The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1883. VOL. XXII-NO 30

ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

1883. 1884.

On and after Saturday, September 22d, steamer

Enterprise

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

Leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at o'clock, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing and Round Top. Leave Chestertown at 6 o'clock, stopping at Newnam's, Wilkin's and Quaker Neck. Leave Centreville at 8 o'clock, stopping at Corsica, Poplar Grove, Emory's and Earle's, in Corsica Creek. Arriving at Baltimore at 12.30 midnight.

Returning, will leave Piers 12 and 13, Light street wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday and Thursday night at 12.00 midnight, and every Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Pleasant accommodations for passengers.

Freight received daily until 6 p. m.

RICHARD J. FOARD, President.

Sept. 27, 1883.

Chester River Steamboat Company

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

1883. 1884.

To take effect Monday, September 24th, 1883.

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, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M., making all the above landings.

The steamer GEO. LAW will leave Crumpton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock A.M., for Baltimore, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 1.30 P. M. Returning, will leave Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 A.M., making all the above stops.

The Steamer CORSICA will leave Pier 7, Light street wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at midnight for Centreville via Corsica creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown. Returning, will leave Chestertown every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M., making all the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

Sept. 27, 1883.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

On and after Friday, Sept. 28, 1883,

STEAMER PILOT BOY

Will leave Tolchester Beach for Baltimore, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 9 o'clock, A.M., and 4.30 P. M.

Baltimore, for Tolchester, from Pier 15 Light street Wharf, on Tuesdays and Fridays 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.

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

W. C. ELIASON, Manager.

Sept 27. Pier 15 Light St., Balto

E. W. F. Simpers,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Kerseys, Wool Flannels, Canton Flannels, Muslins, Prints, Ginghams, Dress Goods,

ALL AT LOW PRICES.

Hosiery, Gent's Undershirts, Corsets, Ladies Merrino Vests, Shawls, Ladies' Skirts.

PRICES INDEED LOW.

Lamps & Glassware, TOBACCO and SEGARS,

SUGAR CURED HAMS—Best in the market.

Coffees, Teas, Spices, Cocoa, Chocolate, Gelatine, Cheese, Hominy, Hominy Grists, Dry Yeast, Corn Starch, "Hecker's" Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour.

Wm. Lee & Sons' FLOUR, all grades.

We buy all of our Goods at *Cash Prices* and are determined to meet any *competition.*

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

Oct. 18, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

READ AND REMEMBER!

That at SPARKS',

Opp. Court House, you can find

Lamps, Lanterns, Clocks, Frames, Shades, Chimneys, Easels, Plaques, Tumblers, Goblets, Fancy Baskets, Covered Bowls, Work Boxes, Glass Pitchers, Combs and Brushes, Glass Setts, Pocket Books, Salt Stands, Purses, Satchels, Pickle Dishes, Perfumeries, Soaps, Celery Glasses, Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles and Frames, Cigars, Tobacco, China Tea Setts, Pipes and Smokers, Queensware, Confectionery, Looking Glasses, Oranges, Lemons, Bracelets, Wall Pockets, Nuts, Figs, Doll Babies, Pickles, Sauces, Toilet Setts, Vases, Chow-Chow, Casters, Spoons, Horse Radish, Majolica Ware, French Mustard, Paper, Envelopes, Sardines, Spices, Cards, Books, Chocolate, Cocoa, Dominoes, Checkers, Gelatine, Jellies, Thermometers, Canned Goods, Shaving Brushes, Cakes, Crackers, Bananas, and many other goods, all of which we are selling at the lowest prices.

Call in at

SPARKS'.

April 12, 1883.

To the Reading Public.

I keep on hand or can supply at short notice, any Periodical published. Harper's, the Century Company's, and Appleton's publications can be furnished either by the year or by the single number. Munroe's Seaside Novels, among which are represented the best English and American novelists, kept constantly on hand, at

M. A. TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown, Md.

Nov. 30, 1882.

NEW STOCK —OF— FALL GOODS —AT— J. H. SIMPERS

CHESTERTOWN.

DRESS GOODS, Water Proof Velveteens, White, Red and Gray Flannels, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Muslins in all widths, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Prints and a general line of DRY GOODS.

HOSIERY in all grades and prices. Ladies', Gent's and Children's Shoes; Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, Jerseys, Felt and Cloth Skirts. Gent's Undershirts at grades from 25c. to $2 each. Fine Toilet Soaps, Cologne, Hair Brushes, Combs, &c.

Men's & Boy's Winter Boots at all prices, Men's and Boy's Fine Shoes, Ladie's, Misses and Children's Kid but. Goat, but. and grain but. Shoes, Calf and Grain sewed and pegged, lace Shoes and Rubber overs. Shoes. Would call special attention to our Boot and Shoe Stock, we carry a large assortment, carefully selected, bought at lowest prices, offer at a small advance.

WE HAVE just received a nice assortment of new styles Wool Fur Fall HATS for men and boys.

INGRAIN CARPETS from 30c. per yard up. Also, Oil Cloths in handsome patterns at lowest prices.

QUEENSWARE & GLASSWARE.

Groceries, Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Soaps, Tobacco, Segars, &c., as low in prices as can be found.

Always Aim to make it to the interest of buyers to favor us with a call. J. H. SIMPERS.

LUMBER

FOR THE SPRING OF 1883.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.,

takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of

White Pine, Virginia Pine and GEORGIA PINE

LUMBER

on the Peninsula, embracing in part:

White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " " undressed;
" " 6-4 Plank " "
" " 8-4 " "
" " 4-4 Picks and Select, dressed,
" " 7-8 Rabbeted Weather Boarding;
" " Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;
" " Cull " 12 in. stk. 16 ft.
" " 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft.
" " 5-8 Siding, dressed and undressed.
" " 4-4 12 in. stk. dressed.
" " Frame Stuff.
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff.
" " Flooring.
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.

Shingles Lahs, Doors, Door Frames Window Frames Sash Mouldings &c

Specially Low Prices to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.

TERMS LIBERAL.

Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

June 21, 1883.

TO THE LADIES —OF— Chestertown And Vicinity.

MRS. KATE GILL has opened her SPRING and SUMMER MILLINERY, of the Latest Styles in

BONNETS AND HATS,

including all the novelties of the season. Also a nice line of Neck Wear, of Laces and Crape Lesses' newest line of Parasols in differen styles. Call and examine my stock.

MRS. KATE GILL.

May 10, 1883.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATE REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms on all above Parlor floor.

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 it doors.

Electric Light recently introduced.

F. W. COLEMAN, MANAGER.

March 30, 1883—y.

A GOOD CLOCK is a pleasure to any house keeper. You can find such at SPARKS'.

OUR line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to $1.00 a pound. Our 2 for 5 cts. Cigars the best in town, at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

[illegible] Chief Signal Officer, hastily [illegible] 'Let's see. The [illegible] is fifteen-half. Two [illegible] fifteen quarter. Dunwoody, [illegible]—d cod has gained a pound [illegible] half since two o'clock?'

'[illegible] gracious!' said Dunwoody.

[illegible] greatest alarm was now visi[illegible] upon the Chief Signal Officer's [illegible]. It was evident that the por[illegible] t was extraordinary. He turned [illegible] me as if for sympathy. 'What [illegible] does it indicate?' I ventured to in[illegible]ire.

'Indicate, man!' he shouted; it [illegible] dicates that a devil of a gale is [illegible]ewing somewhere. It is an ascer[illegible]ned fact that the codfish takes in [illegible]ast before a storm. But a pound [illegible] a half in four hours! The re[illegible]rds of the office show nothing like [illegible]. Why, the fish gained less than [illegible]x ounces in the seven hours preceding the great tornado of September. Send out a general alarm, Dunwoody, without an instant's delay. Order up the cautionary signals all along the Atlantic coast. Warn the observers at the Lake ports. Predict areas of unprecedently low pressure on the Southeast Rocky Mountain Slope, in the Upper Lake region, in the Florida peninsula, and the St. Lawrence Valley. Predict 'em everywhere, d——n it—predict anything you d——d please, Dunwoody; you can't draw it too strong. A pound and a half in four hours!'

Dunwoody rushed off as though a cowcatcher was at his heels, and the Chief Signal Officer began to write message after message, like one whose life depended upon his celerity. The lively click of telegraph instruments sounded in the next room. People hurried to and fro in the corridors. There was every indication of sudden and remarkable activity throughout the headquarters of the Weather Bureau.

At last the Chief Signal Officer arose and drew a long breath. 'Phew!' he said. 'Everything has been done that can be done. All we can do now is to catch onto something by our eye teeth and wait till the racket's over." Then he perceived me again.

'Hallo!' he said, rather curtly. 'You here still? Well what can I do for you now?'

'General,' said I, 'I called to learn whether it is true that the Signal Office has just procured a new Bulgarian bullfrog, who tells you by the way he jumps which way the wind is going to blow?'

'Certainly, it is true,' replied the Chief Signal Officer; 'and he affords some of our most valuable prognostics. He is a great accession to the service. You can see him if you like; he ought to be somewhere about the floor.'

We searched the floor, but found no bullfrog.

The Chief signal Officer once more rang his bell. 'George,' said he, 'we can't find Sir Isaac Newton. Where is Sir Isaac Newton?

The darky grinned. 'De bullfrog, Gen'l?' said he. 'De bullfrog 'peared too logy to prognostercate dis afternoon, and I done put him in de barrel to soak 'long wid de fish.'

With a remark indicating a limited area of uncommonly high pressure, the Chief Signal Officer kicked over the barrel. A gallon or two of brine rushed out, and on the tail of the flood the codfish came sprawling, but there was no Bulgarian bullfrog there.

Our minds grasped the situation simultaneously. We exchanged a look of intelligence. The Chief Signal Officer sank back in his armchair, and his face was very white.

'O Lord!' he faintly groaned, 'Howgate has swallowed Sir Isaac Newton.'

That is why the terrible cataclysm recently predicted by the Signal Office did not come to time. The prognostication was based on misleading data. The codfish gained a pound and a half in four hours because he had swallowed the bullfrog. But what a tornado it would have been.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Distinguished Visitors to America.

We have sometimes thought that an interesting article, or even book, might be written on the distinguished Europeans who at one period or another have come to America, either as travelers impelled by mere curiosity, or as visitors with some special though temporary object. Of course, such a performance should not be of a biographical nature. Its proper subject would be not the lives of the persons mentioned, but the preconceptions and expectations with which they set out, the impressions produced by actual experience, and the results to ourselves. The list of persons who have tried the experiment would be a long one, including, among other classes, dethroned and expectant monarchs, princes and statesmen, lawyers and financiers, men of letters and science, artists, actors, and virtuosi. No doubt there is a perpetual flow of such people from one European country to another without special observation or comment. But the communities of Western Europe are close neighbors, familiar with each other's habits, and long accustomed to an interchange of hospitalities and a reciprocity of favors. America has been to them, and, despite increased facilities of intercourse, still remains, a stranger, with something of the air of an adventurer, loud, pretentious, and swaggering in manners and speech, and engaged in vast and possibly chimerical enterprises. Communication in this case cannot be maintained on an equal footing. There may be an exchange of material advantages, as between civilized and barbarous nations or between 'gentlefolks' and tradespeople, but the intellectual benefits can come from one side only. Few and far between are the celebrities which America sends to Europe, and very slight is the attention given to them there, while numerous as are those that arrive on these shores there is none that is not made the object of a curiosity and minute examination such as the Liliputians bestowed upon Gulliver. This is even more the case at present than it was at an earlier period, when the arrivals were less frequent, but when the interviewer as yet was not and the newspaper had not yet discovered that the proper study of mankind is the number of a man's buttons and the mode in which he parts his hair or ties his cravat. Lafayette, as the 'guest of the nation,' Dickens, as the one living writer whose name was a household word in every village, Kossuth, as the hero of a great struggle which had enlisted the popular sympathies, the Prince of Wales, as the representative of a kindred country and its institutions, received ovations and attracted the gaze of the public wherever they passed. But many persons such as would now find it impossible to escape having their movements heralded and watched were formerly suffered to travel and live in the same degree of privacy as their humbler contemporaries. Talleyrand, to his great disgust, was allowed to languish in obscurity; Louis Philippe, afterward King of the French, went from place to place without being feted or made a show of; Chateaubriand, when he traversed the pathless forests of the West and South, was neither lionized by the pioneers nor tracked by the sleuth-hounds of the press; Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, ate his dinners unchronicled by the reporters; and Louis Napoleon received scanty civilities from a class of people who, had they foreseen his future greatness, would no doubt have overwhelmed him with proofs of their attachment to his person and cause. These were all Frenchmen, and their celebrity was not then full-blown. But even at a much more recent period Thackeray, at the height of his reputation, did not receive a tithe of the attention, public or private, that has since been bestowed on Oscar Wilde, or that is at present paid to Mr. Matthew Arnold. The contrast between the gains and triumphs of the great actors and singer of an earlier period and of their inferior successors of the present day is the result of a two-fold cause,—an increased demand and a diminished supply; but it affords additional testimony to the general fact that the demand for foreign talent and distinction has not yet been affected by the home production, and that the importations excite greater interest and enthusiasm than ever before.

It is somewhat remarkable, in view of the great number of such visitors and the eagerness with which they have been welcomed, that none of them should have met with inducements to remain as permanent residents. Our population owes its abnormal growth to foreign immigration, but the men of note who have flocked hither have been birds of passage merely. The only exceptions we can now recall are J. B. Booth, who had found himself debarred from a career in England, and Agassiz, for whose career special means and opportunities were expressly devised. The fact is the more extraordinary because there have been times and instances in which the vision of a New World, with the prospect of a boundless development and a freedom unrestricted by tyranny and unhampered by conventionalities, loomed up with a radiant glory before the eyes of genius amid the gloom of disappointed hopes and a thwarted ambition. Coleridge and Southey, in the democratic favor of their youth, dreamed of planting the germ of a universal brotherhood on the banks of the Susquehanna. Madame de Stael sought vainly to escape from that Continent which had become to her only a vast cage for a bird that was forbidden to sing, and exert her full powers in this pure and glorious air. Carlyle, while England was not yet prepared to listen to his prophecies of woe, had occasional thoughts of leaving that 'accursed Lazar-house of quacks and blockheads,' and betaking himself to the backwoods of America, where he might roam with 'rifle in hand and God's sky overhead.' Sainte Beuve, when resolved on quitting Paris after the revolution of '48, contemplated, as he once informed the writers, establishing himself in Boston, and caused inquiries to be made of Mr. Ticknor and other prominent inhabitants of that seat of culture in regard to his chances of success. All such projects came to naught, and perhaps no general conclusion can be drawn from their failure. But there have been cases in which it might have seemed as if some mysterious law were operating to prevent America from becoming the home of men whose presence here could hardly have failed to have an influence on history. How different would have been the course of affairs in England—possibly, also, in New England—if Cromwell, after embarking, had been allowed to cross the Atlantic and had remained among his fellow-Puritans on this side! What complications would not have arisen, at a time when all Europe was banded against a fugitive enemy and the power and obligation of the United States to shelter and protect him would have seemed questionable to its own people, if Napoleon, when fleeing from Paris, had found an American ship at Rochefort and the port unwatched by British cruisers! Clearly, it is the will of Providence that, if we are ever to have a rich growth of superior beings, it is not to be obtained by the process of transplantation or grafting.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE *Times* of Eastman, Ga., tells of a Cochran Justice of the Peace who, just as two attorneys were about to argue a case, took up his hat and said, "Gentlemen, you may talk about this case as much as you please; but I've got to go home and set out some potato slips. When you get through you'll find my decision written out there," and he walked out.

BEES taken to Florida become lazy, and make only as much honey as they need from day to day.

NANCY.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

(*From the Century "Brie-a-Brac."*)

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen;
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please go,
Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged her permission to stay. She'd not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished
My heart staid with Nancy, while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

John A. Fraser, Jr.

English High Society.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—When Mr. Boehm was elected a Royal Academician, it was considered a high honor conferred on a sculptor of foreign birth and extraction, notwithstanding his artistic deserts and long residence in England; but no one was prepared for the crowning distinction which awaited him of being selected by her Majesty for the task of modelling the form of the lamented John Brown. Three duplicates of the statue are commanded to grace the grounds of three distinct royal residences. A model in stucco, painted bronze color, is now erected on a pedestal at Balmoral for the faithful eyes of the sovereign to rest upon it till the unveiling of the permanent work in the spring, which will be performed by the Queen herself with all pomp and solemnity. An appropriate inscription, composed by herself, will record the manly virtues of the servant and the high esteem of the royal mistress.

Men have died and toiled in the service of monarchs, consecrated their lives, their genius, their intelligence to their country's welfare or prosperity, and met with scanty gratitude and no recognition; but the gillie whose doughty deeds consisted in sitting in a rumble or walking by a highland pony, has reaped substantial favors while he was in the flesh and exorbitant honors since his demise.

However, the erection of even a regiment of statues, be they of the Prince Consort or of John Brown, can cause but little inconvenience, while another form of mournful regard affected by her Majesty is fraught with some unpleasantness.

As a further mark of grief and respect, the house built by the Queen for John Brown at Craithie has been shut up by her orders, as also the rooms, no mean ones, which were his at Balmoral, Osborne and Windsor Castle. This ghastly consecration of apartments to funeral memories is a passion with the Queen. Those belonging to the Princess Charlotte, at Claremont, never saw the light of day during the long stay of the Orleans exiles; even Prince Leopold only held his tenure of that palace on the express condition that those rooms should on no account be used. To this day the suite apportioned to the Duchess of Kent, at Frogmore, is closed; and as it comprises the most habitable rooms of this small and exquisitely inconvenient residence, the house has been virtually deserted since 1861, except when twenty years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales were made, much to their disgust, to reside in it for a couple of months. It is needless to add that none but the Queen herself ever enters the various rooms formerly occupied by the Prince Consort in the different royal abodes.

Her Majesty exercises a strict supervision over all the palaces, and the privilege granted to some old ladies and gentlemen to reside in them, which has converted not a few into genteel almshouses, is not compatible with any great amount of individual liberty. For once, an Englishman's house is not his castle, or at least it is not so well fortified that he can allow himself to defy observation. A mandate is about to be issued enjoining on the aristocratic paupers enjoying the eleemosynary hospitality to "correct and reform their manners and excesses." The impecunious recipiants of the royal bounty, the dwellers under the royal roof, free of rent, have dared to gamble, have risked large sums on cards in the frowsy, low, shabby genteel rooms allotted to them; and, hideous profanation, they have allowed the bell which divides Saturday night from Sunday morning to toll without desisting from their evil practices; while even "Good Friday and other days appointed to be kept holy" have been desecrated in the like fashion. The poor old reprobates, when the rebuke falls on them together, in some cases with expulsion from the haven of rest, might, if they should look over a file of old newspapers, find mention in the *Court Circular* of a ball given to the gillies and servants of Balmoral on Friday in Holy Week.

Give to Cæsar what is due to Cæsar. The pompous butler, the chair-guarding groom of the chamber, the poor hangers-on, nay, even the underpaid hirelings, have in turn been held responsible for the dissemination of all the information of a private nature which fills the columns of the so-called society papers, the unblushing vanity of the upper ten not being brazen-faced enough to own that they themselves provide the details of their illustrious movements or the complete list of visitors, guests and inmates of castle, shooting box or town house. Bad form as it must always be to permit the periodical appearance of such paragraphs, when a quiet line to Mr. Y. or Mr. L. would cause them to vanish forever, still the philanthropists could, if so minded, derive some satisfaction from the thought that a few extra shillings were slipped into the ever outstretched palm of the gaudy flunky or the starched major domo. But even this attenuating circumstance cannot be truthfully pleaded by those who attempt to defend this ever-recurring betrayal of the sanctity of home, of the privacy of individual action. The informers and spies are not in the hall or kitchen, on the stairs or in the stables; they belong to the best clubs, they are found among young members and old *habitues.* They indite the gossip and communicate the news; they condense the scandal of yesterday and hint at the scandal of to-morrow. They run the guantlet of twenty at homes, dinners, balls and opera boxes, and feed the curiosity of fifty thousand imbeciles with the gleanings of their day, for a stipend which a penny-a-liner in a transpontine paper would refuse. And they are received, flattered and encouraged, for venality is rivalled only by vanity, and both are excelled by meanness.

Women are not behind in this field, and have little to reproach the sterner sex with. The higher the rank the more society pardons certain usages and customs which would disgrace a bourgeoise and bring an artisan's wife into a police court. Those titled dames whose lords bear names dating from the conquest, whose rent roll is enormous, are not alwasy flush of ready money. The royal Prince or Duke who was wont to stay in their homes, to hunt or shoot, or daily in their conservatories over choice orchids, acknowledging the hospitality of Duchesses with costly souvenirs, may have turned to younger and fairer stars, for even Duchesses grow old, admirers grow cold, while fashion remains exacting and expenses increase. So the noble aristocrat allows an untitled friend to recommend a yet unknown dress maker—she gives the rising *couturiere* her custom, orders largely, and ignores the bill; she is dunned in vain. She does not pay and does not intend to do so. "My name is on your books. What more can you require? It is worth a fortune to you," is her imperturbable retort. She is right—she knows it; that magic shibboleth brings grist to the milliner's mill; the woman knows it likewise, and in balancing her accounts she finds it more profitable to retain the custom of the Duchess than to exact the settlement of her bill.

While some do not pay for what they buy, others are made to pay for what they never meant to acquire. It behooves one to be guarded when a comparative stranger leaning against a mantelpiece sipping his 5 o'clock tea at a kettle-drum blandly inquires after your health. He may be an M. D., an army surgeon, attached to the person of a great personage, and you may have met him before in society; but for all that do not be inveigled into the selfish failing of descanting on your health; if he informs you you look feverish, do not deny it, and in support of your opinion playfully hold out your wrist and allow him to feel your pulse. Do not be deluded when blandly smiling he shakes his head and recommends potash water as a cooling beverage, for before he leaves the house he will return to you and demand two guineas as his fee for prescribing for you. Do not attempt to pass it off as a joke—the M. D. means it in sober, serious earnest—he exacts his pound of flesh, and he gets it, for you shrewdly suspect that he has you somehow, and that should you carry the case before a solicitor, who would take it to counsel, they would both tell you the man was in his rights, and call it "sharp practice, very," with just that tinge of admiration which successful audacity always elicits. M. DE S.

THE CRASH OF WORLDS.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

The *Popular Science Monthly* says:

—If ever two great worlds do meet in this way it is possible to predict some of the consequences. To use the technical language of science, "their energy of molar motion will be converted into various forms of molecular and potential energy," which, translated into the vernacular, means that there will be evolution of heat and light, while at the same time the solids present will be wholly or in part liquefied, the liquids vaporized and the vapors and gasses rarefied and expanded. The intensity of the action will depend mainly upon the mass and swiftness of the coliding bodies; but an easy calculation shows that if our earth were ever to meet another globe like herself, and meeting with the same velocity, heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform them both into a huge ball of vapor, unless, indeed, the central core of the earth is much colder and more refractory than usually supposed. At any rate, the quantity of heat developed would be sufficient to melt, boil and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times that of both the coliding worlds—an ice planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

If, however, the impinging masses were, to begin with, mainly gaseous (as the sun seems to be) the effect might be curiously different. Heat might of course be generated, just as in the case of solid bodies; but as a consequence, apparently most paradoxical, the resulting nebula might actually be cooler than either of the bodies before the encounter; of course, it would be vastly expanded in volume. Just as a gaseous mass, contracting under its own gravity from loss of heat by radiation at its surface, continually rises in temperature, so a similar mass, expanding against its own gravity from accession of heat within, may fall in temperature, nay, must fall, if the body is composed of "perfect" gas. Of course immediately after the collision, and before the ultimate expansion bulk was attained, the temperature and brilliancy of the mass would be for a time vastly increased, but the final result would be as stated.

Facts for the Curious.

Tubal Cain is represented as the first blacksmith.

In Japan, when a man cuts down a tree he plants another one to take its place.

In the earliest history of slavery in America male slaves were sold at prices ranging from $100 to $125.

The water mill was probably invented in Asia. The oldest description is of one near the temple of Mithridates.

Napoleon crowned himself while at Milan with Charlemagne's iron crown. It is now in the possession of King Humbert.

J. W. Poe, living near Midway, Ky., has a muscovey duck which has made its nest in a fork of a tree fifty feet high, to which she flies regularly, depositing an egg every day.

A music teacher in North Carolina who was giving a lesson on the piano discovered something wrong with the sound, and on raising the top found a large snake coiled upon the strings.

Washington county, Ky., claims the longest-bearded man on record. He is a merchant at Winchester, is six feet tall, and when standing erect his beard hangs several inches below his knees.

The money current in Tonquin is made of the poorest kind of tin. The coins are perforated and generally strung on a thread. For a dollar one receives more of them than can easily be carried.

The heaviest gun is the 100-ton gun in use in Europe. The projectile is 2,000 pounds, the weight of the charge depending upon the kind of powder used, averaging about two hundred pounds. Projectiles are thrown from six to eight miles.

The mechanical force that is exerted at each pulsation of the heart amounts to a pressure of thirteen pounds upon the entire charge of blood that has to be pressed onward through the branching network of blood vessels. This gives an exertion of force that would be adequate in another form of application to lift 120 tons one foot high every twenty-four hours.

A Western Congressman.

Of 'Gabe' Bouck, who was for two terms a Representative in Congress from Wisconsin, and who distinguished himself by voting 'no' so loud that he could be heard in Alexandria, when a proposition was up looking to woman suffrage, a contributor in the Washington *Post* writes: 'Bouck underwent a queer transformation when he came to Wasbington to serve in Congress. He had never worn a white shirt or a waistcoat before coming here. His shirt was a black flannel, with a heavy gold chain twisted down its front. His coat was a blue frock, adorned with huge brass buttons. His face was heavy and swarthy, His nose turned up a decided pug, while his eyes were black and viciously crossed. Over a low forehead hung a shock of uncombed, coarse, black hair. This eccentric lawyer—a man of ability, a sworn bachelor and howling hater of women—came to the Ebbitt House, and was seated at the table where sat Congressman McKinley and his wife. Her bright, sunny, lady-like ways subdued at once the man who had never mentioned for fifty years a woman's name without an oath. Gradually Bouck became transformed. He bought a white shirt and a waistcoat. He had his hair cut and combed. Finally he added the crowning stroke by having his boots blacked. He was while here the chivalrous and devoted slave of the charming Mrs. McKinley, who used to be called by her lady friends 'the bear tamer.'"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Fox's Book of Martyrs"

Contains the history and pictures of hundreds of people who were stoned, burned, beaten, pulled to pieces and otherwise tortured on account of their conscientious convictions as to belief and duty. They suffered incredible torment and have come down to the present age as martyrs. It is not now customary to torture people thus, but they are made martyrs by rheumatism until they suffer almost as much as did the heroes of the martyr ages. There was no relief for the old-time martyrs, but there is happy relief for those who sufier from rheumatism. Cashier Charles F. Morrill, of Manchester, N. H., suffered terribly from frequent attacks of this painful disease, but he has been cured. He writes: "I was a martyr to rheumatism, and, although I tried many other remedies, I found nothing that relieved me like Perry Davis' Pain Killer." Other rheumatic martyrs may wisely take the hint.

A HOUSE built to withstand tornadoes—so the *Minnesota Tribune* says—is that of a banker, the wealthiest man in Osakis, Minn. All the corners are acute angles, and the sides sink back into other angles, giving this architectural freak the contour of a star. From the highest point of the roof the gutters sink suddenly, making great depressions. This angularity was, it is said, inspired by the banker's wife, who lives in constant dread of storms. The corners were made very sharp, to split tornadoes. The cellar walls are of unusual thickness, and the timbers of the structure are anchored in them, so that the house may not be blown down without taking up the foundations. All the weather boarding is put on in oblique lines.

Happy Once More.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A *Chronicle* reporter was told by Mr. Alfred J. Papin of this city, that his nephew had the most obstinate case of inflammatory rheumatism which baffled all kinds of treatment until St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-conqueror, was used. It cured the young man, and he recommends it as the greatest cure for pains in the world.

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