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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. 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.

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. Offener 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

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.

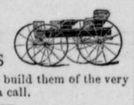
COAL. COAL.
TO ALL CONCERNED.
We would be pleased to call your attention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.
Respectfully,
July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

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'

WANTED TO PURCHASE.
A SMALL FARM, suitable for Peach Growing. Address or apply to
JUDEF I RS,
April 14 —y. desville

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

SHAFER & MEDDERS,
KENNEDYVILLE
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.

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.,

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

STRAW WANTED
HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am
READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW
that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to see to take a little extra pains in stacking, and not put the chaff with their straw.
☞ Mr. James Brice is my authorized agent to buy.
WILBUR ELIASON.
Aug. 5, 1886,

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 distri

LIME! LIME!
No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,
—FOR—
BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING
LOWEST PRICES
J. B. SAPPNGTON.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne counties. ep16,

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

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. to 2 M., Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. j.20, 1887—tf

JUDEFIND BROS.,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS.
All kinds real estate bought, sold or exchanged.
EDESVILLE, MD.
Same rates commission as those in force by the Real Estate Exchange of Baltimore city. Money to loan on land in sums to suit.
Oct 13—6m.

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 Soupand Ox Tail Soup.
WM. PERKINS,
June 2, 1887 Proprietor.
IRON Cultivators! Iron Cultivators!! and Extra Cultivator Points complete at
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

J. H. HILL, M. D.,
Millington, - - - Maryland.
Office and Drug Store on Cypress street.
May be found at Mallalieu's Hotel at night.
A supply of Medicines carried for out-of-town patients. d15-tf.

Sharp Tricks of Jockeys

From the New Orleans Picayune,

The matter of correct weights of jockeys is receiving more attention at this meeting than in any previous racing season. The police are especially charged with seeing that jockeys come direct to the weighing room after dismounting. Another fact is that detectives keep track of the jockeys when they dismount, and see that they do not change or discard any of their equipments. This system has resulted in several misdeeds, which led to fines being imposed or warnings given. One jockey swapped bridles after getting off his horse, the trainer handing him one of different weight from that in which he rode.—Tomkins was caught slipping weight on his way to the scale room, and got off with a fine of $25. Another jockey tried to ride before he got down to riding weight. He weighed in with less equipments than he could possibly ride with, and in consequence tried to throw some of them away under the timers' stand. He got off very easy, but he has not tried the same since. This matter of cheating the scales is an old one.

There is a trick that used to be practised until the clerks of the scales found it out. The rider, who had more weight than he was allowed to carry, would place the edge of the saddle on the top bar of the scales and lean forward on the saddle. This would make him appear lighter than he really was. A still more skilful fraud consisted in the weighing in with a paper mache saddle. This was made the exact imitation of a racing saddle, and weighed almost nothing. Of course the jockey rode with a leather saddle, which he would discard for the imitation affair when it came to showing weights after the race. Here the bodily weight table comes in. It is safe to say that the jockeys here have less chance to make false weight than anywhere in the country.

The Typhoid Poison.

Dr. Victor C. Vaughan, Professor of Physiological and Pathological Chemestry in the University of Michigan, has announced to the State Board of Health the result of a series of experiments, which has ended, he claims, in the confirmation of the germ theory in cases of typhoid fever. The fever was produced in a cat, with more completeness and success than has ever before attended such endeavors; and those of Dr. Vaughan's friends who have witnessed the experiments and their results declare that germ theory in typhoid fever is now a settled fact. The cat inoculated showed all the symptoms of the disease, especially that of a greatly heightened temperature, a symptom heretofore lacking in all other cases of inoculation. Dr. Vaughan, in reference to his discovery said:

"Last August there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in the village of Iron Mountain, a place in northern Michigan of about 4,000 inhabitants. Part of the town was supplied with water from a mountain spring and part from private wells from 6 to 20 feet deep. It was noticed that all those who used the spring water escaped the disease, while those who depended upon the shallow wells were generally stricken down. In all, there were many hundred cases and about forty deaths. I secured some of the water from these shallow wells, and with it experimented upon a number of cats, finally obtaining, after labors protracted over a period of six months, the result which I announce to the State Board of Health."

The Kansas Man in Gotham.

From the Kansas City Journal.

There were two men from Kansas at the Union Depot last night. Both had been East, and both were making the homeward journey sadder, but a great deal wiser men. One of them was from an interior county, and he had been to New York, where he went to buy $6,000 in silver certificates for $430. He invested the $430 all right, but failed to connect on the $6,000, whereat he pawned his watch for money enough to pay fare for himself and his experience home. It was the same old counterfeit racket, with a new wrinkle. The wily workers of the scheme informed him that the money was genuine, but that it was printed on plates stolen from the Government, and they had to do business on the quiet. They packed a valise full of the bills, but when he paid his money they gave him the wrong valise, and he couldn't find them afterward.

The other man lost $9. The newsboy on an incoming train, fascinated with his truly rural appearance, asked the Kansas man to give him a $10 bill for silver. He took the bill, rolled it up in his hand, then counted out the silver. He had only $9.50, so he dropped the bill back into the prohibitionist's pocketbook. The newsboy vanished. When the Kansas man took out his $10 to pay for a ticket on the Santa Fe, the bill had become metamorphosed into $1. The cipher had mysteriously departed with the newsboy, and also $9.

A Good Sign from Michigan.

The movement for tariff revision in Michigan has at length taken definite, practical and organized form. In a late issue of the New York *Herald* was printed a memorial sent to Congress by the leading Michigan furniture manufacturers, in which the petioners declare that in their judgment the time has come for correcting the inequalities and abuses of the tariff and for reducing the surplus revenue. There is nothing political or partisan about this movement. The signers of the memorial are men engaged in a leading manufacturing industry of Michigan. While many, if not indeed the majority of them, are Republicans, they discuss the question solely from a business point of view.

The memorialists complain that, besides the duty on lumber, they are compelled to pay heavy duties upon glass, burlaps and other articles used in their industry. Upon one article of looking-glass plates the duty is upward of 150 per cent., "the largest tax collected upon any article imported into this country for manufacturing purposes." Upon burlaps, the coarse article used in packing furniture for shipment, there is a duty of more than 30 per cent., and the manufacturers say no industry in the United States is protected by this tax.

A FOREIGNER who reads any paper giving a good summary of the news of the U.S. must be impressed with the fact that this is a great country. Consider contemporary events for example. An ice carnival is in progress in St. Paul and the thermometer in the Northwest has been ferociously coquetting with 40° to 60° below zero, while Southern California and Florida are enjoying the balminess of spring, and in 20 hours a vestibuled Pullman train carries people from sleighing, skating and tobogganing to orange groves laden with fruit.

Restaurant Slang.

Col. Redbeck went into a Park row restaurant the other day, and calling a waiter to his table ordered a beef stew, two eggs fried on one side, a piece of pineapple pie and a cup of coffee with plenty of milk. The waiter walked to a hole in the wall and warbled:

"One life preserver! Pair o' white wings, sunny side up! Er South American gravestone! Cup o' yaller with a choker on!"—New York Star.

Sick with Anxiety.

"Goodby, my dear," he said to his wife as the bell rang for all ashore. "I hope you will have a pleasant voyage with your friends, but I shall be sick with anxiety to hear of your safe arrival."

"Shall I cable from Queenstown, John?"

"Heavens, no! Send a postal card."—New York Sun.

A Muscular Author.

It is said that Bulwer described women as angels in his books and whipped his wife at home. Well, a man who follows the sedentary profession of an author must have some sort of exercise. Bulwer is to be commended for not taking his wife away from home to whip her.—Norristown Herald.

A New Member from Illinois Tells of his Impressions at Washington.

From the Chicago News.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—I cornered Representative Mason of Chicago last night, and, after informing him that he had been in Congress about six weeks, asked him how he liked it as far as he had gone. "My experience in Washington so far," he said, "has been very much as I expected it would be from what I had read and heard from others, but in some things I have been surprised and in others I have been disappointed. The climate of Washington is as changeable as a Cook county Democrat. The city is, I think, the prettiest in the world. I never have seen many cities except Chicago, Springfield, Waukegan, and now and then a glimpse of Evanston, but I am delighted with Washington. I heard a good deal of complaint about the boarding houses of Washington, but I have been pleasantly surprised with ours. We were fortunate in getting located in the Illinois headquarters, where Gen. Logan lived for a good many years, and the expense of living is but very little, if any, more than in Chicago."

"Have you been out in society much?"

"Well, I don't really know how much of society I have been in. I went to the President's reception to the diplomatic corps, and was very much entertained on the front porch. We waited outside nearly an hour in a procession composed of statesmen, newspaper men, army and navy officers, diplomats and committee clerks, and I found it harder to get in than it was to enter a Canal street boarding house when the dinner bell rings. But there were lots of elegantly dressed people there, among whom, I flatter myself, I was one. I did not have much of a conversation with Mrs. Cleveland or the President that evening, and do not think I was treated very politely, because they did not even ask me to sit down. After I passed on into the East Room I discovered the probable cause of this little slight, for there was not a chair to be found, or any place to put one if it had been there.

"After standing an hour or two upon the porch, with the thermometer somewhere near zero and the wind howling like a pack of prairie wolves, we got into the vestibule, and there our ears were deafened by a lot of men who were blowing into horns and beating on drums as if they were exorcising some evil spirits. I struggled along the best I could with the rest and tried to keep from getting angry. I entertained the people round me by saying funny things and treading on their feet, and was finally pushed along into the room, where the walls were covered with wooden frames or pigeonholes. Here I was informed was the place to shed my coat, but my experience in losing it a few days before had taught me great caution, and I declined to surrender any of my garments without a receipt for them from Mr. Cleveland himself. There was no time to parley, for the crowd that succeeded us upon the porch kept shoving us along, and we passed in a serpent-like procession, crawling in through a series of rooms until we reached a circular place where stood the President of the greatest nation on earth, and one of the handsomest women in the world beside him. I had intended to stop and chat a while with the President and Mrs. Cleveland, and thank them for the honor of receiving an invitation to the first party they gave this winter, but a man in a military uniform before the President asked me what my name was. I was considerably mortified at this, for I supposed that I had carved my name upon the niche of fame to a sufficient degree of conspicuousness to be recognized there. But, being in my usual obliging mood, I told him what my name was and where I came from. Then he bellowed it at the President as if he had got hold of something new. The President grabbed me by the fin, called me Mr. Payson, and said: 'How do you do?'

"As he let go my hand he gave a sort of yank which threw me in front of Mrs. Cleveland, and there I met such a beautiful smile and bow that it made me happy all the rest of the evening. I passed on with the rest of the procession into a big room that was so full of people that you could scarcely move round, and when 11 o'clock came we went home."

"Is this the extent of your experience among the fashionable circles at Washington?"

"No. I made calls on New Year's Day with a friend and was very much entertained. I saw a large number of beautiful ladies. They all wore the same Washington smile, and some of them didn't wear much of anything else. I can hardly wait for New Year's to come again."

"How do you get along with your fellow-members?"

"They don't know I am here yet. The only man in the House I am really intimate with is Perry Belmont. Last Monday I introduced a resolution for Frank Collier, of Chicago, for a change in the diplomatic regulations, under which our representatives abroad should be called ambassadors instead of envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary. This was for the purpose of giving them a proper standing among the representatives of other nations and for expediting such business as American citizens may have with foreign Governments. I thought it was proper for me to call the attention of the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs to the merits of the measure. I introduced myself to Mr. Belmont and told him that I was the introducer of the very last bill which had been referred to his committee. Mr. Belmont kept his eyes on the speaker all the while as if he was afraid he would get away, and replied: 'That proposition is not new.' I suggested to him then that the age of a proposition had nothing to do with its merits, to which he replied: 'Well, perhaps not,' still looking at the speaker. I made my escape from his august presence. After I got back to the Republican side I turned around and watched, but he didn't seem to be looking for me. I think, therefore, I am quite acquainted with Mr. Belmont, and my bill is sure to receive proper attention at his hands."

GRIZZLY SCOTT.

A California Bear Killer with a Record of at Least 385 Bears.

From the N. Y. Sun.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—The legitimate successor of Grizzly Adams is Sylvester Scott of Dry Creek, Sonoma county, California. Mr. Scott has lived on a ranch eight miles west of Cloverdale, in the heart of the bear country, for twenty-five years, and he has killed more bears than any other man in North America. His ranch is a 3,000-acre patch of the finest bench land west of the Russian river, and when he first settled there he used most of it for grazing and raised some fat cattle and good horses. There were more bears in the mountains of Senoma county than anywhere else, and they soon developed a taste for Mr. Scott's beef that was more flattering than profitable. Mr. Scott appreciated the compliment, and reciprocated by cultivating an insatiable appetite for bear meat. The grizzlies were the worst depredators, although the black and brown bears were not slow. The big gray fellows had a special liking for horse meat, and no sooner would Scott's colts get big enough to travel around the mountains than along would come the bears and chew the best of them up. So Mr. Scott began to accumulate a lot of bear dogs. By crossing mastiffs and hounds with Russian terriers he secured a breed of pups that would tackle anything that wore hair. He tried to get some Southern bloodhounds to make the pack perfect, but did not succeed. The crossed breed, however, proved to have good wind, scent and speed, and they were all fight. Then came troublous times for bruin.

Mr. Scott is a tall, athletic mountaineer, straight as an arrow, with nerve enough to throttle wildcats, and a sure shot with any sort of firearm. He is now about 45 years old, and not pretty enough to be a dude. In Sonoma county he is know as the boss grizzly exterminator in California. He came into the city yesterday wearing a broad-brimmed black hat, loose fitting clothes, and heavy boots, and when he shook hands with a man his grip was like a bear's hug. Mr. Scott was asked how many bears he had obliterated in his time. He said: "I have killed in all, during the twenty-five years that I have lived on my mountain ranch, not less than 385 bears. I quit keeping count after a while, and the exact number is certainly something more. I have also killed a great many California lions and wildcats, but I never kept any record of them. For eight years I got away with an average of 44 bears a year, and probably 10 or 12 panthers. The bears were principally brown and black, but there were a great many grizzlies too. The best bear year was 1878, when I got 64, sometimes killing four in one day. For the last three years I haven't hunted much, because bears are getting scarce in my neck-o'-woods.

"I've read lots of yarns about fellows fighting bears with butcher knives, but I reckon those stories are not told by genuine bear hunters. They don't sound just right. I never allowed myself to get away from my gun, and I never fought with a knife. I never got into any collar-and-elbow wrestle with a grizzly, and don't want to, but I've blowed the heads off 'em when they were within two feet of the end of my gun, and that's close enough.

"The closest call I ever had was in the spring of '81, four miles west of my place, in a deep gulch covered with a rank growth of chaparral. A holy terror of a grizzly had been living on the fat of the land in Sonoma county for about eight years. He had killed loads of beef and mutton, and every hunter in the county had been out looking for him. I had been out myself on his trail for several years. He had been trapped and shot lots of times, but always got away. He was a rouser—at least a 1,500-pounder. I concluded to make a business of downing the old fellow, and set out with my pack of hounds for a steady hunt. After a long run the dogs drove him into this gorge, the sides of which were too steep for him to climb. They brought him to bay in a clump of chemisal, but he was so game that he wouldn't climb a tree. A grizzly can shin up a tree when he wants to, and the biggest of them do go up after nuts; but get a grizzly riled and he won't run or climb for anybody.

"A grizzly will stay with the dogs and bat them whenever they come within reach until he gets a sniff of a man, when he will scatter the dogs and make a break for the fellow that he knows put up the job on him. I had been trying all day to draw him out with the dogs, and finally went in closer to the brush. He got a snifter of me and out he came, followed by the whole pack. They were biting his legs and hanging on to his hide as thick as bees, but he paid no attention to them. He was bound for headquarters, and he came a-running. I had an express rifle, built for lion and tiger shooting in Africa, given to me by an English sportsman named Adkinson, and I was ready for him. His big red mouth, set with great sharp teeth, seemed about a yard wide. When he got within two feet of the muzzle I let him have it, and he fell as dead as a nail, with a big hole in his head. My dogs had fought that bear from early morning until 4 in the afternoon before I could get a shot at him. I can't say that I felt particular scared. I knew I had to make a centre shot, and it wouldn't be healthy to get nervous, even if it did look scaly; but I was sure of my gun, and knew what was going to happen to Mister Bear. There's no fun in shooting a bear sitting up in a tree. That's like squirrel hunting. When they come at you for a fight there's some sport in it."

NEW YORK THE PLACE.

Why the Democratic Convention Should be Held There.

"I think the Democratic National Convention should come to New York," said General Roger A. Pryor to a reporter last evening, "but I have my doubts about its doing so. Every city in the country is naturally jealous of the unapproachable supremacy of New York, and they would combine to have it go anywhere else rather than have it come here. This, however, is not in my opinion, the chief reason. It seems to me that the lack of interest displayed by our people invites the disregard of politicians and the pushing of the so-called claims of other cities. I see it stated that Mr. Goudy of Chicago says the convention will be held in that city, and that he has been urging upon the President the claims of Chicago and the inexpediency of holding it in New York. While conceding the greatness of Chicago, I am inclined to think that Mr. Goudy, in making the positive assertion that the convention would meet there, took a good deal for granted, and that when he talks of the inexpediency of holding it here he puts a slight on the people of New York. Chicago certainly has no claims other than selfish ones. She wants the convention for revenue only. She is the chief city of a State at present invincibly Republican. New York, on the other hand, while by no means despising the material benefits of any event that brings thousands of visitors within her gates who spend large sums of money, takes a deeper interest in this question. This State is Cleveland's home, and this State, this city, elected him, and is proud of the plain and unassuming man whom she and the nation so greatly honored.

"I will not speak of New York's advantages in the way of climate, hotel accommodations, transportation, amusements or the thousand and one things that she offers that makes a visit here comfortable and attractive. The effect on the party is the question of paramount importance. I believe that the meeting of the Democratic chieftains here next summer would strengthen the party in all parts of the country, and especially here, where will soon be fought the most stubborn political contest ever seen in this country.—*N. Y. Star.*

GEORGIA GIRLS STAMPEDED.

Victoria Elizabeth and Josephine Boanergus Wrought Up by the Locomotive.

From the Americus Republican.

A few days ago in the new town of Rochelle, on the Americus, Preston and Lumpkin, a farmer walked up to the station leading a young steer by a rope attached to his horns, which steer was drawing a two-wheel cart, and in the cart sat an old lady and two buxom young girls. They, the girls, had never seen a railroad, and had come down on this quiet Sabbath morn to see the monster for the first time.

After driving the steer and cart over the road the old man drove up by the side of the track a few feet and halted. Just then the whistle of the engine was heard as it approached the station, and the rumbling sound was heard for the first time by the two girls. They both jumped up as the steaming, shrieking engine came rushing into view, while Buck threw up his head and began to back.

The old man yelled "Whoa, Buck!" while the old woman said, "Sot still, Victoria Elizabeth, you and Josephine Boarnergus, it ain't er gwine ter hurt yer. Me an' yer pap has rid on keers," and she caught hold of the dress of each one; but the engine gave another shriek and seemed to be dashing straight on them. Both girls jumped out, one on either side of the wagon, while Buck gave a snort and started off at full tilt. Pap held on to the rope and was jerked along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, hollering, "Whoa, Buck, yer dern fool, it won't hurt yer," while the old woman was spilled in a terribly mixed-up state with her clothing, calling first to one girl and then the other: "Victoria Elizabeth, yo' and Josephine Boarnergus stop there, ther thing can't run off the track!"

But her entreaty was in vain; the girls heard her, but believed their salvation was in flight, and they ran about as fast as Buck, while the old woman picked herself up and started after "Victory." Josephine was going at lightning speed, and approaching a fence, leaped over it like a deer, but her dress caught on a stake, and there was a tearing sound, but no stop—she went flying over the field like a racer, while her skirts flew to the breeze like a banner of defiance. The old woman, with some help, caught Victoria Elizabeth, while the old man ran Buck into the corner of a fence and soon had him securely tied; but Josephine had a good half-mile start, when the old man went in pursuit, saying, "Gosh! how that leetle creetur can hop. I'll hatter be mighty spry to catch her in ten miles o' here!" And he put off like a quarter horse. The old woman and two other parties were holding Victoria Elizabeth when the train moved off, but we have not heard whether the old man ever caught up with "Josephine Boarnergus" or not.

How He Suffered.

"I s'pose you fellers ain't got no paper you want me to sign an' beat me out o' some money?" said a Dakota farmer, near whose house we camped one night, writes F. H. Carruth in the Chicago *Tribune.*

"No," I replied.

"I told the old woman you didn't look hardly sharp enough to be in that style o' bus'ness," replied the observing agriculturist.

"Have you been troubled much by that kind of sharpers?" I asked.

"Well, I 'pear to be doin' my share o' s'portin' them. Ther's a churn over in the corner that cost me fifty dollars—they got me to order a dozen of 'em when I thought I was signin' a 'greement to tell the neighbors what a good churn they was. I got a two-hundred-dollar hay-rake out the barn on the same plan. Then I had to pay for eight lightnin'-rods on my house, when I thought I only signed for one. 'Nother man et dinner here, gave me a quarter for it, an' I signed a receipt that turned out to be a check for thirty dollars on my bank account. 'Nuther good-lookin' feller said he was collectin' autographs o' prominent men, an' I shoved mine onto a blank piece o' paper, which he went an' filled out as a bill o' sale for my best hoss, an' led the critter off. Then I made a three-hoss ev'ner that I thought up all myself one night, an' 'bout a month after had to give a feller fifteen dollars 'cause he said he got a patent on it ten years ago. I've got a drive-well in the back yard that I've been payin' twenty-five dollars on about twice a year. There are two notes at the bank for me to pay now that I signed when I slapped my name onto some recommendations of a mowing machine an' which the feller cut in two and made notes of. Then yesterday another cuss come along with a pertition to the Legislatur' agin' high taxes an' I socked my name onto it, an' now I'm waitin' to see whether it'll turn up a mortgage on the farm or only a common note. I'm mighty glad you fellers ain't got no scheme, 'cause I'd be sure to go into it."

A Gigantic Commercial Enterprise.

It is said that a gigantic Anglo-American commercial scheme is being hatched in which several American millionaires, the Rothschilds, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster and other wealthy men are concerned. According to what the London correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* has gleaned, the promoters intend to erect granaries, stores, pork-curing establishments and cheese and butter factories on sites convenient to the line of the Minnesota North-Western Railway, which was formerly the Chicago, Kansas City and St. Paul line. All kinds of American produce, such as flour, fruit, ham, bacon, cheese and butter, as well as live cattle, are to be run along this line to Chicago, thence by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway to New York. A bridge is to be built connecting the mainland with Staten Island, where large docks will be constructed. From this port the products of the United States will be carried by steamers specially built for the company, and landed at Barrow-in-Furness, of which the Duke of Devonshire is the principal proprietor, besides being president of the Furness Railway. At Barrow the Company propose building alongside the docks abattoirs for slaughtering the cattle immediately after landing, tanneries for preparing the hides and factories for making margarine out of the tallow. Large warehouses are also to be erected at Barrow, and thence the food products will be distributed throughout Great Britain by means of retail stores, which will be opened in all the leading towns, in order to supply consumers direct without incurring any middlemen's charges.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Jay Gould's Houses.

Jay Gould's country seat cost him $200,000 in 1880. The lawn contains ninety-five acres, and the house has twenty rooms, including a fine art gallery and a conservatory, whose flowers are worth a quarter of a million. Irvington is but a short distance from New York, but Gould has nearly a square mile of ground there, and he keeps a regular farm as one of his amusements. He has blooded horses, cows and sheep, and his chickens are of the finest kind. It costs, it is said, nearly $400 a day to pay the expenses of the establishment, and his taxes upon it are $3,000 a year. The salaries of those about his town house are almost equal to those of the clerks in a bank, and his butler at $1,000 gets what many a dry goods clerk would be glad to receive. He pays his head cook $1,500 a year, and his housekeeper gets $1,000. He has hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of paintings upon the walls of this house, and its furnishings are magnificent beyond description.

Jay Gould's town house is full of beautiful pictures, and he has a cattle picture here by Rosa Bonheur which cost $2,500, and the frescoes of the parlor are said to have cost $20,000. Some of the bed-rooms are upholstered in silk, and the chairs of the parlor have seats which are hand-embroidered.—*San Francisco Post.*

The Armies of Europe.

"The bloated armaments of the great military powers of Europe" display their proportions in a very striking manner in Colonel Vogt's work on "The European Armies of the Present." The mobilized strength of France is set down at 2,051,458 troops, exclusive of the territorial army, which is equally large; that of Russia at 1,922,405; Germany, 1,493,690; and Austro-Hungary, 1,035,955. The military strength of Italy has now assumed proportions that would have been deemed incredible ten years ago. Including militia, it is said to amount to 2,387,335 men. If, however, a similar inclusion be made in the case of Russia, the military strength of that power will probably be found to exceed even that of the French republic. Compared with these figures the numerical proportions of the British army ought almost to satisfy the members of the Peace Society. Including our militia and volunteers, as well as the Indian army, we can just muster 781,677 troops. And these have to serve for the defense of territory distributed over a very much wider area than that ruled by any of the other powers.—*London Court Journal.*

A Colored Exodus.

Col. A. A. Jones of the State auditor's office, Indianapolis, who is connected with the latest proposed exodus of negroes from the Southern States to South America, talks freely about the scheme. He is an active friend of all movements for the improvement of the condition of his race and was engaged in the exodus of 1879. He accompanied Governor Chamberlain, together with several other young colored men, to South Carolina from Massachusetts and entered heartily into the movement. "This exodus," he said, "will be effectually pushed and by May 1st we expect to get our first party on the road. There are no headquarters as yet; the movement is very young, less than a month old, so far as active work is concerned. Headquarters will be established probably in New York. We shall have three agents in Cincinnati, one at St. Louis and one at Chicago. I am agent at this point. We have some of the best people in the country interested; men who are willing to go down into their pockets far the relief of their oppressed brethren."

FUNNY BUSINESS.

They unplugged the Kegofbugjuice
That was plugged with Cobofornus,
With the prohibition statute,
With the little paper ballot,
Far down in the realm of Georgia,
In the land of Monsieur Grady,
In the hunting ground of Colquitt.
Then they rolled the plugside downside,
Rolled the bungside upside downside,
Turned the inside inside outside,
Turned the wetside from the inside
To the inside that was outside,
And drank deep the tribe of Antis.
Drank the dark-blue Africanus,
Drank the blear-eyed, red-nosed Paleface,
Drank the hordes of Ignoramus
Till they turned their inside outside,
Till they felt their jugside subside,
Till their wife and little child sighed,
That's why they op'ed the Kegofbugjuice,
Why they rolled the plugside downside,
Rolled the bungside upside downside,
Turned the jugside inside outside,
Turned the wetside from the inside
To the inside that was outside;
Why they turned their