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

S. E. SULLIVAN, . . . EDITOR.

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, NOVEMBER 12, 1878. NO. 26.

THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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 STORY OF THE TILES.

Before a quaint old fireplace,
Full fifty years ago,
Dear grandma and I, a child,
With locks of gold and snow,
Looked, our two heads together,--
She sitting in her chair
And I erect beside her,--
A comfortable pair.
For while within the fire-light our eyes were lit with smiles,
She told her little grandson the Story of the Tiles.

Here was a knight in armor,
A brave old lord was he!
He won full toilsome battles
In many a far courtree;
And here, his lute, with ribbons
Trimmed bravely, fond and true,
Beneath his lady's casement,
Sang a troubadour in blue.
Now with pure fact or fancy dear grandma time beguiles,
Now fairy lore she weaveth in her stories of the tiles.

The stork with leg uplifted;
The windmill on the plain;
The sun with rays of azure;
The sheaf of ripened grain,
Were each a theme for story,
For song or comic verse,
And merrily and often
Did grandma these rehearse!
For quips and quirks were grandma's, and cranks and wanton wiles,
When once she got a-telling her stories of the tiles.

The fire-place stands unshaken;
The milkmaid trips so gay,
To meet the fat old beadle,
Who always looks her way;
The frog who went a-wooing
Still peeps out at the crane,
But grandma with her stories
Will never come again.
From that old English fire-place I've wandered many miles,
But still my heart remembers the stories of the tiles.

Like that old knight in armor
Brave must I be, she said,
And courteous as the singer
To every wife and maid;
Industrious and cheerful
As the milkmaid on the lea,
And prayerful and religious
As the beadle ought to be.
Alas! such spotless record how many a fault defiles:
I've proved a sorry hero for her stories of the tiles.

But still when night is falling,
And children's voices call
Across the pleasant play-room
And down the echoing hall,
I find myself while waiting
To catch them in my arms,
Thinking the stories over
With all their varied charms:
And then, when grouped around me, their lips are wreathed with smiles,
I tell their great-grandmother's sweet stories of the tiles.

[*Golden Age.*

THE TALISMAN.

It was midnight, and a bride of rare beauty was seated within a boudoir of the gay city capital of France. A dainty *femme de chambre* had but just left the apartment when Frederic de la Tour, the young husband in question, entered.

Madame de la Tour was seated near an open wood fire, the folds of a beautiful robe of light, soft texture thrown around her.

"My darling!" exclaimed De la Tour, "I could not come before."

As he spoke he threw himself upon his knees before her.

"Our friends have just gone?" asked his listener.

"Yes; and I am with you."

"Do not kneel, Frederic, there is room for you on this couch," continued Madame de la Tour.

"Let me remain thus. It seems as if I must be dreaming; that all this happiness cannot be real; that you are not indeed mine to love and cherish. I cannot remove my eyes from your dear face, dreading that you will vanish from my view."

"Be very sure that I do not propose to vanish," responded Madame de la Tour. "Yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melville, and to-day I am Louise de la Tour, your wife. You see, strange as it may seem, you do not dream."

Frederic de la Tour had good reason to suppose that a fairy had been meddling with his affairs. Within a few months past he had enjoyed a streak of inestimable good fortune. He had become rich and happy beyond his fondest hopes. This was how it happened:

One afternoon, while returning from his office, he was in the Rue St. Honore accosted by a lady who was driving in a magnificent equipage.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" she called.

The footman had lowered the steps and motioned to De la Tour to enter the carriage. Astonished beyond measure, he mechanically obeyed.

"I have received your letter, Monsieur," continued the lady, in a charming musical voice.

"A letter from me, Madame?" responded Frederic, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; did you not write to me?"

"Never, Madame, to my knowledge," was the respectful rejoinder.

"You will kindly excuse me," continued the lady, "I have made an absurd mistake, and my only excuse is that you so greatly resemble a friend of mine that I mistook you for him. Great heaven!" she added, much confused; "what must you think of me? And yet the resemblance is striking."

Ere the lady had completed her explanation, the carriage had been driven into a magnificent hotel. Frederic, of course, offered his hand to assist his companion to alight.

"I would explain further, Monsieur," continued the lady, "I am Lady Melville."

De la Tour bowed. By the beauty of the speaker he was positively dazzled, and accepted with delight an invitation to call.

"My name is Frederic de la Tour," he said; "I am only a struggling artist."

The singular meeting described had resulted, as has been said, in the marriage of De la Tour.

"Come and sit beside me," continued Madame de la Tour. "I have something to say, but cannot speak while you remain kneeling. It is quite a story, and must be told to you."

Frederick obeyed.

"Once upon a time," continued Louise.

"I knew you would tell me some fairy story," exclaimed the young husband; "but while you speak it is music."

"Nay, listen to me, friend. Once upon a time there was a young girl, born of parents who had once been rich. At the age of fifteen she was brought to Paris by her father, who found that at Lyons he was gaining but little money. For four years that father struggled against adversity, but finally illness seized him. To be brief, dear Frederic, he died in an hospital, and soon the poor mother followed, and the young girl was left alone. Had there been a fairy in the story I relate, she certainly would have appeared, but there was none. The girl was in Paris without relatives, without friends, without means to pay. She sought work, but obtained none.

"Time passed. At length every cent was gone, and for twenty-four hours no particle of food passed her lips. Oh! Frederic, you who have never known hunger and misery cannot understand the suffering I might picture, cannot know the pain endured when forced to beg, and yet to implore alms the girl was compelled. At dark one evening she crept forth from her lodging; the night was cold and rainy. In her desperation she accosted a young man, who halted, searched his pockets, and then threw her a coin. At this instant a gen d'arme perceived the girl.

"'Come,' he said, 'I arrest you for begging. You follow me to the lockup.'

"At these words a cry of despair was wrung from the lips of the unfortunate woman. Quickly the young man interposed.

"'This young girl is an acquaintance of mine; I know her; there is no begging in the question. Come,' he continued, addressing the trembling girl, 'it is time you were at home. Do not fear, it was only a mistake on the part of this good guardian of the public peace.'

"Leaning on the arm of the stranger the girl walked on.

"'Do not fear, Mademoiselle,' whispered the young man, placing a purse in the hand which lay in his. 'I will accompany you until we are out of sight of Cerberus.'"

Why; I remember the girl," exclaimed De la Tour.

"And also know the man?"

"I do. It was no other than myself."

"True. As we passed beneath one of the street lamps I saw your face, and its every feature became impressed upon my mind. You had saved my life, and perhaps even my very honor, and I had reason to remember you."

"To remember me?"

"Indeed, yes. You little thought that the woman to whom you gave alms and protection would become Lady Melville, and was your future wife."

"This does indeed seem like a dream," said De la Tour.

"To you; but to me it is reality."

"And you, so beautiful, so truly lovely, begged in the open street?"

"Once, and once only."

"I did not see your face."

"No; for it was covered by a veil. On the following day—one, in fact, that I regard as one of the happiest in my life—an old lady in whom I had fortunately inspired confidence and some interest, engaged me as her seamstress. My gayety returned. From the service I have named I was raised to the position of companion and confidential friend. One day I was presented to an acquaintance of my patroness, Lord Melville. He was a man of about sixty, tall, thin, but of dignified bearing.

"'Mademoiselle,' he said, addressing me, 'I know your history. Will you marry me?'

"'Marry you?' I questioned, much surprised.

"'Yes. I have an immense estate, which I do not wish my nephew to inherit. My health is delicate, and my life lonely. If I can credit all I have been told, you are good and pure. Will you become Lady Melville?'

"I loved you, Frederic, who knew not of my existence. I loved you, although I had seen you but once. I could not forget, and there was something in my heart and soul that told me we should meet again, that our lives would run in the self-same current; how, I know not, and yet I felt sure. When I looked at Lord Melville, and saw his resolute expression of face, I feared he simply wished to marry me in order to carry out his revenge.

"His persuasions were redoubled. I knew that his years were many, and that my fortune would be great. I thought of you and how I could benefit you did I but possess wealth, and at last I yielded consent, and became Lady Melville."

"How strange it all seems," replied De la Tour.

"Yes, dear love, as you have said, like some fairy tale. I, a poor, friendless orphan, became the wife of one of England's richest peers.

"Happy Lord Melville!" exclaimed Frederic, "he had the power to enrich you."

"He was happy," continued Madame de la Tour. "and never regretted his choice. He knew that I had seen you before our marriage."

"You told him?"

"Yes, all. It was not until after our marriage, Frederic, that I again saw you, and although we soon learned to read each other's hearts, our lips were silent. Lord Melville was wealthy beyond my wildest expectations. He could not spend his income, and with that wisdom peculiar to him he realized that while the difference between our ages rendered love impossible, gratitude would attach me to him. Three months after our marriage Lord Melville died, leaving me all he possessed, and I resolved never to marry again, unless I could espouse the one man who always held my heart."

"And you won the love of that man?"

"Without his knowing me to be the beggar woman his kindness had protected," rejoined Louisa de la Tour, extending her hand.

"You remember," continued the speaker, "that I refused the purse?"

"Yes; you accepted but one coin."

"Only one, and at that time I was almost starving."

"But it procured you food."

"No," replied Madame de la Tour, unclasping a ruby necklace that encircled her white throat. To this necklace hung an exquisite medallion.

"See, dear Frederic, I did not part with my treasure." As she spoke she touched a spring and disclosed a coin.

"It is the one I gave you!" exclaimed De la Tour.

"Yes."

"And you retained it?"

"I would sooner have parted with my life. I showed it to a baker, and asked him to trust me. He did so, and the following day I was able to pay for the food his kindness permitted me to eat."

"Yes, my dear, I knew you, but you did not recognize me."

"Surely, there has been a fairy in my life," replied he.

"Why do you say so?"

"Because, when you saw me first, I was only a poor, struggling painter, but from the time of our meeting the tide changed, and prosperity visited me."

"Would you know the name of the fairy?"

"It was you, Louise," exclaimed Frederic, joyfully. "You bought my picture?"

"Many of them, and have won your love."

"Yes, my heart, my very soul."

Frederic de la Tour took the gold piece and pressed it to his lips. To that same bit of gold he owed happiness and fortune.

"While I am the fairy," continued Louise, "it is you, dear love, who gave me the precious talisman."

AN INEVITABLE CONCLUSION.

Harvests from the Philadelphia Centennial are still coming in, and this time it is not an American invention but American care of inventors and of patents that is among the quotations from a foreigh board. The Patent Congress (*Propricte Universelle*) which met in Paris in early September last, was, in some respects, a continuation of a similar Congress held in Vienna in 1872, but with a wider range of discussion. In Vienna the main object was to convince the European world, apart from France and England, of the necessity of patent laws in any shape, and to counteract the agitation against them which had for some time previously been carried on. But opposition to a patent system in the minds of thoughtful European manufacturers is said to have almost wholly died out, and, indeed, to have got its death-blow in Machinery Hall, Philadelphia, so far as visiting Europe was concerned. The magnificent display of inventive genius there shown was regarded, and justly, as largely owing its fine result to our fostering patent laws. Since this Centennial lesson Germany has adopted, in 1877, a uniform and liberal patent law. Spain has also followed the example of Germany, while Switzerland and Sweden are preparing to protect inventors, and Holland will not long be willing to be classed with Turkey as among the countries at a stand-still in this respect. The discussions, therefore, at the recent Paris Congress no longer had need to to be directed upon the equity of a patent system, but rather towards equalizing and unifying existing and contemplated laws of the several countries there represented, with the general tendency, more or less marked, to bring these into line with the American system.

For instance, the French patent registry has no provision for previous examination; and in England recent modifications have been submitted upon the old system, which also has no such safeguard. It was objected that the power of rejecting untried inventions for want of novelty or of practicability, or for their apparent triviality, would be a dangerous power to put in the hands of any men or set of men. The modifications proposed are that the previous examination shall be confidential and advisatory, but that the applicant shall be free to take the advice or reject it in registering his claim. The American system of prior examination is, in theory at least, confidential until the patent is either granted or finally refused; after which the correspondence between the inventor and the office, known as "the files," is open to the public, and frequently is of great importance in questions arising subsequently as to the construction of the particular patent. It has the advantages for the public, in that it protects them from improvident grants for things not really patentable; and for the inventor, that it enables him to so limit his claim that it may avoid things which are old, thus forestalling much after-litigation.

The system of examination, of course, cannot entirely avert counter claims, disputes and litigation, but it tends to diminish them; and, as the Examiners soon become familiar with the whole history of any class of inventions, there is but little labor required for them to judge of the novelty in any given case. Like all other systems involving the exercise of discretion, it has its abuses, and is open to danger both from incapacity and fraud. But where a patent is refused by the Examiner, appeal can be made in such a manner that three successive judgments can be obtained upon it (first by the Board of Examiners, thence by the Commissioner, and lastly by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia), and the danger is therefore reduced to a minimum. Where a patent is granted improperly, there is no remedy, except to test it in Court; but it is much better that this should occasionally occur than that litigation should be the only check upon the extent of the grant, as is the case in those countries where no previous examination is made. On the whole, our system, when administered by competent and upright men, works well, and is more than self-supporting, as the office has a surplus from year to year, from the fees received. The Examiners are all salaried.

An American patent now runs for seventeen years, and is absolutely extinguished after that time. Prior to 1870 the period was fourteen years, with power in the Commissioner's hands to extend it for seven more, if in his judgment the inventor had not been sufficiently remunerated. This led to so much "falsifying of returns" that it was abandoned; and the only way now to extend a patent is to get a special act of Congress, and this is hard to get. By the English system, an additional stamp duty and re-registry of the patent is required in the third year and again in the seventh year, so that the English Commissioner estimates that only ten per cent. of patents remain in force for the full period of fourteen years. In the full term the English system is more costly than ours, but by this process of "the survival of the fittest," useless patents come to be gradually weeded out. An American patent costs, in Government fees, thirty-five dollars, added to which may be the further cost of drawings, models and attorney's fees.

The communistic idea in regard to patents, which found some favor at Vienna, got a cold shoulder at the Paris Congress. The system of "enforced royalties" or compulsory licenses, had been advocated in 1872, on the same ground that admits, if public use requires it, the opening of a road through a man's property, giving him valuation for the same. This was urged in case of non-use of patents, or their partial use, or in the event of great public utility. But it may be pretty safely assumed that the non-use of an invention by its patentee is *prima facie* evidence, except in rare cases, that there is little or nothing in it; and the more there is in it, the more likely it is to become of general utility, by its stimulus to general industry, and to other inventions in its application. To all further nonsense such as is occasionally talked by theoretical orators against the tenure and protection of our patent system, Machinery Hall, is, it seems, for Europe as well as ourselves, the sufficient answer. Inventive labor, has its rights as well as any other, and there is no more reason why a man should share his invention with the first man who wants to use it, than that he should divide his day's wages with the first idle man who puts in a claim.—*Phila. Ledger.*

MALARIAL DISEASE.

The death of Henry Armitt Brown from typhoid fever has called the attention of Philadelphians to the working of the sewerage system of that city. It appears that months ago Dr. Gross and other eminent physicians, reported the whole system as defective, declaring that owing to the absence of traps the escape of sewer gas into the houses was incessant. It was proposed, we believe, as a first step toward reform, to send a committee to investigate the drainage of European cities, but the City Fathers, suspecting an intended holiday at their expense, withheld the supplies. Now that a popular citizen has fallen a victim to the disease, they are bestirring themselves again to look into the cause. Philadelphians, however, like all other Americans, will probably be more energetic in the work of cure than of prevention.

In the early fall season, when malaria of every kind gains ground most rapidly. The decomposition of vegetable matter in the fall begets intermittent fevers, and the golden mists of September, beloved of poets and painters, are in fact but heavy fogs from the lowlands, which compress the atmosphere and make it a more solid vehicle to transmit contagion. Typhoid, as all our readers ought to know, is conveyed by animal poison. A single case, unless the closets, drains, etc., are thoroughly disinfected, is enough to poison a whole neighborhood. This fever has prevailed as an epidemic this summer in the city of Bristol, in England. Search was made for the cause, and it has been discovered that a lady of Clifton, while convalescent of typhoid, was ordered to the country; she found board with a dairy farmer near Bristol; the well from which water was taken to clean the milk vessels (and, perhaps, to water the milk,) was but a few feet from the closet drain. Typhoid appeared in nearly every family to which the milk was served. We instance this case to show how subtle are the means of contagion, yet how easy the prevention. Americans are just beginning to grasp the matter of disease in a practical way. In England, when a case of virulent fever occurs, the family, no matter how high their social position, are obliged to submit their premises to a thorough official process of disinfection; the patient is isolated, and the disease checked. In Scotland, when a case of typhoid fever is reported, the house in which it has occurred is closed peremptorily, and the owner is not permitted to occupy or rent it until the cause of the disease has been discovered and the disinfection is officially pronounced complete. But who would dare order a freeborn American out of his house, even to prevent the poisoning of a whole community.

In default of any official means of prevention, we recommend our readers before returning from the country to look well to the drainage of their houses in town. Spend enough money on traps, waste-pipes, etc., if your floors go bare and you dine on potatoes and milk for the rest of the year. And if a case of typhoid or other fever occurs, have no scruples of false pride or feeling about submitting the patient to a proper isolation and disinfection for the good of others. There was divine as well as human wisdom in the Jewish law which put the unclean person without the camp. It is misfortune enough to be ill, without becoming an instrument of death to others.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.

Mr. D. C. Richmond, of Ohio, relates—in an article at large without credit—the results of observation and experience of sheep-killing dogs, from which he was quite a sufferer during twenty-five years. They slaughter their victims by tearing open the large veins of the neck and sucking the blood; they never can be broken of this trick. A single dog will sometimes kill sheep, but generally there are two—often a large and a small dog. A sheep-killing dog will teach others. The first time a dog kills a sheep he will suck the blood, and then eat some and be satisfied. He will soon learn to kill several, sucking the blood until he is full, eating no flesh the first night. Any dog that will chase sheep when out alone, will sooner or later kill them. A green dog will sometimes kill a sheep in the daytime, but this seldom happens. Nearly all the sheep killing by dogs is done in the night; they are very cunning about it, often going long distances from home when there are plenty of sheep close by. As a preventive measure, bells are good; not small ones, but three good-sized bells for each hundred sheep. If, in spite of this precaution, a sheep is killed, say nothing. Skin it and let the carcass lie in the same place. The first night after killing the dogs will not come, but the second night they will be on hand. Cut four or five gashes in the shoulder of the dead sheep, put a small amount of first-class strychnine in the gashes, and the next morning you will be sure to have dead dogs.—Mr. R. has sometimes killed four dogs in one night. He adds that "it is well to keep the mouth shut," and concludes with mention of a curious incident: "One morning I found a small yearling killed, with a small round hole eaten out of his fore shoulder. It puzzled me. I knew it was not a common dog. I told my neighbors to shut up their dogs. The second night after killing, I put in the strychnine, and the next morning I had the largest red fox I ever saw."

A PARROT STORY.

A few days ago a citizen, who had been on the lookout for a parrot for some time, was riding by a house on Prospect street, when the very bird he wanted was suddenly discovered. Having convinced himself that Poll was a good talker, he soon struck a bargain, and bore her away from the colored woman, who needed cash more than pets. Ten days passed, and yet Poll did not utter a note, though she had every care and seemed healthy enough. The former owner was sent for to solve the mystery, and there was a huge grin on her countenance as she obeyed the summons.

"Nuffin' ails dat bird—nuffin' t'all 'cept dat you doan' understand him," she explained as she looked into the cage.

Placing the cage on a chair on the verandah, she gave it a shake, drew a long breath, and began:

"Now, den, you infernal, mis'ble lyin', cheatin' ——! wake up an' gin us ——! an' let dis gem'len see dat you am all right, an' ——! doan' be sulkin' 'roun no mo'! Wake up dar! you —— blackguard! Hoop up dat voice, ye —— villun!"

The parrot immediately woke up and began chattering and singing, and in a minute was altogether a new bird.

"Yer see, dis yere bird must be swore at rig'larly twice a day," explained the woman, "or he won't gin a single squaw. He's been brung up dat way, an' ye'll hev to humor him in it."

"But I can't swear at him, woman—I belong to the church!" exclaimed the citizen.

"Den de missus will hev to, sah."

"My wife swear!"

"Well, den, git de hired man, kase dis bird hez got to be swored at, an' doan' you forgit it."

"Well, then, I don't want him at all, and you may take him away. No oaths shall ever be uttered on my premises, pets or no pets."

"'Deed, sah, Ize a heap obleeged, I iz. Now, den, you mis'ble ole skinflint of a crowbait, walk 'long home wid me or I'll knock de —— head off yo' shoul'ers; come 'long, I say; doan' you feel 'shamed dat ——!"

"Cheese it! cheese it! cheese it!" shrieked the parrot, in great anger, and as the bird was borne away, the citizen wiped his brow, and musingly said:

"This world is getting so wicked that a good man is scarcely safe in buying a stone dog."—*Free Press.*

SOMETHING OF A VILLAGE.

London is the greatest city the world ever saw. It is the heart of the British Empire and the world. It covers within the fifteen miles' radius of Charing Cross nearly seven hundred square miles. It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire and Durham combined. Has a birth in it every five minutes. Has a death in it every eight minutes: Has seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets. Has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened and 9,000 new houses built in it every year. Has 128 persons every day, and 45,000 added to its population; has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day; has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 30,000 per annum; has more than one-third of all the crime in the country committed in it; has as many beer shops and gin palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has as many paupers as would more than occupy every house in Brighton; has upwards of a million habitual neglecters of public worship; has 60 miles of open shops every Lord's day; has need of 900 new churches and 200 additional city missionaries; has an influence with all parts of the world represented by the yearly delivery in it of 238,000,000 of letters.

DRINKING.

A drunkard is called "a bloat," "a sot," "a wretch," "a runaway," "a wreck." A moderate-drinker is called a social, genial gentleman—a man who will let his appetite get the better of his manhood. The moderate drinker himself heaps anathemas upon the drunkard, and even takes complacent pride in telling him how he abhors a "sot." What right has an apprentice to make fun or despise a journeyman? What right has the hindmost of two men traveling the same road to make light of or abhor the man ahead? The moderate drinker says he takes but a glass to arouse a happy feeling; the drunkard says he takes but two to do the same thing, having passed the point where one would do. How long will it take to learn that there is but one law controlling the use of ardent spirits, and that the law of increase?

—The Manitoba Indian cannot get any intoxicating liquor to drink. The Hudson Bay Company's inflexible rule against selling liquor to Indians has been adopted by the Canadian Government, and the mounted police are detailed to enforce it.

BOOKS FOR RECREATION.

"Light reading," meaning by that such reading as does not put the reader's mind upon a strain of study or close attention—such reading, well selected, is a great relief amid the earnest pursuits of life. It is conducive to rest of the body, as well as repose to the mind, and removes the tention which, constantly kept up, renders life wearisome, and which not seldom impairs health and shortens the days. It is said to be man's nature to seek pleasurable excitement, but the truth seems to be that what is needed is rather novelty of diversion and variety of mental exercise than excitement of the senses pure and simple. Even in athletic sports and trials the charm is in the head more than in the hands and feet. A man who needs exercise may expand his chest and develop his muscles by swinging Indian clubs or dumbbells. The process, however, is a weary-one. There is no competition and no immediate end to be attained; and, in most cases, after a vigorous beginning, the implements for such exercise are left to gather dust. Base ball, cricket, rowing or walking matches, and other athletic trials have the incitements of rivalry and of the gauge of victory. Probably the spectators who are deeply interested in the success of their favorites are nearly as much benefitted as the contestants themselves, and it may be more, for they have the mental exercise which must form a part of all human efforts. Even the horses in a race exhibit a sort of mental perception of the situation, and give evidence of spirit and ambition.

The temptation to drink alcoholic preparations, which overmasters many unfortunates and which really impairs the strength of more men than are willing to confess it, has its strength more in the demands of the intellect than in the desire of the senses. There are many things which please the palate in the tasting but fail to stir the powers of thought. There are dreams bottled up in the wine and beer and whiskey which find their way to the brain, while the alcohol is coursing through the veins and arteries. It is this effect upon the mind which is frequently at the foundation of the desire for exhilarating drinks. And as this desire increases, and yet fails of its satisfaction by the deadening process of habit, the palate comes at last to be forgotten entirely. The fastidious taste which at first demanded palatable potations disappears. Strength and fiery exhilaration are the chief requisites. And this is true, not only in the case of the poor sot, but in that of the man who retains some idea of refinement. "Absynthe" and other noxious potations owe their origin and invention to this thirst of dissipated genteel drinkers for something more potent, regardless of the fine flavor which once was the charm of the wine bottle.

The reading of romances, fictitious narratives and other light literature, may grow into a dominant and dangerous habit, enfeebling to the mind and depressing to the body. But, after all, the seeking of rest and recreation in reading is attended with less danger, and is more productive of good than any other form of relief from labor. It should not be an exclusive occupation of leisure. Whatever becomes an absorbing desire, throws the mind and body out of balance. Many men whom the world would not suspect have found relief from the exactions of their lives by losing themselves in the pages of light literature. The increase in the booksellers' catalogues of biography, travel, adventure and romances indicates the fact that, in these modern days of activity and enterprise, and in the weariness of hard times, which is the natural sequence to overtrading and speculation, people find rest in business days and comfort during depression in such literature as we have mentioned. It is related of Napoleon Bonaparte that he was a voracious novel reader. No man had more anxious occupation than he. But an agent in Paris kept him continually supplied on his marches, and during his absences from his capital, with the last new books. In one thing the great Corsican offers novel-readers an example. He did not feel bound to finish a book because he had commenced it. He "tasted" the volume first, and if he found it unsatisfactory, put it aside and tried another—and another—till he found what suited his mood. There are many readers who fancy they must undergo the penance of wading through a work which gives them little or no satisfaction, and which falls in the main requisite, pleasurable forgetfulness of pressing cares and relief from the exhaustion of the constant pursuit of anxious energy or ambition. With this discrimination, with the avoidance of books of bad tendency, and with temperance in reading as in all things else, novels are found to have their use. And the consequent demand has created the liberal supply.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—A very common error among business men of limited experience, is that of economizing in the matter of advertising whenever "times are dull," profits small, and prospects not over promising. This is the rock on which many business men are shattered. But the more experienced and successful merchant realizes the fact that when trade is dull, it is more necessary to keep his name and his wares prominently before the public, in order the more surely to effect the sale of his merchandise. When trade is active, buyers are plenty and quite apt to ask for what they want, but when the wheels of commerce revolve slowly, and business is sluggish, it oftentimes becomes necessary for merchandise to seek for buyers.

—Throughout France gardening is practically taught in the primary and elementary schools. There are at present twenty-eight thousand of these schools, each of which has a garden attached to it, and is under the care of a master capable of imparting a knowledge of the first principles of horticulture.

Varieties.

—One guillotine executioner, Roch, called "Monseigneur de Paris," suffices, with his assistants, for all France. He gets 8,000 francs a year and 100 francs for each head cut off.

—Captain Eads has declined the invitation of Dom Pedro to superintend the river improvements in Brazil, and has recommended a prominent American engineer in his stead.

—Stanley, the heroic African explorer, is to deliver a hundred lectures in the large provincial towns of England. Past experience shows him to be a much better explorer than lecturer.

—Theodore Tilton, who has just returned from Europe, left his daughters, Alice and Florence, to finish their studies in Germany, the one being devoted to painting and the other to music.

—Captain Henry Allen, of Salem, Mass., has a pear tree 239 years old in his garden. Next to the Endicott pear tree it is probably the oldest in the country. It has borne several bushels of fruit this year.

—Ouray, the Ute Indian Chief in Colorado, cultivates a farm of sixty acres, has a house built and furnished in civilized fashion, drives one of the best teams in the West, and lives in a good style generally.

—An inventive mariner has launched at Wiscasset, Maine, a diamond-shaped vessel, with five masts, a great number of triangular sails, and a rudder of uncommon length. He believes that the odd craft will make great speed.

—Sickness has increased to an alarming extent in that part of Hartford supplied with water from the Connecticut river. And no wonder—for the pipe was found to start in the midst of an enormous collection of decayed vegetable matter.

—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was a student and friend of the poet Coleridge, and holds his memory in tender recollection. When last in England he visited Coleridge's tomb one morning as early as 9 o'clock. He has lately sent a silver vase, as a tribute of regard, to Mr. Thomas Allsop, the oldest living personal companion of the great master.

—The Danish Government publishes some interesting statistics presented to the Paris exhibition. The area of the country is 6,900,000 acres, of which 5,200,000 is under cultivation, the remainder being pasture, forest, lakes, rivers, bogs and sandy wastes. The land is owned by 200,000 individuals who own 1,153,000 head of cattle, 1,719,000 sheep, 500,000 swine and 332,000 horses.

—Victor Emanuel was a man extremely careless in dress. When about to visit Berlin, his chamberlain reminded him that he must have some new clothes. "Order them," said the king. "But your Majesty must give your measure, because they are very elegant at the Court of Berlin." "What a nuisance!" said sturdy royalty.—"Count B—— is just my size. Ask him to do me the pleasure to give his measure."

—In view of the recent death of the Imperial Prince and the failure of the direct line of succession, the Emperor of Japan has adopted Prince Saweno-miya, a fine intelligent boy of twelve, eldest son of H. I. H. Azisugawa nomiya, as his son and heir, and presented him with the ceremonial robe at the Imperial Palace, in the presence of the Empress, Empress Dowager and others of the Imperial family.

—Miss Florence Nightingale, who first gained celebrity as a nurse of wounded soldiers during the Crimean war, is now sixty years old, and lives in London almost a prisoner in her room, so ill is she. Once a year she takes her widowed mother to Derbyshire. She wrote lately in a letter to a friend: "Overworked as I am, my health is necessarily bad. Thank God, who still gives me work to do for Him."

—Laura Bridgman, who has been before the public for more than forty years, and whom Dr. Howe introduced to general notice by teaching her, though a blind, deaf-mute, to spell and read in a few months, and afterward to write and play skillfully on the piano, is now nearly 50, and has redeemed all the expectations formed of her childhood. She has a good general education, including many advanced studies; she writes well, and has many mental resources. She sews excellently; is acquainted with domestic duties; communicates freely with her friends, and enjoys life keenly.

—The man who, but for revolution, would now be Tycoon of Japan, is a student in Paris, living quietly as M. Tokugawa. He is small, lithe and well-dressed. His income is $200,000 a year, of which he spends a little on himself and sends the remainder to his followers who were ruined by the revolution. Very few of his fellow students know who he is. He will learn all he can at the University of Paris, and will then go to London to continue his studies. Eleven years ago, when the Japanese Embassy went to London, he, then a little boy, headed it, as brother of the Tycoon, and the Prince of Wales went to Dover to welcome him.

—Dean Stanley, the celebrated English leader of the "Broad Church" party and Dean of Westminister, now on a visit to this country, stands perfectly still when he preaches, making no gestures, though he speaks impressively. One Sunday after returning from church he asked his wife why people looked so intently at him during the service. She replied: "How could they help it, dear, when one of your gloves was on the top of your head all the time?" It had dropped from his hat. He is a rather magnificent-looking person with a slightly built and stooping figure, neatly cut gray hair and whiskers of the old English style, a face expressively full of pleasant intelligence and dignity, and a voice not powerful, but distinct.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0647