The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1883. VOL. XXII-NO 9

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Tuesday, May 10, 1883,

STEAMER PILOT BOY

Will leave Tolchester Beach for Baltimore, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Baltimore, for Tolchester, from Pier 15 Light street Wharf, on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 o'clock A. M., and 2.30 P. M.

Excursion tickets, 50 cents, good on day issued. One way ticket, 40 cents. Children from 6 to 12 years, half-price.

Steamer LOUISE,
Daily after June 1st.

For further information apply to CHAS. LLOYD, Tolchester Beach.

W. C. ELIASON, Manager.
May 17. Pier 15 Light St., Balto.

COAL. COAL.

T. deC. RUTH,

Having laid in a large supply of the

BEST QUALITY
White Ash COAL.

Also, Coal for ENGINES and BLACKSMITHS use, he is now prepared to fill all orders promptly, as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST, with

2240 lbs. PER TON.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. We feel assured that we can give satisfaction. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

Very respectfully,
T. deC. RUTH.
J. B. McINTIRE, Agent.
Nov. 23, 1882 -4m.

T. J. MANN

Has Enlarged His Store

and keeps on hand a Larger and More Complete Stock of Goods than formerly. His store embraces not only

DRY GOODS
of all kinds,
HARDWARE. NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,

WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, but New Orleans Molasses, the best Syrups, Broiling Beef, Flour, Meal and Feed. Canned Goods a specialty. All goods will be sold at bottom prices for cash or trade.

T. J. MANN,
opposite Kent National Bank,
Feb. 8, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

D. B. STEWART.
WITH
T. H. KEPNER,
General Commission Merchants
and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds
Of Country Produce,
No. 2 Bowley's Wharf,
Baltimore, Md.

Special attention given to the sale of fresh and evaporated Fruits and Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Calves, &c., &c.

Consignments solicited and promptly attended. Reference—Our Patrons' and Citizen's National Bank. [Oct. 12, 1882.

Special Notice!

SOMETHING LONG NEEDED SUPPLIED AT LAST

WM PERKINS has fitted up hi Lady's Parlor, for the Winter; and ladies from the country, or elsewhere, will find a warm room, when they come to town with their husbands or friends, and do not wish to wait in the stores, or to call on friends, while their gentlemen companions are attending to business matters, in which they can sit, and read, and pass away their time; free of charge.

Lunches Served at All Hours.

He also has an upper room, propery fitted up, in which dinner and supper can be privately furnished at all times, at short notice, and moderate prices.

P. S.— Il meals served in the upper saloon will be at an extra charge.
Dec. 18, 1879.

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.
NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
PIETS UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
KERNEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
SCHARF'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.
JOHN B. PIET & Co.
PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.
Catalogue Mailed on Application.
May 3, 1883.

Lime for Sale.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either

Slaked or Quicked Lime

for building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel..
Oct. 20, 1881. WM. PERKINS.

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.

NOTICE.

Having consolidated with Capt. James W. Thompson, thereby securing ample storage room for grain and merchandise, at Chestertown, we are now prepared to receive Grain at the well-known stand, Thompson's Granary, and will forward the same to market promptly. Schooner "Hattie Stark" and "W. S. Copes" will accommodate the public at any point on River or railroad.

R. J. FOARD,
President Enterprise Transportation Co.
Nov. 16, 1882.

SWISS EMBROIDERY,
IRISH TRIMMING,
TROCHON LACE, VALENCIENNE LACE
Alencon Lace, Bretonne Lace, Hamburg Edgins and Insertings. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, Jr

DR. WORTHINGTON'S
"Cholera & Diarrhoea Medicine"
THE GREAT
CHOLERA CRAMP AND DIARRHOEA CURE
USED OVER 25 YEARS

The best remedy for **Cholera, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Dyspepsia,** and other affections of the stomach and bowels. Introduced in the Army, 1862, by Surgeon-General C. S. A. Recommended by Gen. Warren, Purveyor-General; Hon. Kenneth Rayner, Solicitor U. S. Treasury, and others. Price, 25 cts. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. Only genuine if our name is blown in bottle. Sole proprietors. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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HINES & CLEMENTS.

J. R. CLEMENT

[illegible] Wose making our stock of Hard Tinware, Stoves, Heat-[illegible]

[illegible] ll be glad to have all our friends and the public generally to call and examine our stock & prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS.
Jan. 11, 1883.

ENTERPRISE
TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Tuesday, March 13th, the steamer

"Enterprise"

Will make tri-weekly trips between Crumpton and Baltimore, running as follows:

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M., touching at Spry's, Deep Landing, and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock P. M., Newnam's at 6:30 Quaker Neck at 7, Hooper's wharf (Centreville) at 8, touching at Earle's and Emory's in Corsica Creek, arrive at Baltimre at 12 o'clock midnight.

Returning will leave Baltimore, Piers 12 and 13, Light St. Wharf, every Tuesday and Thursday at 12 o'clock midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, stopping at all the above landings, and arrive at Crumpton at 8 A. M. on Wednesdays and Fridays, 11 o'clock P. M. on Saturdays.

We have remodelled the steamer and added a number of staterooms and can now offer the public very pleasant sleeping accommodations.

Freight received at wharf in Baltimore on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Carried at reasonable rates and handled with care and dispatch.

GRAIN and heavy freight of every description carried by our steam barge "A. J. Whitney" and schooners "Copes" and "Hattie Stark," upon short notice. All orders left with the agents at the wharves.

RICH. J. FOARD,
March 8, 1883 President.

"COME AND SEE US."

PRICES LOWER
THAN THEY HA BEEN FOR YEARS.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

In part as follows:

Java, Maracaibo, Laguayra and Rio Coffees; Teas, Spices, Cheese, Gelatine, Chocolate, Cocoa, Chow-Chow, Corn Starch, Dry Yeast, Graham Flour, &c.; Wm. Lea, Sons & Co's. F. F. F., Kirkwood, and other grades of FLOUR, by the barrel, sack or lb. "Hecker's" Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour.

Full stock of Canned Goods; Best Sugar Cured Hams and Shoulders.

TOBACCO and SEGARS,
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
GLASS & CROCKERY-WARE.

Our entire stock was bought at *Cash* prices, we are satisfied with *small advances*, hence we claim to sell as *LOW* as the *LOWEST*, and don't forget it.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Jan. 25, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Chestertown, Md.

Prompt attention to the collection of claims. Loans negotiated.
Office opposite the Court House, on Main St., next door to the store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Feb. 1, 1883.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have failed.
If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

IN THE TWILIGHT.

In the gathering gloom of the twilight,
In the mystical month of June,
My heart with the days that are shadows
My eyes on the full-orbed moon,
I listen, half wakeful, half dreaming
To the woman, with hands so fair,
As she plays, with her face half averted,
That old, oft-repeated air.

Can it be there are unread pages,
By me, in the book of her heart?
Can it be she has thoughts of the future
Of which I am not a part?
Can it be—she is but Eve's daughter—
She is young and the mouth is June—
There is linked to that theme some sad sweet dream
That ended e'en all too soon?

An, no. The stars are more changeful—
The ebb and the flow of the sea
Are hardly less true to the queen of yon blue
Than the tide of her love to me.
And so my doubts fade in the gloaming,
While the thought brings a sense of repose
That I'm safe when she stops it. The reason?
It's the only one tune that she knows.

P. HENRY DOYLE.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

(*From the July Century.*)

What is it that the wild bird says?
Come listen to his song:—
"Sweet, love is of the summer time,
And summer is not long.

"The blossom fades upon the bough
Before the month of June,
And when at last the red rose comes
She tarries but a moon,

"Come while the earth is glad and green,
We'll build our nest together;
For love is of the summer time,
And cannot bide foul weather."

O sweetheart! listen, listen well,
Unto the wild bird's song:—
"Sweet, love is of the summer time
And summer is not long."

The May is white upon the hedge,
Why should we longer tarry?
When hedge-rows bloom and wild birds nest,
Then is the time to marry.

E. A. M.

POPE LEO IN HIS GARDEN.

THE HOUR FOR RECREATION—THE POPE'S ATTENDANTS—HIS VINEYARD.

ROME, June 10.—The author of the pamphlet, "Le Pape est il libre a Rome," says that among other liberties the Pope enjoys the liberty of catching the fever in his garden. The meadows of Nero are on one side of the garden, and the open space at the foot of the Janiculum is on the other. Both are planted with vegetables, which are sold in the city. They are watered so copiously that at night fog envelops the Vatican. The country houses of the Campagna are not more unhealthily situated. The Casino Medici in the Vatican garden, so picturesque and so beautifully decorated by the frescoes of Federigo Zuccari, is haunted by fever. It has been found unfit as a post for the seven gendarmes who remain in service in the garden. That post, which has never before been abandoned since the garden became the only territory left to the Pope as a temporal monarch, has been established in one of the towers of the old Leonine walls within the garden. Mr. Balzani, the present Superintendent of the gardens, has removed his family from his official residence. He lost two children within a short time. Both were killed by Malaria. He stays away from the garden in the early hours of the morning and the late hours of the evening, which are especially dangerous. The gendarmes cannot remain within the garden more than sixteen days at a time, although perfectly acclimated.

As no other spot has been left to the Pope by the Italian revolutionists, he must make a virtue of necessity and take his constitutionals in this garden. Strangers are debarred from the garden While the Pope is on his walk. An hour before the promenade the gendarmes in attendance visit every corner and take their posts. No one is then allowed in the garden but Cardinal Ledochowski and Cardinal Jacobini, who live in the Vatican, and some of the Pope's household prelates. A telephone runs from the watch tower of the gendarmes to the headquarters in the Vatican Court of San Damaso, and from this last place the order is sent to prepare the way for the Pope.

In winter his Holiness goes to the garden in the middle of the day. In full summer he spends half an hour each morning in the Garden della Pigna. In the afternoon he goes out at about 6 o'clock unless the weather is unfavorable. On Sunday he receives the visit of his own confessor, a Franciscan monk and a penitent of St. John of Lateran, and does not visit the garden. This monk now resides in the Vatican. He hears confessions in the Basilica once a week.

Leo XIII, starts for the garden in the afternoon seated in a sedan chair. The Red-clothed bearers carry him through the balconies and the Gallery of Statues, near the entrance to the great library. The cortege can easily be seen from the cupola of St. Peter's and from many of the garret windows of the palace. While crossing the Garden della Pigna, it presents a very picturesque appearance. It takes you back several centuries to the days when carriages were unknown and kings were carried around in chairs. The cortege is headed by a noblemen in uniform. Behind him come two Swiss guards with halberds. Two clergymen follow—prelates or *camerieri segreti*—who are on duty that day. The chair is carried by two bearers. The Pope's pale face and white figure, with raised hand behind the glass, contrasts strongly with the red-faced and red-clothed muscular boys who surround the vehicle. Two noble guards, the *ajutante di camera*, or Pope's waiter, and a footman carrying the red hat and cloak for use during the promenade, or while resting on some of the chairs or benches, come next. Two more Swiss guards bring up the rear. The small procession has a solemn effect when it crosses the Gallery of Statuês or the Garden della Pigna. The solitude calls back those memorable days when the whole city of Rome was out to see the Pontiff King on the Pincio, and when the armies of all Catholic nations were ready to honor him in the crowded squares of the Eternal City.

At the atrium which gives access to the gallery and to the garden the little cortege halts. One of the noble guards opens the door of the sedan, and the Pope comes out. The door of the garden is wide open. A very modest carriage, with a light frame of brass, is in waiting. Two horses are attached to it. When the weather is fine Leo XIII, walks up the hill. When tired, or when it is not pleasant he uses the carriage. The noble guard opens the door, and, kneeling on one knee, waits until the Pope and his attendant are seated. Then a mounted guard surrounds the carriage, and it rolls on, followed by the two noble guards on horseback. One of the noble guards and the Swiss remain at the gate on guard until the promenade ends. Leo XIII, always walks in fair weather. He is a great walker. He sways his shoulders like a Yorkshireman. In his youth he was a great hunter. Many a valley in the Appenines has reverberated at the crack of his rifle. He first enters the Via della Zitella, or Road of the Girl, so named from a fountain of excellent water called the Zitella. This spot was frequented by Pius IX. Here he was wont to take his daily walk surrounded by numerous prelates, who were frequently the subjects of his jests. The present Pope admires the beautiful lemon and orange trees. The walk is ornamented by a plot of ground which contains the words: "Leo XIII. Pont Max.," and the coat of arms of the Pecci family, laid out in flowers and trimmed with box.

The first iron gate leads to the orange or pineapple hothouse and to the Galera Garden. This is so called from a bronze galley which floats on a lake. In former days it was one of the many water toys for which the Vatican and the Quirinal Gardens were noted. At a given signal the guns of the galley fired streams of water, the bell rang, the sailor blew his horn, and many other tricks were played. The Pope seldom goes that way. He generally enters the *macchia* or the park by the third iron gate. To the left, as soon as you enter, is a fac-simile of the grotto of Lourdes, presented to the late Pope. A fountain of water gushes from the ground. A lamp is kept constantly burning before the Immaculate Conception. A rustic *prie dieu* is there, and visitors to the garden usually leave their cards on one side, after reciting a short prayer before the little sanctuary. More than once his Holiness has been seen kneeling before the little shrine.

From that place up along the walls of the Vatican begins the new road made by order of Leo XIII. It is about three kilometres long, and it gives him the opportunity of a little drive, if he desires. This new road, called Leonina, is lined with roses, mulberry trees, and fine aloes, which grew among the huge rocks lining the walls. On going up you meet on the right the favorite rocolo, or hill, where the October hunt is made. Last year the game was abundant. More than three hundred birds were caught in one day. The road is cut along the walls of the city. The occupants of carriages going around the walls of Rome could easily see the Pontifical party while on that side of the garden, were it not that Leo XIII, has raised the parapet.

When the carriage arrives on the top of the hill, the Holy Father gets out. The upper part of the garden has been lately transformed into a fine vineyard. The vines have been planted according to the French system. Instead of flowers or barren exotic plants, Leo, XIII, has ordered olive trees put all around that sunny spot. The grapes are growing splendidly. The wine and oil made from the crops of the Vatican garden are exquisite. It is in his favorite vineyard that Leo XIII, likes to walk. Protected by the huge walls, fine graveled roads have been laid out for him and lined by gum trees. Iron chairs await there the venerable representative of the master of the vineyard. The cold northern winds are shut out. At the foot of a big tower there is a small *chalet* with a couple of chairs and a table. This is smaller than the Chinese cottage made out of bark in the first year of the pontificate of Leo. The latter cottage has been completely abandoned, because its situation is dominated by Messrs. Nannutelli, brickmakers, in whose garden people used to flock to look at the Pope. One day a huntsman fired a shot, and the bullet struck the wall behind this cottage. Since then the Pope has deserted this walk.

It is in this part of the garden that Leo XIII, takes his exercise, talking with Cardinal Ledochowski when he happens to meet him. Since the unpleasant remarks of the German press about these promenades in the Vatican, which seemed to displease Bismarck, whose hatred for Ledochowski will undoubtedly survive the death of the Culturkampf, Cardinal Ledochowski seldom meets the Pope, and seems to carefully avoid him. Leo XIII, talks with the gardner, Mr. Balzani, to whom he gives personal instructions concerning his favorite vineyard. He talks also with the architect who is now building for him a little cottage at the bottom of a large square along the Leonine walls, which has also been turned into a vineyard. The Pope talks with the masons and watches the daily growth of his little building.

Despite the attention paid to this garden since the death of Pius IX, there remains a great deal to do. The park built by Gregory XVI, is neglected, and so are the magnificent fountains and lakes made by Paul V, and Pius VI. There is no money, and the Peter's pence are getting less every day. It would be a great act of charity if some wealthy Catholic millionaire would invest a few thousand dollars in draining and restoring to its native state and beauty the garden of the august prisoner of the Italian revolution.

The waters passing through this garden culminate in the torrents flowing out of the fountains of St. Peter. Larks and nightingales nestle undisturbed in its solitary recesses, and it is a quiet abode for doves and pigeons. Flowers grow luxuriantly in the Vatican garden. I have measured a rose fifteen centimetres in diameter. Mr. Balzani says that there are now about thirty men at work, but it would take a larger number to keep everything in good order.

A large part of this garden is reserved for vegetables. Lettuce, artichokes, asparagus, and potatoes grown here supply the Pope's table and the tables of many of his clerical and lay employees residing in the Vatican. Fine milch cows supply them with milk. Crows are a plague in the orchard and vegetable garden. They nestle by thousands in the crevices of the old Leonine enclosure and in the towers, roofs, and cupola. As soon as a fig or an apple or a peach is ripe, they go for it. They are so impudent that when in the morning the children of some of the Vatican employees leave their coffee and milk on the window sills, the crows steal the rolls.

Notwithstanding his actual poverty. Leo XIII, does all that he can for the Vatican garden. The construction of the Leonine road will be continued as soon as more money comes in. It has cost a great deal.

It is a pity to see so intelligent a Pope short of funds. Yet he does the best he can in his poverty. St John of Lateran is being overhauled, and other work is under consideration.

Bad English.

During the course of an oration on 'Corruption in American Politics' the graduate of a prominent college for girls recently made use of the following startling figure of speech: 'The candidate says to his constituents, 'You boost me up a tree and I'll hook you some apples'' Press critics of this young woman's literary effort were prompt to point out that she could have applied herself to a study of the corruption of the English language with greater profit to herself and her audience. The illustration used by her was neither piquant nor apt; it was simply irremediably and inexcusably vulgar, and the fact of its having been employed in a commencement day oration is discreditable alike to the girl, her associates, and to the college. Its use would have been in execrable taste at any time, but on such an occasion it reflected as severely on the taste of the girl as if she had delivered her oration with dishevelled hair, collarless throat, and presented a generally untidy appearance. This incident, however, only affords another proof of the indifference people show toward acquiring one of the first requisites of polite breeding, an ability to express themselves in good English. Judging by general results, what the student of the day imperatively requires is that at educational institutions vastly more time shall be devoted to the study and use of classic English. A course of such elementary information as that 'since and ago,' 'will and shall,' 'vocation and avocation,' 'yet and still' are not synonyms, is greatly needed, for exceptional is the man (or the newspaper) who does not habitually misuse some one of these words. There are, besides, grosser inaccuracies of language which disfigure both the written and spoken methods of expression employed by fairly well-educated people. The idea seems to be prevalent that the slang of a foreign country loses its vulgarity by being transplanted to America, and the fashion of the moment is for respectable young women to express themselves after the manner of English horse-jockeys and in the remarkable language evolved in variety shows and on race courses. The use of slang is indicative of innate lack of refinement and of intellectual poverty—facts which no amount of popular or fashionable preference for slang terms can in the least alter. It is about time that American girls were impressed with the idea that the proper use of good English is a sure test, of good breeding. That parents and instructors are remiss in emphasising this fact, is apparent in the every-day conversation of college-bred girls. Miss Mary Cooley, in her employment of 'boost and hook' in her oration at Vassar, did but furnish a peculiarly flagrant and ill-timed instance of a practice common among young women who have enjoyed the advantages of years of training in schools and colleges.—*Art Interchange.*

SAM HOBART was a locomotive engineer, according to the Rev. Dr. Fulton, who always had an open Bible on a bracket before him in the cab of his engine, and from it was accustomed to read and commit to memory while running his train. It was regarding this practice that a correspondent asked Mr. Vanderbilt's views. "My opinion is that it was a bad practrice, and that he must have indulged in it on the sly if he did it without losing his place. Why, such a thing would be sure to bring on a disaster. An engineer must keep his eyes on the machine and the track, and he hasn't any time to read Scripture, or anything else except his steam gauge, while on duty."

A GIRL of 17, arrested in Chicago for wearing a man's dress, explained that she merely changed garments so as to get a living easier. For 3 years she had been employed on lake boats as steward, watchman, cook, lived roughly without being suspected, and was only detected by an accident at last. She said: "By working on the boats in men's clothing I can earn $1.75 a day without extra hard work. If I wore woman's clothes I would not be allowed to do the work, and would probably have to wash pots. I know I have violated the law, and may go to the workhouse for a long time, but, to tell you the truth, I'd rather make brick in the penitentiary than bend over a washtub."

A Poem by a Popular Actress.

From the Denver Tribune.

THE WANDERER.

Upon a mountain's height far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand—
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange was it not: far from its native sea,
One song it sang—
Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide—
Sang of the awful, vast, profound, and wide—
Softly with echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell upon the mountain's height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home—sing, O my home, of thee.

HELENA MODJESKA.

The Phenomena of Death.

"The ideal death," said a physician in charge of one of the city hospitals, "was that of my uncle. He was a hale, hearty man of 80, a bachelor, wealthy, and surrounded with every comfort in a beautiful home not far from New York. He had traveled in Europe, and was full of anecdote and memory of his long life. He arose one morning apparently in perfect health. His buoyancy of spirits was noticed. He was singing some of the quaint old Scotch songs of his boyhood. He expected a visit from me, and, as he desired to confer with me on a matter of business, he arose from the table after a hasty and partial meal, saying he would drive down to the depot, not far away, and bring me to the house. He had the servant bring his ponies to the door and refused to let the man go with him, saying he preferred to drive himself. He mounted the box and drove off at a smart pace. The old gentleman had not driven more than a few rods from his own house when he was met by a neighbor who noticed something strange in his appearance. His horses stopped. The neighbor dismounted and went to the side of his carriage and spoke to him. The old gentleman did not answer. He sat upright in his seat, holding the reins in his hand. He was dead. He had passed away without a shock of any kind. There was no apparent cause for his death, which was probably occasioned by heart disease."

Dr. L. L. Seaman, Physician in Chief of Charity Hospital, Blackwell's Island, took great interest in observing the much-vaunted death scenes of Sara Bernhardt, and when once started on the subject he is apt to give a judgment of the great actress' performances somewhat different from the general conclusions of the dramatic critics. Speaking on this subject the other day, Dr. Seaman said that Mlle. Bernhardt had seven different ways of dying, and all of them were totally unlike anything he had ever seen in a medical practice covering many thousands of cases of all kinds of death.

"Of course I do not hold myself responsible for the deaths in my hospital any more than for the births," said Dr. Seaman. "Many patients come in when they are almost in the last moments of life. Many are known to be absolutely beyond hope of recovery. But my observation convinces me that the dramatists and actors have far overestimated the pains of death, and especially the possibilities of great mental effort just previous to the moment of dissolution.

"It is, in fact, about as difficult to tell when a man dies as to determine when he goes to sleep. Death is a gradual, not a sudden process. I am speaking now of death by disease, not of violent death. Possibly in the representation of violent death the actors may come near to the truth, but generally their pictures of death by disease are, to one who knows the truth, simply ridiculous. Dissolution is as painless and unconscious as birth. The approach to it may be protracted and painful. There may be long and agonizing scenes resulting from disordered imagination. Death destroys one organ after another, not all at once. The last organs to yield are the lungs, which show their oppression in the breathing, and produce what is termed the death rattle. As soon as the lungs cease to act, the black venous blood is no longer changed to red arterial blood, but is propelled unpurified from the heart, and thus poisons the body like a narcotic. The energies of the brain are gradually lulled as in the approach of sleep, and unconscious cerebral action produces the murmur of the names of friends, or recollections of past life, or reference to whatever has passed through the mind. But that there is a pain in natural death I have long since ceased to believe."

A veteran physician speaking on this subject recently, said: "Judging of the thoughts of men by their words just previous to death, I should say it often happens that a dying person gives no indication of thought upon a subject that has been the favorite topic of a lifetime. I have known active business men, with important affairs unattended to, who died with words upon their lips that indicated absorption in some incident of the moment, generally relating to personal comfort. It was that sort of a death that Washington Irving died, saying, 'Well, I must arrange my pillows for another weary night; if this could only end.' Long suffering under the afflictions of a painful disease will serve to divert the mind of the strongest. Even the philosopher, Ben Franklin, was forced to say with his last breath, 'A dying man can do nothing easy.' It is a very common thing for dying persons to express sympathy with attendants who have been fatigued in attending them. Among the last words of Sir Walter Scott were, 'Poor souls, I know you were up all night.'

"And yet, where there has not been protracted suffering, and where the administration of narcotics has not produced a wandering mind, a dying person will manifest an interest in whatever has been the uppermost thought of his life. Lord Chesterfield is reported to have illustrated his proverbial politeness by requesting that a friend at his bedside should be given a chair. Very often the last words indicate thoughtfulness for loved ones, such as the utterance of Charles II., "Let not poor Nelly starve," or of Thomas Jefferson, who said, "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." It is but natural that whatever consciousness is left at the moment of death should be that of affection. I have seen it expressed in a loving look, or a pressure of the hand, often long after the power of speech had gone."

"How about the facial expression of dying persons?"

"That is often spasmodic. The laughing or crying muscles are often excited in the convulsions of death when there are no corresponding feelings. In the same way there are often muscular contortions of the mouths of infants, who are believed to be smiling, when in fact they are troubled with stomach ache."

"Have you ever observed the visions and ecstatic delights that are often spoken of by religious writers?"

"Certainly. They are quite common, and not at all confined to religious persons. Experienced physicians testify that most persons die in a state of trance. Although they are apparently conscious, they pass away in a state of dreaming. Often they seem to be listening to musical sounds. Sometimes they seem to be beckoned to by angels."

"And do you regard such exhibitions as purely physical?"

"Just as much so as any dream. They are controlled by the ordinary thoughts and feelings, the every-day life and education and imagination of the subject in precisely the same way as a dream is so controlled. Generally a dream is a reproduction of a waking thought. The curious jumble of subjects in a dream is the result of absence of volition. There is a suspension of the functions of the median tract of the brain. The same thing occurs in the mesmeric trance. The suspension may be temporary, and then the person may not only return to consciousness, but remember some of the curious things seen in the vision. Something of the same nature occurs in taking opium. In the earlier stages of opium eating the subject appears to have two mental operations going on at once. One is fantastic and odd, the other normal and regular. In such a case one is able to keep up a running comment on the visions passing before his eyes."

"The death of a healthy person is always a very different thing from the death of a diseased person. In cases of accident, where persons know that they must die in a very short time, unless the shock has been very great, they preserve their customary trains of thought; they direct their affairs with comparative composure."

"Have you ever known persons to die in a comical mood?"

"There are historic cases. Douglass Jerrold is reported to have said, 'Why torture a dying creature, doctor?' and everybody remembers the dying joke of Robert Burns—'Don't let the awkward squad fire over me.'

"It must be remembered, however, that what are called the last words of great men, may have been uttered a considerable time before death—either hours or days. Some allowance must be made for the impossibility of procuring testimony. When the late Dr. Beard died, after having become widely known as an intelligent and educated skeptic, his sister proclaimed that he had recanted on his deathbed, and had indicated his hope of heaven by pointing upward, and saying, 'Higher, higher.' But the attendant, who was beside Dr. Beard, said the words, 'Higher, higher,' had no reference to a future state of existence, but were simply an indication that the doctor wished to be raised on his pillow."

The Greatest Need of the Working Class.

An editorial in the July *Century* says: "It would seem that the working classes, in their endeavor to improve their lot in life, have largely misdirected their efforts, by seeking too exclusively to increase their income instead of trying to get more happiness out of the income they now receive. For a generation past, the workmen of all civilized countries have striven by every means they could devise to raise their wages, in the evident belief that wages could be raised even in opposition to economic forces and natural laws, and in the further belief that a sufficient increase in their income was the one thing needful to make them happy. In these endeavors, too, they have had the sympathy, and, so far as possible, the assistance of their friends in the higher ranks of society; and so exclusively have the efforts of both been turned in this direction that the 'labor question' has come to be almost synonymous with the question of raising wages.

"Now it is certainly desirable that the incomes of the mass of men should be increased wherever an increase is possible, and it is specially desirable in the case of manual laborers, whose present incomes are so small. But it is clear to all instructed minds that the machinery of trades unions and strikes and schemes for State aid to industry, and all the other devices that have been proposed to increase the laborer's earnings can do comparatively little toward accomplishing their purpose, and the history of the past thirty years shows very clearly that they have done but little."

In the course of the article, the editor remarks as follows: "It seems to us that what the workingmen most need, for the present at least, is to learn better how to use the income they now receive. Of course, if a man only earns enough to furnish himself and family with the bare necessaries of life, he can do little toward improving his lot till he has more pecuniary means. But many workingmen earn more than enough for the necessaries of life, and are able to procure some of the comforts and even luxuries also. But in choosing the kind of comforts and luxuries they will enjoy, the mass of workingmen are apt to show little wisdom; and it is here that the greatest improvement in their affairs is to be looked for. They are apt, especially the more ignorant of them, to prefer the coarser pleasures to the more refined, and the transcient to the enduring; and it seems to us that by the choice of higher and more enduring pleasures, and by greater wisdom in using the means they have to secure such pleasures, their happiness can be best promoted."

A Canine Critic.

In the year 1839 a phenomenon appeared in the musical world which attracted considerable attention in Germany. A gentleman well known as an enthusiastic musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, had a female spaniel, called Poodle. By striking the animal whenever music was played, and a false note struck, she was made to howl. At last the threat of the upraised stick was equally effective, presently a mere glance of the master's eye produced the same howl, and at last the false note itself. A German paper of the period says: "At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr. Frederick S. and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, the dog. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarionet, hautboy or bugle—all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shows its grinders and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce the same effect." It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature was confined to the mere execution of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its musical career towards its close a vicious modulation or a false relation of parts produced the same result. "Sometimes to tease the dog," says our German authority, "Mr. S. and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the inharmonious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far, because when the dog's patience is much tried it becomes savage, and endeavors to bite both its persecutors and their instruments.—*London Society.*

Social Life at Vassar.

The Poughkepsie N. Y. Correspondent of the *Harvard Herald* writes that there is not much formality about the social life at Vassar college, as all the students live in one building. There is always considerable fun and enjoyment in the senior class, as a certain corridor is their exclusive property. They have a class parlor also sacred to seniors, which is used as a room for both business and social meeting, and is finely furnished. Outside of the senior class, the pleasantest life is the parlor life of the students. A few girls room alone, but the great majority have parlors, five girls constituting a "family," each with her room, but all having the same study parlor. The nature of the girls determines whether or not the room is ready for study. Perhaps this system is condusive to cliques, but it affords a good chance to learn humanity, and to adopt one's self to circumstances. Then there is a chapter of life (neither very social nor interesting), the spreads—much fun, but discouraged by the faculty—and class and club life, whose interest varies with different classes. Vassar is divided into many cliques. It is not possible, it seems to me, for any general sociability to exist, for "birds of a feather must flock together," and you cannot make them do otherwise.

THE Railroad Commissioners of California were in lazy session, pretending to investigate abuses in the freight traffic affecting the farmers of the State, when a venerable rustic asked permission to address them. They told him to go on, and he did so until his direct charges of corruption displeased them, and they ordered an officer to eject him. "I was prepared for an interruption," he said, "and I didn't mean to be turned out without making an impression on you." Then he drew a handful of eggs from his pocket and pelted the Commissioners with them.

Poisoned Water to Drink.

When the fish died in the river, forty miles above the water-works, many people were alarmed lest the defilement of the water might extend all the way down. Happily there was nothing but what could be remedied by the use of something that everybody could procure at a few moments' notice. This little 'something' was Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

Two young men of excellent address, with their wives of equally good appearance, offered their services as clerks in a Missouri store. As they showed a familiarity with the business, and were willing to work for half of the usual wages, the four old employees of the concern were dismissed to give places to the strangers. One dark night at the end of a month they disappeared with $9,000 worth of goods.

A Relic of the War.

Dr. E. Warren, the eminent physician, late Purveyor General, C. S. A., now a petitioner in Paris and widely-known throughout the South, wrote officially: "Dr. Worthington's Cholera and Diarrhœa Medicine has long ago enjoyed a high reputation, both in and out of the Army." Other physicians of high standing recommend it, and with such endorsement it is recognized as a sovereign cure.

A GIRL left a baby on a wealthy family's doorstep in Bloomington, Ill., and leaped into the river. She was easily rescued, and a fund of several hundred dollars was raised for her by sympathetic persons. Then it was discovered that she had borrowed the infant; and that her attempted suicide was a pretence.

***"Figures are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody" writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

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