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, DECEMBER 31, 1878. NO. 33.

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.

LEGEND OF THE TUBEROSE.

The Angel of the Flowers walked with Eve
In Paradise, one golden morn in May;
And thus the Angel spoke: "I must away,
Sweet Mother! Yet ever more I grieve
To leave the children of our tender cares:
For I must haste where blow the northern airs,
To woo my nurslings in the woods of pine,
And part the leaves that shield them from the cold,
And breathe a breath upon the chilly mold
Which they may feel can be no breath but mine.
Now to thy gentle hands and loving care
I trust the children of the sun and air.
Thou know'st them well; yet there is one that grows
In yon dark copse that hides the gushing spring,
With slender, spire-like leaves—a flowerless thing,
Yet dear to me is this sweet Tuberose.
The plant rebelled against the laws and me,
And hence 'tis flowerless, by my just decree.
See that thou guard it well, and let no flower
Break from its sheath to freight the Eden air
With perfume rare and sweet. The year must wear
Near to its close ere dawns its triumph hour."
She ended thus and passed thro' Eden's gate,
While trailing glories on her footsteps wait,
—*Floral Cabinet.*

WITH MANY MYSTERIES.

This world is filled with many mysteries:
To-day we live, to-morrow we are dead;—
Morn sees a sumptuous feast before us spread,
Nights shows no roof between us and the skies;—
Our songs of joy die out in mournful cries,
Our triumphs come to crown a low-bowed head,
In youth's sweet prime, how slow the short hours fled;
Age strives to stay the year that swiftly flies;—
The bright sun that we wish is hid by mist,
And shines the sun when we would have it rain:
Sad sings the sea when hope's smile on us beams;
But just beyond the gates of amethyst,
Where earth's light fades, there is not any pain,
And life grows radiant as the fairest dreams
—*Thomas S Collier in the Boston Transcript.*

THE RIVALS.

It was a lovely afternoon in early summer, nearly two centuries ago, when four persons were seen coming down the terrace of Dudley park. The foremost was a lady, apparently about twenty, and one of the loveliest of her sex. Her person was tall and aristocratic, her complexion brilliant, and the contour of her neck, shoulders and bust such as would have dazzled a sculptor.

Her three companions were all evidently suitors; but never were three lovers more dissimilar. The one on her right was a large, magnificently attired gentleman, whose stout cane was not merely carried for show, but also to assist his unwieldy limbs. An air of inexpressible self-importance marked his every look and movement. He was, in fact, the wealthiest as well as the highest in rank of the three suitors; and he was resolved that, though others might forget it, he at least would not.

On her left walked the other two gentlemen, first one and then another in advance, as accident or the whim of their mistress placed them. The elder of these, a stern-looking man of about thirty years of age, was Sir George Mowbray; the other, and younger, was at once the poorest and plainest of the three, being but the simple lord of a neighboring manor. What Howard Dudley wanted in wealth, however, he made up in the graces of person and mind. Yet neither of the other suitors regarded him as a very serious rival, notwithstanding his beauty, for as he was a distant relative of the fair Isabel, they persisted in considering her intimacy with him as only that of a cousin.

It must be acknowledged that there was a little of the coquette in the Lady Isabel. It sparkled in her roguish eyes, played round the corners of her mischievous mouth, and laughed merrily in her musical voice as she chatted now with one suitor, now with another. It would have awakened your admiration to have seen how adroitly she divided her favors; and, indeed, in no other way could she have kept the peace between her jealous lovers.

"Pray, my lord earl," said she, turning to the suitor on her right, "can your park of Lincoln be as fine as this? I have heard so much of it that I would fain to have a true report thereof from your own august lips."

As she spoke she darted a mischievous glance at her cousin, who replied to it by a smile as significant. The gouty old earl did not, however, see the irony of the remark, but answered pompously, bowing low on his cane:

"It would scarce be possible to find a park so lovely as that of your honored father, Lady Isabel. Such trim walks, such sheets of water, such noble terraces, such urns and statuary could only be arranged by one who combined the taste and wealth of Lord Dudley; but nevertheless, my own poor park and garden is not entirely unworthy to be presented to the notice of beauty. Yet I trust that at no distant day, the Lady Isabel will allow me to give her a right to alter and improve it wherever she thinks necessary."

Sir George Mowbray, who walked behind, at these words carried his hand to his sword and frowned significantly. Dudley bit his lips. The Lady Isabel colored, and in her embarrassment suddenly dropped her fan.

At once the whole three suitors sprang forward to pick it up. With her hand, however, she put back the two on her left. Sir George, finding himself hopelessly behind, looked furious, but submitted. Dudley, with his hand on his heart, looked an expostulation, but received a merry shake of the head in reply. The old earl, thus left in sole possession of the field, placed his cane firmly in front, threw his bulky limbs wide apart, and, carefully bending forward, slowly inclined his head at a sufficient angle to recover the lost fan. The Lady Isabel, it must be confessed, had great difficulty in keeping her countenance during this proceeding. Nor could she entirely suppress a mischievous twinkle of her eye when the gouty nobleman, inclining his head low before her, returned her the fan in a speech as grandiloquent as it was fulsome.

Was it whim, or pique, or a combination of both that induced the Lady Isabel, on seeing that she had offended her two other lovers, to continue her affability to the earl? Atany rate, during the rest of the walk she smiled on him so sweetly that he considered his suit settled, and on their return to the hall, sat immediately down and wrote to his lawyers in London to begin to draw up settlements.

This marked preference of the nobleman threw both the other suitors into a rage, but Dudley was perhaps even more angry than the knight. In truth, the Lady Isabel was more sincerely loved by her cousin than by either of the others, and he felt her neglect consequently, most keenly, especially as he knew that in fortune he was far behind either of his rivals.

Certain relenting moods of hers had led him partly to believe—though perhaps without her intending it—that he was dear to her after all, and with this sweet hope he lingered on at Dudley Hall, unwilling to tear himself away, but afraid as yet to trust everything "to the hazzard of a die" by declaring explicitly his passion. But on this day jealousy brought things to the crisis so long wished for, yet so much dreaded. After having, with her two other guests, parted from the Lady Isabel at the foot of the great staircase, Dudley unexpectedly came upon her some minutes after in an out-of-the way corridor. He was moody and ill-humored, and would have passed with a cold bow, but his cousin, who already half-repented her conduct, stopped him.

"Whither away?" said the Lady Isabel, gaily. "Are you so uncourteous as not to linger when a fair lady wills it?" she continued, seeing that he still advanced. "Sir Knight, I lay my commands on you to stop, for I have a fancy to talk with you withal."

"I am no knight, but a simple gentleman, as you know right well," rudely replied Dudley: "a simple gentleman, who can trace his blood, unpolluted, back to the conquest, however, which is more than your upstart nobleman can do, who have won their titles, not by feats of arms, but by cringing at court."

The Lady Isabel started in affected surprise. She knew well enough what he meant, but she had a spirit as high as his own, and she began to resent his petulance.

"Alack, cousin mine," she said, "has wine turned your head that you bluster in this way? I did not think gentlemen," and she emphasized the term, "drank at this early hour."

Stung by her sarcasm, Dudley stamped his foot on the floor, and muttered between his teeth, what, but for her presence, would have been an audible oath.

The Lady Isabel had scarcely spoken, however, when she repented of her words, and now, to lessen their severity, said:

"But, seriously, Dudley, what is the matter with you? Believe me you have no cause to be angry with any of us——"

Her lover did not suffer her to proceed, but impatiently interrupted her, exclaiming haughtily:

"I said not, fair lady, that I had a right to be offended. The heiress of Dudley Hall owes no explanation to no man for any whim she may take, for the world absolves one so rich, beautiful, and courted from the common duty of caring for others' feelings." He spoke sarcastically, and continued: "She may encourage to-day, and rebuff to-morrow, yet the sufferer has no right to complain. Oh, no! She will tell him there is no reason in his anger, and the world will sustain her in what she asserts."

Howard Dudley waited a moment for her to reply, but finding she made no answer, he continued, with increasing irritation:

"There is one, at least, proud lady, who will not be longer made the plaything of a coquette's whim. There is one who is already ashamed of the boy's part he has played, and who has resolved no longer to dance attendance where he furnishes only a laughing-stock," and he drew himself proudly up as he spoke, adding, "he once fondly believed that hearts were more valuable than gold or rank—nay, he sometimes hoped that the Lady Isabel thought like him, but the dream is dissipated, and as he has neither an earldom to offer her, nor will stoop to win one by becoming a monarch's laquey, he will take his farewell forever."

There was much in this haughty speech to offend the Lady Isabel, but much also to appeal to her heart. For a moment there rose a struggle in her bosom between two opposing sentiments. A single kind look from Dudley would have turned the scale in his favor. In fact she glanced up, in hope to see some signs of relenting, but receiving only a haughty gaze, she colored with offended dignity.

"As he pleases, sir," she answered. "You talk hypothetically, as if of some one else; but let it be as you please also," and she bowed coldly.

This disdain completed the madness and despair of Dudley. Giving his cousin a withering look and muttering the word "Heartless!" he turned rapidly away and rushed down the corridor.

The Lady Isabel saw him depart thus with mingled emotions. In her secret heart she loved her gallant, accomplished and handsome cousin better, a thousand times, than she had ever yet been willing to confess, even to herself. His comparative poverty had never presented itself to her as any impediment to her marriage, for she knew that she was heiress in her own right of enough for both. But, unfortunately, her cousin had never confessed his interest in her, and the Lady Isabel, aware that looks were not always serious, hesitated what to think. Had Dudley but frankly offered himself, she would as frankly have accepted him, but not knowing the causes of his hesitation, she was often puzzled at his conduct, and half inclined, notwithstanding his attentions, to doubt whether he really loved her. Meantime she could not, consistently with maiden propriety, tender him her hand. She also jested gayly with other lovers, but much of her coquetry, it should be stated in justice to her, was produced by vexation at his behavior.

No sooner had the door closed behind him at the end of the corridor, no sooner was she alone, than a change came over her feelings. She regretted poignantly her harshness; she feared, from the knowledge of Dudley's high spirit, she would never more see him, and with this thought, so full of anguish, she became conscious, for the first time, how passionately she adored her cousin. Love whispered to her to fly after him in order to recall him to her side, and she actually made a few steps in the direction he had taken; but the pride of her sex interposed, and with a blush at her own weakness, she turned about and haughtily sought her chamber. But, alas! it was not to find peace. The conflict which the corridor had witnessed was there renewed, and between tears and regrets and words of censure on Dudley, she passed the afternoon.

In closing the door, which shut him out from Lady Isabel's sight, Dudley gave full vent to the feelings of rage which pride had in her presence partially concealed under the mask of scorn.

"Haughty!—heartless!—mercenary!" were some of his expressions: "a weak worshipper of rank! Oh, Lady Isabel, Lady Isabel, that ever I should think so meanly of you!" And then, as other feelings crossed his agitated soul, he muttered: "Fool that I have been—she never loved me—I am only another of her victims—my tortures are a part of her pleasure. But, as I am a Dudley," and he gnashed his teeth, "she shall not amuse herself long with them, for, as soon as the moon rises, and I can depart without being seen, I will leave this hated place forever, nor shall anyone know whither I go.

In this mood Dudley left the hall, and sought the wooded recesses of the park, for he cared neither to see nor to converse with human beings. Wandering gloomily along he was suddenly aroused from his reveries by finding himself in a narrow path, face to face with his rival, the Earl of Lincoln.

The countenance of the latter was in striking contrast of that of Dudley. Self-satisfaction glowed on every lineament of that round, sensual face. As he bowed to Dudley there was visible in his smile, in addition to the ordinary superciliousness of his lordship, an evident air of pity, which chafed the young man inexpressibly. Accordingly Dudley returned the bow with a haughty look of defiance, barely nodding. The nobleman frowned, but said nothing and dashed on. Scarcely, however, had he made a step before he stumbled, in the gathering twilight, over a root, and unable to recover himself, fell with all his bulky length sprawling to the earth. Dudley, turning at the sound, was just in the mood to rejoice at this mishap of his rival, and gave utterance to his mirth in a short, mocking laugh, as the unwieldy nobleman, puffing and very red in the face, struggled to his feet.

The earl had heard the laugh of Dudley. Nothing could have angered him more. No sooner had he regained his upright position than he advanced on the offender, foaming with rage, his hand on his sword.

"Sir," said he, "what do you mean? Did you dare—dare, I say," he continued, stuttering with anger, "to laugh at me?"

Dudley, ever since his interview with the Lady Isabel, had been wishing for some one on whom to vent his rage; and he secretly rejoined at the fortune which had now presented to him the very person of all others he would have chosen, and with prevoking coldness he replied:

"I laugh when I like, my lord; and I laugh at whom I please. In fact, I dare laugh e'en at your excellency."

The contemptuous tone in which this was spoken left the earl no room for retraction, even if he had desired it. But though not over-fond of sword play, indeed even accused in whispers of being a coward, he was too enraged to think of anything but punishing his adversary. He dropped his cane and drew his rapier at once.

"Upstart!" said the earl, you shall suffer for this insolence. I owe you a double debt. You have dared to presume on paying certain attentions to my future bride, the Lady Isabel, for which I would have punished you long ago if I had not despised your youth and your mean condition. But I cast away my scruples. Draw, sir!"

The earl said this angrily and imperatively, for Dudley, instead of unsheathing when the earl did, had stood with folded arms, smiling scornfully throughout his harangue.

"Upstart, say you?" exclaimed Dudley. By St. George! sir earl, I wonder who is upstart—I, who trace my lineage beyond the Conqueror, or you, whose ancestors, a century ago, were butchers in Lincolnshire. Presumption for me to aspire to the Lady Isabel's hand! By the saints! if your muddy blood ever mingles with hers, I, as a Dudley, will disown the name."

So enraged was the earl at these taunts, that, forgetting all honor, he made a pass at his antagonist even before Dudley's last sentence was completed. The young man, however, evaded the lunge by leaping aside, and in an instant his own blade was out, and the swords rattling as they crossed. The earl, whatever his merits as a man of courage, was a skillful man at fence, and, as Dudley soon found, decidedly his superior in this respect. It required all the youth and agility of the latter, indeed, to place them on an equality.

For some time there was no advantage on either side. At last by a quick thrust Dudley succeeded in wounding the earl in the arm. This served to spur the unwieldy nobleman into an activity beyond his years, and the result was, after a few rapid passes, that the blade of the nobleman retaliated on the body of Dudley. The blood gushed out in streams, as if life would soon follow; and the earl believed his victory secure. But he was terribly mistaken. Goaded to superhuman power by the thrust, Dudley returned the pass, his sword entering the body of his antagonist in turn. Both combatants the next moment fell to the earth, while from Dudley's side a torrent of blood poured forth.

But the events of the day were not yet over, for suddenly a shriek ran through the wood, and immediately the Lady Isabel rushed forward. Her presence at this opportune moment is easily explained. Wearied out by weeping, and fearful that Dudley would depart without her being able to see him, she had summoned her maid and walked out into the park, partly to recover her spirits and partly in the hope of meeting her cousin. At a distance she had caught sight of Dudley, and after some hesitation, conquering her pride, had made a circuit, with the intention to encounter him. But, ere she reached the point where she expected, at a cross-path, to meet him, she heard loud voices in altercation, one of which she recognized as his; and immediately after the rattling of swords. With pale cheeks and trembling steps she had hurried forward, arriving, as we have seen, at the place of conflict just as Dudley sank, apparently dying, to the earth.

At that terrible sight, all feelings of anger, as well as everything like maidenly reserve, fled from her, and the heart spoke in its own natural language. She flung herself on her knees by the body of her cousin, kissing the insensible cheek, as she exclaimed, "Oh! Dudley! Dudley, I have murdered you—I see it all—you fought because in my pique I made you jealous—and now, now you are dead."

The maid, who had by this time reached the spot, interrupted these passionate adjurations.

"Heaven preserve us, my lady!—don't go on so," she said. "Perhaps he is not dead, after all, but only sorely wounded. Let us take our kerchief and stanch the wound."

It seemed as if the words had suddenly transformed the Lady Isabel from the weak and lamenting woman to one courageous, and ready to act wisely as well as promptly.

"You say well," she replied. Let us hope—see he breathes! Run and fetch some water—there is a spring, you know, just beyond that ancient oak. I will seek his wound and stanch the flow of blood, for which leave me your kerchief before you go."

And kneeling down as the maid hurried away, the proud and beautiful heiress began amid fast falling tears, to search for the wound.

While thus engaged the Lady Isabel was unconscious that the earl, of whom she had never once thought, had raised himself on his elbow where he fell, and after looking around, as if to collect the facts, which had fled frem his scattered senses, suddenly bethought himself of the wound he had received. He clapped his hand to his side; but, to his astonishment, there flowed no blood. He stared at the place where the wound ought to be, and seeing only a hole in his doublet, felt his huge paunch to see if it was all right. He then, as if still doubting, rose to his feet and shook himself. But at last he became convinced that he was really but slightly hurt. In fact his mass of flesh had protected the vital parts, and his momentary unconsciousness had been the result of fright, not of serious injury.

As this began to break upon him his excellency saw that he was in a superlatively ridiculous position. Nor was this the only thing that suggested to him the wisdom of an early flight. The kind look of the Lady Isabel, as he watched her successfully stanching the blood of Dudley, convinced him that she loved her cousin, and not himself. He gave a scowl as he saw the kneeling fair one, picked up his rapier and cane quietly, and stole off unperceived.

Meantime the Lady Isabel, to her inexpressible joy, not only discovered the wound, but easily succeeded in checking the flow of blood. Her wild gratitude and love expressed itself in the kisses showered on the inanimate cheek of Dudley.

What wonder that, under those fervid kisses, the wounded man revived, even before the maid could arrive with the water! Opening his eyes, he recognized the Lady Isabel—she whom he thought hopelessly lost to him—impressing her lips on his own. Amazement filled every feature of his face. For an instant, the fair offender, blushing crimson, drew back, but, immediately, with a noble impulse, she flung herself on him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Dudley! can you forgive me? I love you—you only. If you ask it, I will never smile on another of your sex, but be your true and faithful wife till death shall separate us."

Was he dreaming? Had he died, and was this heaven? Or was it in truth a sweet reality? Such were the thoughts that flashed through the half-collected faculties of Dudley, as he feebly returned his cousin's embrace. But her dear words and dearer kisses soon assured him of the blissful fact that she was indeed all his own and that the sufferings of the past, with the misunderstandings that occasioned them, no longer existed.

When the maid returned, the Lady Isabel said blushingly:

"He is better, you see—Mr. Dudley, I mean—so haste to the house and have a litter sent; the wound is severe, but I think not dangerous. Now, on your life, haste!"

"But goodness me, where is the earl?" exclaimed the maid. "Surely I saw him lying there. I saw Mr. Dudley, too, run him through. At any rate, he is gone," she continued, after looking at the spot where he had lain, "cane, rapier and all, and not a drop of blood left behind. The poor gentleman, I always thought was a coward. Marry! I'll venture my life on it, that he fell from sheer fright when he felt the cold steel touching his fat paunch."

And, with a laugh, away she tripped.

We have nothing more to tell which the reader cannot guess. The earl left Dudley hall that very evening, while the surgeons were pronouncing the wounds of our hero severe but not perilous. The story of his lordship's cowardice had been set afloat already by the maid; and the servants, who all adored Dudley as they despised his lordship, could not resist jeering as the lumbering coach drove off with its bulky burden. Sir George, the other suitor, had the good taste to depart at daybreak the next morning.

Lord Dudley gave free consent to the match between his only child and our hero, declaring that, though he might have wished for more wealth in a suitor, he was content to see his daughter happy. The young couple were accordingly united as soon as Dudley had fully recovered from his wound; and so well pleased was the baron with his son-in-law that, in the end, he procured a new patent, by which the title, that otherwise would have become extinct, was settled on our hero and his heirs general, and not, as before, upon Lord Dudley's heirs male.

"And did the Lady Isabel ever flirt again?" asks some fair reader. "Not once," we reply. A better wife never lived, or one more truly loved, and that is saying a great deal. We only hope the reader may be as happy as she was.

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

AN INCIDENT RECALLING THE MINNESOTA MASSACRE OF 1862.

There resides in Wichita a widow lady by the name of Mrs. A. H. Gibson. She is of slight stature, and very quiet and retiring, and with her daughter carries on the profession of milliner and mantua maker in the store of Huse & Charlton. During the late visit of the Indians to our fair, and as the sons of the forest were in single file passing along the street, a Cheyenne brave suddenly broke ranks, and, rushing into the above establishment, put his arms about Mrs. Gibson, patted her with his hand, and in broken English gave expression to great joy and satisfaction. All the ladies in the store were, of course, nearly frightened out of their wits, while the blanketed savage kept reiterating, "Good squaw!" "Heap good squaw!" The sequel is not uninteresting: Previous to the great Indian massacre of 1862, Mrs. Gibson, then Mrs. Southworth, lived alone on the Minnesota frontier. One day a squaw came to her house and made her understand that she wanted soup, after obtaining which, carried it away in a vessel to the woods. For several days she came regularly on the same errand. A few days before the bloody massacre, in which so many settlements were wiped out, and in which so many men, women and children were ruthlessly butchered, two or three Indians with two squaws came to Mrs. Gibson's and asked for dinner. After the meal one of them told her that they must bind her in secrecy, and they kept strict watch over her for two weeks, after which two squaws took her to within a few miles of a fort, forty miles distant, put her down in the road and told her when dark came to go in, which she did, and that no harm could befall her. Of course she could only submit, and as she was being carried to her destination during the next day, saw the burning homes, fleeing settlers, and scenes that will never be effaced from her memory. From the squaw she learned that the soup she had daily made was for a sick chief, Monoway, who recovered, and who had determined to save her and hers. When she returned to her home the following spring, after several months absence, she found every thing just as she had left it. Not a cow or even a chicken was missing, but everything had been cared for, fed and protected during the long winter by some Indians who had been detailed for that purpose, and who immediately relinquished everything to her peaceful possession. Our hero was one of the party, and in spite of the time intervening, immediately recognized her, and expressed his satisfaction as related.—*Wichita (Kansas) Eagle.*

RUBIES.

INTERESTING GOSSIP CONCERNING THESE BEAUTIFUL GEMS.

The London *Court Journal*, in a recent issue, says:

The ruby is so called from the redness which commonly characterizes this exquisite gem. Like the sapphire and the Oriental topaz, it belongs to the class styled corundum, the members of which are alike in composition, though different in color and in quality. The true ruby, or red sapphire, is said to be the most valuable of gems when of large size, good color, and free from fault, so that it exceeds even the diamond in value. It is harder than any other known substance except the diamond, which alone among precious stones it will not cut. It is susceptible of electricity by friction, and retains it for some hours; it also possesses double refraction in a slight degree. Occasionally specimens are asteriated, as in the case of what are known as star sapphires. Though it cannot be fused by itself, in combination with a flux it may be melted into a clear glass. Mr. Streeter describes its color as carmine, cochineal, or pigeon's blood, and rose-red, often with a play of violet.

The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam and Pegu; others are found in India, Ceylon, Brazil, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra and some places on the continent of Europe. The Burmese mines have long been famous; the working of them is a royal monopoly, and the King has, among other titles, that of Lord of the Rubies. The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state, and colored artificially. It is, unfortunately, beyond the power of ordinary chasers to pronounce any critical opinion upon rubies, except as regards their appearance, size and color, the best color being that known as pigeon's blood, which is a pure, deep, rich red, quite free from blue or yellow.

Speaking of the value of the ruby, Mr. Emanuel observes that the rare occurrence of the desired vivid pigeon's blood color of any size causes the price to increase in an even greater proportion than the diamond. For stones of the finest quality he supplies the following valuations: One carat is worth £14 to £20; one and a half, £25 to £35; two, £70 to £80; three, £200 to £250; four, £400 to £450. Under one carat the price ranges from £2 to £8 per carat, and over four carats what is called a fancy price is commanded. After all, perhaps it may have been truly said of rubies in general that when they exceed one carat in weight no definite price can be given as a guide to the purchaser.

Mr. Streeter states that when a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market, a sum several times as great as that offered for a diamond of the same weight will be bid for it; if it reaches several carats it is almost invaluable.

Yet rubies of a much larger size are in existence. An Indian prince had one of near twenty-four carats, and it was bought for 1561b. weight of gold. Catharine of Russia had in her crown a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg; and there is said to have been one in Paris which weighed 106½ carats. That of Catharine appears to be still in the Russian Treasury. Others might be mentioned, especially that among the French crown jewels, which is cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings. The finest specimens, of course, are the monopoly of princes and persons with princely fortunes. Even these may, nevertheless, be sometimes deceived, for we are told that two large stones shown as rubies among Her Majesty's jewels at the Exhibition of 1862 are simply spinels, and therefore neither rare nor precious.

Rubies may be faulty, in other words, may have flaws, specks, a silky or milky appearance, or a tint which is too dark, or too light. But fashion goes for something, and violet or pale-colored rubies may sometimes rise very much in value. The least liable to fluctuation are those of the renowned pigeon's blood hue.

The best rubies are usually cut in the mixed or half brilliant style, but when silky, imperfect, or asteriated, they will be met with *en cabochan*, or with a rounded top, like carbuncles.

Imitations of the ruby are made, and for a time look well, and even real rubies af small size have been produced artificially.

The ruby may be set either alone or in groups, or in conjunction with other precious stones. Few jewels have a more admirable appearance than those in which a large ruby is surrounded by diamonds. When set around with pearls of fine quality the effect is also admirable, though some object to it, as they say the red of the rubies detracts from the more quiet lustre of the pearls. We do not think they look so well in connection with the emerald, the sapphire or other colored gems.

AN ANATOMICAL WONDER.

A novel exhibition in anatomy was given in Chicago to the students of Rush Medical College. At 4 o'clock the large amphitheatre lecture room was filled with fledged and unfledged doctors, and in the arena stood Mr. Charles Warren, a man about 30 years of age, of athletic appearance, and apparently jointed the same as ordinary mortals. But he soon showed that he differed from most men in his make-up, for there was hardly a joint in his whole body that he could not throw out of place, or at least give that appearance. He went through with his distortions, much to the amazement as well as the amusement of all. He commenced by giving a circulatory movement to the scalpulæ, moving either one or both at a time and without any apparent motion of the shoulders. He then threw the humerus into the axilla, disjointed his elbow, wrist and phalanges. This was done merely by the contraction of the muscles of the arm and not by pulling of one member by another. In none of his feats was there any such wrench of one joint from another. Without touching any part of his body with his hands, the joints would move out of position. He forced the femur from the hip bone. This he could do while standing on one or both feet, or while reclining. The dislocation caused an apparent shortening of the limb. Another striking feat was the turning of his feet so that he could touch the bottoms of them while his legs were perfectly straight. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his powers was the wonderful expansibility of his chest. Medical works, upon the strength of examinations of thousands of men in the army and navy, generally give five inches as the maximum of expansion. The exhibitor could expand his from nine to twelve inches. Those who did not take much interest in his other performances were wonder-struck at this. This feat was performed by the remarkable degree of the compressibility of the chest, and his power to force his heart and lungs into the abdominal cavity, and then to force his viscera into his chest. The abdomen was hardly less curious when the viscera was forced upwards by the diaphragm than was the inflated chest, for at such time there seemed to be an entire absence of organs in that part of the body, and to be no distance at all from the front walls of the abdomen to the spinal column.

This subject proved a fine study in the anatomy of the muscles, because he could contract them so as to show the position of each one from origin to insertion. He had this power over the muscles in pairs or separately, and could make them as distinct as if dissected.

Mr. Warren concluded with an exhibition of his ability to control his whole body, drawing himself through rings and performing other things, much to the amusement of the students and of the professors if they had only felt at liberty to give way to laughter.

RULES FOR LADY TRAVELERS.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, in view of the difficulties and dangers encountered by ladies traveling alone, suggests that they should observe the following rules:

1. Before starting on a journey, familiarize yourself with the route and with names of good hotels at various stopping places.

2. Never travel with "just enough" money, but always carry enough to provide against any possible emergency. This will save much anxiety.

3. Wear little jewelry and keep the largest part of your money in some inside pocket out of sight.

4. Always look after yourself, and do not allow a stranger to procure your ticket or check for your baggage.

5. Avoid, if possible, making changes in car by night, but, when unavoidable, go with others. Do not become separated from the crowd.

6. Take no hacks, but go in an omnibus where there are other people. These are perfectly safe.

7. If in any doubt as to changing cars, checking baggage, etc., inquire in advance of the conductor. The conductors on our trains are always polite and willing to be of service, especially to women traveling alone.

8. Do not wait till about to make some change in the train, before inquiring of the conductor, for, ten to one, he will then be hurried, and you will only half inform yourself. And finally,

9. Under all circumstances endeavor to retain presence of mind. One who can do this will never have any trouble traveling and instead of its being unwise for women to travel alone, I think it an advantage to them to make trips alone, for there are few people who are not at times obliged to do so, and experience does away with much of the possible danger in traveling.

—"Young Philosopher" would like to inquire what a "safety" match is, and why so called. A safety match is one in which the young man owns a span of horses, a three-story house and a seal ring, while the young lady's father is the possessor of sixty thousand dollars in government bonds and a whole square of brick blocks.—*Rockland Courier.*

—Turn the knob gently, there's paint on the door.—*New York News.* Walk along softly, we've just washed the floor.—*Meriden Recorder.* Set on the sofy we bought at the store.—*Graphic.* And don't say a word till you hear daddy snore.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," answered the valet with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

—"Take away women," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" We would. Give us something harder next time.

Varieties.

—The Milan cremation society has, since January, 1876, burned 23 bodies.

—Prince Gortschakoff is suffering from continually increasing weakness.

—"Mrs. Gibbs, elocutionist, poetess, washer and ironer," resides in St. Louis.

—Ex-Minister Pierrepont has resumed the practice of the law in New York City.

—Victor Hugo says England produces wealth admirably, but distributes it miserably.

—Miss Celeste Winans of Baltimore is said to be the richest young lady in America. She inherited $20,000,000 from her father.

—Raitaa and Burraburra, two islands of the Society group, have completely burst up, and a large number of people have been drowned.

—Twenty-one thousand dollars is the sum that Mr. Vanderbilt paid for "Maud S.," the only four year old filly that has ever trotted a mile in 2.17½.

—In the Kingston (Canada) poultry exhibition, the judges had some of the game fowls washed in a bucket of water, and it was discovered that they were only common fowls painted.

—A young lady riding over Brighton (England) downs remarked that her horse went badly, and presently it dropped dead, having been shot by a bullet by some of the Sussex Rifles at the neighboring range.

—The muskrat has been heard from just in time to prevent embarrassing mistakes. His architecture is of the lofty, Mansard roof variety, indicating plenty of cold to the square inch during the approaching winter.

—Chin Lan Pin, the Chinese ambassador, is a man of imposing appearance, between sixty and seventy, with a kind and intelligent face. He is slight and tall and has very courteous manners. In the credentials which he brought from the Emperor he and his suite are mentioned as "just and honorable men."

—Although Thomas Jefferson died so recently as the 4th of July, 1826, yet the veneration of his countrymen for his memory has been so great that three successive headstones over his grave have been quietly chipped away, and now ornament many a mantelpiece throughout the country he loved so well. A fourth stone will soon be required.

—Gustave Dore has finally determined to visit this country at an early day, while opportunity offers, to see the republic generally, but especially Niagara, our eminent cave in Kentucky, the Rocky Mountains, and the Yosemite. Possibly he may wander into Mexico. He is now at the zenith of his fame, in full health, and only forty-five.

—Two acute traders do a lively business in hams at San Francisco every night. One draws up his wagon, lights his torch, and announces ham for sale at 12 cents a pound; his partner stations himself alongside, as if he were a rival, and announces hams at 10 cents a pound. The public, imagining that this trade is a fight, at once buys the partner's stock, which is from time to time stealthily replenished from the other wagon.

—A Birmingham (Conn.) farmer recently lost his wife, and there being no undertaker in the place he was obliged to go to a neighboring town to procure one. His errand accomplished, conversation was pursued on various topics, during which he inquired if the undertaker had plenty of walnuts that year. The answer being in the negative, the farmer agreed to give him half a bushel when he drove over with the hearse, and said he could take them on the seat with him. On the day of the funeral, when the rooms were filled with friends who had come to sympathize, and when everything was hushed and still, the farmer went up stairs to fulfil his promise, and just as he was about to descend the stairs the bottom of the measure fell out, and with a terrible rattling noise the walnuts rolled down the uncarpeted stairs, alarming the people below. They rushed out to see the cause of the disturbance. The poor farmer stood holding the bottomless measure, not knowing which way to turn. The friends assisted in gathering up the walnuts with as good grace as they could muster, more than ever convinced, no doubt, that there is a time for everything.

—A South London (Eng.) journal reports a story which reminds us very much of the Gaffer Hexams and Rogue Riderhoods of the Thames. A drowning man from the *Princess Alice* offered a boatman £5 to save him. The latter called out that he "could not do it for the price."

"I'll give you £10!" screamed the half-drowned man.

"It's worth more than that, guvnor," composedly returned the waterman.

"Fifteen pounds, then," pantingly replied the drowner, almost with his last breath.

"No, but I'll tell you wot, I'll save you for £20."

There was no other alternative, for the boatman evidently meant what he said, and the victim consented. He was hauled into the boat and rowed ashore, and directly they got to the land the boatman demanded the money. Said the late victim:

"I would have given you £5 willingly, but since you have shown yourself such a black-hearted scoundrel, you shall have nothing."

The boatman swore and stormed, but without avail, and all he could get was the name and address of the man, who said he might, if he liked, "take the law out of him." The boatman means to go to law, and he has commenced an action against the man for breach of contract. A well-known South London solicitor has the case in hand.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0678