THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office on Spring Avenue, next Door to Main St.

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Terms of Subscription:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, two dollars may be charged.

Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XVII. CHESTERTOWN, TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1878. NO. 5.

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Advertising Rates.

EIGHT LINES BREVIER (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

One square, three months, three dollars; six months, five dollars; one year, eight dollars.

Fractions of a square will be charged as a square.

Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly.

Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

THE OLD HOME.

It is not a castle olden,
Standing in the sunlight golden,
Relic of the Past,
With a deep moat mossed and hoary,
And a ray from bygone glory,
O'er its ruin cast.

But a mansion fair and pleasant,
Known alike of peer and peasant
For its kindly cheer;
With its glades and leafy covers,
Ferny haunts of loitering lovers,
And the shy wild deer.

Crimson blossoms redly glowing,
Flickering shadows o'er it throwing,
Veil the lichen's stain:
Sunset gleams of rose and amber,
Where the ivy tendrils clamber,
Flush each casement pane.

Lurks no ghost behind the arras,
Happy midnight dreams to harass,
Wakes no b. bee's wail;
Tapestry, nor antique lumber,
Doth its sunny hall incumber,
Shield nor suit of mail.

Morning wakes its household noises,
Busy footsteps, laughing voices,
As in days of yore;
Burns its warm hearth too, brightly,
Where the gay groups gather nightly,
Though it knows no more.

Hearts by other loves supplanted;
Steps, that once its precincts haunted,
Hushed by mount and sea;
Only my sad heart remembers
Flowery Junes and dark Decembers,
Spent, old home, in thee!

Shadows pace the garden alleys,
Wander with me through the valleys,
Join my woodland walk:
And by the streamlets willow-shaded,
Where the song-birds serenaded,
Parted lovers talk—

Idly talking, idly dreaming,
With the sunlit waters gleaming
Golden at their feet
While the fair-haired children plunder,
Rosy-mouthed, with blue-eyed wonder,
Fruitage wild and sweet.

When I stretch my hands in greeting,
Each familiar name repeating,
Straightway from my sight,
Back to angel bowers they vanish,
Even as beams of morning banish
Visions of the night.

THAT LITTLE PLACE OF BROWN'S.

The place was mine, and we lived as cozily there, my wife and little daughter and I, as birds in a nest, until the Blacks, some old friends of ours from the city, came to live in our neighborhood.

We were at supper one night when my wife told me.

"They're going to take the French-roofed house around the corner," said Sally, "with the big extension and the conservatory, and as I happened to be walking out just as the trucks came down, I couldn't help seeing that the parlor furnitere is of crimson satin damask and ebony—I think its ebony, but I won't be sure," continued my wife; "but at any rate it's inlaid."

"Well, that's a comfort, any way," said I. "If you're positive its inlaid, Sally, you can perhaps go on with your supper."

"Yes," she said, so preoccupied with her theme that she hadn't eaten a morsel, "and there's the handsomest bedroom set for Jane that I 'most ever laid my eyes on; it's one of these dressing bureaus, Joe, with a magnificent plate-glass that reaches down to the floor."

"That's good," said I. "You can run around there, when you have your next gown fitted, and see the hang of it."

"I don't expect to run around there," said Sally, craning her neck up stiffly, turning up the end of her nose, and drawing her lips down.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I. "Wasn't Jane friendly? I've done many a good turn for Black in my day, and I hope they're not going to turn the cold shoulder now—"

"Oh, she was friendly enough," said Sally; "but we can't expect, Joe, that people living in that kind of style can be upon terms of intimacy with people that live as we do. There are certain restrictions in society—"

"Restrictions be hanged!" I cried. "I'm as good a man as Black any day in the week."

"You're as good as the President, for that matter," said Sally; "but it's all like a pair of scales, Joe: when one goes up, another goes down, and, from the way things look, it 'll take a pretty heavy weight on the Blacks' side to bring them down to our position."

I must own this kind of logic vexed me a little. I knew pretty well how Black stood commercially, and I told Sally there wasn't a feather's weight on his side, so far as the favors of fortune were concerned. "If he has a mind to live above his means," said I he can do it, and take the consequences."

"He has just as good a right to live above his means," said Sally, "as you have to live beneath yours."

This was her Parthian arrow as I went out the door, and it rankled a little all the way down in the train, the more sharply that I found Black the centre of an admiring bevy at the depot. He had quite an imposing make-up and a glib tongue, which he used in inveighing against our system of paving. He complained of the condition of a good many things in our young township, and seemed to gain popularity with every fault that he found. At last he spied me, and was exceedingly loud and effusive in his salutation.

"Hallo, Brown!" he said, shaking my hand again and again, and declaring to the people about him I was an old friend whom he was glad to unearth. "I've run you down, you sly fox. That's a very snug little place around the corner—very snug indeed!"

I wouldn't have believed it possible I could have been such an ass as to feel flattered by this familiarity of Black's, but I found myself smirking and nodding with great complacency. Here were at least half a dozen of the gentry about me who lived in big houses in my neighborhood, that I had been going up and down to the city with for years, yet scarcely knew them well enough for an exchange of civilities, and here was Black already hand in glove with the finest of them. It makes me sick now when I remember that I turned my back on poor old White, and went toadying on with this aristocracy. White lived in even a smaller house than mine, and had hard enough work to pay for that. He had failed in business some years before, and I don't know what they would have done without their boy Bob. He was with me in the city, and I knew that a goodly portion of the lad's earnings were given over to the support of the house. It was rather hard for Bob, but he bore his lot with great resignation. He came over pretty often to have a game of cribbage and talk over business matters with me, and I found him sharp enough at both. Then he had a pleasant way with the women. Our little Rosalie was little more than a child, but Sally used to brighten up when Bob came in, till she got into that kink about the Blacks.

"You'll stay here with Rosalie, won't you, Bob, till we come back?" I said to young White; and as I spoke I felt Sally give a savage pinch to my arm. No sooner were we outside the door than she began about poor Bob.

"If you have no regard for your daughter's future, and choose to throw her away on a poor miserable beggar like Bob White—" began Sally.

"Why, my dear," I broke in, "Rosalie's a mere child. Don't begin to plan about her future, I beg of you. She's scarcely left off her pinafores, and if ever there was 'maiden meditation, fancy-free,' anywhere, it lies in the eyes of our Rosalie."

By this time we had reached the imposing portal of Black's house, and were soon ushered into the presence of the satin damask and ebony. Black's children were none of them grown, but were precocious enough to take the lead in conversation; and we sat for a whole mortal hour and listened to the girl hammer out upon the piano what Mrs. Black called a "reverie." I was glad when Black took me into the library, where there were some good cigars and some pretty fair wine, and we left the women to themselves.

But a goodly quantity of poison was infused into Sally's system and mine before we left the big luxurious house, and we went home together as changed as if touched with the rod of the enchanter.

"Dear me!" said Sally, what a little cubby-hole this is! I declare it's quite like a baby house!"

"I'd like to have a library like Black's," said I, taking up the refrain. "It's nice to have a room," I continued, to Bob White, "where a man can take his friends. It would be far pleasanter, for instance, if you and I could have our game of cribbage without the continual gabble of women in our ears."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Bob—"I don't think so at all."

The lad looked over at Rosalie and blushed ingenuously. The color deepened in Rosalie's cheeks till it went far ahead of the crimson in Black's satin damask upholstery, and a shy gleam shot from her brown eyes that sent a flood of light into my obtuse cranium.

I began to think that Sallie was right. Bob White was all very well in his way, but no sort of a match for my daughter Rosalie. She was my one ewe lamb—the bonniest, best, and dearest little girl the sun ever shone upon. And besides all this, there was the secret consciousness that she could, if she wanted to, dress "in silk attire, and siller hae to spare." I hadn't lived in a plain way all these years for nothing. People about me began to realize that although Brown lived in a small house, he was a man of no inconsiderable means. Black had managed to convey this intelligence to them, and I found no fault with this friendliness on his part. Old White never thought such a thing as taking the seat beside me now on our way down in the train; it was generally filled with more popular parties, and I began to take quite an interest in the social and political points of discussion.

All this cost me considerable in the way of time and money. My games of cribbage were few and far between, and I put my name to all the subscriptions they choose to get up; but I didn't mind the money, and I had long since determined that the less Rosalie saw o young White the better. The color grew a little less vivid in her rounded cheeks, and the light less vivid, less mischievous and joyous in her eyes; but Sarah said—I thought this was really a more suitable name for my wife's years and dignity—that her beauty was growing more and more refined every day. It had even lately attracted the attention of Mr. Percival Green, the junior member of Black's firm, and Green was one of those live, active business fellows who was sure to make his mark in the world. I told my wife to spare no expense for Rosalie's advancement and happiness, but was sorry to see a lack of spirit upon her part, and a quiet denial to partake of these new pleasures of popularity.

One thing was certain—radical measures must be taken to put a gulf between her and Bob White that could not readily be bridged over. The White family were as proud as Lucifer, and I knew I should have very little trouble in convincing them that the old intimacy had better be broken off. My new house on the Boulevard began to take noble dimensions, and had already cost me a mint of money. Its marble halls were spacious enough to chill me to the bone, and there was quite a melancholy expanse of mud and masonry in its vicinity.

It rather surprised me, when I put our snug little place in the hands of the agent, that my wife was so willing to part with the furniture too. I thought a few of the familiar old time-servers might be used to advantage somewhere in the new house, and I confess to a feeling of keen disappointment when she decided that everything must go. "We don't want to set up a second-hand junk-shop on the Boulevard," said Sarah; and I was ashamed to foster these old-fashioned sentiments, till one morning I found Rosalie crying over my old arm-chair in the sitting-room. It was a bungling old trap, covered with a queer pattern of chintz, where the tail of each bird-of-paradise had gradually faded with many a washing. But the bulgy back seemed to have fitted itself to my weary spine, and the well-worn arms of the chair were always cordially held out to me.

"I'm glad you've got a tear or two to spare, Rosey," I said, "at parting with old friends. I'll never get another so lenient with my rickety bones."

"I'll never part with it, father," said Rosalie. And I didn't care to tell her of her mother's decree.

In the meantime, however, I had broken the intelligence to poor Bob, as kindly as I could, that it would be better to cease his visits at the house. I think, as well as I remember, that I did put the blame upon my wife. I was glad to see that he took my communication in a manly, practical way, and bore up under it wonderfully. It troubled me that Rosalie seemed to take the matter so much more to heart. Young Green's turn-out was seen quite frequently at our door that winter, and I was tired of my wife's apologies about the house and its appurtenances. Every day that drew me nearer to the draughty chaos on the Boulevard lent a warmer charm to the snug little home I was leaving, and I found I was not alone in my appreciation. No sooner had it become known that my snug little place was in the market than offers began to pour in from different quarters. All these offers were referred to the agent, who told me one morning as he was passing that the house had been rented and the furniture sold some time since to a young married couple.

"Here's another pair in search of a nuptial nest," I said, as I propped up an ingeniously carved bit of a cigar box on the maple-tree beneath my window. I felt a little blue as I went in to breakfast, and had scarcely broken my egg when the bell rang, and I found Black at the door. His face was ashy pale, and his hand trembled upon his gold-headed cane.

"No more bad news?" I stammered out, for some speculations of ours had turned out very disastrously of late.

"I'm a ruined man," said Black, sinking into a chair by the parlor door.

Big beads of terror started to my forehead.

"Green has disappeared, the scoundrel," said Black, "and of course I shall be accused of complicity with the defaulter."

"Naturally," I said, dryly, for I was too wretched myself to have any sympathy to spare.

"This is a confidential visit, Brown," continued Black. "I shall have to fall back upon what little money remains to my wife, and I've come around here at her suggestion to hire this little place of yours for the coming year."

"My good gracious!" said a voice behind us; and there stood Sally, as red as the feathers in the duster she held in her hand.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," said Black, "we've always been fond of this little place, and I really believe we shall be as happy here in our adversity as you will be in your fine house."

"Perdition seize my fine house, and every one that has led me into this muddle!" I cried, beside myself with fright and vexation. "You know well that I sha'n't have money now to go on with it. It will be all that I can do to keep from bankruptcy myself."

"God forbid that I should refuse to aid my husband in this extremity!" said Sally, with great nobility of accent and manner. "We'll make the sacrifice ourselves, Joe; we'll keep our own little place; we'll go on in our old way, dear. We'll stay here ourselves, Joe."

I'm obliged to you for your consideration, madam," I replied; "but when the horse is gone, it's too late to shut the stable door. The house is let and the furniture sold."

"My furniture sold!" shrieked Sally. Oh, oh, oh! My furniture,—my dear old furniture taken from me! Why they can't do it! they sha'n't! It's mine—it ain't yours. They can't take my things for your debts."

"Just wait," said I, "will you, till you're called upon to pay my debts? You gave orders for the furniture to be sold and the house to be rented yourself. The agent told me this morning that a young married couple had taken them. We'll have to go to town and take a furnished flat."

"A furnished flat!" echoed my wife, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her apron—"a furnished flat!" And although I can safely swear she had time and again held this way of living to be a domestic felicity, there was an unspeakable misery in her view of it now. "I wish I was dead!" she said. "I'd rather go to my grave than to a furnished flat—just in the lovely spring-time, when the Brahmas are beginning to set, and the strawberry bed is in one mass of bloom. Oh, my poor child!" she cried, to Rosalie, who had run in and thrown herself at her mother's knee, "your Mr. Green has turned out a nasty defaulter. A young married couple have robbed us of house and home, and your father has the cruelty to talk to me of a furnished flat."

"He isn't my Mr. Green," Rosalie broke in, "nor ever was, and the married couple won't rob you of anything but—but a—a bad, undutiful daughter. You shall stay here, mother dear, and—Bo—Bob and I will go to the city and take the furnished flat."

"Am I to understand," said I, advancing to this dear blushing, weeping child, and feeling a singular warmth and cheer creep about my fainting heart—"am I to believe that you and Bob are the married couple in question?"

Rosalie hung her sweet head, and my wife cried out to me, with the coolest assurance, that she told me how it would be all along, and all further opposition on my part would be useless.

"You'd better go to the train, Joe," she said; "poor old Black has been gone this ten minutes. And bring some garden seeds with you, and bring Bob to supper. We'll all live here together. And please God, my darlings," she said flinging her arms about our little daughter, "we'll all be happy yet!"

—Americans in Paris this season pronounce the whisky usually bad. The German armies seriously damaged the cognac raising districts, and their entire recuperation has not been as yet possible.

THE MICROPHONE.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN THE FIELD OF SCIENCE.

We appear to be only at the beginning of discoveries in the line of the telephone and the phonograph. An entirely new field of science has been opened; the limits cannot even be guessed. An instrument has been devised that bears a relation to our capacity for hearing, similar to that which the microscope or the telescope does for vision. The new device magnifies sound. It is appropriately called the microphone. By its means sounds so faint that they have never before been heard by human ears, may be made of any degree of loudness. A feather's edge brushed over the sounding-board of this instrument, has been made to crash upon the ears of the listeners. The touch of the tip of a camel's-hair brush was the occasion of "a crackling noise, of which the intensity was almost painful to the ear." The faintest whisper of the human voice can be reproduced in the loudest tones. "The maiden's sigh may roar like the cataract of Niagara."

Professor D. E. Hughes has given a full account of the microphone to the Royal Society of London, and described the steps by which he was led to the invention. He is most widely known in England as the inventor of a type printing telegraph instrument which is in general use in that country. Although he is an accomplished electrician, the apparatus which he has employed for his new experiments is of the simplest character, and the most trifling cost. With it he has made the footsteps of a house-fly distinctly audible; and all these sounds, after being intensified, are transmitted to any needful distance by the ordinary telephone. At a recent exhibition of these experiments to a few scientific friends in London, all the astonishing effects that have been referred to were easily produced, except the fly performance. With great difficulty the philosophers found a fly in the house. With yet greater difficulty they caught the insect. But the final trouble was insurmountable; the captured fly would stay on the glass tumbler that imprisoned him; nothing could induce him to walk on the sounding board which the tumbler covered. But a witness to the scene, describing it in *Nature*, found consolation in watching Professor Huxley talking with great solemnity to a glass tube two inches long, his grave tones being loudly enunciated to a listener with a telephone in a distant apartment.

The philosophy of the new invention is more difficult to explain than is the telephone itself. The discovery has been made by Professor Hughes that the vibrations of sound are reproduced with the greatest delicacy and increased force, by certain materials interposed in an electric circuit. The reproduced sounds gain their increase of power, doubtless, at the expense of the current. After a large number of experiments, he gives the preference to carbon for this purpose; especially to pieces of charcoal that have been heated to whiteness, and then plunged into mercury. These pieces, in one of his experiments, he placed in a glass tube, and brought a pressure upon them that squeezed their ends together. This apparatus was made part of a closed electric circuit of three small cups. A Bell telephone was then introduced into the circuit, and the whole thing was complete. All that was necessary to do was to talk to the tube, even at a respectful distance from it, and the telephone repeated the sound, at any distance yet tried, with a loudness dependent only on the pressure in the tube.

This disposes at once of the fear that the telephone was nearing the end of its usefulness as an instrument for conveying speech. It is only at the beginning. With such means there will be no obstacle to reporting a public speaker or singer; no difficulty, in fact, in hearing whispers inaudible to unassisted ears. All that has ever been imagined as among the possibilities of the phonograph or the telephone seems now certain to be outdone. Since the falling of a pin can now be heard at the distance of a hundred miles, little will be needed to realize Hood's metaphor that silence herself may be making a row.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

THE WHOLE AMOUNT TAKEN FROM THE EARTH SINCE THE CREATION.

The San Francisco *Era* says:

Apropos of this golden epoch and age of silver bonanzas, we learn from the most reliable sources of information that from the earliest times to the commencement of the Christian era the amount of precious metals obtained from the surface and mines of the earth is estimated to be $4,000,000,000; from the latter epoch to the discovery of America another sum of $4,000,000,000 was obtained from the date of the latter event to those of 1852, an addition of $9,000,000,000 was made; the extensive working of Russian gold mines in 1843 added to the close of 1842 $1,000,000,000 more; the double discovery of the California gold mines in 1848 and those of Australia in 1851 added to the close of last year, $5,000,000,000, making a grand total at the present time of $23,000,000,000.

The average loss by abrasion of coins is estimated to be a tenth of 1 per cent. per annum, and the average loss by consumption in the arts and destruction by fire and shipwreck at from $2,000,000, to $8,000,000 per annum. The amount of the precious metals now in existence is estimated to be $13,000,000,000, of which gold furnishes $7,000,000,000, and silver the remainder. Of the amount now in existence, $8,000,000,000 is estimated to be in coin and bullion, $3,000,000,000 in watches, and the remainder in plate, jewelry and ornaments. Of the amount now in existence, $7,000,000,000 is estimated to have been obtained from America, $3,000,000,000 from Asia (including Australia and New Zealand), $2,000,000,000 from Europe and the remainder from Africa.

Prior to the commencement of the Christian era annual product of the precious metals was about $2,000,000; from the commencement of the Christian era to the discovery of America it was $3,000,000; in 350 years it attained to $25,000,000; during the decade immediately succeeding, 1842 to 1852, it was $100,000,000, and since the double discovery of the California and Australia mines, 1853 to 1872, it has averaged $256,000,000. The annual product of the precious metals attained its acme in 1853, when it was $285,000,000.

The increase in the amount of the precious metals in existence has been greater during the last twenty-five years than during the previous 140. With such magnificent results before us, is it not singular that California and the Pacific Slope do not cut a more imposing figure in the world of commerce?

EARS FOR THE DEAF.

WHAT THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK WILL DO NEXT—SURPRISING EXPERIMENTS BY EDISON.

The New York *Graphic*, in a recent issue, says:—

It was yesterday noon that a few of Mr. Edison's enthusiastic assistants and friends gathered around him at Menlo Park to witness the first trial, in the presence of witnesses, of the new ear trumpet which the inventor had evolved from his inner consciousness.

Mr. Edison revealed to the *Graphic*, some two months ago, the fact that he was engaged in the construction of a highly susceptible ear trumpet, and our readers will recall the letter in which he promised, without hesitation and without reserve, that he would make an ear-tube, by the use of which the deaf could hear. As Mr. Edison is himself so deaf that he hears only when quite near and with considerable vigilance, the utmost confidence was reposed in his purpose; and his marvellous success in developing the 160 inventions which now stand in his name on the books of the Patent Office generated a wide belief that he could really do what he had set his hand to do. This confidence seems now to be justified and realized.

As Mr. Edison and his friends stepped out of the long laboratory where his wonders are born to the open porch at its front, looking south, they bore half a dozen ear trumpets with them. These implements looked externally much like ordinary ear-trumpets, only they were five or six feet long.

"I stood here the other day," said Edison, turning his eager gray eyes upon the *Graphic* "and I put one of these to my ear. I heard several things very distinctly. I heard a child cry. I heard the instrument tick down at the station, 1,000 feet away; and I heard one curious, softly-grinding sound that I could not identify till I followed it up and found it to be a cow biting off and chewing grass, 2,000 feet distant—two-fifths of a mile."

There were present on the porch, Edison, James Redpath, famous for his Kansas letters; Uriah Painter, a noted Washington journalist; W. K. Applebaugh, President of the Phonograph Company; Charles Bachelor and several other gentlemen eager to see the experiments. They had waited for a pleasant day.

They speedily arranged a series of signals to express "I hear" and "I do not hear" by waving the hands in a peculiar way.

Then Mr. Bachelor and Uriah Painter took one of the ear-trumpets and went forth, across the field, to a store, 600 feet distant.

One of them then said: "Do you hear me now?"

"Yes!" shouted they in the porch, with a laughing accompaniment, for the voice was distinctly audible to all with the naked ear.

"Do you hear this?" he repeated, in a lower tone, scarcely audible.

Again he was answered in the affirmative.

The question was repeated over and over till the ear-trumpets had to be used. At last came to the ear of the listeners, "I am whispering now; do you hear me?" Mr. Painter was 600 feet distant, yet his whispers were perfectly distinct. Bachelor walked away from him fifteen feet and signalled that he could not, with the unaided ear, hear his companion's whispers, which were audible to us in the porch. As 600 is to fifteen, so is Edison's ear-trumpet to the unaided ear—twenty to one.

But the experiments were scarcely begun.

Bachelor and Painter walked off across the fields till they were a mile distant. They crossed many undulations—up hill, down dale, now vanishing, now reappearing, till they finally stood forth on a hillock in plain sight, but diminutive and boy-like in size.

Signals were exchanged. "All ready."

Then we tried it all around. It seemed very strange and uncanny to hold a conversation in an ordinary voice with a man a mile off, without a speaking-trumpet and with no wire or electrical assistance whatever.

"This is really telegraphing without a telegraph," exclaimed Redpath.

As we could plainly see with our opera-glasses that the man on the hill had his trumpet "in position," Mr. Edison stepped to the front of the porch and spoke to them, clearly, but in a voice that could scarcely have been heard 200 feet away: "Go a mile further off and get in range."

We waited awhile and chatted about the phonograph and telephone, and new sound magnifier of the Englishman, Hughes, which Edison declared a "straight steal" from the principle of his carbon telephone, when at last Mr. Redpath said, "I hear them."

But we could not see them anywhere. They had vanished.

"He says," Mr. Redpath repeated, "Now is the winter of our discontent; flour $14 a barrel, and I haven't got a cent."

There was a laugh at this, and Edison announced from the other end of the stoop that he had found them. We moved twenty feet, and their white flag was just visible through the distant trees.

Salutations were exchanged over the two miles of intervening ground, and an opportunity was furnished to all present to hear the wonderful phenomena.

This ear-trumpet, or "telescopophon," as it is called, is internally a curious combination of funnels centring in a chamber and radiated by wires. Mr. Edison, before Christmas, hopes to complete, for the use of partially deaf people, a small but somewhat complex instrument, which, when connected with a thin wire to the ear, will enable any one to hear every whisper off the stage of the largest theatre.

The *Graphic* asked permission to describe and sketch the ear-trumpet for the *Graphic*, but was refused permission at present on account of some delay on the patents. But the country and the world may be assured that our sketch does not in any way exaggerate the merits of this latest invention of this marvellous man—a device which seems likely to make the deaf hear, and which will certainly open new methods of communication to supplant the telegraph and telephone.

"You are going away for a summer rest, I hear," said the *Graphic* to the gray-eyed inventor.

"If I can get away from this shop," said he. "The proprietors of White Mountain hotels have generously placed that region at my disposal," he added, laughing. "They even offer to place a locomotive at my command. If I can get there I shall take ten miles from one peak to another with my telescopophon."

TERRESTRIAL BEAUTY.

TWILIGHT AND MORNING AT THE EQUATOR.

A writer in *Tropical* nature says:

In fine weather the air appears to be somewhat more transparent near the equator than with us, and the intensity of sunlight is usually very great up to the moment when the solar orb touches the horizon. As soon as it has disappeared the apparent gloom is proportionally great, but this hardly increases perceptibly during the first ten minutes. During the next ten minutes, however, it becomes rapidly darker, and at the end of about twenty-five minutes from sunset the complete darkness of night is almost reached. In the morning the changes are, perhaps, even more striking. Up to about a quarter-past five o'clock the darkness is complete; but about that time a few cries of birds begin to break the silence of night, perhaps indicating that signs of dawn are perceptible in the eastern horizon. A little later the melancholy voices of the goat-suckers are heard, varied croakings of frogs, the plaintive whistle of mountain thrushes, and strange cries of birds or mammals peculiar to each locality. About half-past five the first glimmer of light becomes perceptible; it slowly becomes lighter, and then increases so rapidly that at about a quarter to six it seems full daylight. For the next quarter of an hour this changes very little in character; when, suddenly, the sun's rim appears above the horizon, decking the dew-laden foliage with glittering gems, sending gleams of golden light far into the woods, and waking up all nature to life and activity. Birds chirp and flutter about, parrots scream, monkeys chatter, bees hum among the flowers, and gorgeous butterflies flutter lazily along or sit with fully expanded wings exposed to the warm and invigorating rays. The first hour of morning in the equatorial regions possesses a charm and a beauty that can never be forgotten. All nature seems refreshed and strengthened by the coolness and moisture of the past night; new leaves and buds unfold almost before the eye, and fresh shoots may often be observed to have grown many inches since the preceding day. The temperature is the most delicious conceivable. The slight chill of early dawn, which was itself agreeable, is succeeded by an invigorating warmth; and the intense sunshine lights up the glorious vegetation of the tropics, and realizes all that the magic art of the painter or the glowing words of the poet have pictured as their ideals of terrestrial beauty.

WHY POPES CHANGE THEIR NAMES.

It is a fact generally known that monks and nuns on assuming their vows, and popes on ascending the Pontifical throne, usually change their names. The reason of this change in the case of the popes is a superstitious belief that unless this is done the new Pontiff will not live long. The custom has prevailed since it was inaugurated in 956 by Octavian Conti, who assumed the name and title of John XII. Julius Medici would have made a breach had he been permitted, but his friends prevailed upon him to take the name of Clement, he being the seventh Pope to bear that name. Thirty-two years later, in 1555, Marcellus Servius was elected and insisted upon retaining his own name. As Marcellus II., therefore, he ascended the throne on the 9th of April. He was a young man and in robust health, and yet he lived but twenty-one days after his elevation. Since that time no Pope has ventured to offend against the tradition. It is a little singular that while the name John has been a favorite one, no less than twenty-two popes having chosen it, none have chosen it since the death of John XXII., in 1416. The first Pope bearing the name Pius took the position in 142, and the name did not re-appear after his death till 1458. The original name of Pius IX., the late Pope, was Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, and the new Pope's name was Siachimo Pecci.

—A Sacramentan, who is at present in Arizona, writes that the ground where he is located is hard and dry as the top of a stove; thermometer 95 degrees; no green thing in sight but cactus plants of various sizes, and all the game they have to shoot are rattlesnakes, tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions.

Varieties.

—Mr. Mackenzie Wallace has won, by his book on Russia, the Langlois prize of 3,000 francs from the French Academy.

—The planters throughout Virginia complain of the fly in the tobacco leaf, and fear that the next crop will be short for want of plants.

—This year's meeting of the American Association for the Advancemen of Science will be held at St. Louis, August 21.

—Archibald Forbes, the *Daily News* correspondent, has volunteered to serve England in the event of war with Russia as leader or member of a reconnoiting party.

—Richard Eve, of Silsoe, Bedfordshire, has been reappointed church warden of that parish, having already served in that capacity for sixty-nine years.

—When the Prince of Wales accepts an invitation to dinner, a list of the guests is submitted to him, and great care is taken to secure those he likes to meet.

—English critics complain that the British section of the Paris Exposition is a mere "shoppy display," with nothing to be compared to the richly-filled scientific department exhibited by the French.

—Nature says that one of the most effective methods of acquiring a headache is a good round of sight seeing, especially in a museum or picture gallery. It may be had in perfection at Paris just now.

—The people of Nevada are thinking they have too many officials and are paying them too much, and are talking about contraction in both respects. At a late election it is said there was one candidate to every fourteen voters.

—The Duke of Connaught, a London correspondent hints, wanted to marry the daughter of an Irish earl, but his royal mother insisted on the alliance with the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, considering that one subject in the family is enough.

—The Russian painter, Verestchaguine, who accompanied Gen Skobeloff during the late war, is now in Paris, occupied in painting some of the most terrible incidents of the campaign in which he took part.

—The *Fremdenblatt* of Berlin announces that one golden and five silver weddings will be celebrated in different European courts this year. The golden wedding will be that of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria.

—"Business is dull. Times are hard. Please come and bury me," was the laconic epistle received by a young man in Paris from his uncle. He rushed at once, like a faithful nephew, and found his uncle hanging by his neck in the doorway.

—There is in England a Rivers Purification Assocation, which for an annual subsidy undertakes to relieve cities of all trouble as to their drainage. The association has for some time done this work at Coventry, and has now taken Hertford in hand.

—It very soon proved that Mr. Peabody's buildings did not meet the wants of the laborer and poor mechanic, and it is this which Lady Burdett-Cotta hopes to do. The Industrial Dwellings Company in London charges $2 and $2.25 for the accommodation which she will give for $1.25.

—A Persian dealer in curiosities has been condemned to two months' imprisonment by the Liverpool bench of magistrates for an assault upon his wife Matilda. This follower of the prophet tied the hands of Matilda behind her, and then, having tied her feet, struck her twelve heavy blows on the soles with a piece of horn.

—A Japanese ironclad, the Li-ki, five guns, is now on her way to England, making a call at all the principal Asiatic and European ports en route. The Li-ki was built in Japan, under the superintendence of M. Chiboudier, a French gentleman employed in the Imperial Arsenal of Yokoska. Her length is 191 feet; breadth, 22 feet; draught forward, 11 feet, and aft 13 feet. She has two decks, the upper one carrying five guns. Her officers are nearly all native Japanese.

—There is an automaton exhibited in London which really plays the trumpet. Wind is supplied by bellows. There is no illusion about the performance. The fingers move the valves which determine the note, hold it for the required time, move rapidly up and down when a trill is given, and stop moving when the sound stops. Three or four tunes have thus far been provided. The execution is good, but the higher notes are not very agreeable, and there is yet, evidently, room for improvement. The inventor hopes to complete an entire band of automatons.

—Achilles, by having had a plunging bath in the river Styx, was rendered invulnerable, all but his heel. There is a gentleman in Spain who has the advantage of the Grecian hero, in being bullet-proof all over. The *Heraldo* states that "a man has just arrived at Madrid whose body bullets cannot enter. He proposes being publicly shot at by the soldiers of the garrison, and if this be not permitted, he will shoot himself by means of a machine which will let off several rifles at the same time. This strange fellow is said to have invented a garment of a tissue which will resist any bullet."

—Pedestrianism has become fashionable in San Francisco among both men and women. Walking clubs are numerous. The members meet on an appointed day in a suburb, and start off on trips of from five to fifty miles, but the "roughing it" is generally more in fancy than in fact, for carriages are taken along for the tired ones to ride in. Dio Lewis' party of fifty tourists has returned demoralized. They intended to journey and camp in the mountains for three months, but the doctor fell sick at the outset.

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