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A LOST LOVE.

How long my soul had loved her,
In years, I can not tell;
When first her eyes of sunshine
Came in my heart to dwell.
Through days of bane and blessing
Her soul my footsteps led;
We loved, and then we parted—
We met, but she was dead.

The west was red with sunset,
Turned gray the eastern seas;
We walked alone together,
Where blossoms gemmed the trees.
We heard the song of waters
Kissed by the summer wind,
But peace, the white-winged spirit,
We nevermore could find.

The snow-white lilies sleeping,
The crimson rose leaves dead,
The wind that stirred the blossom
But heard the words I said.
I prayed of heaven to bless her,
While we two stood alone;
Then the white daylight vanished—
'Twas night, and she was gone.

To-day I stood beside her,
Where cold and still she lies.
The earth is green around her—
Above, the summer skies.
And there I read a greeting—
From out her heart of dust
White roses bloomed and blossomed,
To prove her love and trust.
—Lucy McKlone Stapleton.

PROCRASTINATION AMONG PERSIANS

A Persian Scribe at Work—Specimen of a Mirza's Manuscript.

On our trip from Resht to Teheran we Americans were always the first in the saddle and generally a couple of miles on the road before the meimander, a glorious specimen of his class—that is, the great officer sent by the shah to conduct us strangers from the confines of his country to his capital—was ready to start. And we had to use all sorts of wiles and work all kinds of spells on him to keep up with us on the journey. But it was only the certainty that it would not only cost him his official head, but also that magnificent gold watch Minister Winston had for him stored away in one of his trunks, if he were left behind, that aroused him to such an unusual exertion. Without that he would have arrived a week after us at Teheran.

To see a Persian write a letter or sign a document is a treat. He seizes his reed pen with an awful deal of circumspection, and dips it slowly, hesitatingly into the ink, then as slowly brings it on a straight line with his optics and examines it carefully, if the ink hasn't since disappeared—vanished into thin air, as it were. Having convinced himself that no such piece of magic has been performed by an unseen power, he gets himself into shape to pen his first letter. This requires various painful and violent contortions of the body, similar to those Sammy Weller of Pickwickian fame used to undergo when indicting his valentine, and then the paper is seized, again very slowly and unwillingly, and brought to within six inches of the nose. Then a dab is made. The first letter is done. It is taken up and duly admired, whereupon a rest of five minutes is taken, when the same series of evolutions and maneuvers is repeated to give birth to another letter, and so on. I watched a professional mirza (scribe) the other day. He was a man noted for his quick work. It took him eighteen minutes by the watch to write his first line.

The amount of writing the average white man will do in about half an hour will keep a Persian mirzas very busy all day, and these mirzas, you must remember, are the salt of the nation; they are the learned men, the philosophers, the men of brain and thought. I was shown a manuscript the other day, quite pretty and odd, the writing almost as fine as steel engraving and all the dots and titles of which Persia has such an abundance, executed with neatness and precision, but still not as fine as many a manuscript in European or American libraries written by the indefatigable hand of some good old friar of old. There were no illuminated initials nor any other fancy work about it—just the plain writing. I was told with exultation by a Persian that this manuscript had been written in the almost incredibly short time of thirty-six years. One of the aforesaid monks would have done it in a twelve-month. These are specimens of the insane love for procrastination the average Persian cherishes in his bosom.—Teheran Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Summary of Japanese Seismology.

Regular earthquake observations are now made in Japan, according to Prof. Seikei Sekiya, of the University of Tokio, at over 500 stations throughout the empire. From the reports sent in by different observers maps have been made showing the disturbed area in every shock, and a summary of observations during the last years has been compiled. The total number of earthquakes in in 1885 was 482, or 1.3 a day. In Tokio alone sixty-nine shocks were registered. They are most prevalent in the northern and central portions of the main island and on the Pacific coast.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Circulation of Japanese Publications.

Thirty-seven Japanese publications are devoted to matters connected with education, and these have a total circulation of 42,649 per month. There are seven medical papers, with a monthly circulation of 13,514; nine relating to sanitary matters, with a circulation of 8,195; two on forestry and two on pharmacy. There are seven devoted to various branches of science, with a circulation of 2,428; but to these must be added twenty-two engaged in popularizing science, with a total circulation of 70,666.—Exchange.

A Cemetery in North Carolina.

In a graveyard at Greensboro, N. C., the married women are buried in one square, the married men in another, in still another square the maiden ladies, while together rest the unmarried men. Then in two other squares are found on one side the boys and on the other the girls. At the head of each grave is a plain, white marble slab, and the same care and attention are given to each.—Chicago Times.

First Light Over the Capitol.

The first light ever hoisted over the capitol at Washington, in 1847, was a lantern on a mast towering about 150 feet above the dome. The mast was secured by heavy iron braces. The lantern was surmounted by a ball and weather vane. With the glass in the lantern it weighed about 800 pounds. It contained large burners, and when lighted it illuminated not only the entire capitol grounds, but all the higher portions of the city.—Chicago Herald.

Work of the Adjective Editor.

"Yes," he explained to the young woman, "I am the adjective editor of the magazine."

"The adjective editor?"

"Yes. We get a great deal of manuscript from young ladies, and it is my duty to go through their copy and kill the adjectives. And," he added, with a tired look in his eyes, "the work is very laborious."—New York Sun.

The Czar and Russian Red-Tapeism.

The czar of Russia is said to be in public and private, honest, frank and straightforward. He is hard-working, resolute and intensely patriotic; but is unable to make rapid decisions on account of the red-tapeism which charcterizes official methods in Russia.—Philadelphia Call.

He Was Born a Monarch.

The infant king of Spain enjoys the almost unique distinction of having been born a monarch. There is no other like instance in the history of Spain nor of England. In France there has been one such incident, in the case of John I, in 1316.—Chicago Tribune.

SMUGGLING LETTERS IN AFRICA.

Means Used by White Men Among Savages to Send News to Friends.

Three scientific men, Emin Bey, Dr. Junker and Signor Casati, have for two years been virtually prisoners in the depths of Africa. Hemmed in on one side by the followers of the Mahdi they retreated southward until they were stopped by hostile blacks not far from the sources of the Nile. There they now are in the Unvoro country, waiting for the succor which two parties sent out under Drs. Fischer and Lenz are trying amid great difficulties to carry to them. Though cut off from all hope of escaping by their own exertions, they have been able to send a letter to their friends. The fact has been frequently illustrated within the past year or two that the castaway in savage lands can often make his sad plight known to the friends whom it is utterly impossible for him to reach except by letter.

The messenger who bore the missive of these unfortunates to Victoria Nyanza was probably just like those who until recently were wont to travel over the same road from the Egyptian outposts to the great lake—an almost naked savage carrying his letter in a split stick which he bore high above his head when walking through the tall wet grass. Postmen like this have done a great deal of letter carrying through African jungles, and they have proved to be faithful and expeditious.

The missionaries at the north end of Victoria Nyanza for some months past have virtually been prisoners in Rubaga, and until recently none of them was permitted to set his foot outside the town. Yet in the dark days when no white man could possibly reach them, and they hardly dared to hope that their lives would be spared from hour to hour, they managed several times to communicate with their friends in England. Hidden in the garments of Arab traders, their letters safely reached the coast, and were read in England about three months after they were written. In the same way a number of white captives of the Mahdi have contrived to send tidings from their prison huts in Khartoum to friends in Europe.

Six hundred years ago the man who wished to send a message north from the south end of Cochin, China, placed it in the hands of a courier, who was relieved when about twelve to sixteen miles on his way by a second courier, and thus the letter was transferred from post to post, the couriers traveling at a sharp trot, carrying the letter as far in one day as the ordinary traveler could journey in three. Exactly the same method is still employed to carry the mails over this route. Along the royal road that skirts the sea from Salgon through Annam to Hue the couriers still hurry to an extraordinary place with their mail snugly stowed away in bamboo tubes.

The method of carrying the mail in savage lands is here and there improving. It is now possible, for instance, 1,000 miles up the Congo river, to affix to a letter a postage stamp bearing the portrait of the King of Belgium and the words "Free Congo State," put it into a civilized mail bag, and send it on its journey to the sea. This is a decided improvement on the black native with his split stick.—New York Sun.

The Wife of Historian Bancroft.

A topic of conversation in American society, writes a Paris correspondent, is the lonely state of Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, who a short time ago was left a widower at the age of 86. I had a short and agreeable acquaintance with Mrs. Bancroft, when she and her husband represented the United States republic at Berlin. Had she lived another year she would have celebrated her golden wedding with Bancroft, who was her second husband. They were an interesting couple. She was ceremonious without being prim or starched. Her smile showed self-complacency, free, however, from conceit, and certainly a wish to be very gracious. She spoke with deliberation, and yet avoided drawling, and brought out every word with clear distinctness. Mr. Bancroft, a white-bearded, hale old gentleman, with a fine eye, that denoted sagacity and a quick perception, was, when she spoke of him, "the minister," or "my husband." He was as ceremonious and as free from starch as his wife. Their mental habits and mode of speech were cultivated before telegraphese was invented and the reaction toward blunt Anglo-Saxon phraseology had taken place.

Mrs. Bancroft's conversation savored of "elegant extracts." It was picturesquely and prettily old-fashioned. I only knew her when she was staying in a hotel; but I was told that she was a notable, although by no means a fussy, housekeeper, and that the German crown princess picked up many American culinary notions when dining at the table—such as cranberry preserves with roast mutton, oyster soup, pumpkin pie, and doughnuts. I one day had the pleasure of walking round a horticultural show with Mrs. Bancroft, who I found was an enthusiastic rose-fancier, and could teach most of the gardeners who exhibited improved methods of cultivating different species of roses. She was also a walking biographical encyclopædia. Who was there within the last sixty-six years in Europe or America that either he or she had not known or seen or heard about from mutual friends?

Mott Street's Chinese in Gotham.

Life begins in these strange caravanseries at 6, when the proprietor or clerk opens the front door and sends out for the breakfast materials. These comprise rice, fish, pork, bread, and vegetables. The lodgers next put in an appearance, crawling out of their bunks, still drowsy with sleep or sleep-giving drugs. A pail of water and a coarse rag in the kitchen soon restore the circulation of the body and fit one and all for the morning meal. This is made of the articles described, but cooked in ways very different from those employed in civilized circles. The rice is plain boiled, the fish boiled or stewed and served with an aromatic sauce in which ginger, cloves and red pepper are prominent factors; the pork and vegetables are chopped into thin pieces and stewed together. The drinks employed are hot and cold tea, and sometimes minute quantities of strong arrack or rice brandy. After breakfast many of the lodgers depart for their daily work. Among these early birds are cigar makers, clerks, peddlers, and shipping runners.

Those who remain are generally seamen, merchants, gamblers, and agents. These after their repast light a cigar or cigarette, opium or hasheesh, and take "solid comfort" for an hour or more. Those who have literary tastes lie down in their bunks and read, for, strange to say, most orientals assume a recumbent attitude when reading or studying; those who desire excitement resort to dominoes and other games of chance, while the majority simply smoke and "swap stories." At noon a second meal is served similar to breakfast, but including besides soups and stews, in which macaroni and vermicelli are chief features. At 5 o'clock dinner is given. It is like its predecessors in the articles served, only there is more of them and all are more highly spiced and seasoned.—New York Letter.

An Acquired Taste of Animals.

The taste of animals for prickly comfrey is not natural, but acquired. It takes a horse as long to acquire an appetite for it as it does for a man to like tobacco, olives, or bitter ale.—Chicago Times.

A Lesson in Thumb Language.

A large ball to the thumb in a bad hand promises a leaning to all sorts of self-indulgence; but in an artist's hand it indicates love of color and gifts of expression by means of color alone.

WHERE THE BOMB FELL.

FAME FOR ONE UNKEMPT ALLEY IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

Grangers, Capitalists, Travelers and City People Thronging to the Scene of the Explosion—Hackmen Finding the Spot a Source of Considerable Profit.

There is a certain alley on the west side where more strangers can be seen every day than in any other particular spot in Chicago. A few weeks ago no one loitered about this unkempt alley and the entrance to it was always partially choked at eventide by several big trucks. This is what served primarily to make it the noteworthy place it is now. On the evening of May 4 the Anarchist leaders chose this spot to make their speeches and improvised a platform from the trucks. It is here that the first Nihilistic bomb was hurled on American soil.

Throngs of people daily visit this spot and stand about vainly endeavoring to satisfy their morbid curiosity. A great majority of these people are from the country. They consider the spot one of the many attractions of Chicago, and, to judge by the comments of some of these grangers, the bomb was thrown chiefly for the purpose of furnishing Chicago with another attraction for country folk.

"Wall," fervently ejaculated a tall, sunburned man, with a nasal twang to his voice, as he led up a freckled-faced woman and two overgrown lads, "this is the exact spot tew a' inch. Them fellers thrown that air boom right cum that air little lane inter the p'lice officers. Yer seein' the spot with yer own eyes now, Mariar."

The freckled-faced woman and the two boys were too much impressed with the gravity of the situation to reply.

"Me an' the folks cum all the way frum Posey county," remarked the enterprising granger, bubbling over with importance, addressing a bystander. "Me an' the folks yused ter go to St. Looy every spring, but when I hern 'bout these booms I reckoned ole St. Looy didn't hev nuthin' tew match, and so I cum ter Chicago."

VISITING THE FATAL SPOT.

There are many persons who are not grangers who visit the fatal spot. They are travelers who are passing through the city, and stay over at some of the big hotels. They hire a carriage to take them about, and the hackmen were not long in discovering that none was too high-toned or blase not to wish to see the fatal spot in Haymarket square. They consequently "put him on the list" along with the parks, the water-works and the stock yards. An observing hackman, and one of the first to take strangers to the square, says the place is one of the best in point of interest of anything on the route.

"It's a time-killer and saver for the horses," he remarked, thoughtfully, "an' it puzzles me to know what there is about the durned old alley to interest old chaps with silk hats. But they're the fellers that go all to piece over there. I pull up at the alley, and sing out 'Here's the place where the bomb was hoisted. Then I waits fur orders to drive on. Well, sir, I've had the durndest lot of old fellers with silk hats, wide foreheads, and bald patches you ever set eyes, on. As soon as I get 'em to the place they falls into the dumps. They just sits and pulls away at their whiskers, an' looks at the alley an' then at the street or back at the alley. I used to wake 'em up an' drive away, but now let 'em sit there an' charge 'time.' I have noticed that most of these fellers come from the Grand Pacific, an' I guess they're capitalists."

Sunday afternoon fewer strangers and more city people than on any other day in the week visit the scene of the riot. Many are workingmen and come with their families. As a rule they loudly denounce the bomb-thrower and all his associates, but occasionally greasy fellows with slouch hats laugh exultantly, talk together in a foreign tongue, and then swagger off. The visitors are not, however, confined to any particular class. Many well-dressed men stop opposite the alley and gaze thoughtfully at the street for a few moments and then pass on.

After all, this tendency of human kind to visit the scenes of bloodshed is nothing new, but it is still strong. It lasts for centuries, and people, even now, are standing in Holyrood castle gazing at the spot where the lover of Mary Queen of Scots is said to have lost his life three centuries ago.—Chicago News.

Scene at a Children's Hospital.

"I happened to be in one of the wards of the Children's hospital some time ago," said a lady the other day, "at the hour when, at the beginning of the short winter twilight, the children had been prepared for sleep. It was a beautiful sight to see the little convalescents kneeling in the little cots and lisping 'Our Father,' and 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and even more touching and beautiful to see those who were too weak to rise lifting their tiny weak hands in prayer. Suddenly one poor little baby in a distant corner set up a pitiful, wailing cry:

"'I want to go home! I want to go home!'

"The words were taken up and repeated from many a cot. It brought the tears into my eyes, and I said to the nurse:

"'This must be very hard for you to bear?'

"'It is,' she said, 'but we generally expect to hear that when nightfall comes. Books and toys while away time for such as are able to sit up, and the other poor little things lie very patiently all day, but when the evening comes and the prayers, there seems to come a great longing for their homes and for their mothers. There is little we can do to prevent it; it generally ends when one by one they drop off to sleep."—Boston Record.

An Over-Careful Old Legislator.

"Forty years or more ago I sat in the Indiana legislature next an old fellow who always voted 'no' on every bill that was presented. One day I said to him. 'What's the matter with you? Can't you say "aye?" Why, you haven't voted for anything since you're been in this house.'

"'Well,' said he, 'if a good law passes all right. You never hear anything from that, but if they pass a bad law I want to be on the record right.'"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

How She Got Even with Sanders.

Here is the way a self-reliant woman heads off, in an English newspaper, her husband, who apparently has been "posting" her:

NOTICE.—I, Mary Sander, never contracted any debts in the name of William Sanders, as the name of Sanders is not good enough to get credit on.

(Signed) MARY SANDERS.

A wooden dish manufactory at Mancelona, Mich., ships a car-load of dishes a day.

Fifteenth Century Biscuits Revived.

A foreign journal states that Mr. Nimonet, the celebrated baker of Pontfaverge, France, has found in an ancient manuscript of the fifteenth century the authentic recipe of the famous biscuits served at the coronation feast of King Charles VII., at Rheims, in 1429. He, M. Nimonet, has revived these biscuits under the name of Biscuits Blancs Vanilles Nimonet.

A Funeral Reform Association.

John Ruskin, writing to the secretary of the Church of England Funeral Reform association, expresses his approval of the object of the association, and adds: "If I could stop people from wasting their money while they are alive, they might bury themselves how they liked for aught I care."—Chicago Journal.

The Latest Thing in Hat Lining.

The latest invention in hat lining is a map of the city of London printed on silk, so that any stranger or gay young fellow may find his way home or see at a glance if cabby is taking him the nearest route to his destination.—Scientific American.

Amateur Photographers at the Resorts.

Amateur photography is still the vogue and undoubtedly at the summering places every one that one knows will be taken, or else have to submit to being "took."

Novelties in the Ice Trade.

New York was astonished recently by the arrival of a cargo of ice from Norway. The article is sometimes taken from Maine to India. Less than thirty years ago ice from Alaska was retailed in Sacramento.

OF INTEREST TO ANGLERS.

Fish That Make Things Interesting to Fishermen When They Bite.

The fresh-water sportsmen hold salt-water fishing in high esteem, but their ignorance misleads them. In every salt water inlet of the Chesapeake bay there is better fishing than there is in any Allegheny or Adirondack streams; and those whose purses will not admit the expenses of a trip to the mountain-hemmed haunt of the trout and bass, can easily prove the truth of this assertion in the blue Chesapeake. There swim in no waters on the globe a greater variety of game fish. Sheepshead, rockfish, drum, perch, taylor, weakfish, trout and mackerel include the best varieties, while in oft-times troublesome profusion swarm the smaller fry—spot, crocus, pike, moccasin, sunfish, catfish and eels.

The king of our waters is undoubtedly the rockfish, or striped bass. It is greatly the superior of the salmon in beauty and in gameness it stands it peer. Our streams contain it in its most perfect state. Symmetrical in form and beautiful in shape, it is a sight to make any lover of the "divine sport" grow enthusiastic over its charms. It is a voracious feeder and quick as lightning in capturing its prey. Take him as you may, his first dash when hooked is tremendous and he will make a gallant fight for life that will exhilarate the most hardened sportsman.

The perch, while not usually regarded as being very gamey, is yet a great favorite with anglers. It bites assuredly and fast. In winters in the deep salt water of the bays, and after the suns of spring have warmed the water it issues forth on its foraging expeditions, pushing up the inlets into fresh and brackish water, halting about rocky bottoms, old wrecks, sunken bridge piers and water lily margins. Off the Kent shore, at Betterton, and in Chester river, is the best perch fishing. Rare sport at the proper season—from July to September—can be had on these grounds, it being not unusual for two or three half-pound perch to be caught on one line when a sufficient number of hooks are used. Whether for gameness or as a table luxury the sheepshead is superb.

This fish comes from the south. It generally arrives in the vicinity of Chincoteague about the 1st of May, but does not reach our waters until midsummer. An inexperienced fisherman will find the sheepshead not easy of capture. After it has found the bait, two or three preliminary nibbles announce the fact, and ten to one the nervous sportsman will strike and lose it. But if he is patient, presently there will come a steady draw, and then it is that the fisherman must strike, and pull hard and fast, keeping a weather-eye open for the headers which the sheepshead is sure to make. Very heavy tackle is necessary for this fish, as it is very strong and makes a vicious resistance.

Years ago drum-fishing was a great sport among the fishermen of tidewater Talbot and of other counties along the bay, but this fish seems to have been driven out of the middle and upper Chesapeake, whether by the steamboats or by the oyster dredges it is difficult to determine. In those days the signal that drums were about usually caused a cessation of all other occupations and a general rush was made to the drumming grounds. An absence of several days was made often, and the result would be loads of fish. But that day is numbered with the past, and the once familiar "drum note" of this fish is heard no more.

The fiercest and greediest fish in our waters is the taylor. It is predatory and voracious, and is a terror to nearly every kind of smaller fish. It is one of our most valuble varieties as a food fish, rivaling the shad in exquisiteness of flavor. Some ally it with the bluefish species, but this is denied by many. The bay mackerel is a lithe, brilliant fellow when first taken from the water, and has no equal as a gridiron fish. It is a bashful biter, but when it does finally take hold it gives a pull that sends the blood surging through every vein of the angler's body.—Baltimore American.

Getting Ahead of the Count.

Albert de Lasalle, the editor of Charivari, who died recently, was once dining at the house of an artist with his friends. In the company there was a little Italian count, the most provoking type of the Florentine braggart. "At Florence," remarked this boastful pifferaro, "in the palace which belongs to my family the dining-room is so high that you have to use a lorgnette in order to see the frescoes on the ceiling." "That is different from mine, then," replied Lasalle, good humoredly. "I have a dining-room that is so low that you can only serve soles there."—Philadelphia Press.

Size and Value of Pearls.

"According to their size," said a dealer the other day, "pearls receive various names. Those of extraordinary size are called 'paragon pearls;' when the size of a cherry, 'cherry pearls;' medium are called 'piece pearls;' smallest, 'dust pearls.' The oval and long are termed 'pear pearls,' while badly-formed specimens are known as 'baroques.'

"Is there any standard value?"

"Well, the 'piece,' 'seed,' and 'dust' grades have always a market price, which varies, of couse, with the quality and general color. The 'cherry' and 'paragon' are sold on an entirely different basis. If many fine ones are on the market at a time they may be had at reasonable rates. Some years they bring almost any price. The last two years, especially, there has been a great scarcity of fine pearls, although there is no falling off in the supply of the small stuff. When a pearl exceeds one carat in weight it is sold separately. Under that weight they are sold in parcels and become less valuable as they become smaller. The smallest dust pearls collected average about 5,000 to the troy ounce and are at present rated at about $9 per ounce. If, on the contrary, one paragon weighing an ounce (or 150 carats) was on sale it would bring any amount from $30,000 to $200,000, according to quality.—Chicago News Interview.

Where Languages Are Best Spoken.

The best French is always spoken in Paris, where there is an inimitable accent which makes law. The best English is certainly spoken in Dublin. The best German is spoken in Vienna, although I always liked the Dresden articulation. In Florence they speak the best Italian, but the Romans pronounce it better—Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana. I never heard more musical English than from the lips of educated New York ladies, and there is a peculiar charm in the old French spoken by the pretty women of Quebec.—Montreal Gazette.

Take influence out of the world and how many men would gain position on their merits.—Jud Lafagan.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF DOGS.

Some Remarkable Examples of Canine Sagacity—A Conclusion.

Quite a remarkable paper on the dog's intelligence from the pen of a well-known French savant appears in The Popular Science Monthly. From its title: "What May Animals Be Taught," the writer's object, which is to show a radical difference between the human and animal intelligence. He combats the theory generally accepted at the present day, that the dog's intelligence, however much it may differ from man's in degree, is the same in kind. Thus he says:

"If, while sitting at my table, I say to my son: 'Will you be so good as to bring me my slippers?' he will understand me. If I say the same thing to my dog, in the same tone and without moving, he will not understand me. I shall have to express myself in a particular manner and a particular tone of voice. He will understand: 'Mouston, bring the slippers!' or 'Mouston, slippers!' or, 'Mouston, bring!' But he will not understand the cool, calm request that is sufficient direction to my boy. Provided I make the accustomed gesture, the dog will obey, though I use the wrong word; and he will not obey, though I use the right word, if I speak in an indifferent tone as if to some one behind the scenes."

Now with all respect to the sagacity of this very clever writer, we beg leave to differ with him on the point raised, and with others who hold to the same theory. Their contention is, that the action of the dog in the case cited and in all similar cases, is the action of an automaton or machine, made to run as it is directed without any discourse of reason.

That the dog will not understand as the boy does, the "cool, calm request," unless it is accompanied by some gesture or peculiar tone of voice to indicate what is wanted, we deny. Take for instance the historical case of the dog near Detroit, which was left on shore, while his master was on board a steamboat anchored in the middle of the river. The dog makes an effort to reach him by swimming toward the boat; but the current carries him down a considerable distance below where the steamer is anchored. As soon as the dog sees this, he immediately swims back again, and going higher up the shore, again strikes out for his master; the current carries him for the second time still below the boat, but not so far below as before. The third time he swims out, starting at a point still farther up the river than when he started the second time. Thus he repeats the experiment several times more, being careful each time to start out a little higher up the stream than before, thus making allowance for the rapidity of the current in carrying him down stream, until finally he comes abreast of the steamer, and is taken aboard.

If the mental processes which the dog went through in making these successive experiments were not those of reason, and of reason precisely like that which a human being employes, what in the name of reason were they? And how can they be explained on any pretense or principle of automatic action?

Again, take the movements of the noble St. Bernard, which, a few years ago, accompanied his master through the principal cities of the United States, selling some sort of patent medicine. Many a time we have seen his master issuing orders to the dog in a low tone of voice and with his head bent down, as if to avoid giving instructions by any peculiarity of tone or any movement of the body. The orders were like these: "I want you to go to that wagon across the street, where the driver sits with his whip in his hand, and take a seat beside him;" or: "Go to that post down the street, where they hitch horses, and see if you can stand on it."

Immediately in each of these cases, and in others like them, the dog would deliberately obey the instructions given him, without his master raising his eyes, or indicating by any peculiarity of tone or gesture what he wished. And nothing could be more comical than to see the huge animal mount the post, and after, perhaps, repeated efforts plant his four feet in an upright position on the top, with scarcely room enough for all four, without putting one on top of another.

No human servant, however well drilled, could have obeyed the commands more punctually or precisely; and none could have performed the dog's feat. There is then no difference between the kind of intelligence shown by the dog and his master, however great the difference is in degree.—American Field.

Ice in the Sick Room.

The writer's son suffered with typhoid fever during the heated term of last summer, when the temperature of the room often rose to 90 or 95 degrees, and the patient's temperature ran up to 105 degrees Fahrenheit and over.

A number of tubs were placed in the room, and kept filled with ice, and the doors kept closed. The temperature of the room sank to 80 degrees or less, an average of 12 or 15 degrees below the temperature of the other rooms in the house; and the cooler atmosphere not only added to the comfort of the patient, but aided in keeping down the body temperature, and materially contributed to a final recovery.—Cor. National Druggist.

A Chair for Eastern Languages.

The German government believes that linguists as well as geographers may be used for the advancement of the interests of the empire. Accordingly a bill has been submitted to the federal council for the establishment of a chair for eastern languages at the Berlin university. It is proposed that half of the expense should be borne by the empire and the other half by Prussia.—Berlin Letter.

Cutting Tunnels Through Mountains.

Remarkable accuracy is now attained by engineers in cutting tunnels through mountains, working from both ends. Thus at the Musconetcong tunnel, on the Lehigh Valley railroad, the alingment tested to .04 feet, or less then half an inch. In this case levels were run 6,000 feet long.—Chicago Times.

The Number of Cannibals.

The cannibals in the world may be numbered by millions. Probably a third of the natives of the country where I am now writing (New Guinea) are cannibals; so are about two-thirds of the occupants of the New-Hebrides, and the same proportion of the Solomon Islanders. All the natives of the Santa group, Admiralties, Hermits, Louisiade, Engineer, D'Entrecasteaux groups are cannibals; and even some well authenticated cases have occurred among the "black fellows" of northern Australia. I do not know that the fact of a native being a cannibal makes him a greater savage. Some of the most treacherous savages on this coast are undoubtedly not cannibals, while most of the Louisiade cannibals are a mild-tempered, pleasant set of men.—Romilly.

Aluminium Bronze for Cartridges.

For cartridges it is suggested that sheet aluminium bronze will prove to be unrivaled by any composition now known, for it is the only cheap metal not affected chemically by gunpowder, and that in turn does not deteriorate the gunpowder when stored for a period of years. Aluminium bronze is likewise most admirably adapted, on account of its enormous tenacity and stiffness and resistance to all forms of corrosion, for torpedo-boat cylinders and steam boilers, seamless tubes, stay bolts, and particularly rivets.—Chicago News.

After Eating a Great Variety.

Never have a great variety at one meal, but make the variety from one meal to the next. Did you ever stop to think what a conglomerated mass your stomach contained after eating a great variety at one meal? If not, just imagine all you have eaten and drank mixed up in a bowl, and then ask yourself the question whether it is any wonder that people have dyspepsia.—Western Health Journal.

A Policy on the Queen's Life.

A policy of $6,000 on the life of the queen with bonuses of $1,995, and an annual premium of $126.25, was lately offered for sale at a London auction mart, but attracted no bidders.

A New York caterer has just received a set of molds for producing all the "Mikado" charaters in ice-cream.

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED

We would be pleased to call your atention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,
July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

Summer

Is here, we hope, to stay, and we are pleased to state, that we are here with a Full and Well Selected Stock of Smumer Goods. We do not claim to beat the world, we do not claim to sell for less than cost, we do not wish to make any claim that is not in reason. But we do claim that we have Bought Judiciously and at Bottom Market Figures, and that we can Sell Accordingly. We cannot go into details. It will be understood that our stock embraces a Full Line in Shoes, Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, &c. To go largely into details would require too much space. But be assured of this, that in buying we have considered the wants of the public, and we believe we are thoroughly prepared to meet the wants of the public. Call and see if we are not.

J. H. SIMPERS,

April 23, 1886. Chestertown, Md.

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton

On and after Monday, June 7th, 1886, untilfurther notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

GOING NORTH	Passenger No. 1 daily	Passe'r & freigt No 3 daily.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
Chestertown	6 40	1 10
Worton	7 00	1 35
Lynch's	7 05	1 42
Still Pond	7 10	1 52
Kennedyville	7 17	2 12
Blacks	7 28	2 30
Lambson	7 39	2 45
Masseys	7 50	2 57
Delanys	8 05	3 12
*Bingham	8 10	3 15
arr Clayton	8 25	3 30
leave "	8 38	5 13
" Middletown	9 00	5 39
" Wilmington	9 42	6 35
arr Philadelphia	10 [illegible]	7 40
" Baltimore	11 10	8 35
	A. M.	P. M.

GOING SOUTH.	Pas'er & Fr'g't No. 2 daily	Passenger No 4, Daily.
LEAVE	a.m.	a.m.
Baltimore	6 40	2 30
Philadelphia	7 38	3 01
Wilmington	8 43	3 50
Middletown	9 42	4 34
arr Clayton.	10 08	4 58
leave "	10 38	5 13
" Binghams*	10 30	5 20
Delanys	10 35	5 24
Masseys	10 50	5 37
Lambson	11 02	5 47
Blacks	11 18	5 57
Kennedyville	11 34	6 07
Still Pond	11 46	6 14
Lynchs	11 54	6 19
Worton	12 01	6 24
arr Chestertown	12 30	6 45
	p. m	p. m.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.
Freight for Delanys and Bingham must be prepaid.
The morning trains make connections at Clayton with the Delaware Railroad going North and South.
Passengers to and from Baltimore change at Porter's.
Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.
Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates
The above arrangements will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, 3 hours and 20 minutes in Baltimore, and return home the same day.

FRED. GERKER,
June 10, 1886. Lessee

A Philadelphia Lawyer

Prominent in his profession, says: "Don't put my name in print but refer any one you wish to me, and I will gladly tell what the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* has done for me."

This gentleman was so lame one would have thought him a cripple, and yet "Three Days" use of our remedy straightened him out all right.

MR. G. W. BAKER, a leading manufacturer of Wilmington, Del., writes Dec. 7th, '85: "From the first day I began to use the Russian Rheumatism Cure, relief followed and my comfort daily increased. The use of my limbs became more and more natural, until I felt no discomfort either walking or working. I know of nothing which has so quick and wondrous an effect."

One of Philadelphia's oldest merchants, MR. C. G. BOCKIUS, residing 645 Main Street, Germantown, says: "The Russian Rheumatism Cure has taken all the pain out of my daughter's arm and neck. She had suffered greatly with it for months.

We have testimony of this sort sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical. But if you have the Rheumatism you want relief rather than testimony. You can get it—quick, sure, permanent, by sending for the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free. Price $2.50; If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

One Box does the business. "RUSSIAN" RHEUMATISM CURE. None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
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June 10, 1886.

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Interested in Coal.

WE, having made arrangements by which we have our Coal shipped direct from the mines to Chestertown, perhaps it would be to your interert to call and see us before buying elsewhere.

J. T. TWILLEY & CO.
July 2, 1885.

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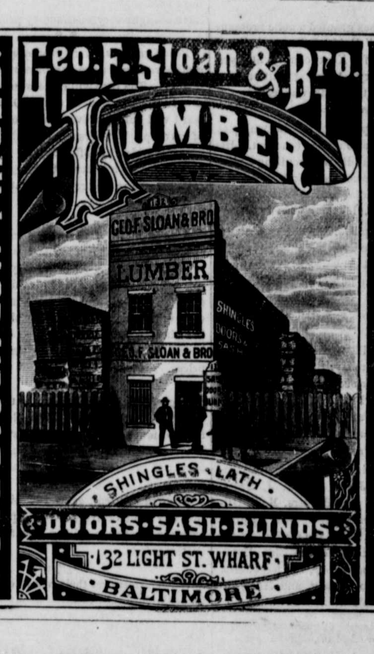

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Mar. 18, 1886—3m.

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