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The Chestertown Transcript.

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Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE · FREE FROM · ALCOHOL · PURELY · DE WALKER'S · CALIFORNIA · VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.

Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.

It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

It invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system. It is easy of administration, prompt in action, and certain in its results.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Pneumonia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.

Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.

Mumps, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters. This wonderful remedy is especially adapted to the systems of children, for purifying herbs alone give it its remarkable curative powers. It contains no alcohol, opium or other poison.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

SASSAFRAS RIVER LINE.

On and after Wednesday, June the 24th, the Steamer TRUMPETER will leave Georgetown DAILY (except Sunday), at 7 A. M., and leave Baltimore at 3 P. M., stopping at all the landings on the Sassafras river.

THE CHESTER

Will leave Buck Neck EVERY DAY (except Sunday), at 8.30 A. M., and Baltimore at 4 P. M., stopping at all the landings on the creek.

Passengers will have five (5) hours in Baltimore, and arrive at Buck Neck at 7 P. M.

Stages will connect with the boat daily at Buck Neck for Chestertown. Mr. Charles H. Davis will have charge of the stages.

WM. CUNDIFF, Superintendent.

☞ Orders left at C. F. Stam's and M. A. Toulson's drug stores promptly attended to.

June 18, 1885. C. H. DAVIS.

SOAPS

FOR TOILET PURPOSES.

Beware of using the Common Soaps in the market! Many Skin Diseases are brought on by using common soap! We have been very careful in making our selections and we believe have the best in town.

COLIN F. STAM,

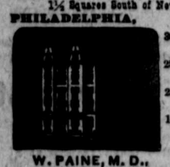
feb7. DRUGGIST.

PEABODY HOTEL.

NINTH STREET,

1½ Squares South of New Post Office,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



30 Rooms with Board $1.00 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $1.50 per day.
25 Rooms with Board $2.00 per day.
10 Rooms with Board, Bath and Dressing Room, $3.00 per day

W. PAINE, M. D., OWNER. Open Day and Night.

OUR line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to own, pound. Our 2 for cts. Cigars

J. B. SAPPING

NEW GOODS.

Paper Flower Materials. A large and choice assortment just received from the N. Y. factory. For sale at City Prices.

COLIN F. STAM, Druggis

MATTING! MATTING!! From 12½ cts. per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

WHITEWASH BRUSHES, all sizes, at l prices. J. H. SIMPERS

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

—IN A—

Home Company.

The MUTUAL AID SOCIETY,

Of Kent County, Maryland.

OFFICERS:

JAMES A. PEARCE, President,
GEORGE W. HARPER, Vice-President,
HARRY RICKEY, Secretary,
CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Treasurer,
W. FRANK HINES, Medical Director,
JOEL C. SLAUGHTER, General Agent.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

James A. Pearce, George W. Harper, Charles T. Westcott, Wm. B. Usilton, Harry Rickey, William J. McFeely, W. F. Hines, M. D., Joel C. Slaugter, George E. Harrison, William E. Temple, E. S. Valliant, J. E. Graham, M. D.

To the Citizens of Kent County.

Having accepted the General Agency of the above Society I propose to use every effort to make it as successful as the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent County. I therefore ask the co-operation of every citizen of the county. I will be pleased to give any information in reference to it. A copy of the By-Laws will be furnished on application. I hope to have a liberal support from this county as I propose to canvass it thoroughly before going to others.

I will be in Chestertown every Monday and Tuesday to attend to my duties as Register of Wills and on those days any persons desiring to become members (residing out of Chestertown) can be examined by our physician, free of charge, at my residence.

JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,

July 23—tf. General Agent.

PEOPLE'S

Transportation Lin

Peach Schedule.

Steamer E. N. FAIRCHILD

will run daily (Sundays excepted) on and after August 10, as follows: Will leave Buckingham at 4½ p. m., Snitches at 5 p. m., Chestertown at 6 p. m., Burchinal's at 6½ p. m., Quaker Neck at 7½ p. m., and arrive in Baltimore at 1½ a. m. Returning, leave Baltimore 7 a. m.

Freights of all kinds earnestly solicited. Will be carried on moderate terms and carefully handled and every effort will be made to accommodate. For further information apply to

CAPT. JA. H. THOMPSON,

Au. 13 1885. Chestertown, Md

SPICES.

PURE GROUND MUSTARD.

WHITE AND BLACK MUSTARD SEED.

CLOVES, ALL SPICE, CINNAMON, CAYENEN, LUCCA CREAM OLIVE OIL, GREEN GINGER.

PERFECTLY PURE.

At M. A. TOULSON'S,

Aug. 27. Druggist

Partnership Notice.

A New Fertilizer Manufactory.

The undersigned have formed a partnership or the manufacturing of a Standard Phosphate in Chestertown and will use the factory formerly occupied by Connelly & DeFord near the depot in Chestertown. We hope by making a First-Class Goods, to obtain a liberal share of the patronage from the farmers of Kent county. We intend to make nothing but Standard Goods.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. HINES,
WM. H. CACY.

July 16—tf.

Egg-Making Feed

—FOR—

ALL VARIETIE OF POULTRY

The object of the Egg-Making Feed is to supply from artificial sources the chemical and physiological elements absolutely required to form egg shell, albumen and egg yelk. We believe the use of this powder will directly enliance and increase the production of eggs.

25 cents per package.

COLIN F. STAM,

March 5. Druggist

Silverware.

An extra fine supply of the best quality at

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Writing Paper

Beautiful Boxes, the Nicest Assortment in town—at

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

We have just received our very Large Supply of School Books and School Requisites. I extend to all Parents, Teachers and Scholars an invitation to call and examine our stock.

Very respectfully,

M. A. TOULOSN,

Aug. 27. Druggist

INSECT POWDER. DALMATIAN.

Guaranteed to exterminate Roaches, Ant nd kindred Pests.

M. A. TOU LSON

March 27.

MATTING, MATTING.—Fancy, Check & White Matting to arrive. Carpets a Cloth at lowars prices. J. H. SMPERS.

THE ROLAND FARM BELLS.

For sale by

March 27. J. K. ALDRIDGE

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

TRADE MARK.

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Etc.

PRICE 50 CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

FIRE SALE

OF MEN'S AND BOY'S

Clothing.

The recent Fire on our premises has compelled us to clear out the whole Stock amounting to

$100,000.00

of Finest Clothing at prices which will surprise many people who have often paid double the money for goods of the same quality, we are offering at

CLEARANCE PRICES.

Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats, all equally sacrificed. We lose money; the insurance companies lose money. The public reap the benefit. Do not miss this opportunity, it may never occur again.

Acme Hall,

THE GLASS OF FASHION,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE, MD.

"STUCK."

The superiority of our Clothing, in style and finish, is sufficient guarantee against a calamity like the above. Our large stock of Suits and Overcoats for Men, Youths, Boys and Children will give permanent satisfaction.

A. C YATES & CO.,

602, 604, 606 Chestnut Street,

Philadelphia.

E. T. COMEGYS,

Grain

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN DAILY.

I also have C. W. WARREN at Kennedyville, and J. H. IRELAND at Locust Grove, buying for me.

☞ All communications by telephone promptly answered. Telephone call 64.

E. T. COMEGYS,

Sept. 3—tf. Chestertown, Md.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY

Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS—Wamsutta Muslin 2100 linen, at low prices.

J. H. SIMPERS

Books for Children.

Choicest selections from English and American authors. The low prices will astonish you at

STAM'S DRUG STORE

FAYRE UNA'S FATE.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

There, as the royall beast in slumber lay,
His yellow mane all in the sunne displed,
I lightly smote him with my launcegay;
Whereat he sluggishly upreared his head,
As one that had on dainty meates beene fed
Ere he in Morpheus webby toiles was caught.
Though erst I had beene sore disquieted,
His gentle mien great corage in me wrought,
And, "Lyon, where is Una?" thus I him besought.

Then gan that mightie beast to quake and quayle,
To make his voice full pittifull and small,
To start, to stop, as loath to tell the tale:
"Fayre Una is—but death must come to all,
Or in the thatched hut or loftie hall!
Here wandering, farre from peace and safeties port,
Despite my care a thousand ills might fall;
Wherefore, to save her from all scath and tort,
Paynim, I stealed my hart—I ate her up, in short!"

STAGING A NEW PLAY.

Talk with an Old Stage Manager—Mounting—Rehearsals—Cost.

[Chicago Herald Interview.]

"Now about the production of plays," the manager said, as he began to dress for the stage. "First the play is secured and then read by the stage manager to the company. Not one man in 100 can read a play and tell whether it will be a success or not, and then many a good play is sold through good reading. After the play is accepted the parts are distributed to the actors selected to play them. Sometimes this selection takes time, as it may be hard to find a man to fit a certain part. There can be no curtailment in the expense of producing a play, and money has to be put out as though a run was expected. After rehearsals are begun each member of the cast appears with a pencil in hand and makes all changes in lines and situations given by the stage manager. In reality, the stage manager makes or kills a play by his alterations."

"How about the mounting?"

"That's another matter. The stage manager makes a draught of the various sets and that and hands it to the scenic artist, who in turn makes from it perfect models of every scene on a scale of an inch to a foot. When the models are finished they are submitted to the author and manager for approval or alteration. Next they go to the boss stage-carpenter, who builds the frame-work, and to the scene painters, who paint the scenery. The painting is done on a huge, moveable paint frame at the rear and above the stage. The work looks rough there, but is helped out by the lights."

"How many rehearsals are had for a new play."

"Usually about two weeks are consumed in rehearsals—one week with the parts and one without. Three of the rehearsals are with scenery, and then there is a dress rehearsal which is as perfect as a first performance, and more so. Upon this occasion the scenery and lights are worked, and the members of the cast dressed and 'made up.' If a play is well billed it is sure to draw for a time, even if there is nothing in it. After a first performance the manager and stage manager often find that what they thought would make hits have failed, and a rehearsal is called the next day for cutting and pruning. It often takes two or three weeks to perfect plays."

"What is the average cost of a new production?"

"The production of a melodrama like this costs about $10,000—that is, for the play, wardrobe and scenery. The stage manager selects all of the wardrobe and picks out the supers and ballet. The pupils of the dramatic school connected with this theatre are willing to learn, but they can not be depended upon to appear at all of the performances. They have hard work to use their hands and feet properly."

No Emigration to Mexico.

[Mexican Financier.]

Probably one of the greatest disappointments suffered by the proprietors of the new railways in this country was when they became convinced that the country on their lines did not attract settlers. The country is favored with a climate which makes out-of-door work pleasureable all the year around; the land is often very fertile, and has every advantage over the northwestern states and territories of the United States, towards which European immigrants are rushing by the tens of thousands.

In those cold northern regions the winters are extremely rigorous, the springs are cold and backward, and the summers short and very hot. But the land is cheap and abundant, and the landless European—Irishman, Norwegian, German, Dane and Swede—has his heart set upon becoming an owner of land somewhere in the western hemisphere. These immigrants will not come to Mexico till land may be had at low rates. They know that the land of Mexico is owned in huge tracts by a few people; indeed, it has been stated by Mexican authority that the land of the country is in the hands of 6,000 families—that is, some 50,000 out of 10,000,000 people own the soil. It does not require any profundity of vision to discern that the monopoly of the soil is the cause of the backward state of the country.

Southern Zinc.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

It is conceded that there is a good deal of zinc in the mountain systems of Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. It lies in the lowest rest of the silurian limestones, probably not in large deposits, but distributed all through the Blue Ridge section. The deposits have not been worked outside of Virginia and Tennessee, but is believed other mines will be opened whenever the times improve, and there is a demand for an increased supply. At present the production of the country is just about equal to its consumption. No foreign zinc is coming in.

Last year Illinois produced 17,594 tons; Kansas, 7,859 tons; Missouri, 5,239 tons, and the Blue Ridge country 7,861 tons—a total in this country of 38,544 tons. This places the United States third in the list of zinc producing countries. Germany produces 116,688 tons and Belgium 75,366 tons. The United States is a weak third, but our production is sufficient for all home demands.

The Composer's Originality.

[London Letter.]

Sullivan said some ten months ago, in a moment of rare frankness: "I never wrote but one original thing in my life. When I was a hard-working youngster I wrote a cantata. Well, when I want anything now I go to work and dig away at that. I've brought five operas out of it already, and I think it's good for another." There is no doubt of it now.

For the Flood Mansion.

[Chicago Times.]

Sixty car-loads of wood-work and interior decorations have been ordered for the Flood mansion in San Francisco. Among the woods used will be English oak, walnut from Circassia, and San Domingo mahogany.

Some Nevada citizens propose to give the state a boom by exporting quantities of canned rabbit meat.

The Early Stove Catches It.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Bromley, I'm in an awful humor this morning. I had a bad quarrel with my wife."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Dr. Daringer. But it can be remedied, don't you think? You have only to offer the pipe of peace, you know."

"O, bang your pipe, Bromley! The whole trouble was about a pipe."

"I didn't know you smoked."

"I don't. It was the stove-pipe that smoked."

The Toads Arrived.

[Chicago Herald.]

A kind-hearted man in Atlanta, noticing a curious attachment between a child and a toad, thought to amuse the child by getting him some intelligent toads. His advertisement in the morning paper for two dozen toads, brought to his door a continual stream of toad merchants lasting for two whole days, and offering him toads by the hundred, in bags, sacks, baskets, buckets and pails. His kindness in the toad line is now tempered by discretion.

A NEW YORK MOB.

ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK ON THE TRIBUNE OFFICE IN 1863.

A Set of Alarmed Typos—Rioters Sacking the Office—Barricading the Doors—Charge of the Police—Navy Yard Bombs.

[The Journalist.]

"I have read Edmund Kirke's account, and other accounts of the attack on The Tribune office in 1863," said Amos Cummings in the Press club recently, "but none of them were written by any one who was a participant in that fight. I saw the whole thing from the beginning to the end. On the day before the riot I had been mustered out of service from the Twenty-sixth New Jersey volunteers at Newark, N. J. I had left a compositor's case in The Tribune office to join the regiment, and had served my time in the field. On receiving six months' pay and my discharge papers, I felt like a bird loosed from a cage.

"On the morning of the 13th I went to The Tribune office, and was surprised to see quite a crowd collected around the counting-room. The building where the draft was being made had been burned down on the preceding night and there was much excitement. All the militia had been sent to Pennsylvania to stop Gen. Lee's advance, and there was no regiment in the city. I went up-stairs into The Tribune composing-room to talk with the boys. Smith O'Brien, an old Tribune compositor, offered me $10 to sub for him, or work at his case that night. I took him up on the instant. All the compositors were alarmed, and if I had waited I could probably have got $50 bonus. Every man supposed that the office was going to be mobbed, and stood in fear of his life. I had hardly begun to distribute type when my brother who had served in the army with me came in and accepted a bonus of $20 to work for another regular compositor.

SACKING THE OFFICE.

"The crowd in front of the office grew greater, and the air was filled with curses and imprecations. A few compositors deserted their cases early in the afternoon. Those who remained were extremely nervous, and did but little work. At twilight I went to the corner window on the top floor and looked out into Park place. The mob had grown until it reached across the street, and slopped over into the park. It was composed of boys and many men, who appeared to be respectable. The day was very hot, and many were in their shirt-sleeves. The sidewalk was packed so that pedestrians could not pass. The doors of the counting-room were closed, but the gas was lighted, and old Ephraim K. Jenny and a few of the clerks stood at their desks. The yelling and confusion was indescribable. I heard a jingling of glass on the pavement. I saw a rush and I knew that the doors had been broken open, and that the office was being sacked. I saw in the twilight bundles of newspapers, ledgers and stationery, hurled through the windows. A bundle of newspapers was caught by a man wearing a linen coat, whose ferocity was so great that he tore the loose Tribunes in bits with his teeth.

"The mob had possession of the counting room fully ten minutes. The affrighted compositors climbed up a narrow rickety stairway leading to the roof of the building, and made their escape through the scuttle on Tammany hall. Only four of them remained in the composing-room. These four were: Peter Hackett, now dead; Sylvester Bailey, now a compositor on The Sunday Democrat, my brother, also dead, and myself. After what I had seen at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, this row seemed to be only a farce. I could conceive of nothing more ridiculous. As to leaving the building, I never thought of it. We got the old printing "turtles," for there was no stereotyping then, together and barricaded the door of the composing-room with them. I had a revolver and the three men with me armed themselves with lead side-sticks. We knew that we could hold the narrow iron stairway against 1,000 men if necessary. Bailey and my brother had been in the army with me and were old soldiers. Peter Hackett had learned military tactics at Irish fairs.

"After barricading the doors I went to the front windows. The mob had set the counting room on fire, and many of them were in the street shouting to me to come down and avoid being burned with the building. I drew the revolver and was about to fire at the crowd when Myron Rooker, now editor of The Albany Press and Knickerbocker, and then night editor of The Tribune, caught me by the arm and said:

"'Don't shoot, for God's sake! It is bad enough as it is!'

"He had come up stairs from the editorial room and climbed over the 'turtles.' I took his advice. A part of the mob stood around the Spruce street entrance to the composing room, and several of the compositors, editors and reporters, who had tried to escape in that way, had been roughly handled.

A SQUAD OF POLICE.

"While I was standing at the window I saw a dark line of men coming up Spruce street. Very few gas lamps had been lighted. The upper windows of The Times building were filled with compositors and others watching the scene. The line of men proved to be a squad of police headed by Capt. Thomas Thorne, a warm friend of Horace Greeley. I could see them advancing with a steady front by the light in The Times building. Mr. Greeley was not in the office when the attack was made. He had left early in the afternoon and had narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the mob.

"Thorne's force came upon the rioters like a tornado. Clubs alone were used, but there was an occasional flash of pistols in the hands of the rioters. In one minute the plaza was cleared. Probably fifty men were writhing on the pavement, and it looked as though some of them had been killed. All, however, were wounded. The most of them were suffering from blows inflicted by the billies. It must have been about 7 o'clock in the evening when Thorne made his charge.

"I went over to the Park barracks and got some old soldiers who were quartered there to come over to The Tribune office and stand guard. Among them was Tom Holmes, of the Fifth Wisconsin regiment, a brother of Ned Holmes, now managing editor of The New York Dispatch. I remember that in walking through the debris of the counting-room Tom picked up a roll of greenbacks, aggregating over $200, which he afterward returned to Sinclair, the publisher of the paper. Thorne's assault had proved effective. There were no rioters in sight, and the square was entirely cleared. Not long afterward two guns were placed in front of The Times' building.

WORK OF FORTIFYING.

"It was not until near 9 o'clock that Edmund Kirke and Col. Julius Adams, who is still alive, came to The Tribune office and assumed charge of the defense. Meantime I had organized the men from the barracks, and a few of the returned compositors, into reliefs and had posted guards in every part of the building. Then the work of fortifying began. Barricades of paper taken from the press room were piled around the counting room, and a steam pipe from the press rooms was made ready for use in case of a renewal of the attack. With this pipe the attacking party could have been scalded with hot water.

"Before Col. Adams came urgent appeals for aid had been sent to the Brooklyn navy yard. About 11 o'clock a wagon-load of immense bombshells were sent over from the navy yard. Each shell was enclosed in a wooden box. Wooden spouts, shaped like a V, were sent with them. These spouts were to be placed in the windows of the editorial and composing-rooms, and, in case of a second attack, the shells were to be put in them and rolled out upon the heads of the mob below. They were round iron shells about three times the size of a football, and were evidently made for use in mortars. The old soldiers laughed outright when they saw them. If one of those shells had been rolled out of the window and had fallen to the pavement and exploded it would have probably blown out the whole front of the building.

"All night long we stood on guard. At times there were reports that the rioters were returning in force, but they all proved false. The sun rose the next morning, and the situation was unchanged. The paper appeared as usual, and from that day to this there has not been an attack made on a newspaper office in New York city by a mob. Indeed, a mob would not stand much of a show in an assault upon the tall tower to-day."

STREET BATHING IN VENICE.

A City Where Everybody Bathes—Picture of Domestic Life.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat Translation.]

Venice seems to have been created just for sea bathing. Everything bathes here—houses, palaces, churches; and the whole population, eager for coolness, has its feet perpetually in the water. Here people bathe just to keep cool. In France, in England, one only takes a dip, or just moistens oneself in cold water in order to get warm by the reaction upon the skin. The poorer Venetians—the petty bourgeoisie,—young girls, young boys, even little children,—all pass their time bathing in the little canals.

It is impossible to imagine anything more picturesque than all those doors opening upon the water to let a whole family pass out to throw themselves in. The mother lets her bambini into the canal, with a rope attached to each child's waist; the young boys leap in like frogs; the old grandmothers, who do not swim any more, take care of the children's clothing; and the father swims after the little ones to see that nothing happens to them. And what shouting and laughing when a gondola happens to pass near the young folks! They rush after it, and catch on behind, as our naughty boys at home catch on to the public conveyances.

One can not help asking how it is that our painters neglect these beautiful pictures of domestic life, that seem to have been expressly designed and composed for them. Nothing is lacking; the scenery is admirable with its background of antiquated marble palaces, with church cupolas reflected in the azure water, for this canal water is always pure after the great sweeping given to the city by each high tide. And the color is unique, while the foreground is infinitely varied. But while fashion is fashion, and while expositions of paintings succeed each other, the artists will doubtless persist in sending us views—in oil, in water colors, on porcelain, etc., of the inevitable interior of St. Mark, and the eternal Piazzetta, and the Grand canal with the Rialto in the background, etc., etc.

The Strength of Gales.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Before a committee of the English parliament Mr. B. Baker lately expressed the belief that ordinary anemometers greatly exaggerated the force of wind-storms, and that no such pressure as sixty-five pounds per square foot can be exerted by the wind over any considerable surface. Proof that so great a pressure has not been approached in the Thames valley for many years is found in the fact that the London gas-holders have never been damaged by storms, although those structures can not resist a pressure much exceeding eighteen pounds per square foot.

In Mr. Baker's own experience a gale giving sixteen and a half pounds pressure to the square foot completely stops all traffic on the Firth of Forth. A side pressure of forty pounds per square foot would certainly upset an ordinary railway train, yet trains continue to run when anemometers register a considerably greater wind pressure; while street cars are very rarely overturned by wind, although they can not remain upright under a pressure of only twenty pounds to the square foot.

A One-Legged Man's Experience.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Gen. Robert Avery, U. S. A., who has but one leg, is inclined to doubt the reliability of a dispatch from a Nebraska town which lately appeared in the newspapers. "The Nebraska liar," says the general, "professes to have discovered the soul of man by examination of one-limbed people through the microscope. Now I have but one leg. I will admit that when I lost it sensations appeared to be transmitted to the brain from apparently the same places where the knee, toes, or other parts of the leg should be, but after a time the cords healed up at the stump and gradually a change came. To-day I have no sensations from an imaginary foot or leg, but all come from the tip of the stump in such a way that I can accurately locate them."

The Semi-Royal Hamiltons.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The duke of Abercorn, who celebrated not long ago his golden wedding, lives now almost entirely at his home, Baronscourt, in the north of Ireland, in a sort of patriarchal way. He has no neighbors scarcely, as he owns every acre for miles around, but the immense mansion is always full of his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The Hamilton family are looked upon by the people as semi-royal, and are very popular by reason largely of gracious manners and good looks.

The Food Near Vicky.

[Chicago Journal.]

An English traveler proposed to make a walking tour in the neighborhood of Vichy. Upon inquiry he found that the only food he could expect to find at the village inns was a pottage made of cabbage, a few slices of bread, an onion or two, and a piece of lard. This was the habitual food of the peasants, and there was nothing else to be had except black bread. The intended journey was not taken.

The View from St. Paul's.

[Philadelphia Call.]

There is talk of buying up and pulling down the houses at the eastern end of St. Paul's churchyard so as to open up a good view of London's greatest building from at least one side.

Oxenstiern: The quality of books in a library is often a cloud of witnesses of the ignorance of the owner.

Obscene Books in London.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Hundreds of obscene books are published, and sold every year by those who are considered by the outside public the most respectable of their trade. It is a superstition that these "queer" books are bought in Holywell street, but it is a great mistake. We know at least one large shop in the best part of the West End, where, if you are known, you can buy some of the most filthy and disgraceful literature that has ever been published. With regard to these "quisby" books, as they are called in the trade, here is the opinion of a person who deals in them: "I think," said he, "that a gentleman ought to have just whatever he can pay for"—including stolen goods, we suppose.

Oil-Field Mushrooms.

[Chicago Herald.]

Richburg and Bolivar, two towns in the Allegheny oil-field of New York, sprung up like mushrooms, and in 1882 there was about them the liveliness of Leadville at its best. Now their glory is gone forever. Their rails, once bright under hurrying wheels, are but streaks of dust, the big hotels have hooting owls for guests, and stray bears come and sniff at the deserted streets.

Prompt Delivery in London.

[Chicago Journal.]

In London a man can send a letter within the boundaries of the city at the ordinary rate of postage, and feel sure of its reaching his correspondent within two or three hours, and even may expect to get an answer back the same day if he writes in the morning.

Detroit Free Press: The man who never swears is a saint. The man who never wants to swear is a hypocrite.

Gen. Longstreet will soon open a winter hotel in Georgia, near the gulf coast.

To Drink Lemonade.

To drink lemonade scientifically, use two straws side by side, and keep one about an eighth of an inch in advance of the other. It will thus draw up the loose particles of pulp, while the other will remain unclogged.

The ground on which the city of Boston stands was sold in 1635 for $150.

A COUNTRY TAVERN.

PRENTICE MULFORD GIVES BITS OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Keeping a Rural Hotel Thirty-Five Years Ago—Types of Transient Guests and Permanent Boxes—Cleanliness and Cooking.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Country hotel-keeping thirty-five years ago had more of the family character than now. Many of our transient guests, who had stopped with us for years, on visiting the place, we regarded in a sense as members of our family, and this feeling was reciprocal. The hotel was for the village a sort of center of communication with the outside world. The stage drivers, the steamboat captain, the express agent, stopped with us. These people were hybrids. They belonged half abroad, half at home. If a guest came who was related or acquainted with any village habitant, he drew to our house for the time being that part of the village.

Balls and dancing parties took place at the house. So, often, did the shows and entertainments traveling about the country. Special trials, referees' courts, militia courts-martial, also occurred there. The hotel was the center for everything "going on." It could never sink into the staid routine of the private family. Fresh lively people were always coming, and these imparted to the atmosphere about some of their life and newness. The city landlord, with hosts of servants at hand and servants for everything, can walk about all day without disturbing the purity of his wristbands. But it is difficult for the country landlord, oscillating as he may be obliged to oscillate from pig pen to stable and from bar to table, to keep up much dignity, unless it be inherent in his composition and very plentiful at that—one of those few men who can rinse a bar tumbler as if they were polishing a $10,000 diamond.

CLASSES OF GUESTS.

We had two prominent classes of guests, "Yorkers" and "Yankees." The Yankees came from across Long Island sound. Our hotel was in a Long Island village. The Yorkers were of course from New York. We preferred Yorkers to Yankees. Yorkers never found fault with prices and seemed to think everything cheap. Yankees were more inclined to beat down and find fault. I have had them labor hard with me to have the rate reduced from $1.50 to $1.25 for a single day's accommodation. That extra quarter seemed an agony to them. It was even painful to me to feel their mental writhings and contortions while they were so begging off. The closest-fisted Yankees came from the banks of the Connecticut and from the numerous Haddams on that stream. We came at last to dread them. They wanted more of everything for nearer nothing than any guest we had.

Ministers also oppressed us in this regard, especially New England ministers. They wanted board always at "cut rates," and they generally had large families and traveled with them. It seems to me a great pity that the "cloth" can not be paid enough for their services to enable them in financial matters to keep their end up, as appearances go, with merchants, speculators, stock brokers—well, yes—and gamblers. Every man in the world knows that it never adds but rather detracts from any man's standing and reputation with the masses to be always wanting things at a few cents less than anybody else. It begets a species of contempt.

A CIRCUS FOR THE HOUSE.

There were two wholesale peddlers who used to stop with us, who were each a circus for the house. The drove "spanking teams," and came round about once in three months. One sold cigars and the other "notions" in the dry goods line, "exclusively to the trade." They traveled much together. While they were with us, the bar-room was full every night. These two men peddled stories as well as other wares, and could tell them. Their range of travel extended from the east end of Long Island almost to Albany, and on each of these long dry-land cruises they returned with a lot of fresh yarns. In addition, they were always ready for a horse trade.

Now a horse trade in a relatively small village is a big thing, and no sooner was one mooted than everybody got wind of it. It was, in fact, a bit of everybody's business, and between the principals it was in those times a sort of modified prize-fight, to see which should get the best of the other. When a horse trade was in full blast at our house the stable yard would be full of men, boys and negroes, and an adjournment to the bar every fifteen minutes for drinks was in order. People often imagine in passing through that these small towns are dull and stupid. The trouble lies that they don't know where and when to look for the life in them. Let them drop in at a fire, a winter revival of religion, a drunken darky just found frozen to death, or a horse trade.

CLEANLINESS AND COOKING.

Eternal vigilance is the price of cleanliness in any hotel. Beds, above all things, need the most careful watching. Guests sometimes bring obnoxious insects in their baggage and then lay the responsibility on the house. An old sea captain imported cockroaches to our house in his chest, and we fought them for months ere they were all destroyed. The cook is a most important part of the hotel. The good cook has generally a bad temper, is touchy, irritable, and apt to fly off his or her handle at the least touch.

I don't wonder at this, for cooking is one of the most exhausting of all occupations, and the person who prepares tootsome dishes for others is often without appetite for them himself. Cooking is an appetite robber. Some people are bound to grumble, no matter how well they are served or how much is done for them. They can't help it; it is born in them. The bent of their mind is to find something to grumble at. Without finding it they are unhappy. They are unhappy anyway, but more unhappy when not fault-finding."

A Contrast as to Avoidupois.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

Parisian wits have sharpened their pens on the two rivals—Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette. Their contrast as to avoidupois has been an exhaustless theme for scribblers. It was originally of Croizette that a disappointed admirer said it tired him to make love to her it took so long to walk round her. Paris screamed over the story that Sarah had nearly lost her life by pulling out the stopper in her bath and going down the waste-pipe with the water.

On the Watch for Specimens.

[Washington Letter.]

The mineralogists of Washington are keeping a careful watch upon the progress of the great water-works tunnel which traverses the rocky highlands in the northwestern part of the city, and a series of specimens is to be gathered, at