The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, JULY 29, 1897. VOL. XXXVII—NO. 12.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

☞ Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past Nov. 29-1f.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

taving enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.
☞ EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
To prevent needless delays, patients may, in person or by mail, make engagements for any hour or date desired, if not already engaged.
☞ I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mrs. Abe Cassey. All persons desiring first-class work are invited to call.
DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Office 115 Main street, with Dr. J. T. Twilley.

EBEN F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY,
will resume the active practice of law. Business promptly attended to.
Money for several clients to loan.
Office in the same building as the TRANSCRIPT. a6 3m.

HENRY W. CATLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland
Office opposite Court House.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 2, Glenn Building, 12 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md., will attend the regular terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.
All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

C. H. B. MASSEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - - Maryland.

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. B. PAGBERT.
COMEGYS BROWN
—WITH—
LONEY & CO.,
Successors to Wright & Loney
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Established 1877.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Live Stock
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
30th & Market, Philadelphia.
We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities for this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced.
Jan. 16, 1896.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 121 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

Stewart Fruit Company,
WHOLESALE
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.
Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens
STEVENS BROS.,
Members Chamber of Commerce,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
206 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

FRANK WRIGHT & Co.
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
304 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,
Baltimore, Md.
Having removed to No. 304 South Charles St., in the centre of the jobbing trade, and having ample room on the first floor to handle Produce of every description, we respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors, and from shippers generally a trial, we guarantee top market prices and prompt returns.
Yours respectfully,
FRANK WRIGHT & CO.

Building and Whitewash
Lime,
AT CITY PRICES. SPECIAL PRICES TO MERCHANTS.
Kerr's Wrightsville Land
Lime.
We will deliver to your station at LOW PRICES on reasonable terms.

COAL and WOOD
delivered at short notice
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
We thank you for all past favors, and hope to share your future orders.
J. D. BACCHUS,
April 22, 1897. Chestertown, Md.

A LARGE LINE OF
FURNITURE!
WINDOW SHADES,
Paints, Oils and Glass,
IS CARRIED BY
Percy T. McFeely,
CHESTERTOWN, MD
CITY PRICES on All Goods.

DAILY BOATS
have commenced, and so has the sale of new goods at city prices at
MRS. S. A. HURLOCK'S,
Headquarters for Ready-made Clothing. Bargains in Black Skirts, black Dress and Suit Goods, Russian Linen and Cotton Crash. Before buying examine our new goods in Wash Silk, Sateen, Organdie Lawn, Percale, India Linen, White Goods and Muslin. Call for our 5c. Calico.
New Lot of Wrappers and Tea Gowns
in Lawn, Percale and Calico, all sizes, from 50c. to $1.50. Prepare for warm weather by buying a House Jacket and Dressing Sack. We have them at 30 cents. SHIRT WAISTS of all kinds. Black Sateen UNDERSKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, Ladies', Gen's' and Children's UNDERWEAR.
SOMETHING NEW.—Gents' Black Hose, White Feet.
Closing-out sale of Slippers. An assortment of Head Nets.
GENERAL MERCHANDISE!
Best Country Butter, try it.
MRS. S. A. HURLOCK, Chestertown, Md.

MELITOTA'S CASH STORE!
The Cheapest in the County.
Large Lot of SALT. LIME for Whitewashing—the Blue Label—the finest on the market. Large lot of BARB WIRE for fencing. GASTAR for corn planting.
WOOD BOUGHT.
I am prepared to buy WOOL for which the highest market price will be paid.

First-Class Barber Shop!
Which is conducted under my personal supervision, where satisfactory work is guaranteed.
I KEEP A LARGE LINE OF
General Merchandise & Groceries,
WHICH ARE SOLD CHEAP.
☞ Eggs, Butter, Poultry, Calves, Sheep and Cows taken in exchange for goods. Give me a call and I will guarantee to please you.
M. M. RASIN,
April 22, 1897. MELITOTA, MARYLAND.

Just Think for a Moment!
If you are looking for a place to get your work done cheap, just stop in at Urieville and give McKnett, Jr., a call—he will surprise you. A Sixty-tooth Harrow and Chain for $8.50; a Seventy-two tooth Harrow for $9.50. Wheels Hooped for $1.25. New Dearborns for $35. Also, if you are going to have any sawing done, I am prepared to do all kinds.
You may be looking out for someone to thresh your wheat this season, if so, I have a first-class Traction Engine, Thresher and Stacker that I expect to start this season. The old saying—"Kill two birds with one stone," now you have a chance to kill three.
Give me a call.
WATTIE McKNETT,
March 18, 1897. URIEVILLE, MARYLAND.

OUR Made-to-Measure Suits
AT $10.00,
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
MORTON C. STOUT & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS
Baltimore & Liberty Sts., Baltimore, Md.

FERD. H. PAAR,
MAKER OF
Gents' Fine Footwear,
No. 104 N. Howard Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

HAPPY!
WHY NOT?
Our customers are satisfied and well-to-do people. *Why?* Because they know they get the best work for the least money at our place. Trade is good, and we are always busy. Remember, we Hoop your Wheels and do not dish them, and make no charge for extra bolts.
☞ We are glad to see how our Horseshoeing is appreciated. We claim to know how to do it. Bring us your horses and you will be happy
HACKETT'S
Blacksmithing and Horse-shoeing Parlor,
STILL POND, MD.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME" KEEP YOUR HOUSE CLEAN WITH
SAPOLIO

HORNER'S ABSOLUTELY Pure Animal Bone
FOR
ALL CROPS AND PERMANENT GRASSES.
WARRANTED IN THE FULL PRICE OF THE GOODS.
Higher in Essential Qualities than any other Goods on the Market.
WE WILL SELL EITHER BY ANALYSIS, OR WEIGHT, PREFERABLY THE FORMER WAY.
Also Concentrated FERTILIZERS for Quick Crops and Vegetables.
Send for Circular. JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO.,
26 SOUTH CALVERT STREET, BALTIMORE.

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP.
THE BABY'S COMFORT, THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.
Once tried, always used. Will cure Colic in 10 minutes; cures curd or sour stomach, relieves all forms of indigestion, can be given to babies 1 day old. Will prevent Cholera Infantum and keep the baby in good, healthy condition through the period of teething. An over dose does no harm; nothing injurious in it. 25 cts. at druggists.
Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md.
Trial bottle sent free if you mention this paper.

Wanted.
WHEAT!
In Any Quantity.
Highest Price Paid on Rail or Water.
Prompt attention given all Grain for sale from Worton Station to Black's Station, and on water from Worton Creek to Shallcross' wharf. L.C. Graves, Black's; Joseph H. Weer, Kennedyville, and Joseph Norris, Lynch's, are authorized by us to bid on Wheat, and are prepared to name best prices at any time. Communications by letter or telegraph will receive immediate attention.
Telegraph office Kennedyville; Telephone No. 63.
TURNER & SON,
Betterton, Md.

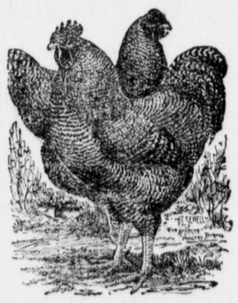
When You Want Flour,
buy Gambrill's Orange Grove at $4.50, and Patapsco Superlative at $5.00. Best cash prices. Large stock always on hand.
TURNER & SON,
Betterton, Md.

Soft Coal.
Best George's Creek vein. $3.75 per ton our net price. When you buy Coal, why not get the best? It costs no more here. Keep your machine men in a good humor and make time.

Machine Oil.
We buy by the barrel and sell good Oil.
Our best grade.....35c. gal. } Discount 5% off for cash.
A good Oil.....25c. "
Harvest Table Knives & Forks.
Fair quality.
Per set of half doz. each only 45c. set.

Flour.
Gambrill's Patapsco Superlative Flour, the "Premier Flour of America."
Orange Grove Extra now $4.75 per bbl.
Little Beauty now..... 4.75 "
Every barrel guaranteed.
A cheaper grade at..... $3.75 "
MEATS of all kinds for little money. Rep't. TURNER & SON, Betterton, Md.

I Still Have on Hand



Some Very Choice Stock
OR SALE
INCLUDING
Barred Plymouth Rocks,
White Wyandottes,
Golden Wyandottes and
Single Comb Brown Leghorns
OF EITHER SEX.
E. E. HUDSON,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.
Feb. 18, 1897.

Trotting Track at Tolchester

I wish to state to those having Horses to be TRAINED or HANDLED for the DEVELOPMENT of SPEED, that after May 1st I will be located at Tolchester Beach for the entire season, and will devote my personal time and attention to the work. Roomy, Comfortable Stables have been built; the track is being put in first-class condition, and the best possible results are expected.
G. W. STEVENS, Agent,
a25m. To'chester Beach, Kent Co., Md.

ORDERS FOR THE
R liable Van Wagoner Farm Fence
in Fifty rods or more, will be accepted up to March 15th at 75c. per rod, complete and put up (Posts and Braces excepted), by
JOSEPH GUEST,
Chestertown, Md

SNYDER'S SHAVING PARLORS
TOLCHESTER, MD.
HAVING located at Tolchester, I am prepared to do Shaving and Hair Cutting in latest styles. Trimming of Ladies' and Children's Bangs and Shampooing a specialty.
Music furnished for parties, etc.
Give me a call.
j30-96. THOMAS L. SNYDER, Tolchester Md.

Ochm's Acme Hall. SEND FOR SAMPLES
YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES
Needn't cost much, if you get them here and now.
Men's Kentucky Tow Linen Suits, $5.
Men's Light $10.00 Cheviot or Cassimere Suits, $6.90.
Men's $12 Fine Serge Suits, $8.50.
Men's $20 and $25 Suits reduced to $13.75.
The Little Ones
Need good clothes, too. Washable Suits are good warm weather clothes—$1.00 for Galatea, $2.00 for Linen.
Shoes for Men
Even greater reductions. $2.40 now for the $4 grade, $3.90 for the $5 and $6.
Children's Shoes at very low prices.
Straw Hats,
Genuine Mackinaw for Men, 50 cents; Women and Children's Hats from 15 cents to $3.50.
Wall Paper.
Greatest variety in Baltimore—borders, too—send for samples free—write for them.
$45 now for our '97 Severn Bicycle, the best $100 wheel ever built—guaranteed, too.
Coolest place in town. Come in when you're in the city. Make us your headquarters. Ladies' reading and writing, also waiting and retiring rooms—men's smoking room, all at your disposal. Bundles checked free.—All car lines come to
OEHM'S ACME HALL,
Baltimore and Charles Streets, Baltimore, Md. *The Starting Point to anywhere else in town.*

FIRE. FIRE. FIRE.
LIGHTNING! LIGHTNING!
Those desiring protection from FIRE or LIGHTNING, call on or address
H. L. BOYD,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
—AGENT FOR—
ÆTNA, of Harford, Con
Assets $11,000,000.
PHŒNIX, of Harford, Conn.,
Assets $6,000,000.
Where the lowest rates consistent with honest protection will be given.
☞ Don't wait until you are burned out
April 6, 1893. H. L. BOYD, Chestertown, Md

Miscellaneous Goods
FOR SALE.
HARD WOOD FENCE PICKETS
Low for Cash in 100 lots.
Wire Pickets, Ratchets, Wire Twisters,
CUTTERS, SPLICERS & STRETCHERS.
Fancy Woven Wire in Roll,
FOR YARD AND LAWN FENCES.
Combination Wire and Wood Picket Garden Fences.
IRON PICKET & RAIL FENCES—Fancy.
IRON GATES—Large and Small—Fancy.
For sale by
JOSEPH GUEST,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
☞ Come and examine the new and unbreakable Withington Farm Fence, all metal (no wood about it).

DAILY PAPERS.
N. Y. Journal,
Phila. Record,
" Press,
Balto. Sun,
" Herald,
On Sale Daily.
CIGARS, TOBACCO, CAKES, CONFECTIONERY, STATIONERY, CANNED GOODS.
HARD AND SOFT COAL.
J. H. WEER,
Kennedyville, Md.

Soda Water.
Soda Water,
ALL FLAVORS.
SHERBERTS!
Sherberts made from Crushed Fruit, at
TOULSON'S DRUG STORE.

Spring Goods for 1897
WE are thankful to our customers for the liberal patronage extended to us for the last 37 years, and by strict Attention to Business and Net Cash Purchases, we will guarantee to sell goods in our line as cheap as any other firm for the cash or on credit.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.
Ordered from factory, direct, the following:
28,000 Pounds! 28,000 Pounds!
Twenty-eight Thousand Pounds of
Wire Nails, Barbed Wire Cable Wire, No. 10 Galvanized Wire for Picket Fencing, and will be sold at a small advance over the first cost. Send your orders in early and secure the lowest net cash prices.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO

MRS. D. GRUBER'S BAKERY.
Nearly 30 Years at the Same Stand.
I respectfully call attention to my old-established Bakery business up town.
PIES AND CAKES OF ALL KINDS,
BOTH TO WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
CHOICE CONFECTIONERY!
AT SPECIALLY LOW PRICES.
A call solicited. Resp'y, etc.,
096 MRS. D. GRUBER.

MAKING GOLD.

Follow the Indian Alchemists' Methods and, Presto! You Are Rich.

For a long time in India the apparent transmutation of tin, zinc, copper and mercury into precious metals has been practiced. We have seen there with our own eyes a metal like gold issuing from the crucible of the Indian alchemists—a metal that could not be told from real gold by means of the touchstone. We may say, however, that in old India, as well as in young America, they have not yet succeeded in giving to the metal thus obtained the chemical properties of gold. On this point they are not more advanced in the one country than in the other, and the problem seems to us not to be near solution. The metal obtained can, in fact, be decomposed into its constituent elements. Nevertheless, it may be interesting to present to public notice the Indian alchemists and to describe their methods. Around these personages many legends have sprung up. The people assert that they never come into a city except by divine inspiration in order to cure illness and to enrich certain persons. There is a belief among the Hindoos, very widespread, but purely fabulous, that they disappear at certain hours to rejoin the cittars—divine naturalists of the early ages of India, who, according to Hindoo tradition, meet with their divinity, Hari Ishari, on the summits of the Himalayas, to learn the secrets of nature.

The following is the method employed by these Indian alchemists to make their gold. We give literally, conforming to the weights and measures in use in India, the list of substances necessary for this delicate operation. These are, according to our documents:

Sulphur of Nelli-Kai (Phylanthus lemblica), 24 rupees weight (7 ounces).
White seeds of Abra precatorius, 9 rupees weight (2½ ounces).
One whole garlic.
Cinnabar, 6 rupees weight (2 ounces).
English orpiment, 6 rupees weight.
Sal ammoniac, 6 rupees weight.

These are powdered separately, and then a paste is made of the whole, with three quarts of "paddy" made of the milky juice of Asclepias gigantea. The whole is ground up with this milk. Then little hard balls are made of the mixture, and finally two sattis are taken of fine, hard earthenware, of such size that the material to be distilled occupies only one-third or one-fourth of the vessel. On the lower vessel another satti is soldered with potter's earth, after an opening has been made in the end of this second vase. Over this hole is fitted a bottle whose end is pierced, and it is carefully sealed to the vase. Into the lower vase are put the little balls described above, and the whole is then sealed up.

The powder, when vaporized, rises along the sides of the bottle and condenses around the hole. It is collected with a feather. Then zinc is taken. For each rupee's weight of zinc is allowed a quantity of the powder as large as two or three rice grains. The zinc and the powder are wrapped up together in a bit of paper or linen or a leaf. The whole is put into a crucible, which is then sealed with a paste composed of one part of cow dung, one of charcoal and one of potter's earth. This is placed on a fire of wood charcoal and heated white hot, after which it is allowed to cool. Open the crucible—you are a rich man.—Paris Cosmos.

A CLEVER FORGER.

But He Overshot the Mark and Was Trapped by the Bank.

Not long ago there stood before the paying teller's window of one of New York's big banks an unctuous little man smiling blandly over a $100 check. Signature, indorsement and every detail were correct. To make assurance doubly sure, the little man explained with some insistence, "You see, I have had my indorsement certified."

The check was paid without hesitation, but the teller said to himself, "Why is that idiot standing there with such a broad grin, trying to fix his face on my memory?" And duly he took note.

A few days later the man appeared at the window again, his countenance distended in the same smile, with another check from the same firm. The indorsement was certified in exactly the same way, and this time the amount was $900. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the check on its face, and it came from a well known customer of the bank. "In spite of all," said the paying teller, "something told me that fellow was a crook. So I said I should have to look up the account before it could be paid, and while he waited I slipped around to the firm's office, which was only a short distance away.

"The check was examined and pronounced perfectly good, and I was about to walk away when the head of the firm said: 'Why, hold up. We've issued no checks this morning.' And then I went back and bagged my crook. He had first sold the firm a bond and got his original $100 check in payment. This he had used to imitate the firm's signature on the second and likewise to impress me with the fact that he was all right, so that when he came around a second time I would not bother him."—C. D. Lanier in Scribner's.

Why She Liked Hypnotism.

A young woman from Washington has discovered a practical use for hypnotism and declares that at last she sees its value. She was visiting a young artist, who, with her chaperon, observes all the proprieties, in a studio up town in New York city. The Washington young woman was called on by her physician, who happens to be skilled in the ways and wiles of hypnotism. The chaperon was eager, as many women seem to be, to be hypnotized when the conversation turned on that subject and the doctor's skill with the art.

The doctor was a trifle chary about showing his powers, but the two younger women begged him to gratify the elder woman's curiosity. The chaperon smiled to herself and bubbled with delight when the doctor finally consented to experiment on her. In 15 minutes it was the turn of the two girls to bubble with satisfaction. Under the doctor's persuasive power the chaperon was lost to the world and all but the M. D.'s power.

"At last!" exclaimed the Washington girl. "Here at last is a practical use for hypnotism. Anything that can put a chaperon to sleep is worth having about. Teach me, oh, doctor!"—New York World.

A Berlin Custom.

In Berlin there are iron posts or stanchions fixed on the curb at convenient distances, marked "halting place," for omnibus or tramcar. At these places the passengers wait, and the drivers are not allowed to pull up at any other spot. When an omnibus approaches one of these posts, the conductor calls out, "Halting place!" and if a passenger wants to get out or if any passengers are waiting to get in the driver pulls up; if not, he passes on.

The following are said by a Swiss hunter to have been found near the nest of an eagle he recently discovered in the Alps: A hare, 27 chamois' feet, 4 pigeons' feet, 30 pheasants' feet, 11 heads of fowls, 18 heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.

THE QUEST.

Upon my lips there fell when first the night
Pales in the highest heaven, seeing day
Far down the fathomless eastern depths away—
Pales with a fearful joy, a dread delight—
Upon my lips, with wakeful watching white
There fell a kiss. One instant's space it lay
Soft as a roseleaf that the west winds fray,
And then my eyes awoke to dazzled sight.

The warmth, the tender impact and the thrill
Burnt on my lips, and the calm pulse of sleep
Awoke and quivered quick in soft surprise.
From that day forward knew I love!
And still
By day I search and nightly vigil keep
For her revealed to me in such strange wise.
—The Late H. C. Bunner in Scribner's.

THE BOER AT HOME.

He Does Not Hate All Englishmen, Only Some of Them.

Bryant Lindley met a Boer and asked the way. He received a surly answer which amounted to "Go to the devil!" Upon this he protested angrily, and the Boer rejoined in equal bad humor. At length the Boer shouted, "What's your name anyway?" and when he heard it his manner altered at once, and he exclaimed, "What, and are you the son of the great American missionary Daniel Lindley?" My friend gladly pleaded guilty to this charge, and the surly Boer became at once the most hospitable friend and begged forgiveness for his rudeness. As they rode together toward the road which my friend was seeking the Boer recounted with grateful satisfaction the many good deeds performed by the elder Lindley, but of them all the best to him was that represented by a sound thrashing he had once received at the hands of this venerable missionary. For it appeared that this particular Boer in his youth had been sent to a school taught by Lindley; that the Dutchman was noted for his size and strength and had bragged of his capacity to down the teacher, and had actually sought the opportunity by refusing obedience. But he soon learned that he had made a gross mistake, for this particular missionary was also a noted athlete and gave him such a hiding with a bullock whip that the young giant roared for mercy before the whole school. And for this and similar deeds the Boers loved the elder Lindley, and this particular Boer venerated his memory.

On the evening in question, when the two men were about to part, the Boer, who had been so uncivil at first, begged Lindley, with tears in his eyes, to grant him a great favor for the sake of his conscience. "Your father," said he, "did me a service so great that I can never repay it—he gave me the worst thrashing I ever had—he saved my character, and I am a better man today, thanks to him."

My friend cheerfully promised to grant the request, puzzling his head as to what was going to be required of him. The Boer was mounted upon an excellent horse, which he prized beyond anything he owned. He dismounted, put the reins in Lindley's hand and then ran away into the black forest as though the devil were after him. Here was no Indian giving. This Boer had put it out of the power of the American to discover the name or whereabouts of the strange giver.

It is a story typical of the Boer and serves to illustrate many apparent contradictions in his nature. He does not hate Englishmen in general. He hates only those who seem to threaten his peculiar quality of independence.—"The Dutch Feeling Toward England," by Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine.

The Old Sandbox.

"Blotting paper," said a man of mature years, "has been commonly used for only about 40 years. Before that we used sand, which was poured from a sand box out upon the paper. Enough of it adhered to the wet ink to keep it from blotting. The rest was poured back into the box. I think I liked the old sand box better than I do the modern blotting paper. Sometimes when you opened a letter you would find sand in the envelope, which had rubbed off the letter in transit. But that didn't do any hurt, and the letter itself was more sightly to look at than the letter of today. It did not shade off pale, where fresh ink had been taken from the lines bodily by the blotter—it was uniform in color. And the lines, fine and coarse, were just as the writer made them—not blended or blurred or softened or spread out, more nearly uniform. They were clear and precise and characteristic of the writer.

"I liked the old sand box, but of course we couldn't use it now; we're too busy."—New York Sun.

STUART, THE PAINTER.

Furious Hits Born of His Faculty For Reading Faces.

"I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is. The face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face. He replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose, distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport celebrated for his powers of calculation, but in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, "I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jemmy.'"

"'Calculating Jemmy!'" repeated the curator in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privily called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

"Tell me what sort of a man he is."

"I may speak frankly?"

"By all means."

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society."

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound. The kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.

"'Why, boy,' said he—so he used to address me—'you must not mix your colors with turpentine. You must have some oil.'"

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait painter of merit.—Youth's Companion.

Permanently Cured.

"For about two years I suffered with diarrhœa. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, I believe that I am now permanently cured."—JOAB CRITES, Tanner, Gilmer county, W. Va. This remedy is sold by M. A. Toulson, Druggist.

PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles In Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation In Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmoud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generously admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Talisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmoud Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver. The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is laid upright, this quicksilver rests at the hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of 100 years is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a "loaded" yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army saber. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Colonel E. Bloss Parsons, died recently in Rochester. Colonel Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York state, and though he had never related the story the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Colonel Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to General Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under General Davis they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at General Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his saber above his head, and, dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full arm sweep. The Confederate's head leaped from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, beardless fellow of 21. In comparison Mahmoud Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance.

Colonel Parsons was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Harding, 100 miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned General Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?" asked Meade.

"Colonel Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Send him to me at once."

It was 6 o'clock on a Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.

The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered General Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with General Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."

"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated general.

Parson's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult."

Without the formality of a salute he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Old Newspaper File.

The San Francisco public library rejoices in the possession of about two years' files of the first newspaper published on the Pacific coast, it being the Oregon Spectator, which was begun at Oregon City, Or., Thursday, Feb. 5, 1846. The first Californian publication was The Californian, which appeared at Monterey Aug. 15, 1846.—Los Angeles Times.

On an average each Englishman writes 40 letters a year, each Scotchman 30 and each Irishman 16. The average Italian only posts 6, and the American 21.

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BEARS THAT MIGRATED.

Instances of Their Gathering and Marching Away Together.

Manly Hardy writes to The Forest and Stream about bears that migrated:

"The first notice of these migrations is to be found in a book by John Josselyn, entitled 'New England Rarities Discovered,' published in 1873. In this book he says that great companies of bears sometimes traveled across what is probably the Piscataqua river.

"About 70 years ago, early in September, my father one night witnessed a bear migration. The night was a dark one. The bears came to the east bank of the Penobscot river in the town of Orrington, about seven miles below Bangor. The bears could be heard calling and answering each other till low water, when they took to the water, swam across and landed on the Hampden side. In the morning it was found that a large number had crossed. My father saw their tracks across a single plank in a shipyard.

"Again, about 30 years ago, a friend of mine, Henry Clapp, who is quoted in Cassino's 'Standard Natural History' as an authority on bears, told me that during the fall he had gone on a trapping trip, but had found few bears, till one morning in November after a snowfall he found the tracks of nine different bears, all headed up one little valley. For several days after that more bear tracks were found, all headed in the same direction—from east to west. They denned up when it came time to do so, and in the spring headed east again.

"It is believed among sportsmen that bears go back into the woods to den up and come to the vicinity of the clearings every spring, but extensive migrations by bears are as little heard of as those of wild turkeys and prairie chickens. What naturalists do not understand is how the animals, which usually scatter over miles of territory, know how, when or where to get together for their trips."

CASAN, THE TARTAR DWARF.

A Fierce Little Mongolian Who Lived Centuries Ago.

In the series of papers on "Historic Dwarfs," in St. Nicholas, Mary Shears Roberts describes the famous Casan. Mrs. Roberts says:

Casan was the name of a little Mongol Tartar who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century.

He was born in the eastern part of Asia, not far from the ancient city of Karakorum. His parents belonged to one of the barbarian hordes that owed allegiance to Genghis Khan, and Casan became a fierce though small warrior and fought bravely under the banner of the great and mighty Mongol conqueror.

The exact height of this little dwarf is unknown. He was certainly not over three feet tall, but he was active and muscular and, like all his race, could endure hunger, thirst, fatigue and cold.

The Tartars were unexcelled in the management of their beautiful horses. The fleetest animals were trained to stop short in full career, and to face without flinching wild beast or formidable foe. Casan was a born soldier, and at an early age became expert in all the exercises that belonged to a Tartar education. He could manage a fiery courser with great skill and could shoot an arrow or throw a lance with unerring aim, in full career, advancing or retreating.

Like many of those small in stature, he was anything but puny in spirit, and while yet a lad he gathered about him a troop of wild young Tartar boys as reckless and daring as himself, of whom by common consent he became leader. He commanded his lawless young comrades with a strange mixture of dignity and energy, and they obeyed his orders with zeal and willingness. Sometimes they would go on long hunting expeditions, seldom failing to lay waste any lonely habitation they happened on.

LOOKS LIKE A BEAR.

A Diminutive Animal That You Can Find In Water.

He really looks very much like a bear, though you must put him under a powerful microscope to see the resemblance. The extraordinary thing, however, about this tiny creature is that he is found in the gutters of houses, where he is at one time dry as dust and scorched by the blazing sun, at another active and full of life under a refreshing shower of rain.

The water bear is one of the Rotifer animalcules, and is of all of them the most capable of standing any extremes of temperature without giving up the ghost. He may be left dried up for months, even years, and yet on being put into water will expand and begin moving about and feeding vigorously. Although he cannot stand boiling water, he will live in dry heat at a far higher temperature, even up to 260 degrees F. One has actually been kept in vacuum for 30 days with sulphuric acid and chloride of calcium without losing his capability of revivification.

As for the reason why, it seems the little beasts' bodies are chiefly composed of albumen, which, it is well known, will stand a very high temperature without losing its solubility. Then, too, they are provided with two skins, one over the other, and these skins are wonderfully tough and elastic.

The water bear has the scientific name of tardigrada, because he takes life so easy. He is always fat and plump and spends his waking periods in constantly grubbing with his four pairs of legs among whatever rubbish comes in his way. Having eyes, brain and a nervous system, he is much ahead of his tribe, and is altogether one of the most interesting and amusing little animals known to science.—London Tit-Bits.

A Failure.

A certain professor in one of the leading schools of this city was not long since desirous of incorporating some negro dialect in a story he was preparing. Not being very well versed in their manner of speech, he bethought him that it would be a good idea to study the language in its purity undefiled. With this end in view he betook himself to the vicinity of the Union depot, near which representatives of the ebon race are always to be found.

One effort was enough. Meeting a coal black negro driving a wagon rather well loaded and accosting him as "Uncle John," the following brief dialogue ensued:

"Pretty heavy load, uncle. Can you get up the hill with it?"

"I do not know, sir, but I presume so."

Such an example of pure and undefiled English coming from such an unexpected source almost paralyzed the professor, who muttered something about the "dege