse, came along and claimed the hide and hoofs. The claim was disputed by C, and consequently upon the ensuing argument C's doctor's bill was $7.75. In the mean time a lawyer had gotten hold of the note and tried to collect it. C compromised the matter by licking the lawyer, and, grabbing the note, tore it up. At present there have been no more developments.—Omaha Herald.

Mr. Gladstone's Good Health.

The home rule envoys tell me that Mr. Gladstone's health is one of the marvels of the day. Medical men in London say that he is still one of the strongest men physically among the English gentry. When he strips there is not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his massive frame, and there are few men in the commons today that he could not knock out with his fist if he tried. He himself explained this by his love of exercise. His great rival, Disraeli, disdained exercise, yet Mr. Gladstone is now two years older than Disraeli was at his death, and probably does as much mental and literary and public work as any other man in Europe. He is the sole survivor of his generation of public men and yet rivals in physical strength and endurance youngsters who might be his grandchildren. His is indeed an interesting illustration of the value of outdoor exercise.—New York Star "Tattler."

Tommy—Father wants you to come and see 'im, miss. Minister's Wife—Certainly, Tommy; I should be very glad to; is he sick? Tommy—Oh, no, he ain't sick; but he says you ben pretty white ter me, and he wants yer to come and bring the whole class to see him do the human boaconstrictor fake at Kelly's Dime Show; he says he'll pass yer all in free.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The First Union Soldier Shot for Desertion.

From the Chicago Tribune.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 24.—An evening paper to-day tells the story of the first execution for desertion from the army during the war which took place in this city. The place of execution was Camp Burnside, just south of Camp Morton, now and previously the State fair grounds, but at that time one of the chief prison camps of the North. Camp Burnside was one of the best arranged and built camps in the State. It was a neat little town of white shanties, kept sedulously clean by the Seventy-first Regiment (Sixth Cavalry), Col. James Biddle commander, who built it and made it quite a favorite resort of the citizens who liked to see dress parade and military display. Subsequently it was occupied by the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was under charge of Gen. Hovey at the time the Sons of Liberty were held in peril of their necks. The site was as level as a floor. Here the military executions of this State during the war occurred—the first of a deserter and spy in 1863, the second of three "bounty jumpers" in 1864.

The first was the only one that elicited much sympathy, and that was partly the effect of the offender's intelligence, of his persistent denial of a guilty purpose, and of the general lack of appreciation of the heinousness of the offense. Encouragement of desertion and protection of deserters were openly practiced by a large portion of the Copperheads, and was so effective in reducing Indiana's contingent in the army that more than 2,000 desertions occurred in the single month of December, 1862. Detachments of troops sent to arrest deserters were frequently fired upon and foiled by companies of Democratic neighbors. It took a long time to efface the notion that a soldier's engagement with the Government was greatly different from his contract with an ordinary employer, and that he could break it when he pleased by giving up his claim to wages.

The offender in this case was Robert Gay, enlisted from the southwestern part of the State. He had been a school teacher, and was certainly a man of good intelligence and more than average acquirements. He was arrested at or near his residence, and tried by a court martial here as a deserter and spy. Incriminating papers, it was said, were sewed in his trousers. He denied all guilty intent, but the evidence was strong, and the troops were getting thoroughly imbued with the feeling of true soldiers against desertion, and he was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The execution took place early in the afternoon, and was attended by a large crowd of people. The Seventy-first Regiment, to which the unpleasant duty was intrusted, formed a square, with the side to the east open. The spectators were gathered all about the troops two or three deep. Reporters, with a few friends of the commandant, were admitted inside the square.

The lines had been formed but a few minutes when a close carriage drove into the open end of the square and two or three men—one or two ministers of city churches—and the deserter got out and walked slowly to near the centre of the open space. The coffin, a rough black box, was brought in at the same time and put down a little in the rear of the central group. Here the attendants drew off to one side and left Gay while his arms were being bound. There was no trepidation in his look or tone. He was dressed in the blue blouse and trousers of the army, and but for the coffin and his tied hands might have been taken for a military preacher addressing his comrades. The commandant asked him if he had anything to say. He spoke for three minutes, clearly, coherently and in good language.

Two of his remarks must have impressed all who heard him. "I say in the presence of that God before whom we are so soon to appear that I never intended the offense for which I am so soon to suffer." His last words were addressed to the firing party, which had moved out in front of him, some twenty or thirty feet away, when his arms were tied. "I have only one favor to ask of you, my comrades: Fire straight. Don't let me suffer. Hold here!" laying his right on his heart. He moved back a step, his eyes were blindfolded, and sat down on his coffin. At a motion of the officer the firing party cocked their rifles, and Gay heard the sound. "O that I could see my death!" came low and audibly to all near him.

The sound had hardly died on his lips when the fall of the officer's white handkerchief was followed instantly by the roar of the guns as one report. Gay for a moment seemed to straighten up a little, and then fell over on his back. Surgeon Spottswood and the sergeant of the firing party went up to the corpse, the sergeant carrying a carbine to give the final shot if it should be needed to end the man's sufferings. But he was dead. Two or three motions of the breast were all that was seen. Not a drop of blood was visible, but the cloth of the blouse showed that all the bullets had struck the breast over the heart in a space hardly larger than a man's hand, except one in the collar bone. There were ten in the firing party, and one of the rifles had no ball. The party took them as chance offered, and no one ever knew whether he had the innocent gun or not. When the corpse was lifted up it uncovered a great pool of blood that had poured through the gaping shots in the back.

THE LONE HIGHWAYMAN.

Chesterfieldian Jim Newsome's Arrival at the Albany Penitentiary.

From the Albany Express.

United States Deputy Marshal Ben Cabell of Dallas, Texas, reached this city early this week, having in custody Jim Newsome, alias the "Lone Highwayman," who, single-handed, committed a series of daring robberies upon several stage coaches of the Brownwood and Ballinger line during the latter part of last September and October, and Tom Jones, up for five years for robbing a train at Gordon, Tex., in connection with seven or eight others, last January. The desperadoes were taken on the hill to the Penitentiary.

Newsome is a cowboy of undoubted nerve, though, aside from his stage-robbing exploits, he bears no especial reputation for being a "bad man." For the past five or six years, however, he has industriously plied his peculiar vocation, probably rifling thirty stages within that time. He always played a lone hand, and his usual method of procedure was to stop the coach with a persuasive flourish of a six-shooter, range the passengers in a line and go through them with neatness and despatch. He was never known to molest a lady passenger, and he frequently handed back a quantity of small change to his victims. Probably his most audacious exploit was the time he held up a stage coach with nothing in the shape of a weapon save a hammer handle, which he handled in the moonlight in such a way that the frightened passengers supposed it was one of Smith & Wesson's best. Brownwood, Ballinger, Cisco and Angelo formed the principal theatre for his operations, and a stage never set out from one of these towns for the last five years without grave fears of meeting this Texas Duval.

These robberies became so frequent and bold last October that a determined search was made for the "Lone Highwayman," resulting in Jim Newsome's arrest in Runnels county by Sheriff Furmalt, J. A. Brooks, a State ranger and United States Deputy Marshal James M. Wallar. These officers got the drop on him, and he surrendered with lamblike simplicity. Suspicion had been directed toward him because of some extensive deals in horseflesh and his display of large sums of money. He was tried upon a charge of obstructing the United States mails and putting the life of the carrier in jeopardy, and received a life sentence in the Albany penitentiary. His last three coaches averaged eighteen passengers each, and he plundered them with absolute impartiality. A lawyer of San Antonio named Taylor and a passenger, Coffman by name, of Galveston, asked him for a little change in order to telegraph home. Newsome gave them $2 each, as he thought. Before the stage had gone on its way more than six miles the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and the redoubtable highwayman again hove in sight, demanding that the lawyer and the Galveston party disembark, as he had some special business to attend to. Of course they complied with the urbane request, and were notified that he had made a slight mistake, having given one of them a $20 gold piece. The coin, as might have been expected was found in the pocket of the legal gentleman, and when he had disgorged his ill gotten gains the stage was allowed to proceed. Mr. Taylor asked for his hood as a memento of the occasion, but he very coolly informed him that he needed that in his business, as he intended to rob the next stage.

Newsome takes his sentence very coolly and does not seem to care for it in the least. Jones operated with a gang, two of whom have been convicted partly through his testimony, though they would not allow him to turn State's evidence. Newsome is a man of great nerve and firmness, though not a desperado of the bully type. In fact, he was a very Chesterfield in the conciliatory manner in which he rifled a coach.

A DEER FOREST OF 230,000 ACRES.

The Enormous Estates Brought into One by Mr. Winans, of Baltimore.

From the North British Daily Mail.

"The great American deer stalker," as Mr. Winans has been called, is at present, or was at the beginning of the season, tenant of nearly twenty sporting estates, the total area of which probably exceeds 230,000 acres. Taking these in their alphabetical order, the first is Affaric, a deer forest by Beauly, in Inverness-shire. It is the property of Mrs. Chisholm, and is rented by Mr. Winans at £500. The area covered is 14,320 acres. The next on the list is Correichallie, also in the county of Inverness, to which is joined Glennowrie, in Ross-shire. The extent is 9,000 acres, yielding about 12 stags. Corrynachouland and north side of Glassletter is also the property of Mrs. Chisholm, but is at present in the occupancy of Mr. Winans. The rent he pays is £250. The forest of Craskie, in Inverness-shire, is tenanted by the same gentleman. It covers an area of 10,000 acres, and affords on an average a couple of dozen stags; the estate is a very beautiful one, and yields a big bag of grouse (say 100 brace), and a good head of miscellaneous game; there is a very nice house in the forest belonging to Mrs. Chisholm. Durusdaund is a small shooting in Ross-shire rented by Mr. Winans from Sir K. J. Matheson, Bart., at the sum of £200; it extends to 10,000 acres and admits of a liberal bag of miscellaneous game being shot, as well as a few stags: this shooting marches with the forest of Glomach, rented from the same proprietor at a sum of £550, the area being set down at 8,000 acres. Fasnakyle forest, in the county of Inverness, is also owned by Mrs. Chisholm, but is at present tenanted by the "great American deer stalker," the rent paid for it being £790; twenty-five or thirty stags may be shot, as well as about 200 brace of grouse; the area of this forest is 15,000 acres.

The south side of Glassletter is also shot over by Mr. Winans; it belongs, likewise, to Mrs. Chisholm, and is rented at £245. The same gentleman is tenant of that lady's estate of Glencannich, the rent paid for it being £1,350. In the official return the three forests of Craskie, Fasnakyle and Glencannich are stated as being to the extent of 30,810 acres. The chief shooting held by Mr. Winans is that of Glenstrathfarar and Culligran Deer Forest in Inverness-shire. It is the property of Lord Lovat, and the rent is £5,750; this forest occupies an area of 51,290 acres. Sir K. J. Matheson's forests of Killilan and Corryeach, in Ross-shire, are also occupied by the modern Nimrod, the rent paid being £850; the area covered is 30,000 acres, but a portion of the ground is not forested, being still under sheep; from twenty-five to thirty stags may be shot on this ground, and there are plenty of grouse and miscellaneous game to be had, as well as good salmon fishing in the Elchaig and Laing. In the same county is situated the deer forest of Kintail; it extends to 27,000 acres, and is also in the temporary possession of Mr. Winans, the rent paid being £1,104. Another of the Chisholm forests, that of Knockfin, is tenanted by the same gentleman, who pays for it a rent of £2,200. Luibnadamph is also the property of Mrs. Chisholm, and is at present held by Mr. Winans. It covers about 9,000 acres; a considerable number of stags is annually shot, as many sometimes as thirty. Grouse are also obtained. On this estate there are sheep walks covering from 7,000 to 8,000 acres. Mr. Winans also pays £1,000 for Patt, Riochan and Corryeach, in Ross-shire, extending to about 15,000 acres, well stocked with different kinds of game. Mrs. Chisholm has also let Sliograph to the same gentleman, at a rent of £740, which exhausts the list of Mr. Winan's shootings, who, it has been calculated, expends annually in the Scottish Highlands a sum of about $25,000 in the pursuit of sport.

Col. Morrison's Tariff Story.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2.—Leaning against the news stand in Willard's last evening Col. Morrison told one of his tariff stories to a group of new Congressmen.

"It happened," said he, "when I went to the head of the Ways and Means Committee, and when Burchard, who was afterward Director of the Mint, was one of the members of the committee. Burchard really believed pretty much as I did, but being a Republican of course he had to go with his party. One day I got a letter from Dement, a fine old gentleman and a good Democrat, too. I knew him well. He lived up in northern Illinois—in Lee county. His son is Secretary of State out there and a strong Republican. The old gentleman wrote me quite a letter. He said he was glad to see I was going to take hold of the tariff. He had felt for a long time that some action was necessary. The people had been robbed long enough by the system the Republican party had built up. But the reductions ought to be made intelligently. He wrote to me, he said, because he thought I ought to know that the farmers in northern Illinois were building up a little industry in flax manufacture. They had established a mill, and were raising flax in Lee county to supply it. He was interested, he wrote, and so were other good Democrats. The industry was just getting started, and must have protection to succeed. He hoped that I would see to it that nothing was done to reduce the duty on the goods they were making.

"The next time I saw Burchard," continued the Colonel with a quaint smile, "I said to him: 'See here, read this letter.' Burchard took it and read it through carefully; then he commenced feeling in his pocket. 'I've got one, too,' he said; and pretty soon he pulled out a letter from Dement the son and the Republican. It was written on the same kind of paper, with the same heading and all, only in a different hand. It went on to put the case as a Republican might to a Republican. There was the same story about the infant industry of flax raising and flax manufacture in Lee county. The writer admitted that the tariff needed revision, but the hope was expressed that Mr. Burchard, as a Republican, would do all he could to protect the Lee county industry and see that the duty was not reduced in that particular direction.

"You fellows," said the Colonel, eagerly, "will know how this tariff reduction goes before the winter is over."

Babylonian Libraries.

By a great good fortune a large part of one of the largest and finest of the libraries of ancient times has been recovered. It was collected in the very height of the power of Assyria by a king who reigned from Media to Egypt, the great Assurbanipul, the Sardanapaulus of the Greeks. This king, whose rule extended from 667 to 625 B. C., was no such effeminate monarch as is described by the Greek historians, but was a successful warrior and a very Mæcenas of letters. His grand library, unlike those of Egypt, Greece and Rome, has been preserved because the books were written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on clay. All organic textures perish, but a bit of earthenware is as nearly imperishable as anything man can make. The Assyrians wrote their books on tablets of soft clay. It was molded into the shape of a cushion or pillow, which for small business documents would be from little more than an inch square to about three inches by two, or even a little larger. But for large documents—books of literature or science—much larger tablets were used, and divided into a succession of columns on the two sides. The writing was done with a stylus, which was not cut to a point, but was cut square, like the end of a pocket rule. With such a square corner it is easy upon a pot of clay, or on a bit of blotting paper, to imitate the peculiar wedges of the cuneiform writing. The clay tablet having been carefully inscribed, it was fired, and produced a light colored and permanent terra cotta. Ordinarily contract tablets were not necessarily burned, but were simply sun dried. Thousands of these business tablets have been unearthed in Babylon and vicinity, all accurately dated, and invaluable for chronology.—*Rev. William Hayes Ward, D. D., in Book News for January.*

Probable Drift of the Big Log Raft.

From the North Atlantic Pilot Chart for January.

The fact that this great raft has broken up before causing some great disaster is good cause for congratulation. While there is still danger from the thousands of great logs of which it was composed, yet it is insignificant compared to that from the raft itself, if it were still intact and adrift in the path of commerce. A mere statement of its character and dimensions is enough to convince any one of this fact. About 27,000 trunks of trees, from 30 to 100 feet in length, were bound together with chains and withes into a huge cigar-shaped raft 560 feet long, 65 feet wide, 38 feet deep, drawing 19½ feet of water when afloat, and of an estimated weight of 11,000 tons.

The probable paths which these scattered logs will follow can only be indicated in a very general way, drifting as they do under the combined and varying influence of wind, tide and current, and every log offering some slight difference of resistance to each, according to its size, weight and depth of flotation. Probably each day will see them more and more widely separated, and for months they will be occasionally reported by vessels all the way from Hatteras to the Grand Banks and beyond. The majority of them will probably drift to the southwest to a point about 300 miles east from the capes of the Delaware. Here they will soon get into the Gulf Stream and drift in a northeasterly direction toward the coast of Europe. In mid-ocean, those to the northward will be carried by the general surface drift up past the coast of Ireland, while those to the southward will get into the southeasterly drift current which moves slowly to the southeastward and southward past the Azores and along the coast of Africa.—Some may even circle around the Bay of Biscay and be carried to the northward past the English and Irish channels in the Rennell current, if not sooner water-logged and sunk, as such a voyage would require a year or more to complete.

There is at least one advantage which has been gained by the unparalleled interest and attention which has been elicited by the exciting incidents attending the loss and search for this great derelict raft, and that is to forcibly call public attention to a class of dangers on the high seas which it has been the constant effort of this office to diminish, not only by warning navigators of their presence, but by taking prompt action to have them removed.

A Chapter of "Don't" for Parents.

1. Don't forget that you brought your children into the world without their knowledge or consent. You have no right to imbitter the life you have thus thrust upon them. We have known parents to make absolute slaves of their children, compelling almost constant attendance, under the popular delusion that young limbs are never tired; and like the old slave master, giving nothing in return but food and clothes.

2. Don't laugh at and deride your children's hobbies. Remember how much brighter life has seemed to you when you could realize some cherished dream, and treat them accordingly.

3. Don't forget that youth needs amusement. Your children have not only bodies but minds. Rest for the body and amusement for the mind, are demands of nature which too many parents ignore. If you do not provide for your children healthful and sufficient amusement, then thank God for his mercy on you, if your children do not take to dangerous or wicked pleasures when they are older.

4. Don't forget that your children are beginning life, while you, perhaps, are ending it. Give them the benefit of your experience, but don't expect that your experience will serve them in place of an experience of their own.

5. Don't demand respect of your children, or endeavor to enforce it by your authority. Respect is paid not to those who demand, but to those who deserve it.

6. Don't neglect your children's friends. Invite them to your house. Show your children that their friends are your friends, and your children's friends will be such as you will approve.

7. Don't be jealous of your children's friends. If you make your society delightful to your children, they will always prefer you to any other companions. If your child prefers everyone else to you, stop and ponder whether you have not compelled him to seek elsewhere the companionship, love and sympathy he ought to have found in you.

Where Circuses Must Live Up to Their Posters.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Circus proprietors have been accustomed from time immemorial to post upon the fences and dead walls throughout the United States gorgeous show bills representing the actors engaged in performing the most astonishing feats, while in the case of menageries every wild beast that ever figured in connection with Noah's ark was pictured on the bills. If the patrons of the shows were disappointed at not realizing the expectations aroused by the pictorial representations, no complaint at any rate was made, nor were the exhibitors ever held responsible. Not so with the Mexican people. Information comes from the neighbor republic that Howe's circus, traveling in that country, has been seized by the authorities and the proprietors imprisoned because the exhibition did not come up to the pictorial promises.

AMELIA BARRETT, in Auckland, New Zealand, went walking on the beach alone one evening, and next day her clothes were found in a heap, but no other traces of her except the marks of her bare feet where she had walked into the water. The police searched along the shore for her all the next day, but the waves failed to cast up her body and the newspaper set it down as a case of suicide. That night she came home clothed principally in fern leaves, and said as she was on way home the night before her hat blew off into the water, and seeing nobody in sight and knowing that no one was likely to come, she had gone in after it. The tide was stronger and the water deeper than she thought, and when she did manage to get back to shore it was not at the same spot where she went in. In the darkness she could not find her clothes, and spent the night in searching for them up