msa_sc3326_scm8208-0045 ©Maryland State Archives

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888. VOL. XXVIII-NO. 43

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 35 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.

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

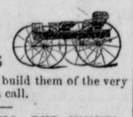
WM. B. TILGHMAN. C. C. TILGHMAN.
WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.,
(successors to Kenly & Tilghman.)
General Commission Merchants,
—for the sale of—
GRAIN, FRUIT, and All Kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.
219 (Old No. 18) Bowly's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
Having secured the services of Mr. WALTER B. SIMPSON, a thoroughly 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.

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

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

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.

JOSEPH TURNER.
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, GRAIN, &c
FLOORING MILLS AND SASH FACTORY
Every facility for competing with city houses.
JOSEPH TURNER,
Oct. 6, 1887. SCOTT'S POINT

A REMEDY FOUND AT LAST TO CURE
Hog Cholera!
LIEBERMAN'S
HOG CHOLERA REMEDY
WLL 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.

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.,

HO, THERE!
SEE HERE!
WE SHOULD LIKE TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION
TO A FEW FACTS
IF YOU PLEASE:
We Are Headquarters
—FOR—
BOOTS, SHOES,
SLIPPERS,
—AND—
EVERYTHING IN THE FOOTWEAR LINE
JUST NOW WE ARE HAVING A RUN IN
MEN'S
Heavy Winter Boots.
WE HAVE HEAVY BOOTS RANGING FROM $1.75 UP.
SLIPPERS!
A Splendid lot of Aligator, Goat and Plush Satin Lined, Beautifully Finished—the very thing to make a present to some nice young man. We have the measure of nearly all the men in the county who wear order-made shoes. We can probably give you the correct size of the foot you want to fit.
M. T. GOSLEE.

HOLIDAY GOODS!
LATEST NOVELTIES!
Presents for All Ages.
VERY
Large Assortment!
M. A. TOULSON.

C. WRIGHT SPRY
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, corner Howard and Lexington Sts. Jan. 19, 1888.

DR. PHELP'S STATEMENT.
Healthful Teeth are a "Lifetime Joy!"
SINCE in practice here I have extracted diseased teeth for over 1,800 patients (cases recorded) WITHOUT GIVING PAIN. *The Safe* administration of *Ether and Chloroform* my specialty.
N. B.—My services, for this purpose, at the call of physicians in surgical operations.
Why not have your decayed teeth filled?
W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.,
Nov. 17, 1887. Galena, Md.

LIVING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

An American Who Has Tried Both Places Refutes the Statements in the Figaro.

In the *Evening Sun* of to-day I notice an excerpt from the London *Figaro* a letter written by some crestfallen Englishman over here, and entitled "Living Here and in London." It is only a few weeks since I returned from the English metropolis, where I have resided for several years, and I am bound to state that the Britisher's letter is consistent only in its startling inaccuracies. The worthy Briton, it seems, lived at home in a 12-roomed house, which, if it only cost him £65 per year, must have been in "some wretched neighborhood" in that city, which certainly possesses more meanness and vermin than New York ever heard of. Thirteen-roomed houses, unless sublet to about a dozen tenants, are not so numerous nor so cheap in London as the Englishman's allusion to his own would lead us to suppose. A reference to the house agents' advertisements in any London paper will show this. I have a friend living in a 12-roomed house facing Hyde Park who pays £210 per annum rent and taxes. The Englishman's twelve rooms in New York are, he says, "smaller than those in his London home, and, therefore, in point of comfort, London has the advantage." I think he must have dwelt in Buckingham Palace or Marlborough House for according to my experience of London rooms they are not equal either in size or comfort to our apartments at home. Our Englishman kindly "leaves out of consideration all the annoyances that an Englishman residing in New York has to put up with." True, he wisely refrains from even hinting at the nature of these annoyances, but there is really no valid reason why he should suffer them any longer than the time the next boat starts back to Europe. It is not an article of my faith that an Englishman is absolutely necessary anywhere, and his presence is certainly not essential to the existence or prosperity of this city, but it is a mystery to me why these grumbling fellows from over the water don't skip home at once and leave the "few extra dollars" where they belong. As I don't live in thirteen rooms, or even a dozen, keep no servants, and have no children to educate, I prefer to waive, rather than challenge, his tabulated comparison of expenses, but I find beneath his totals that a family doctor's fee in this city is one guinea per visit. Well, that depends as much on the family as the doctor, I guess, but a guinea fee for a London society doctor would be refused unless covered by a couple more. A dress suit here cost this cockney £20, and a pair of boots £2 10s. Yes, but, Johnny, they saw you coming. They were bound to fleece the sheep. Such articles as cauliflowers, celery, mushrooms, sweetbreads and lettuce the grumbler had also to pay through the nose for, but he could have done without all of them without in any way disorganizing his system. Great Scot-land Yard, though! what's this about meat being the same price here as in London? Where did that romancing letter writer ever see beefsteak at $1 per pound? Was he ever in a condition to count his change properly when he went to the butcher's? The most charitable name I can give him is "an 18-carat crank." Would he be surprised to learn that I can buy in New York three pounds of good, honest steak for a quarter, such as is sold in the second-rate shops of London at a shilling per pound? Or that, as a matter of absolute fact, a leg of mutton or a joint of beef can be bought in our markets for half the lowest London price? Does he know that a medium-sized turkey in London costs $3.75, and a brace of miniature chickens $1.50? Was he ever asked for $3 for a goose in New York as he often was in England? Did he ever pay a cent more per pound for any necessary kind of food, such as butter, bread, sugar, tea, coffee, &c., in this country than he did at home? If he did, it's about time that man's career, or himself, was arrested. He ought to live in permanent retirement, for he ain't fit to go marketing.

Now, to give you an idea of the cost of living in even semi-style in London, let me state that three American friends of mine, two gentlemen and a lady—all well known in the theatrical world—occupied three rooms and a sitting room in the quasi-aristocratic region of Bedford square. They had not the same comforts, the same variety or quality of food they were used to at home; they had even their share of "those annoyances which Americans in London have to put up with." Yet it cost them $35 a week, per head, for accommodations easily obtained in this city for half that sum.

But, after all, this question of the cost of living does not affect such people as the grumbling English lord (for he must be a lord to be able to spend $3,500 a year in London, and even then the creditors have to stand their corner.) It is a workingman's question, and workingmen, properly so called, don't wan't thirteen rooms when they have only half that number (6½) in family. Some of them would get lost fooling round the house nights. A single clerk or bookkeeper can get his room in London for about six or seven shillings per week. He can do so here also, and in highly respectable houses. If married and a family, he will take, in a London suburb, a flat of three or four rooms, for which he pays ten shillings or more per week. He need not pay more than twelve shillings per week for the same number of rooms here. Single, his board in the English capital costs him $4 per week. He can get much better in this city for $1 less, but married his saving is increased rather than diminished, for, by judicious management, a young couple can live, and still live much better than the same class of Londoners do, for less than $4. And with all this must be remembered the fact that wages in general are double here what they are in London.

I don't frequent saloons. I sometimes go to the theatre. I enjoy myself in a rational way, and I defy any Englishman to prove that a live workman in this country is not socially, intellectually and financially miles ahead of his fellow workman in England.—*John S. Grey, in N. Y. Sun.*

Four Wedding Items.

At Athens, Ga., the other evening, great preparations were made for a wedding among the colored folks. The bride was prepared in gorgeous raiment; the table groaned with good things. But the groom came not. He sent word that he could not be present. Another young man offered to take his place, but the bride objected. Then all fell to eating and drinking, and the occasion was quite as jolly and all enjoyed themselves as though there was really a wedding.—*Boston Traveler.*

A young girl of not very large means and somewhat uncertain temper, who was ransacking Tiffany's not long since to find a suitable offering for one of these rich brides, was heard to exclaim: "What is the use of looking? I feel just as I do when Mr. Astor or Mr. Vanderbilt hand the plate in church—like saying aloud, in my most aggressive tone: 'Put it in yourself!'"—which is rather a commentary upon the sentiment that goes with wedding presents.—*New York Sun.*

Twenty years ago a rich Englishman and his wife went to Italy with a foreign courier. In Genoa the gentleman was taken ill and died. He was buried in the town, and his wife stayed at the hotel. After a time she married the courier, and from that day to this they have lived in Genoa, going in the summer to a villa on the Lake of Coma, which they purchased. Neither has set foot in England for twenty years.—*Boston Journal.*

There is no disguise or circumlocution in London about paying attentions to heiresses. When an heiress comes out in society she begins to receive proposals at once. Oftentimes a girl has received as many as 200 in the first month. The candidates do not expect to be accepted, but they are willing to take the chances.—*Albany Journal.*

A DAY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

How the Newspapers Relieve the Monotony of Hard Work.

From the Boston Record.

The Cleveland day is an interesting one in some ways. The president is usually up at 6 A. M., and at work on papers left over from the night before. Sometimes on going into the library it will be full of the law books he has left on the chairs while hunting up cases. He has a colored boy to take full charge of his library, and when he issues special orders the boy puts back on his arrival the books taken down the night before. Breakfast is served at 9 A. M., and by the time it is over Col. Lamont has come. Then is the time when Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and Col. Lamont set about the table in the end of the upper corridor and make plans for the next day.

Then is the time, too, when the scrap books are looked over. Col. Lamont does a great part of the scrap book work. He has had a deal of practice as exchange reader in the office of the Albany *Argus* and elsewhere, and there is not a better or faster reader or quicker eye than the Colonel's. He looks over about forty papers an hour, dashing his pencil at the article he wants scissored, and flipping it to one side for a boy to clip. The New York papers are read most carefully, Boston and Chicago come next. All references to the President go into one book: all references to Mrs. Cleveland go into another, and so on. The books are all turned over in the morning, with much talk of a critical and often of a jolly nature.

Then the President goes back to his room and his callers again, Mrs. Cleveland to her correspondence and callers, and the day progresses. This tete-a-tete of the morning lasts an hour, and then the President refuses to be disturbed. He often does on other times. But eager, audacious visitors overcome that. The favorite trick is to say the President made an appointment for such an hour. The President's mind is too much charged with more important matters for him to dispute this, and so in the visitor goes.

Lunch comes at 1, and Col. Lamont sometimes stops to lunch. Oftentimes he goes home, however, and unless some of Mrs. Cleveland's Wells friends are there the Clevelands are alone. Even then their privacy is sometimes invaded. Take the case of the visit of the educational people there the other day. The President shook hands with them, neatly evading the motions of an old lady to kiss him, and then threw open the parlors to them, going himself to lunch. The Educational Association folks wandered about until one happened to see that the dining room door was open, and at once walked over to glance in. This cheeky act attracted still more comrades, and there were fully twenty gaping in at the White House luncheon, when an attendant came and closed the door. So says one of the well-bred visitors who was there at the very same time.

The evenings at the White House are not always or all devoted to work. The piano in the Green Room is frequently opened and used. The mistress of the house has a voice of average range and quality, and sings for her own amusement or that of her guests. Miss Kate Willard, the latest guest, sang particularly well.

But there is work in the evening after 10 often, and it has been known that callers have come up as late as 11 or midnight. In fact, the policemen and watchmen at the house have come to never to be astonished at seeing a visitor.

WHY BLAINE DECLINED.

It is Leaking Out in Augusta that he Didn't Think he Could Beat Cleveland.

BOSTON, Feb. 19.—A dispatch to the *Globe* from Augusta, Me., says:

"Little by little it is leaking out here that the real, honest reason why Mr. Blaine will not run for the presidency this year is because he thinks he cannot defeat Cleveland. Should he run this year and be defeated, that would be the last of him. He has a moral dread of Cleveland and his strength, and the talk is, here among his most intimate friends: "Well, if he is not nominated this year, he will be in 1892." Many of his most ardent admirers admit that he would have a hard show against Cleveland this year, but they believe that with any other man the Democrats may nominate he would be sure of success. In 1892, of course, Cleveland will not be the Democratic candidate, and the defeat of the Republican party this year will demonstrate to the enemies of Blaine that he is the Moses, and the only Moses, who can lead them out of the wilderness. They argue that after four years more of Democratic rule the country will be ripe for a change, and that Blaine could be overwhelmingly elected. They are willing to wait four years if their ambition can then be gratified. While at first his friends here discredited his motive, they now accept his letter as final, and already other candidates and their chances are being talked over. But it is hard to find a Blaine-ite here who favors the nomination of Sherman. Sheridan seems to have the call."

Strange Story of a Man Who Returned to Life After Being Pronounced Dead.

There is considerable excitement in a suburb some miles out over the death of A. D. Smith. Last Monday he died, to all appearances, after calmly bidding adieu to his wife. He was then dressed for the grave, and on Tuesday preparations were made for his burial. In the midst of the services a thumping on the coffin was heard, the cover was burst off, and Mr. Smith sat up, causing great consternation and dismay. He was removed to his bed at home, and in a few hours seemed none the worse for his strange experience. Mr. Smith says he went to heaven, and saw many white spirits, some of them friends whom he had known on earth. They shook their heads in answer to his questions, and pointed to a big book lying open. He looked at it and saw written there the names of his wife, himself and his children, who were alive. His name, he said, seemed partially erased. He told a wondrous story of his other experiences in this strange world, and its recital drew scores of curiosity-seekers to his home. On Wednesday night he suddenly called out, "I see them!" and fell back dead. His wife was completely prostrated at this terrible ending to her hopes. Medical aid was summoned, and an electric battery was applied, but he doctors finally decided that the man was indeed dead this time. Last night the grief-stricken wife left her old Georgia home, near Atlanta, with the body.—*Augustine Correspondence Atlanta Enquirer.*

The Tobacco Habit.

From the Kansas City Times.

Two Congresssmen, the one from Texas and the other from Massachusetts, fell to discussing at the club the other day the well worn subject of the tobacco habit. The Texas man, like many of his Southern colleagues, is an inveterate chewer of tobacco. His friend from Massachusetts is, on the other hand, outspoken and fond of using very strong language whenever the subject of chewing tobacco is broached.

"Brother ——," said he, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it, sir," sententiously continued the Massachusetts man. "It is an ungentlemanly practice—an unclean-ly one. Tobacco? Why, even a hog wouldn't chew it."

"Now, brother from the land of baked beans, cod and culture," resumed the Texan, in his drawling manner, "do you chew tobacco?"

"No, sir," emphatically declared the other man, almost with indignation. "No, sir, I do not."

"Then, pray," asked the Texan, as he lazily changed the quid from his right jaw to the left, "which is more like the hog, you or I?"

It is needless to add that the Massachusetts man, after that rally, stood treat for the crowd.

BURGLARY AS AN INDUSTRY.

Not Much Encouragement for Young Men to Engage in It at Present.

From the Washington Star.

"A man must be a good mechanic to be a burglar—a safe blower," remarked the old detective to a reporter. They were speaking of the awkward attempt to blow open the safe in Lown's coffee mill. "He must have good tools and know how to use them. Now, if you had a drill and undertook to drill a hole through that stovepipe there, you would probably make a mess of it." The reporter admitted that his training as a burglar had been neglected, and the detective went on. "How then is an unskilful man going to make out when he has to drill through the hardest steel? An expert burglar must be a good mechanic, know how to use his tools and where to work on a safe. He has to do his work quickly, and use a blowpipe or some other means of softening the steel. The tools used by expert burglars, the men who rob banks, are of the finest workmanship, and a kit costs $1,000 or more. It takes some capital for one to get a start as a burglar. But these men who tried to blow the safe the other night were 'chumps.' Whenever there is a successful safe burglary it is always followed by other attempts. The lower order of thieves say, 'We can do something like this,' and go off and try it."

"Do these burglars get much of the proceeds of their skill?" asked the reporter.

"Now," said the detective, "we will suppose burglars to rob a bank safe here in Washington and get, we will say, $100,000 in negotiable bonds—Chicago and Northwestern, or something like that—bonds that are not registered, but are numbered. The bank has a list of the numbers. They cannot, you see, dispose of the bonds in open market, but they will take them to a man who will give them about one-third of their value. If the bonds are worth par he will give them say $30,000 cash. That is all they get. Now the man that buys the bonds calls in another man skilled in his line who goes over them and alters their numbers. For this he receives 10 per cent. of the value of the bonds, or $10,000. The man who bought the bonds has paid out for them so far $40,000. He may figure, you see, as a respectable broker, and he cannot handle them himself. After the bonds are altered he calls in a man known as a 'layer down.' It is this man's business to dispose of or lay down the bonds. For this he gets one-half of the profits. He sells them at the full market, say $100,000, and gets half of the $60,000 remaining, after the money paid to the burglars and to the man who altered the numbers is deducted."

"But thieves who get diamonds and jewelry."

"Well, suppose," said the detective, "that a thief has got into a man's house and taken the man's watch, worth, say, $150, his diamond stud, worth $100, his wife's diamond earrings, worth, say, $500, and perhaps a diamond ring, too, making the value of all about $1,000. He goes to a fence, who looks at the watch, calculates how much the gold case will amount to when melted down, says he will have to have a new plate put on the works, so as to alter the number of the watch, and finally gives $25 for it. He takes the diamonds from the settings, examines them and weighs them, and gives perhaps $50 for the stud, $150 for the stones from the earrings, and so on, making in all about $250 for the lot. That is all the thief will get for his job. The settings of the stud and earrings will be thrown aside. It is the stones that are valuable, and, except in the case of very large and valuable diamonds that are registered, no one could swear positively to them after they are reset. The fence, of course, has to take risks, and many have to keep the diamonds for six months or more. If a fence becomes known, thieves won't put anything away with him. If it is a choice between two, and one of the two conducts his business so quietly that he has not been discovered, the thief will go to him, though he knows he will get a much smaller sum for what he has to dispose of."

UP AMONG THE STARS.

Within One Hundred and Fifty Miles of the Moon

A few days ago Thomas E. Fraser arrived home from Mount Hamilton, and as up to within two months ago he was superintendent of construction of the observatory and chose its site for James Lick it was thought that he might very possibly afford some interesting information, not only relative to the progress of the work, but also of the powers of the great glass.

"When will the work be ready?" he was asked.

"We were in hopes by the end of February, but I can say with tolerably certainty that it will be the end of March before the observatory is turned over to the regents."

"I suppose you had a peep through the big glass?"

"Well, of course, though not much, because the weather was bad; however, I think we saw several things which have never before been seen, and which may be looked upon in the light of discoveries."

"What interested you most?"

"Well, the grandest sight of all to me was the moon. It was brought within 150 miles of the earth, and we could see the craters, canyons, ravines, rocks and valleys with the greatest distinctness, just as though they were on a checker-board. There was absolutely no sign of life—nothing but barren white waste, everything desolate."

"What power did you use?"

"All the objects we looked at we used powers of from 500 to 1,000, according to the clearness of the sky. The Lick objective, however, will stand a power of 3,600, and the wonders will then be watched for by the scientific world, while I should think no educated layman could fail to be keenly interested in the results obtained."

"Then your opinion of the power of the glass is good?"

"Unqualifiedly so. It is not only the best and largest in the world, but in point of actual workmanship considered—that is, in the light of mechanical perfection—it is far superior to any other in the world. The glass itself is superior. It is double the capacity of the Washington glass, and in point of location has many advantages over the great Russian telescope."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Newspaper Whimsicalities.

Only two missionaries were eaten in Africa last year.—*Alta Californian.*

Nothing so vividly reminds us of the brevity of life as a thirty-day note.—*Drift.*

The first thing that Pomp Woodruff's $15 cow did after she got to town was to eat $40 worth of fruit trees for Sheriff Bran Anderson.—*Covington Enterprise.*

Some people talk all day and most of the night in propagating theories that will save the world from ruin, and yet the world goes booming along, getting better all the time.—*Baltimore American.*

In the tobogganing business no man would think of walking ten minutes up hill for the sole purpose of sliding down thirty seconds. He would not be such a fool. He thinks of sliding down first, while walking back is another thing.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The fates have not been kind to the Oshkosh Exposition. First fire ruined the building, then a tornado wrecked it, and now the snow has crushed in the roof. It would hardly excite surprise in Oshkosh if a volcano were to take it on its under side. The compass of misfortune has been almost "boxed."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

The editor of this paper is afflicted with a stiff neck. The doctor has gravely pronounced it muscular rheumatism. . . . Our peculiar malady, however, is not without its bright side. It has given us a dignified carriage and coquettish style of carrying our head on one side that our intimate friends say lends us a piquancy of manner that is quite irresistible.—*Athens (O.) Journal.*

THE GREAT MAN OF MODERN GREECE.

A Visit to Dr. Schliemann in his Athenian Palace.

From the Christian Union.

I called upon Dr. Henry Schliemann at his aristocratic marble palace, in which the discoverer of the ruins of Troy is more sumptuously lodged than were the Grecian kings who conquered that city. The top of the superb pile is crowned by statues of the poets, philosophers and statesmen of ancient Greece. The front door was opened by a Greek servant who spoke French very well. Sending up my card, which contained my American address, I was shown into one of the most beautiful libraries in the world. The walls were adorned by exquisite paintings, the scenes of which were taken chiefly from Grecian history, while marble statues of marvelous loveliness stood in each corner of the apartment. The elegant book-cases were surmounted by highly finished busts of Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and other celebrated Grecian poets and philosophers. Dr. Schliemann is a German by birth, but Greece is the home of his adoption. In fact, so thorough a Grecian has he become that he has chosen the language of ancient Greece for the language of his house, and has given all of his servants classic names. His butler is called Pelopus, and his cook Jocasee. The Doctor married a Greek lady, who possesses in a remarkable degree that wondrous beauty in face and figure which in ancient times inspired the genius whose beautiful marble goddesses have been the admiration and despair of all succeeding ages. Beauty is hereditary in Greece. Mme. Schliemann is the daughter of an Athenian shopkeeper, but she has all the grace and bearing of a born queen. And, what is rare among her countrywomen of the present day, she possesses intellectual gifts of a high order. Her husband always finds in her a congenial companion and a sympathetic friend. They have two children, and, according to the classic tastes of the father, the boy bears the name of Agamemnon, and the girl is called Andromache. The latter is 17 years old, and so exquisitely beautiful that as she glided across the marble hall I fancied one of the Graces had escaped from her marble imprisonment and, like Pygmalion's statue of ivory, had assumed the human form.

Notwithstanding Dr. Schlieman's classic tastes and surroundings, he is very justly proud of being a citizen of the United States. He was a resident of California when that State was admitted into the Union, and thus became a citizen of the Great Republic. His love of Greece and her antiquities commenced when he was a schoolboy by reading Homer's stirring account of Grecian heroism at Troy. At the age of 15 he was placed in a counting room in Germany, where he worked hard for a small salary, but managed to save money enough to buy books, which he read in moments snatched from sleep. In this way he mastered Greek. As a clerk he was just the reverse of Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, and his industry was rewarded by promotion and increase of salary, and in the course of time he became a partner in an indigo house. Having made a fortune in trade, he retired from business and determined to carry out his lifelong intention of excavating the ruins of Troy, employing 300 men in the work. His success has not only given him a splendid reputation, but has greatly increased his fortune. The articles found in the ruins have proved of immense value to the historian and the archæologist, and have been sold for large sums to the great libraries and museums of the world. Dr. Schliemann's income is $50,000 a year, and he spends it with princely liberality. He is the leader of Athenian society, and entertains with royal magnificence. But, beyond all this, there is a classical aroma about the whole establishment which is specially charming to all interested in Grecian history and literature.

Dr. Schliemann is 68 years old, but he has all the mental and physical activity of a man of 50. His features are of a marked German type. Judging from my own experience, he is very polite to Americans visiting Athens. The day after I called upon him he sent me an invitation to a reception at his palace. Mme. Schliemann is a most graceful and gracious hostess. The evening closed with a dance.

STEEL AIR SHIPS.

Dr. Debausset Expects to Visit the North Pole Next Summer.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 18.—Dr. Arthur Debausset of Chicago, President of the Transcontinental Aerial Navigation Company, is in the city placing a contract for steel to be used in the mammoth air ship which he proposes to build. Each of these ships will be 654 feet long and 144 feet in diameter. They will be cone-shaped and made of steel. The vessels will cost $150,000, and it is the intention to build several of them. Dr. Debausset is the inventor of the aeroplane, as he calls it. He says it is no longer an experiment, but a success, and that during the present year he will start on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole and Arctic regions.

"All balloons constructed heretofore," said he, "have been of silk, or some fabric used as a substitute therefor, and inflated with hydrogen gas or a common illuminating gas. Instead of gas I shall simply use nothing but a vacuum which is lighter even than pure hydrogen. If hydrogen is only one-fourth the weight of air, and coal gas only one-half, why use either when by pumping out air a vacuum will be produced? Then there will be no weight to carry except the vessel and its attachments. It is the atmospheric pressure which I have to contend with principally in using this vacuum. I shall build my air ship of steel plate so thin as to weigh less in the aggregate than the air displaced, and yet strong enough to stand the pressure from without."

The inventor says further that he expects to develop a speed of 120 miles per hour. The Americans, with air ships of this kind, he thinks, could keep the united fleets of the world away from the coast. The aerial ships need only be loaded with dynamite shells, which could be dropped on the enemies' vessels.

Not So Hilarious.

From the Evening World.

The shouters for "a war tariff forever and 'divvy' the surplus" are not so hilarious as they were.

Mr. Blaine's withdrawal, after he had observed the effect of his Paris tariff message at the West, was the first eye-opener. They saw that their candidate was afraid of the issue.

And now comes the election in the mining district of Michigan, which gave Blaine 8,000 plurality in 1884 and the Republican Congressman 2,200 in 1886, but which has now almost if not quite elected a Democratic Representative.

No wonder the monopoly defenders are blue.

A farmer named Pius Bean, living near Concordia, Kan., suffered death in a singular manner. He had a feed grinder run by a windmill, and, having occasion to climb above the grinder, the shaft, which was turning at the time, caught his clothes and, in spite of the man's efforts, his stout coat and trousers were wound around the iron bars. He called to his employees to cut him down, but they could not reach him. It was a fearful squeeze. The sufferer's face grew purple, his eyes bulged, and the veins stood out. At last the mill could wind no further, and stopped, but too late. The last breath had been squeezed out of its victim, and he hung lifeless.

Judge Wakefield, of Waco, has a son of whom the Judge is very proud. He thinks the boy has a judicial mind and will grow up to be a great jurist. The boy is, however, very lazy. A few days ago the Judge said: "My dear boy, why don't you study more industriously? I want you to become a great jurist. You have not touched your books to-day." "I am not going to study any to-day," responded the indolent youth. "I don't see that it makes much difference, pa, whether I become a famous jurist a few days sooner or later."—*Texas Siftings.*

FUNNY BUSINESS.

Here is a new Lincoln story, told by Gen. Henderson:

While he was trying to get his program going he sent often for Gen. Henderson to come to the White House to discuss the details and to urge more rapid action. It was on the occasion of one of these talks that Mr. Lincoln told the story which Gen. Henderson called to mind a few evenings since.

"As I went in," said the General, "I noticed the President was looking troubled. He was sitting in one of his favorite attitudes—in a rocking chair, with one leg thrown over the arm. I knew that he suffered terribly from headaches, and I said to him:

"'Mr. President, you must have one of your headaches; you look gloomy.'

"'No,' said he, 'it isn't headache this time. Chandler has just been here to talk about emancipation; and he came on the heels of Wade and Sumner, who were here on the same errand. I like those three men, but they bother me nearly to death. They put me in the situation of a boy I remember when I was going to school."

Mr. Lincoln leaned forward and clasped his hands around the knee of the leg resting on the arm of the chair. Then he proceeded with the story:

"'The text book was the Old Bible,' Mr. Lincoln went on. 'There was a rather dull little fellow in the class who did not know very much, and he was reading the account of the three Hebrews cast into the fiery furnace. The little fellow was called on to read, and he stumbled along until he came to the names of the Hebrews—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. He couldn't do anything with them. The teacher pronounced them over slowly and told the boy to try. The boy tried and missed. This provoked the teacher, and she slapped the little fellow; he cried vigorously. Then he attempted again, but he couldn't get the names. "Well," said the teacher impatiently, "Never mind the names. Skip them and go on." The poor boy drew his shirt sleeve across his eyes two or three times, sniffed his nose, and started on to read. He went on bravely a little way, and then he suddenly stopped, dropped the book in front of him, looked in despair at the teacher, and burst out crying. "What's the matter now?" shouted the teacher, thoroughly out of patience. "He—he—here's them same —— three fellers agin," sobbed the boy.

When a woman has a pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off to take a last look and sees if she has the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, and then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, then exclaims: "Mercy, how loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her foot around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror to see how they look, turns it in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that direction, backs off, steps upagain, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and will never do in the world, puts them on and off three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It is a very simple matter, indeed.—*The Earth.*

I think it would be funny to hear a woman propose to a man. I wonder how she would do it.

"I think you're the nicest man I ever saw, and—I never loved anybody before—but—well—of course—I could marry plenty. There's Harry Thompson—and Mr. Jones—I know they would—if I—but I'd rather have you than anybody."

"When shall the wedding day be?"

"Let me see; the 21st—no, I've got to go to a wedding on the 15th—I think it will be the 15th—I don't know. And then there's Mrs. Wilkerson's german on the 20th, and the ball on the 22d. Perhaps about the 29th—if Mary Farallones doesn't give her garden party. Let us say some time next month, dearest."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Now, in my official capacity—" began the secretary of a social club.

"I rise for information," interrupted a member.

"Proceed," said the secretary.

"The club would like to know just how much that capacity is—say in quarts