The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1882. VOL. XX-NO. 40.

"EXCELSIOR."

THE ONLY CLOTHING HOUSE in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer, and insure a fair transaction.

The only Clothing House in the State that is strictly and unalterably ONE PRICE.

The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only house in the State that has

Five Distinct Clothing Departments,

each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing House in the State that has Original and Excelsior Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only house in the State that manufactures an immense stock of CLOTHING for all ages and sizes. Sells direct to the retail buyers at a slight profit on the cost of production. Marks goods in plain selling figures, and at prices to suit all.

"FAIR DEALING,"
OUR STANDARD.

"ONE PRICE,"
OUR ANCHOR.

"Permanent Popularity,"
OUR GOAL.

EXCELSIOR
ONE PRICE
CLOTHING HOUSE,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Sts.
Largest Leading Clothing Establishment in Maryland.

Dec. 15, 1881.

STOVES!

We have on hand as Fine a Line of

Cook

AND

Heating Stoves,

AS WAS EVER OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

THE NEW EMERALD
AND
FARMER GIRL COOK STOVES

are, without exception, the best in the market, no other stoves having so many fine qualities. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case. Call and examine them.

OUR HEATING STOVES
FOR
PARLORS AND SITTING ROOMS,

have been selected from the best houses in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Our

ARGAND,

made by Messrs. Perry & Co. of New York, is the finest finished stove ever seen in this market. Call and examine it, if you want to see something beautiful.

The number of Fire Place Heaters sold last year is a guarantee of their worth. This year they are much improved. We will guarantee every stove to work and give satisfaction.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent National Bank.
Chestertown, Oct. 13, 1881.

Chester River Steamboat Company

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, May 23d, 1881, the steamer **B. S. FORD** will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the above named Landings.

GEO. WARFIELD
May 19, 1881 President.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATES REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors

All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W. COLEMAN,
March 10, 1881—y MANAGER.

DR. C. P. GILPIN
DENTIST,
HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,
offers his
Professional Services
TO THE PUBLIC.
Sept. 18, 1879.—6m

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by
WOOLFORD

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1881.

If you want CHOICE PERFUMES,

Nice Colognes, Hair Oils, Hair Dyes, Soaps Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, and Dentrifices, go to the Corner Drug Store, kept by

C. F. STAM,

Where you will get the Best Goods at the Lowest Prices. July 31, 1879.

SWISS EMBROIDERY,
IRISH TRIMMING,
TORCHON LACE, VALENCIENNE LACE,
DeAlencon Lace, Bretonne Lace, Hamburg Edgings and Insertings. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

CORSETS.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET—Indestructible Hip. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

DON'T

Go away to buy Christmas Goods when you can find a choice selection at STAM'S D' STORE.

Elegant N ices Right. *No fancy profit* question is what shall I buy e and we will tell you. Come n, before the rush. Choice is greater now, hurry less.

Vases and Toilet Sets in abundance. Plush Goods of the finest quality, and artistic workmanship. Porcelain Roses of French importation, $1 less in price than same goods in Baltimore. Silver Ware, the largest and most varied stock ever seen in Chestertown.

Colognes and Perfumeries of choicest odors. Stationery in beautiful boxes. Books for the old and young. Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and Bibles from 20c. to $5.

For children we have little fancy articles too numerous to mention, and books for them in bright and illuminated covers—one of the best we will mention (Chatter Box), which we have made a specialty of, and will sell you very cheap.

Gold Pens and Pencils. You already know the quality of these goods, they are made by Aikin, Lambert & Co., of N. J.

We extend to one and all a cordial invitation to visit our store, we can give you a comfortable seat while you examine goods.

Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM.

☞ We forgot to mention above that we had received an extra lot of Fine Majolica Ware, which we intend to sell without regard to cost.

LUMBER. LUMBER.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

HAS in yard and for sale at the lowest rates the market will allow, a large stock of

White Pine and Virginia Pine
LUMBER,

embracing in part:

White Pine		Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;
"	"	Rabbitted Barn Boards;
"	"	⅞ " Weatherboarding;
"	"	¼ and ⅜ Plank;
"	"	Dressed Boards, Culls and Picks;
Virginia	"	Boards, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet;
"	"	Siding, dressed and undressed;
"	"	Flooring, No. 1 and 2;
"	"	Scantling, joist, billstuff & railing;
Georgia	"	Sill stuff, from 16 to 32 feet;

Hemlock Fencing;
White Pine 2x3 Railing;
" " 3x4 do.
Cypress Shingles; Laths, Pickets.

He also keeps in stock an assortment of

DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, GLAZED SASH, WINDOW FRAMES, BLINDS, CROWN MOULDINGS, BAND MOULDINGS, O G MOULDINGS, BEADINGS, &c.

☞ Do not buy our Lumber from home, and then discover that you would have saved money by purchasing in your own home market. Give me a call.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Chestertown, Nov. 3, 1881.

Spears' Golden Sun

—AND—

NEW GOLDEN SUN,

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the kind in the country. Call and examine the above Stoves and prices at JOHN K. ALDRIDGES'.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES at very low prices, for wood and coal.

THE NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

THE NEW SILVER MOON, *Parlor* or *Double Heater*, for heating 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds of STOVES for sale at City Prices.

We offer the IMPROVED EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect Baker, and cannot be excelled.

THE NEW JASPER, Niagara, Quaker City Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.

Oct. 13, 1881. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

New Millinery

FOR

FALL & WINTER,

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of **HATS.**

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Shaded Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons,
Handsome Ostrich Plumes
and Tips of all varieties,
and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

Oct. 27, 1881. MRS. KATE GILL.

BLACK CASHMERES, Black Silks, Black Satins. Black Alpaca worth 50 cents, rice 25 cents. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

A LINE OF FINE *TOBACCOS.* For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

OUR BABY.

Two little shoes,
Out at the toes,
Trotting about
Where'er mother goes;
Soiled gingham dress,
Put on just now—
They do get so dirty,
No one knows how;
Little black face,
Black each wee hand—
Been making mud pies,
And playing in sand:
Dear, precious head,
Tousled and rough;
Bright laughing eyes
Can't see enough;
This is our baby
All day.

Two little feet,
Rosy and bare;
Two chubby hands,
Folded in prayer;
Tired little head,
Dark-ringed with hair;
Soft baby-face,
Dimpled and fair;
Pansy-blue eyes,
Heavy with sleep;
Silvery sweet voice,
Lisping—"Father, us keep;"
This is our baby
At night.

—*Woman's Journal.*

(CONTRIBUTED.)

INCONSISTENCIES.

Where shall we find space to record, or the pen to enumerate the inconsistencies of human nature. Not one of us perhaps, if we will stop long enough to examine our course of conduct but will find we are daily practicing some incongruity.

Here is a woman that insists that her entrance into heaven would be effectually barred if she should wear a feather in her hat, or have her gown cut in the latest style. And she wonders how in the world people calling themselves Christians, can have the face to appear at the sacrament table, clad in the gewgaws of fashion, when St. Paul strictly forbids the putting on of worldly apparel. Yet that same woman can sit a whole afternoon with a neighbor, and pick to pieces the character of a whole neighborhood. The least ripple of suspicion is lashed into waves of scandal, and the thought never once presents itself, that the command "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" was written before St. Paul was born.

There is a man who builds churches, and heads the list of charitable subscriptions with sums of such magnitude, as to cause his praises to be sounded from centre to circumference of civilization. And when we inquire how such large sums have found their way into his coffers, we find it is by the labors of his fellow-creatures, who are forced to eke out a bare subsistence by work done at starvation prices.

Women, "not robust in health," because of constant privations, are compelled to carry bundles of work up five pairs of stairs to be examined, when it could as easily be done on the ground floor.

But what matters if her health gives out in obeying the mandates of the moneyed kings. There are plenty of other unfortunates waiting to fill her place if she faints by the wayside.

Here is a woman who would resent with indignation any aspersion against her husband's honesty.—Yet that same woman will make her husband's life almost unbearable because of her constant repinings that she is unable to live like Mrs. so-and-so, whose husband's income is sufficient to allow the gratification of her tastes. How many men have been tempted to their ruin by such repinings on the part of a wife.

Here is a brother who guards with jealous care the reputation of his sister; yet that same man will bring grief, shame and desolation to the widow's heart, whose daughter has no brother to redress her wrongs.

Here is a woman that professes to believe that God is the Father of all; and also that that same God enjoins upon us to assemble ourselves together for the purpose of worship. Yet that same woman "according to her theory," has an unfortunate sister, who by force of circumstances is obliged to stay at home every Sunday in the year, and attend to household duties, while she, "the more fortunate Mary," is sitting at the Saviour's feet.

And so we could go on indefinitely, enumerating the inconsistencies we each of us practice daily. Burns has it exactly, when he says

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us;
To see oursel as ither see us,
It wad frae mony an error free us,
And foolish notion.

Newspaper Reporters.

How great a power the reporter really is in journalism was manifested in New York City some years ago—it was a long time since; James Gorden Bennett was still alive, and so was Horace Greely, but both were old men if silvered heads and beards make age. It was when A. A. Low, the then President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, had returned from a European tour. A great complimentary banquet was given Mr. Low at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. His Honor, the Mayor, was there, so was Judge Brady; in fact all the big guns of the bar, and all the famous editors, except the elder Bennett, who never went to dinners. After all the magnates were seated the reporters were admitted—there were fourteen of them—and were taken to a long table which was not set for a dinner, though admirably adapted for writing purposes. The waiters trooped in with the viands, but ignored the reporters, who bore the slight until the courses had been served; then by mutual agreement, they rose and tramped silently out of the banquet hall in Indian file. Horace Greely, Manton Marble, Jones, of the *Times*; Hudson, of the *Herald*; Brady, of the *Mail*; and Brooks, of the *Express*, saw the departure. Mr. Greely laughed and said: "D—n if the boys ain't serving 'em just right." The guest of the evening looked on in dismay; he was primed with a good speech which he wanted well reported.

After an absence of two hours the reporters returned from the barroom of the hotel, where they had whiled away the time in sampling ice-water, and perhaps something stronger. No sooner had they got back to their table than waiters were sent to them with wine and cigars. Both were indignantly rejected. "We are here to work, not to drink and smoke," said the fourteen in chorus. The chairman of the committee of arrangements came to apologize; he was heard in grim silence. He said a special dinner should be provided. "We are here to work, not to eat," answered the fourteen. To work apparently they went; pencils flew over paper; the speakers glanced nervously at the writers: they seemed to suspect their dilligence, perhaps they thought it was not deserved at all.

Next morning confirmed their suspicions; the poor snubbed reporters had got even with the millionaires, judges and lawyers. The *Tribune* had no reference whatever to the dinner; the *Herald* had twenty lines; the *World* apologized that the Low dinner was crowded out; in the *Times* there was a stickful dietated by the editor, who smt a mouse and hurried to the office from the dinner to find not a line of it, just as he expected.

All the reporters were severely reprimanded by their chiefs; one of them—him of the *Herald*—lost his place, for the elder Bennett was a merciless master; he dismissed men for the veriest trifles, but his shrewd managing editor re-engaged all the valuable ones as fast as they were discharged by the inexorable proprietor, who in the last decade of his active life, did not know his employees, with perhaps five exceptions, by sight.

However, the poor-in-purse reporters discomfited the millionaires and from that distant day to this the reporters have not been snubbed at any great dinners given in New York.

Why He Went Out Of Journalism.

"Well, Colonel Ochiltree," said John Russell Young, gazing at the blue ring of smoke just expelled from his lips, between which a Reina Victoria was balanced, "do you mind telling us how you came to desert from the ranks of journalism?"

Tom Ochiltree, carefully setting down his glass of Perrier Jouret, said: "What! boys, did I never tell you that story? Why it's one of the most remarkable events of my life! When Young first knew me, I can say without conceit, that I was a star of the first magnitude in the literary firmament. I had a proprietary interest in a real live paper down in Texas. The Houston *Telegraph* was a morning and evening paper, had a weekly edition, and was the leader of public opinion all over the South. I tell you that when a man quoted the Houston *Telegraph* he was listened to, and the paper was celebrated for its truthfulness and terse English, wherever the language was spoken, and don't you forget it. It was a big paper, and we were doing so well, subscriptions and advertisements coming in so fast, that I thought it would be a fair thing to have a little relaxation in the way of spending a few of the summer months in Europe. It isn't a bad thing, on the other side, to be known as the editor of a prominent newspaper in America, and I soon found myself sought after, and perhaps too conspicuous, which was not at all in my line.

"Well, I and Jim Bennett were strolling down the Boulevard one evening, smoking our cigars, after a good dinner at the Cafe Anglais. We had three or four dukes and a couple of earls with us, and, I think, a baronet or so (Jim is partial to English noblemen), when Bennett suddenly halted the whole party at the telegraph office under the Grand Hotel, saying: 'Hold on, dukes, I have got a big despatch to send to the New York *Herald*, just handed me by my French correspondent.'

"We all filed in and crowded the office, while the dukes and earls wondered at the prodigal expenditure of the young American editor.

"I wasn't going to be behindhand as an American editor, so says I 'How much will the telegram cost?'

"'Sixty thousand five hundred francs,' says the operator, 'and dirt cheap, too.'

"Says I: 'Duplicate the despatch to the Houston *Telegraph*. With your permission, Jim,' says I.

"'By George! gentlemen, the whole thing was telegraphed to Texas—four columns, solid—and the Houston *Telegraph* went to protest the next day. I haven't been taking much interest in newspapers since; I prefer politics, and that's the exact truth about the matter."
—*The Hour.*

RYDERS boy has written the following composition on the subject of Christmas:

Christmas comes every year and it is the best day in the year exceptin' Fourth of July which is a better day to fire guns and pistols Hookey fired off an old gun one Fourth of july and it kicked him agin a bidrent and an awful bunch growed on his head and he didn't know much for two hours Christmas is the best time to get presents my sister Lucy hung up her stockin' and I put a mud turtle in it and she was fearful mad you bet if my aunt Rachel should hang up her stockin' it would hold a dump cart full of things William Bradshaw eat so much candy and puddin' that his folks had to put him in a grave after he died I should like to see old Dudley the truant officer in a grave and so would all the boys I should like to have it be Christmas and fourth of July all the time."

There were more than 600 suicides in tde United States during last year.

THE VACCINATION PARTY.

BY A. E. RAMSEY.

During my life abroad, I had a great many funny experiences, especially in connection with my care and treatment of my young children; for on this subject, French and American ideas are widely different. One of these experiences amuses me still and when I tell it I call it my "Vaccination Party."

My little boy was about two months old when I asked the doctor if he would not vaccinate him. "Not now," he answered. "I always vaccinate in the spring, and when I am ready I will let you know."

I dismissed the matter from my mind until one day in May a lackey came to my door with a large white envelope directed to me. It was tied around with a blue ribbon, and instead of a monogram there was the figure of a naked baby printed in silver.

Altogether it was so gorgeous that I thought it must be an invitation to a baptism., or at least, the announcement of a birth, as it is customary in Paris to send out cards upon either event.

When I opened it, I found it an invitation indeed, but unlike any other I had ever seen or received.

I translated it to myself.

"Monsieur le docteur Rigner has the honor of informing Madame Smith that he is to vaccinate at his house (with a *genisse*) on Tuesday, May 21st. He has much pleasure in the hope that Master Fred Smith will be present. Two o'clock precisely."

I did not in the least know what was meant by the word *genisse*, and being too careless or too busy to get a dictionary, I contented myself by thinking, "Oh, that probably is French for virus; something about vaccination at any rate." But I was soon to have its real meaning impressed upon my mind.

Baby, on the appointed day, was taken to the doctor's house. As soon as I reached the foot of the staircase, which led to the doctor's apartment, I heard the strangest commotion. It seemed as if some thing very heavy were being pulled and pushed. There was a shuffling of feet, a slipping, scrambling noise, mixed up with the sounds of an animal's heavy panting and moans, and exclamations of Ho and Heh and He from men's voices.

Above me, half way up the flight, I saw, to my amazement, a young cow which two peasents were pushing and dragging up the waxed and polished steps of the steep, narrow staircase,

The poor beast had its feet tied up in rags to prevent its hoofs from scratching the wood, and it went slipping and sliding over the glassy surface as if it were skating, and striking out with both sets of legs at once, falling at every step only to be urged on again by the hands and voices of the two peasants.

In the midst of the laughter the scene excited, it suddenly dawned upon me that this was a *genisse*, and that it was to be used for vaccination.

Sure enough, the men led the trembling creature up one more flight, and into the doctor's door. Here it disappeared by a side entrance, while I was shown into a parlor.

There I found twenty-one ladies—I counted them—each with a baby on their knees.

At two o'clock the doctor came in, spoke to us, inquired after the health of each baby, and asked us to undress the little ones, so as not to keep him waiting.

Then the folding-doors between the dining-room and parlor were thrown open and the work began, each lady passing with her child into the dining-room, taking her turn in the order in which she had arrived.

Before my turn came, nearly all the babies had been vaccinated, and were howling lustily, and even one young girl was sobbing from sympathy.

When I went into the dining-room, I found my friend the *genisse* lying flat on the floor, being held down by the two peasants, who were sitting, the one on her head, the other on her haunches, while from the sores on her stomach the doctor's assistant was taking the virus the physician needed.

My poor little man soon had the dreadful poison in his tender arm, and after listening to a few directions as to what I should do for baby, carried him back to the parlor, where he added his shrieks to those of his fellow-sufferes.

In spite of my sorrow for the babies, this scene was almost as funny to me as the one on the stairs.

Each child had its own key to cry in, its own way of doing it, and each nother had her own way of administering comfort.

Some of them walked up and down, jogging the children in their arms; some rocked and crooned, and nearly every one had brought a nursing-bottle, or a cake, or cracker, as a certain panacea.

It was not long before the desired effect was produced, and comparative quiet reigned. We heard the cow departing; the babies' bare shoulders were reclothed; the doctor warned us once more about taking cold, and the Vaccination Party was over. But, as I said, I learned one thing, at least—*genisse* does not mean virus, it means—a heifer.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Miss Rosa Van Dieman of Milwaukee has brought a suit against Adolphe Thieles because he kissed her. She claims $5,000 damages. She avers that "he then and there did seize plaintiff by the shoulders, put his arm around her neck, and did then and there kiss her," and by reason of said act the plaintiff was "greatly hurt in her feelings, and underwent great mental pain."

Wendell Philips heads a petition against compulsory vaccination, of course; but so do thirty Boston physicians, which is more remarkable,

SONG OF THE ESTHETE.

I'm a gentle Esthetic by calling,
I dote on the lovely in art,
I like dewdrops on fair roses falling;
The passion spreads over my heart.

I fawn on the sunflower and lily,
Too utterly precious are they!
And though some folks say that I'm silly,
It's because they are of too coarse a clay.

My love is the graceful and slender,
My colors are murky and rare,
And quite too heart-throbbingly tender,
Is the tinge of old gold in my hair.

O'er china I'm awfully utter,
My life's dearest love is a plaque;
My heart-strings deliciously flutter
At a tenderly pulsating crack.

I have me a dark, antique pitcher,
A treasure for worship of old,
My gem is far preciously richer
Than the loathly world should behold.

My garments are strange and long-draping,
With many a classical fold,
Into attitudes odd myself shaping,
A pale, clinging lily I hold.

I speak in a language fantastic,
With adjectives fearful and bold:
In thought and in feeling quite plastic,
Over *nothing* I'm ever whole-souled.
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

Educated Animals.

SOME INTERESTING SKETCHES.

Intelligent animals rarely resent the severity of a trainer who once has made them feel his power; but that their forbearance must require a great deal of self-control is proved by the fact that they sometimes revenge themselves upon a proxy of the tyrant,—his friends or a favorite pet. After a knout-drill some hunting dogs have an ugly way of falling upon their comrades, or even upon their own puppies, resolved to "take it out" of somebody. Sick horses often kick the stable boy by way of getting even with the farrier; and I remember an amusing instance of animal's appeal to the code of the *lex talonis*. During the winter season the Botanic Garden of Brussels is used by the proprietors of various peripatetic menageries as a zoological depot, where the caged travelers can recuperate and enjoy the hospitality of the city on condition of exhibiting their charms gratis. Sick animals often stay the year round; and a few years ago the managers took charge of a baby elephant whose constitution had all but succumbed to the rigors of the climate. In the course of the summer, however, Micheline got on her legs again,—so much, indeed, as to become positively rampant, especially when her keeper indulged her in an out-door ramble. On account of the supposed sensitiveness of her lungs she wore a woolen *couvrette*, or shawl-saddle, to which for some reason or other she had taken such a fancy that she would readjust it herself whenever it slipped down. But one morning she sauntered toward an open gate where the laborers had unloaded two big vats full of pickerel-spawn, and, finding the mixture pleasantly cool, she upset one of the vats and began to welter like a pig in a puddle. She had just upset the second tub when the enraged gatekeeper fell upon her with a cow-hide, and after belaboring her till her grunts changed into pitiful squeals, he snatched away the soiled couvrette, and dismissed her with a fifty-pound kick. Micheline had not offered resistance, but when she walked away she uttered a series of peculiar gutterals, sounding almost like muttered threats. She walked toward the orangery, and one of the gardeners who had watched the rumpus from a window of his lodge then became the witness of a curious scene. In the orangery the gate-keeper's children were at play among the trees, and, without the least provocation on their part, Micheline suddenly charged them, and, singling out the biggest boy, began to thrash him with her trunk just as the old man had thrashed her with his cow-hide. After dodging left and right between the bushes, the little lad ran screaming toward the gate; but the superior speed of his pursuer obliged him to take refuge in a tree, and before he could clamber out of reach Micheline grabbed his breeches—a worn-out pair, luckily—and tore them off with a single jerk. When the pitchfork brigade rushed to the rescue, she was strutting up and down with her trunk proudly aloft, waving the *spolia opima* over her head.

But only hunters can realize the influence of education in controlling the passions of an impulsive animal. The Mongol Tartars hunt with trained panthers ("cheetahs"), and Kohl assures us that hunger itself will not tempt these cats to tear their prey before the arrival of the hunter. After the return of the Saracens from the Persian conquest the cattle of friend and foe got mixed, and the Commander of the Faithful is said to have identified the Arabian horses by the following test. He kept them three days without a drop of water, and then let the slaves drive them toward a river-bank. But in the moment when they saw the water and rushed ahead to quench their thirst he ordered the trumpeters to sound an assembly call, and one-third of the famished beasts actually wheeled around and galloped back to the camp. The word *ennui* does not begin to express the misery in-door life must inflict on dogs whose souls, like the Scotch exiles', are roaming through the Highland fells. But how resignedly do they await the pleasure of the complacent master who beguiles his leisure with page after page of printed adventures which his dumb companions can enjoy only in their dreams! No words can be more eloquent than the occasional inquiring look of a hunting-dog sick with hope deferred, but whose only protest against martyrdom is his unbounded joy at the termination of it when his master at last reaches for his hat and takes down his shot-gun.

The Hindoo fakir who fills his mouth with gall *in majorem Dei gloriam* cannot suffer more for Buddha's sake than many a town dog has to suffer in the service of a master who keeps a tan-yard or a chemical laboratory. To a creature whose nose can distinguish the "cold trail" of a rabbit at a distance of sixty yards, odors which offend even our blunt olfactories must be as irritating as the continuous screech of a steam whistle would be to the human ear or the sound of a fiddle to the ear of a bat. The upper story of the Salzburg Acropolis is infested with innumerable horseshoe bats, and the steward often uses them for a curious experiment. He claps one into a wire cage, puts the cage on top of a desk, and on a lower shelf of the desk a *Hackbrett*, or Styrian zither. At every twang of the zither the bat will start as if a needle had pierced its body, and a prolonged performance will throw it into a fit, a convulsive twitching of the whole flying membrane. This same nervous twitching I sometimes believe I recognize in the grimaces of a town dog averting his head with a sort of shudder or rubbing his nose against the ground. Life would be a curse to some dogs if nature had not mitigated their martyrdom by blunting their senses. The effluvia of the sheep fold have made the shepherd-dog almost scentless, though his form most unmistakably betrays his descent from the sharp-nosed jackal.

Arthur Schopenhauer maintains that the developement of artificial faculties weakens our natural instincts; but it is likewise true that in lieu of lost instincts our domestic animals have gained several new faculties. If domestication has spoiled the nose of the average house-dog, it has certainly improved his ear. Dogs and horses have but scanty means for expressing their emotions, but their power of apprehending spoken words and other sounds far surpasses that of the parrot. A cavalry horse learns to distinguish about fifty different commands, besides their equivalent bugle-signals. People who will content themselves with looked and acted answers can carry on a regular dialogue with an intelligent dog. A poodle will distinguish an exclamation from a command, a question from an invitation, a compliment from a persuasive coax, a warning from a taunt, and even a bantering taunt from a real reproof. The memory of an old hunting dog is stocked with a regular glossary of venatorial slang, and the inability of animals to discern the elements of articulate speech only increases the wonder: they seem to depend exclusively upon the differences of intonation which a speaker somehow adapts to the sense of the essential words. Domestic pets will recognize their master in almost any disguise, but it is still more difficult to deceive them by a dissembled pronunciation: in the darkest night dogs and monkeys identify an old acquaintance by a single word, or even by the mere sound of his voice.

It is a strange fact that in nighttime an unknown sound will scare monkeys almost out of their wits. The creaking of a wheelbarrow, a whisper, the rustling of a window-curtain, is enough to throw them into a fit of horrified screams and contortions; capuchin monkeys rush wildly through their cage, macaques try to force their prison-doors, the little marmosets huddle together like the princes in the Tower, all about matter they would disdain to notice in day-time. The old males of the anthropoid apes are about as hard to scare as any living creature, but after dark the veriest trifle will inspire them with an almost supernatural fear; and it may be a mere fancy, but I cannot get rid of the notion that this night-horror of our hirsute relatives must be the origin of the spectre-dread of savage nations, and indirectly, perhaps, of mediæval demonism and modern spiritualism,—"ghost-mongery," as the sceptical Germans call it. Monkeys are not very sharp-scented, and have to rely on their eyes, and in night-time, therefore, are almost at the mercy of their enemies, jaguars, panthers, and leopards, whose owl-eyes enable them to hunt by moonlight, and in the virgin woods of the tropics the constant dread of mistaking the approach of a murderer for the rustling of the fitful night-wind would be enough to make a Berserker nervous. "It is not books or pictures," says Charles Lamb, "nor the stories of foolish servants which create these terrors in children. They can at most give them a direction. The stories of the Chimæras and Gorgons may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition, but they were there before. They are transcripts, types: the archetypes are in us, and eternal." May it not be that those archetypes are the prowling *ferae* of the tropical forests?

There is a story about an ex-railroad conductor who, in the feverdream of his last disease, called out the forty stations of his route, in due succession, and at correct intervals, and the fortieth at the terminus of his life; but the power of habit manifests itself quite as strangely in the "second nature" of our domestic animals. The *trapiches*, or cog-wheel mills, of the Mexican planters are turned by horses, which have to make several thousand rounds in the course of the day; and in the solitudes of the chaparral it is nothing uncommon to see a revolving object which upon nearer investigation turns out to be a spavined old horse walking the rounds of an imaginary trapicle. Animals seem to get actually fond of such occupations. I remember an old billy-goat whose reluctance to furnish the motive-power of a baby-carriage had changed into such a passion for that employment that he would tolerate no rival on the track, and once killed a poor huckster's dog who, unintentionally enough, had excited his jealousy by drawing a larger-sized vehicle.

In process of time our four-footed ally may come to relish city odors, for his power of adaptation rivals that of the human species. In China, dogs eat rice; in Greenland, dried fish; in Siam, bananas; on the Pampas, carrion; and one of the Solomon Islands is inhabited by a race of half-wild curs that subsist entirely on crawfish. This plasticity of the canine species is almost enough to account for its infinite variety of forms; in the course of two or three thousand generations artificial selection may have turned a jackal into a mastiff, or a wolf into a pug-dog. It is strange to think what the continued operation of the same agency might have done for other animals, what marvels of beauty "in-and-in breeding," as our stock-raisers call it, would have developed from the gallinaceous tribes of the Old World, not to mention American parrots.

And what about the moral capabilities of such animals as monkeys and raccoons? Considering their intelligence, their faculty of imitation, and the mental superiority of a wild monkey to a wild dog, one cannot help thinking that the Darwinian theory might admit—not of an excuse, of course, but perhaps of practical demonstration.—*Felix L. Oswald, in Lippincott for February.*

Morning Brain Work.

It seems strange that the habit of lying in bed hours after the sun is up should have ever obtained a hold on the multitude of brain-workers, as undoubtedly it had in times past. Hour after hour, the intellectual work done in the early morning, when the atmosphere is as yet unpoisoned by the breath of myriads of actively moving creatures, must be, and, as a matter of experience, is incomparably better than that done at night. The habit of writing and reading late into the day and far into the night, "for the sake of quiet," is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. When the body is laden the spirit may seem to be at rest, and not so easily distracted by the surroundings which we think less obtrusive than in the day; but this seeming is a snare. When the body is weary, the brain, which is an integral part of the body, and the mind, which is simply brain-function, are weary too. If we persist in working one part of the system because some other part is too tired to trouble us, that cannot be wise management of self.—The feeling of tranquillity which comes over the busy and active man about 10:30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, the effect of a lowering of vitality consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand, the night-worker hails the "feeling" of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve-centres under pressure. This penalty takes the form of 'nervousness,' perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies—springing from this unsuspected cause—the brain-worker very likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be allowed. Nightwork during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable suffering, for which it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a remedy. Surely morning is *the* time for work, when the whole body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind-power at its best.

Bespeaking a Pleasant Day.

'Are you the gentleman that foretells the weather?' asked a country-looking young woman yesterday, as she blushingly entered the sanctum of the Signal Officer in the top room of the Equitable building.

'I am,' responded a young man, examining a barometer. 'What can I do for you?'

'I would like to know,' she hesitatingly said, 'what sort of weather we will have the 15th of next May. You see, John and I are going to be married then, and if you could arrange it so it will be a pleasant day we will feel ever so much obliged to you. Now, couldn't you?'

'Well,' said the polite observer, 'I think I might be able to accommodate you. I will do all I can, Miss.'

'Do you think you could make it clear and sunshiny on the 15th?'

'Well, Miss, I will telegraph to the West and Northwest and endeavor to get them to withhold all tornadoes, gales and rainstorms until after the 15th. It will be somewhat of a favor to ask the people up there to keep their tornadoes chained; but I think if I represent the condition of affairs to them they will fix it all right.'

'I am ever so much oblige to you, and I'm sure John will thank you. I will be sure and send you an invitation.'

All persons entering the public houses of Bristol, England, were counted one Saturday night between the hours of 7 and 11 o'clock. Of a population of 206,000, 105,000, or more than one-half, entered the public houses in four hours. Of this number 54,074, were men, 36,803 women, and 13,415 children.

Since the Vienna disaster seats near the door have been at a premium in European theatres.

[Fon du lac Commonwealth.]

Mr. S. Clark, one of Fon du Lac's oldest citizens, states: I have used St. Jacobs Oil and am well satisfied that it is a splendid article to relieve pain, and that very quickly.

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