"EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY."

Of all the proverbs quaint and sweet,
That burdened souls so often greet,
As some wise voice from ancient clay,
There sure is none in whose belief
The worn heart finds such sweet relief,
As "Even this will pass away!"

When weary hands from early dawn
'Till lengthening eve must labor on,
And know not surcease day by day;
How gladly comes the sweet refrain,
That echoes o'er and o'er again,
"This, even this, will pass away."

When burdens that are hard to bear
Would sink the soul 'neath black despair,
And whitening lips refuse to pray;
Faith's lovely face e'en then will glow,
And sweet her voice that whispers low,
"But even this will pass away."

When earth to earth and dust to dust
Is read above our heart's best trust,
And we in anguish turn away;
The bitter cup less bitter seems,
When through its dregs the bright truth gleams,
That even this will pass away.

Yea, even this! With hearts bowed down
We stand beside the new made mound,
And long to greet the coming day,
When weary feet have found a rest;
When hands are folded o'er the breast;
And all life's woes have passed away.
—Margaret McRae Lackey in New Orleans Picayune.

A WAR TRAGEDY.

If you have never been in the valley of the Tennessee—I mean that part of the famous valley that stretches southwestward from the great Sand mountain to the picturesque table lands of Monte Sano, you have missed a scene the fairest of all in that country of fair scenes. I will not attempt to describe it. I cannot do it justice. No one can. It is the paradise of north Alabama, and in the heart of that far southern district devastated by war, and yet thanks to its protecting bulwark of mountains, its pleasant homes and well tilled lands escaped almost unscathed.

Not many miles to the north is Lookout mountain and the battlefields of Mission Ridge and Chickamauga. Further to the south and west, and on the same great trunk line that passes within the shadow of the heights on which Hooker fought his "battle in the clouds," is that already famous young city of phenomenal growth, Decatur, and beyond that, the new Sheffield and war scarred Corinth.

But while this corner of the great valley saw little of either blue coats or gray—except, perhaps, an occasional foraging party that chance led away from the railroad and into the garden land between the big hills—the valley gave its best blood for the cause of the Confederacy, and sons and brothers left the cotton unpicked in the field to join Bragg and his gathering hosts across the border line of Tennessee, or to follow the fortunes of Morgan or Stuart on their cavalry raids to the north.

Back from the Tennessee, in a cove protected from the northers by the broad back of Monte Sano, a hardy mountain farmer had built a house of uncut stone—a poor place at best, but a home for the sake of what was in it. It was not a typical southern home, for the good wife and mother was housekeeper, dairymaid and gardener all in one, while the two strapping boys, with their father, did the work which on other plantations fell to the task of the negro slaves. At the nearest store, at Maysville, old John Rogers was, with indiscriminate courtesy, dubbed "colonel." Why, he never knew. Perhaps no one else did. Even before the war military titles were popular in Dixie. Now they are all colonels. So few privates escaped the war.

Among the negroes "Col." John was looked upon with some disdain. A man who "worked" his farm without a single black "boy" was not likely to win the respect of "the quarters" at the big plantations on the river. Farmers who worked were "poo-ah white trash" in those days of easy indolence. But "Col." John thrived for all that, and never a home in all the broad valley was happier than in the little cove under the shadow of Monte Sano.

News travels slow in the country. In those days few newspapers found their way into the Tennessee valley of Alabama, and the first shock of war at Fort Sumter was too far away to affect the tranquility of the people by the great river. Then came the frantic call for troops by the government at Montgomery, and the great valley was at last awakened to the horrors of war. A recruiting office was opened at Huntsville, ten miles away, on the other side of Monte Sano, and husbands, and fathers, and sons left their homes and people and went away to the war. The valley of the Tennessee was desolate. The negroes went flocking northward in search of the army of emancipation, and the cotton was left in the balls to spoil. There came a time when even food was scarce, and beef was worth its weight in the strange new scrip the Confederate government had issued.

"Col." John fared worse than many, although for months after the boys of the lower valley had gone away into Tennessee, his sons yielded to the wish of the old folks and stayed at home. The time came, however, when honor compelled them to go, and they went; but the eyes of the aged mother were wet with tears, and the face of the white haired "Col." John was strangely old, when they bade their boys good-by.

There are brave hearts here at home who remember those sad farewells, when the boys in blue went far away to fight and die on these southern battlefields. There were the same sad partings in many a southern home, and the war left hundreds of decimated families in that fair valley.

Months passed and then years. Occasionally letters from the absent soldier boys came to the old folks in the cove, but they were few and very far between. They had gone north and enlisted in the Army of Virginia. They had been at Bull Run and had been on the peninsula in the checkerboard operations of McClellan's campaign. The latest letter, scribbled in pencil and written in haste, and read in that little home with aching yet thankful hearts, told of good health and Confederate success. Side by side the brothers had fought, as yet unhurt. Now they were to go with Lee into the land of promise—the rich, corn growing valleys of Pennsylvania.

Gettysburg came, and the Army of Virginia, rudely awakened from its victorious security, was hurled back across Maryland and into Virginia again by the military genius of Meade. In the carnage of the first day the older brother was killed. The younger, while retreating with his decimated regiment from an unsuccessful charge, was taken prisoner. In company with several other Alabama soldiers, young Rogers, even then a mere boy, was brought to Philadelphia, and from here sent to Fort Delaware, as a prisoner of war. There he remained until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House.

The sad news of the battle of Gettysburg was slow in reaching the little home by Monte Sano, but when it did come it broke the spirit of "Col." John and turned still whiter the head of the sweet faced mother; for it was said that in the battle both boys had fallen under the shower of Federal balls. It was not long before there was a "burying" from the house in the cove, and the body of "Col." John was laid to rest among the pines he loved so well.

And the mother? She too would gladly have died, but nature was too strong. The time came, moreover, when she was glad that death had spared her, for there came to her from far away Fort Delaware a letter from her surviving boy, telling of the older brother's death and the younger one's imprisonment. She read the letter many times, and as the tears rolled down her sunken cheeks, she fell on her knees and thanked God that one son at least had been spared to her. A sudden resolution possessed her. She would leave the little home in the cove and go away to the north. She would go to Fort Delaware, and they would not refuse to let a mother see her son—even a "Confederate" mother. Once she had looked upon his face again she would have courage to wait for his release.

Traveling was slow. Weeks passed before she was enabled to get through the opposing lines and into Washington. At last, dying from want, sorrow and fatigue, she stood in the commandant's room at Fort Delaware with written permission to see and speak with the boy she loved so well.

They tell sad stories of Fort Delaware in the south. They call it the Libby prison of the north. I don't like to believe it. Neither do you. They say that after a certain engagement the northern enerals accused the Confederates of out- cruelty, and in retaliation a score isoners were taken from the iniously hanged. Perhaps mistaken, and that there were unds for hanging than that.

By some means a rumor had gained credence in the prisoner's barracks that something of the kind was to take place, while the impression prevailed that special vengeance was to be meted out to the soldiers of Alabama, because of alleged outrages committed by regiments from that state. Young Rogers was not a coward, but he had no desire to meet so unsoldierly a death. With that inventive genius which develops so rapidly among those held in confinement, the prisoners in Rogers' "gang" dug out the stone work and earth under one of the banks, and thus secured, not only a comparatively safe hiding place for pilfered provisions, but also for one or more of their number when occasion demanded that they should keep under cover for a time.

The rumor that retaliatory measures were in order struck consternation to many a brave heart, and when, for any reason, a Federal orderly came to the prisoners' barracks and called the name of a "Johnny Reb," there was a general feeling of misgiving, and an effort made, when possible, to discover for what purpose the prisoner was wanted before answering to his name. So that when one day the barracks were excited to a fever point by the calling of a dozen names or more, and the name of "Joe Rogers" rang with startling distinctness in the ears of that young Alabamian, he did not wait to be seen, but hurriedly crawled into the "grub" hole, and held his breath for fear of discovery and the consequences that would follow. Three times the orderly called:

"Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers!" rang through the long corridor.

Then the prisoners crowded around, and the orderly seemed to be unaware that Rogers had failed to answer to his name. He went away, and on the records it was written that Joe Rogers had been transferred—as even the officers thought—to be hanged.

A sad look came into the face of the commanding officer when the white haired woman gave him the slip of paper that to her meant so much.

"Rogers is not here now," he said, finally.

She looked at him, dazed by the intelligence.

"Not—here?"

"No; he has been transferred."

"Where?"

The officer had a heart.

"I—I do not know," he said. He could not tell that sad eyed woman what he believed to be the truth.

But he could not deceive her.

"He is dead!" she cried, wildly, and tottering forward she clasped her hands across her breast and sank into a chair.

"My poor boy!" she sobbed. "I loved you so, and yet I was too late!"

The parched lids closed over the sad gray eyes; the tired head fell forward; the nervous fingers relaxed their hold.

"Come," said the officer, kindly; "you must go now. I cannot permit you to remain here."

There was no answer.

"I am waiting"—he began, and then he paused abruptly. Something strange in her appearance startled him, and he stooped down and peered into her face. As he did so tears came into his eyes. The sweet faced mother would never see the valley of the Tennessee again.

She was dead!

News flies in jails as it flies elsewhere. In his hiding place that night young Rogers was told the story of his mother's death. Strong man though he was, the shock was almost more than he could bear, and he grieved bitterly at the thought that, even dead, he might not look upon her face. But he was glad for one thing. There were kind hearts among the boys in blue, and they took the body of the dead mother across to New Castle, and there in the old church yard reverently laid it to rest.

Rogers managed to escape detection for the few weeks remaining before the close of the war. After the surrender he was liberated and returned to Alabama. There he lives and there I met him. He told me this story, and I repeat it because it comes so near home. It interested me. I think it will you.—Philadelphia News.

Victims of Monte Carlo.

The Monte Carlo people will do anything to avoid a scandal. As a rule, this is the process: You have lost all your money and you are in bona fide distress. You go to the administration and ask for a little assistance to get home. You are asked at what table you played. The head croupier of that table is sent for. He recognizes you as a player and probably remembers whether you played heavily or not. Your story being confirmed, you say to what station you wish to proceed. A sum sufficient for your fare and your needs on the journey is then handed to you, and you have to sign an I. O. U. for the amount.

So long as you don't return to Monte Carlo you hear no more of the matter, but if you go back there again you must repay your I. O. U. before you are allowed to reenter the gambling saloons. All the people of the establishment are trained to remember faces and it is very rarely that they make a mistake.—London Referee.

Nilsson's Tapestries and Fans.

Christine Nilsson's two passions are tapestry and fans. Most of the former she has picked up for herself, and she has some rare and beautiful bits; but the fans are mostly gifts. One of them was given to her in St. Petersburg by a Russian prince, and is a copy of the famous fan of the queen of Oude. It is white silk, embroidered with pearls and emeralds, the sticks of gold and ivory, set with small rubies, and the monograms in diamonds. The Empress Eugenie gave her a fan that once belonged to Mme. Dubarry, and was painted by Boucher, the wrought pearl sticks of which are studded with turquoises. The Venetians gave her a fan of silver filigree and the most exquisite of old Venetian point lace. An Indian prince, the Thakore of Morvi, who heard her sing and saw her fans, added recently the most splendid and costly in the whole collection, in the shape of a gold handled one, incrusted with gems, and made of the feathers of gorgeous oriental birds.—London Life.

Not Afraid to Fight.

"All the Brandenburgers are soldiers," said the German heir presumptive in a recent speech. All the world knows that. France found it out at Sedan to her cost. The night Louis Napoleon and his son reposed on downy couches in silken tents the Brandenburgers passed in the saddle, getting ready for the attack which was to end in the capture of the French army like so many rats in a trap. Prince William, who is reputed to be of a more martial turn of mind than his father, the unfortunate crown prince, declared in his speech that it is not true that he wants war for the sake of glory. But he is a Brandenburger, and "all the Brandenburgers are soldiers," who "only fear God, and nothing else in this world." There is no need to fear that Germany's military prestige will be allowed to wane under this kind of a ruler.—Chicago Times.

How Fame Is Achieved.

Hardly any one who has risen in the smallest degree into public notice is above the harmless vanity of telling the utterly obscure man how fame is achieved or the foundation stones of even moderate greatness laid. The millionaire recalls his diligence as a boy in sweeping out the store on cold winter mornings, the lawyer his wonderful assiduity in copying papers and reading very early editions of law books by the firelight, and the literary man the toil expended on his first verses and his secret joy at seeing them in the "poet's corner" of the country newspaper. There is nothing sweeter than the reflection that one's own career is a standing encouragement to the young and friendless to be up and doing with a heart for every fate.—New York Post.

Care of the Human Machine.

Why should you not run the human machine as systematically as you would run a steam engine? Doesn't it seem strange that men should literally court death? And yet that is what hundreds of men are doing in every large community. The healthiest men are often the most rash. They believe that they can stand anything, and they live on full tilt, under high pressure, until something gives way. Feeble people often live longer than healthy people, because they nurse their energies and have a sort of gauge by which they adjust their lives.—Physician in Boston Herald.

IRRIGATING LANDS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BIG DITCHES OUT IN COLORADO.

Construction of Canals for Irrigation. Tapping the River or Creek—Flooding the Crops in a Dry Season—Surprising Results—Profits.

The great system of irrigating lands in dry sections for crops is as yet in its infancy, but wherever tried it has done well, and irrigating ditches have yielded a large return to the investors in them. Most of the largest ditches are in Colorado, where 3,000,000 acres of land are subject to irrigation. Of this vast body less than 500,000 acres have been irrigated, leaving 2,500,000 to be watered yet. The canals in course of construction will water about 1,200,000 of the 2,500,000 acres. This is enormous when we consider that the whole system of irrigation has grown up almost within the past five years. The San Louis Park canal, watering 400,000 acres; State Land canal, 140,000 acres; Citizens' canal, 110,000 acres, and Del Norte and Suguache canal, 150,000 acres, may be mentioned as among the most successful Colorado ditches. These three canals cover 100,000 acres of government land, 200,000 acres of patented land, and 150,000 acres of state land. They will furnish homes for between 3,000 and 4,000 farmers. The water for the canals is taken from the Rio Grande river near the town of Del Norte. The largest canal is 120 feet wide at its head and gradually narrows down to twelve feet. Its depth varies from two to six feet. It has when full a capacity for watering 400,000 acres of land.

CONSTRUCTING A CANAL.

How do they make irrigating canals? Easy enough and quite rapidly. First is the construction of the main canal. The water is taken from a river or creek, the supply being regulated by a head gate. The canal may be ten, twenty or fifty feet wide and one, five or ten feet deep, according to the volume of water desired. Generally the canals are wide and shallow like a creek. Indeed, they are merely artificial creeks, and when grass grown and planted with trees along their banks are hard to tell from the natural streams. A favorable place for tapping the river or creek having been found, the canal is carried forward to the high grounds. It is generally given about half the fall of the river or creek, so it soon reaches an elevation far above the natural stream and has the lands between it and the stream below its waters. At intervals as needed, small canals are taken out and carried to the farms. Each lateral has a head gate and measure for the water. The laterals are built so as to cover the greatest number of farms. At certain distances sublaterals are taken out from the main laterals, and these sublaterals too have head gates and water measures. The sublaterals are used by individual farmers. If before plowing time there has been rain enough to soften the ground the farmer does not resort to his ditch, but, if the season is dry, he opens his headgate and saturates the ground. The seeding is then done. Ten acres is about the allowance of land that can be irrigated in one day per man. Unless water is very plentiful farmers are limited to eighty acres each to be irrigated in one season, but this does not include grass lands.

After the crops come up they are irrigated or simply flooded. The quantity of water put on is about equal to what would fall in three days' steady rain. When the crop is half grown it is irrigated again. Two irrigations are considered enough for a crop in a season, unless the weather is very hot and dry, and then three irrigations may be put on. It will thus be seen that every farmer holds in his own hands the means of making a crop when he has irrigating ditches.

EXPENSE OF IRRIGATION.

Root crops can always be kept moist, and require five or ten times as much water as cereals. The expense of irrigation, when compared with the benefits derived is very slight. Irrigation about doubles crops, and the cost of the water is never over $2 per acre, and often as low as sixty cents per acre, per annum. Forty and fifty bushels of wheat per acre are often raised under irrigation. Potatoes frequently grow to five pounds, and yield 250 to 500 bushels per acre. Other root crops yield equally well, and barley will yield forty bushels per acre and oats often fifty and sixty bushels. I have seen seventy-seven bushels of oats cut on an acre of irrigated land, and myself measured 500 bushels of wheat cut from a ten acre field in Colorado, near Boulder. Wild hay, when well irrigated, will cut two tons per acre, and alfalfa four to six tons. All kinds of berries, such as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and such fruits, grow prolifically under irrigation, and yield nearly a double crop. From $300 to $400 is often taken from an acre for small fruits.

Ditching machines have been made for digging irrigating canals, but I never saw one that worked satisfactorily. The best ditching machine is an Irishman and a wheelbarrow or a plow and a scraper. A ditch ten feet wide and two or three feet deep can ordinarily be made at a cost of $1,000 per mile. The income from the water in such a ditch in a good locality is about 24 per cent. per annum on the cost of making. So it will be seen ditching is profitable. The little companies first formed in Colorado had great difficulty in placing their stock, but they throve amazingly and soon men of capital began to look into the matter. The Colorado Loan and Trust company was formed by Mr. T. C. Henry for the purpose of irrigating lands, and soon large ditches were under way. This company now controls many ditches and irrigates nearly 1,000,000 acres of land. There are many other companies, and I believe all are making money.—Gen. James S. Brisbin in New York Tribune.

Delicately Flattering the "Freshies."

A certain barber in this beautiful city has been vexed in spirit because some of his trade seemed in a fair way to slip away from him. The manner of it is this: He has among his customers a large number of Yale freshmen of tender years. These frisky youths insist upon being shaved, although their chins may be as smooth as the surface of a billiard ball. The barber saw that in order to keep that class of trade he must convince it that it had hair on its face, so he bethought himself of a scheme. He took a very fine razor and honed it down to a very fine edge. This accomplished, he so manipulated the tool that when it was drawn along the smooth flesh it made a noise as if the points were being scraped off a barbed wire fence.

He tried it on the first freshman that came in, and the man went away looking as pleased as if his mother-in-law had just died. The tonsorial artist now flourishes and the freshman goes on his way rejoicing.—New Haven News.

Growth of the Finger Nails.

The growth of the nails is more rapid in children than in adults, and slowest in the aged. It goes on more rapidly in summer than in winter, so that the same nail that is renewed in 132 days in winter, requires only 116 in summer. The increase for the nails of the right hand is more rapid than the left; it also differs for the different fingers, and in order corresponding with the length of the finger. It is most rapid for the middle finger; nearly equal for the two either side of this; slower for the little finger, and slowest for the thumb.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Streets of St. Petersburg.

The streets of St. Petersburg are wider than those of any city in the world. More than one-third of the area is in the streets, and most of them are 200 feet between the building lines. Endless almost are the open spaces and squares, treeless and unturfed, surrounded by houses gauged upon the same scale as the streets. In one place you can walk half an hour and pass only three palaces, and it is common for a single residence or palace to occupy the whole front of a long block.—William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News.

Making Over Muskrats' Fur.

A Maine fur dealer says that it is astonishing the uses to which muskrats' fur are put. The skins are taken at the city establishments, clipped, colored and put into such shape that they very closely resemble otter, and, if not sold for that, are at least represented to be much better than they really are. The fur is never sold for what it really is, but is fixed up to look like something finer and charged for accordingly.—Chicago Herald.

HOW THE INDIANS FIGHT.

An Old Major of Cavalry Talks—Reputations of Savage Tribes.

"I have had many years' experience as purchaser of saddle horses," remarked a major of cavalry on his way to Chicago to a reporter in the corridor of the Southern hotel, "having been a member of horse boards for the last thirty years, and having bought cavalry horses for the United States service. I therefore feel that I know whereof I speak when I say that the supply of good saddle horses in the country is smaller than it has been at any time since the war. I do not mean that there are fewer thoroughbreds, for there are probably more, but horses suitable for other purposes than racing and park use are becoming rarer every day, and although the price paid by the government is higher than it has been for the last twenty years, it is very difficult to secure proper mounts for the cavalry, while ten or even five years ago at least three times as many horses able to pass muster were presented as the advertisements called for.

"I have served on the plains nearly continuously for more than thirty-five years," continued the speaker, "and am tolerably familiar with all the features of cavalry life. A cavalryman always has a frontier station, and only sees civilization during his brief leaves. Civilians do not realize the hardships and exposures to which a cavalryman is subjected. He has seasons of idleness, but also long periods of great exertion, and as a proof of the effect of his life it can be safely stated that scarcely one man out of ten reaches the age of 45 without being seriously broken down. Indian campaigns are the cause of this. I have fought and chased Indians from the British lines to the Rio Grande, and know what campaigning means. The Indians always get a tremendous start of the cavalry, and seldom are overtaken. The army has been blamed for its ill success, but when the circumstances are understood it is wonderful that so much has been accomplished.

"The Indians never attempt to commit outrages in the vicinity of an army post, and news seldom used to arrive until twenty-four hours or more had elapsed and the Indians had a long start. Nearly always they are provided with remounts, the loose horses being driven before the band, and when an animal shows signs of fatigue another is remounted and the flight continued on a fresh animal. Horses are also stolen wherever met with, and the consequence is that the trooper, who is confined to the use of a single animal, has a poor chance of overtaking the Indians. As a general thing they can fight or escape as they please, and never do the former except when in overwhelming numbers. The fatigues of one of these fruitless marches, generally made on short rations to secure celerity of movement by avoiding carrying baggage, can well be imagined, and the condition of man and beast after a two months' campaign is wretched in the extreme.

"Nowadays the active Indian campaigning is confined to Arizona, but when I was a young man the northern Sioux, northern Cheyennes, Piegans and Blackfeet in the north, the southern Sioux and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the central plains, and the Comanches and Kiowas south of the Arkansas, kept us busy all the time. Of all these Indians the Kiowas were the best drilled, it being hard to distinguish them from the dragoons at a distance of two or three miles. The Comanches never deserved their great reputation, as they were poor fighters, doing well against the Mexicans, but never standing against United States troops. The Cheyennes were noted far and wide as the most determined and fiercest fighters, but their energies were more constantly directed against their hereditary enemies, the Utes, than against the whites. The Sioux were the largest and most powerful tribe, and gave us more trouble than any others. They were in their way as well drilled as the Kiowas, I myself having seen a single chief direct the movements of 1,000 warriors, scattered over an extent of country five miles in diameter, simply by the flashing of a little mirror held in the hand. The Blackfeet, being foot Indians, were more easily reached, and after one or two lessons never gave any more trouble, although last winter they threatened an outbreak.

"The Crows and Pawnees, being hated by all other tribes, were our allies and made our best trailers. The Utes, while less daring than the plains Indians, from their situation in the mountains were enabled to ambush the troops very easily, and many lives have been lost in this way. Fighting withal was rather a run than a combat, and the troops had for many years little chance against them on account of their great celerity of movement. It was not until the winter of 1876, when Gen. Nelson A. Miles began his series of winter campaigns, that the plain Indians were thoroughly subdued. That officer followed their trail in the coldest weather, drove them from their winter camps, and although unable to overtake them, kept them constantly on the move. The Indians, sensitive to cold, and ill provided with clothing, died like sheep of hardship and exposure and one by one the bands, fairly tired out, came in, surrendered and were disarmed and put on reservations. The winter campaign more than anything else broke the power of the plains tribes, but at terrible expense to the troops, who were exposed to the fury of the western storms in the coldest months of the year. The youngsters in the army regret the disappearance of the Indians, but we old fellows, who know what a winter march is, are most thankful that they are over, probably forever.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Great Compliments to America.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer paid America great compliments in a recent lecture. He said that sculpture and architecture flourished here. The Americans had read the old masters better than the English, "particularly through one man—Richardson—who, with real genius, had brought out an almost new kind of work on old lines." On principle, Mr. Herkomer regarded architecture as of the first importance, then sculpture, then painting. The Americans pose naturally and willingly, and without the anxiety shown by English sitters. And finally the speaker said that America would eventually lead the world in art as in other things.—New York Sun.

Scotch Deerhounds and Coyote.

Last summer a Mr. Lane, of Cheyenne, recommended us to buy a pack of Scotch deerhounds that had proved of great use on the Laramie plains. We bought half a pack—sixteen dogs—and since then we have enjoyed some of the grandest sport I ever saw in my life. These animals are shaped somewhat like a greyhound, but are heavier, but not quite so fleet, and are very fierce. They possessed ample speed to run down a coyote, and when once they had overtaken one were sure to kill it. At first they did not escape without wounds, as the coyotes, generally so cowardly, will, when cornered, fight desperately. But it was beautiful to watch the way in which the dogs would deal with one. When overtaken the coyote would lie on his back, presenting a keen row of teeth for the inspection of the hounds. Instead of springing on him all at once the pack would wait until some old veteran, of which we had four, came to the front. This dog would stand over the coyote and make a movement as if to seize him by the throat, but would immediately draw back his head. Snap would go the sharp teeth, and before the coyote could again prepare himself the dog would have him by the throat and in a few seconds he would be throttled.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Had It Before.

"I've lost an ax from my yard," he said as he entered police headquarters the other day.

"Stolen?"

"Yes."

"Then you will have a good excuse not to split the wood."

"Oh, I had that before. I had a doctor tell my wife that the jar irritated my spine."—Detroit Free Press.

LEFT DESOLATE.

A little while, you tell me, but a little while,
And I shall be where my beloved are;
And with your eyes all large with faith, you say,
"Thy dear ones have not journeyed very far."

"Not very far." I say it o'er and o'er,
Till on mine ear mine own voice strangely falls,
Like some mechanic utterance that repeats
A meaningless refrain to empty walls.

"No very far;" but measured by my grief,
A distance measureless as my despair,
When, from the dreams that give them back to me,
I wake to find that they have journeyed there!

"Not very far." Ah me! the spirit has
Had its conjectures since the first man slept;
But, oh the heart, it knoweth its own loss,
And death is death, as 'twas when Rachel wept!
—Chambers' Journal.

Electric Power from Coal.

The direct conversion of heat into electric work is a problem that continues to tax the ingenuity of the electricians. What seems to be the most promising attempt at solution yet made is a new thermo-magnetic generator and motor devised by M. Menges, of The Hague. Like the recent pyro-magnetic dynamo of Edison, it depends on the fact that the magnetic metals lose their magnetic power when heated. It claims several important advantages, however, the chief being that the necessary alterations of heating and cooling are given automatically, and that the cores of the armature coils are relieved from changes of temperature.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Signaling at Sea.

Rear Admiral Colomb, writing in allusion to a recent disastrous collision in the channel, calls attention to the present very defective methods of signaling at sea, and points out how impossible it often is for one ship to ascertain the intentions of another. He mentions one thing, which is not generally known—namely, that the board of trade forbids the mercantile marine to use that system of speech by signal which has been for a long time common to every navy in the world. He also pleads for some signal which will not only attract attention to "distress," but will also indicate to some extent the nature of that distress.—Chambers' Journal.

TATTOOING IN BURMAH.

How It Is Performed—Opium as an Anæsthetic—Designs.

Of all Burmese customs, one of the most singular is that of tattooing the person, from the waist to below the knees, with figures in black ink. Every man in the country is thus adorned, and unless his skin be unusually dark, he looks at a little distance as though he were clothed in a tight fitting pair of knee breeches. The custom is said to be falling into disuse, but I have seen very few Burmans without this "mark of manhood," which is conferred upon him when he is about 12 to 14 years old. The operation is a painful one, and I was glad of the opportunity that now offered to see it, though aware that it takes at least two or three days to complete.

Pho Myin, the subject, is lying on a mat quite nude, with a dazed look in his half closed eyes, and breathing heavily. Moung Daw nods at him meaningly.

"He has taken much opium," he says, grinning to me.

I am not surprised at it. If the Htokwinsayahgyee was going to exercise his art upon me for four or five hours, I should follow the Burman's plan and take opium by way of an anæsthetic.

The tattooing will show well upon the plump, fair skinned lad before us, and the professor evidently thinks he is a subject to take pains with, as he sits carefully mixing his ink in a joint of bamboo and preparing his weapon. This is a brass rod nearly two feet long and about half an inch thick; it is weighted at the top with a little ornamental figure, and at the other end has a hollow point divided by two cross slits into four fine pricks. The professor examines the "business end" critically, and, having satisfied himself that it is sharp enough, tucks up his putsoe and squats at Pho Myin's side. Selecting a spot on the thigh, he places both feet on it a few inches apart, and stretching the skin tight, draws the outline of the first figure—a tiger rampant—with an inky splinter of bamboo; this is soon done, and relieving himself of a large mouthful of betelnut, the professor settles down to work in earnest. Leaning forward through his widely parted knees, he balances the brass style daintily, and, clasping it with the finger and thumb of the right hand, makes a "bridge" of the left, which he rests on the surface between his feet. After sliding the instrument through his fingers once or twice, as if to take aim, he makes a start and pricks away steadily with a light firm touch that is wonderfully quick and true. In less than five minutes the tiger, with its surrounding border, is finished, and the artist removes his feet from the distended skin, and washes off the superfluous ink to see how his work has come out. Everybody presses forward to look at the picture, which shows up in bold relief on the rapidly formed swelling. Moung Saik exchanges a remark with his wife, and the tattooer resumes his working position to draw the outline of the next figure.

The boy, stupefied with opium, lies insensible to the pain, while one figure after another gradually appears on his skin. Deep as the points of the style sink, they draw little blood, but the limb swells in a manner that would alarm any one who did not know it would return to its normal size in a day or two. Fever sometimes intervenes, and in that case the patient waits for a time before the work of illustration is resumed, so it often extends over a period of a week or ten days, during which the inconvenience suffered is considerable. Without the aid of opium the process would be a much longer one. I found that I could not endure the application of the style for more than thirty consecutive seconds without flinching so much as to interfere with the operator's movements; for the skin is pricked over so closely that it becomes too tender to sustain their repetition.

Eight rupees is the usual fee paid to a tattooer for endowing a lad with breeches. The figures that compose them vary little, consisting as a rule of tigers, "nagas" (dragons) and "beloes" (devils). Each one is surrounded with a border of sentences, generally illegible, invoking good luck upon the owner of the skin whereon they are inscribed. The waist and knees are neatly finished off with a tasteful edging of point or scroll pattern; these sensitive parts of the body are the last to be done, and tattooers have told me that the pain caused frequently arouses the patient from his torpor.—Cornhill Magazine.

Bismarck's Personal Habits.

Though considerably past 70 years old, Prince Bismarck still works as hard as he did when he was twenty years younger. He never goes to bed until 2 in the morning, and eats a hearty supper shortly before midnight. He rarely rises much before noon, as he has always been a heavy sleeper and is often disturbed during the night by the arrival of dispatches which require instant attention. The chancellor is becoming a rich man. The salaries from his offices are by no means extravagant, but added to the revenues of his estates and the profits of his saw mills and distilleries, they bring his income to between $100,000 and $150,000 a year. And, as the prince is notoriously economical, a very large proportion of this comfortable income is annually saved.—New York Tribune.

New Fashion in Bookbinding.

Boston has a new fashion in bookbinding; the colors of the volumes in large sets are varied. One of the leading binders has just finished a set of Dickens for a private library in sixteen different colors. "Each novel," says Arlo Bates, "was bound in an individual hue, the only duplication occurring where a tale came in two volumes. Red, brown, orange, light and dark blue, lemon, fawn, maroon, brown and black were among the tints chosen, and with each went a harmonious gold line English paper. The effect of this fashion is very pretty and even brilliant. It is used to break the uniformity of a score of volumes in a single tone."—Home Journal.

BOOTS!
BOOTS!
BOOTS!

SHOES!
SHOES!
SHOES!

EVERYTHING IN BOOTS.

EVERYTHING IN SHOES.

M. T. GOSLEE
Keeps A Shoe Store—Exclusively.

He does not keep a mixed store. He does not trade in molasses, kerosene or calico. But in the Shoe line he can supply what you want.

☞ HE COMPETES WITH CITY STORES AND CITY PRICES!

HE COMPETES IN FINE WORK, IN DURABLE WORK, AND IN PRICES.

He is Under the new hall

The Chester River
STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

Until further notice, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD.

Will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck Grey's Inn, Eastern Neck, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. whar every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M., making the above landings.

STEAMER B. S. FORD

will leave Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Centreville, Eastern Neck, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at 10 o'clock A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for the above landings.

FARE:
$1 ROUND TRIP.
SINGLE TICKETS 75 CENTS.

March 22, 1888.
GEO. WARFIELD, President.

W. D. MILLER,
Fire and Burglar Proof
SAFES
Vault Doors,
Bank Work.
5 S. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
April 7—y.

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. Proprieto

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: "I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

A LARGE LOT
—OF—
PRIME
Cypress Fencing
Now on Hand.

☞ PRICES AND ESTIMATES ☜
—FOR—
LUMBER, SHINGLES,
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
DOOR and WINDOW FRAMES,
for building purposes,
FURNISHED WITH PLEASURE.

Do not buy until you have given me an opportunity to figure on your bill.

MY STOCK IS
Seasoned and Well Manufactured,
and embraces every variety of Building Material.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Feb. 23, 1888.

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

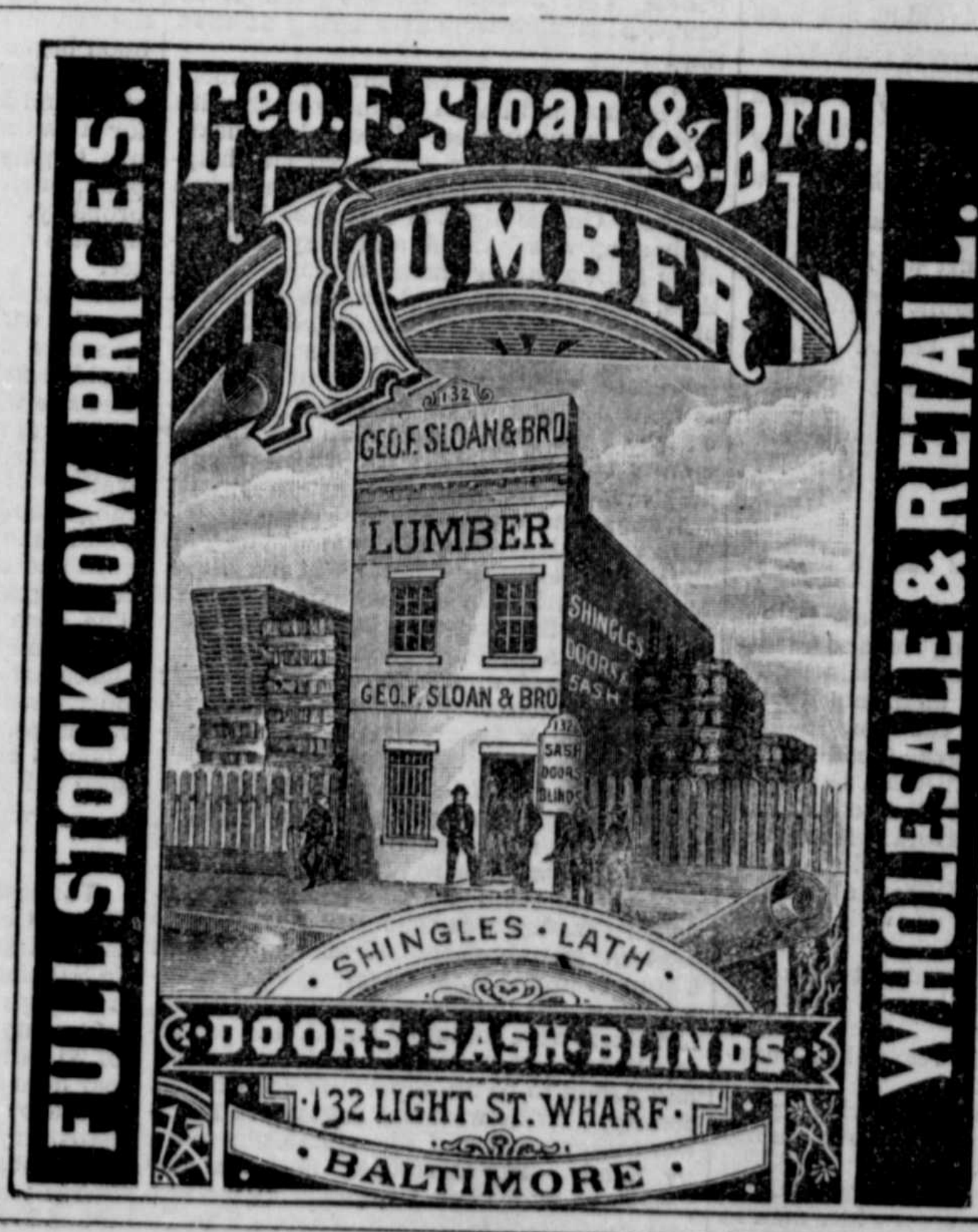
SAML BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
Shingles, Laths, Pickets,
Sash, Doors, Blinds,
Bricks, Lime, &c.
310 LIGHT ST WHARF
BALTIMORE, MD.

A. C.
Yates & Co.
Best Made Clothing
in Philadelphia
For Men and Children
SIXTH & CHESTNUT,
(LEDGER BUILDING.)

YET ON HAND
—AT—
Little Grove Nurseries,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
ABOUT 30,000 TREES!

THOSE who have not made their selections for new orchards will please do so at an early date, or else they must not blame any one but themselves in not being able to get varieties desired. Kinds needed for replanting should be in. It is both annoying to the planter in being obliged to substitute a variety, and a regret to the nurseryman not to be able to accommodate.

Feb. 9—tf.
R. G. NICHOLSON,
Chestertown, Md



Geo. F. Sloan & Bro.
LUMBER
FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
SHINGLES · LATH
DOORS · SASH · BLINDS
132 LIGHT ST. WHARF
BALTIMORE

50,000 BUSHELS

CORN WANTED

HIGHEST NET CASH PRICE PAID!

To be delivered at any point on Worton Creek.

W. B. TURNER,
Dec. 1—tf.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

E. T. COMEGYS,
Dealer in Grain,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

☞ Highest Market Price paid for GRAIN at all times, delivered at any point convenient to farmers.
Sept. 1, 1887.