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BALLAD OF THE FADED FIELD.

Broad bars of sunset slanted gold
Are laid along the field, and here
The silence sings, as if some old
Refrain, that once rang long and clear,
Came softly stealing to the ear
Without the aid of sound. The rill
Is voiceless, and the grass is sere—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

Trance like the mellow air doth hold
The sorrow of the passing year;
The heart of Nature groweth cold,
The time of falling snow is near;
On phantom feet, which none may hear,
Creeps—with the shadow of the hill—
The semblance of departing cheer—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

The dead, gray clustered weeds enfold
The well known summer path, and drear
The dusking hills, like billows rolled
Against the distant sky, appear.
From lonely haunts, where Night and Fear
Keep ghostly tryst, when mists are chill,
The dark pine lifts a jagged spear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

ENVOI.

Dear love—the days that once were dear
May come no more; Life may fulfill
Her fleeting streams with many a tear—
But beauty's soul abideth still.

—Robert Burns Wilson in The Critic.

SARPINTS WIDE AWAKE.

It was plain to be seen that there was something agitating the inquiring mind of little Peleg, the Old Settler's lively grandson. The Old Settler himself was busy tying fish lines on bits of shingles, which indicated that he was contemplating an early trip to the pond to fish for pickerel through the ice. He was evidently not in a good humor. It was that fact, no doubt, that led Peleg to try and relieve his mind through the medium of his grandmother, the Old Settler's amiable Maria. She was putting on her hood, preparatory to starting for the red school house, where Brother Shedfiddle, of the Lost Crow Barren circuit, was to preside that evening at an experience meeting; but Peleg was wild for information, and he ventured this question:

"Gran'mammy," said he, "what's the reason that snakes goes in their holes in the winter time and don't come out again till spring?"

"I dunno, my son," said Peleg's grandmother, as she tied her hood strings under her chin with a jerk; "but I guess it mus' be 'cause they don't hev no wife to carry in stove wood for 'em every night to keep 'em warm all winter, like some people th't ain't snakes has!"

Peleg's grandmother looked severely at the Old Settler as she finished her answer, and then she went out of the house with her head so high and her back so stiff that the Old Settler remarked quietly to Peleg, after he had heard the front gate slam shut:

"It'd be wuth yer w'ile, Peleg, to drop inter the red school house this evenin' an' listen to yer gran'mammy's 'sperience. It'll be livelier, b'gosh, th'n that yeller book yev ben readin' 'bout Squint-eyed Gabe, the Injin chawer."

Peleg busied himself by wetting his finger in his mouth and marking snake like figures with it on the kitchen table, casting a wistful glance now and then toward his grandfather, who kept on with the rigging of his pickerel tackle. The Old Settler finished his work at last, and, lighting his pipe, sat down in his rocking chair and for a few moments smoked in silence. By and by he said:

"Peleg, w'en yer pinin' fer little p'ints in nat'ral hist'ry, alluz come to me. Yer gran'mammy hain't had the chances to study natur' ez I hev, an' if she had she couldn't lay down the p'ints to ye ez plain an' simple ez I kin, her narves bein' strung a leetle too high, an' her patience with childhood strugglin' to l'arn bein' a leetle short at one end. Now, w'at were it ye were achin' fer to know?"

Peleg brightened up like a ray of sunlight striking a tin rooster on a barn, and eagerly repeated his question.

"Gran'pop, what's the reason that snakes goes in their holes in winter time and don't come out again until spring?"

"Wall, Peleg," said the Old Settler, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, and watching it as it writhed and curled and contorted itself into shapes vividly suggestive of the subject of Peleg's inquiry, "it's all 'cause times hain't like they usety was, an' 'cause snakes has degin'rated the same ez ev'rything else. W'en I were a boy in the Sugar Swamp deestric' it wa'n't so. Snakes didn't climb fer a hole in the rocks, in them days, ez soon ez the fust tetch o' frost struck the air, like they do nowadays. They had vim in 'em, an' sportin' blood, an' were on the taps fer fun an' business jist the same w'en the snow were four foot on the level ez they was w'en birds' nests was ripe an' chipmunks was sassin' of 'em on buck an' rider fences. Th' wa'n't no snake dens nowhar 'round Sugar Swamp, time t'at I were a boy, Peleg, an' if I'd ha' only thort of it then, an' jist sot down an' writ nat'ral hist'ry 'cordin' to the way natur' cut an' fitted things an' turned 'em loose in the Sugar Swamp deestric' sixty or seventy year ago, it'd make ye laugh so to read it, sonny, th't yer gran'mammy wouldn't hev' no time to do nuthin' but sew yer buttons on, y'd bust 'em off so slick an' reg'lar. Snakes in them days know'd a good deal, an' they worked 'arly an' late durin' the summer, an' then jist layed back an' inj'yd theirselfs ez long ez winter lasted. Peleg, ef you k'd ha' jist sot by in the brush an' seen a passel o' Sugar Swamp snakes layin' theirselfs out in a reg'lar old fashioned game o' shinny on the ice, one side bein' made up, mebby, with slick an' glistenin' blacksnakes, t'other side, ez like ez not, bein' gay an' festive rattlesnakes—if you k'd only ha' sot by some'rs an' seen a sight like that, Peleg, I'm a thinkin' th't the things ye see an' hear nowadays 'd seem tamer th'n a pet red squir'l in a tin cage."

"But, gran'pop," said Peleg, "how did they"——

"Ast me no questions, sonny," interrupted the Old Settler, "an' I'll tell ye jist ez much truth. I hain't a feelin' p'tic'lar good this evenin', or I'd give ye a hull string o' facts ez to how Sugar Swamp snakes played shinny on the ice w'en I were a boy. Some other time, mebby, I'll feel more chipper like, an' 'll give ye all the p'ints. I'll pass over 'em now, an' tell ye sumpin' else th't they usety 'muse theirselfs with in them rippin' ol' times, 'fore everything begun to degin'rate, and natur to quit a doin' things up brown. Peleg, did ye ever see a hoss race?"

"No, gran'pop," replied Peleg, "but I seen a lot o' fellers racin' a greased pig once, on a Fourth o' July, tryin' to catch it and get a squash pie that was the prize. Bill Simmons told me, though"——

"Never mind 'bout w'at Bill Simmons tol' ye!" said the Old Settler, severely. "We'm dealin' in fac's now, an' hain't got no time for Bill Simmonses miracles, b'gosh! Racin' a greased pig, Peleg, hain't 'dzac'ly like a hoss race, though it can't be a durn sight more slippery piece o' business nuther, ez fur ez I kin jedge. Wall, I hadn't never see a hoss race nuther till las' fall, w'en I went over to the fair at the county seat to contribit my mite to'ards fosterin' an' inkerrigin' aggercultur', an' were inveigled by the Squire inter puttin' a dollar an' a half on a gray hoss w'ich war sartin, they said, to beat t'other uns so fur th't ye wouldn't be able to see any of 'em w'en the gray kim in. Wall, ez I were sayin' Peleg, I"——

"Did the gray horse come in all right, gran'pop?" inquired Peleg, developing a sudden interest in the fostering of agriculture.

"Yes, sonny," replied the Old Settler, "he kim in all right, but sumpin' must ha' gone wrong with his harness, or the runnin' gears o' the wagon or sumpin', fer he didn't come in till about twenty minutes arter t'other uns had come in an' gone to their stables. But ez I were sayin'—oh, come to think on it, Peleg, if I was you I wouldn't say nuthin' to yer gran'mammy 'bout that gray hoss, fer M'riar's int'rest in the fosterin' o' aggercultur' don't reach out quite fur enough to grab a hoss trot.

"But ez I were sayin', that hoss race were the fust un th't I'd ever see, an' it carried me back, like a bird flyin', to sumpin' I see w'en I were a boy in the Sugar Swamp deestric', an' it's sumpin' th't'll give ye an idee o' w'at nat'ral hist'ry mowt ha' ben if it had only ben writ right. I were out rabbit huntin' one day, my eddication not havin' got along ez fur ez b'ar yit, an' all of a suddent I heerd a great hissin' an' a rattlin' not far ahead o' me. I were in the brush, w'ich were pooty thick, an' I couldn't see w'at the rumpus were all about. I crep' along through the snow, and a rod or so ahead I kim to the edge of an openin'. The openin' were an acre or more 'round, an' not a thing on it but snow. 'Round the edge of it, though, I see a beaten track runnin' in a circle, takin' in the hull openin'. Not more th'n twenty foot away from me, wigglin' an' twistin' an' scootin' about in passels of a dozen or more, I see snakes of all sorts and sizes. Th' was rattlers, an' adders, an' blacksnakes, an' milk snakes, an' garter snakes, an' a lot o' other kind o' snakes th't I can't think of the names of now. They was all talkin' and argyin' together, an' I see th't th' were sumpin' oncommon on the carpet. W'ile I were a peekin' out an' wonderin' w'at in the name o' the golden mill dam the gatherin' were thar fer, out o' the brush to one side kim two blacksnakes a leadin' a big rabbit betwixt 'em, each snake havin' a holt of an ear. The rabbit nat'rally pranced around skittish like, an' looked wild an' tried to git away. But the snakes held it tight by the ears, an' led it up to whar the getherin' o' snakes were the thickest. The rattlers an' the blacksnakes an' all the rest o' the sarpints crowded 'round the rabbit an' looked him all over. One big rattler went up an' pried the rabbit's mouth open an' then looked at his teeth, very clus an' p'tic'lar like. Th' was a great time o' hissin' an' rattlin' an' jawin' to an' fro, an' then out from t'other side o' the openin' kim two big rattlesnakes, leadin' another rabbit, jist the same ez the blacksnakes had fetched ther'n in. Th' was the same hullabaloo made over this un th't th' were over t'other un.

"'Wall,' says I to myself, 'thuz gointer be some fun here, b'gosh,' says I, 'but w'uther it's to be a barbecue or a raw boltin' o' rabbit,' says I, 'is more th'n I kin state at the present writin',' says I.

"But, Peleg, it wa'n't nuther a barbecue nor a raw bolt. W'en the excitement over the 'pearance o' the two rabbits in the ring had settled down, the getherin' o' snakes scattered a little, an' a sassy lookin' rattler, young an' chipper, kim for'ard, an' a shiny blacksnake, bigger th'n the rattler, kim to the front at the same time. Then th' were another big time, hottern'n t'other uns, over these two snakes, an' two or three fights durin' the discussion.

"'Jeewhizz!' I says to myself. 'I guess them two snakes is gointer bolt them rabbits on a bet,' I says.

"But I wa'n't nowhar nigh the upshot o' the business yit, Peleg. Bimeby w'atever trouble th' was seemed to be settled. The getherin' o' snakes scattered. Some o' the snakes clim up in the highest o' the brush, an' all of 'em got ready for w'at were comin'. The two black snakes an' the two rattlers th't had trotted out the rabbits was a holdin' on to 'em yit, an' they backed 'em around, an' stood 'em side by side, heads even. Suddently the chipper young rattler sprung on the back o' the rabbit his friends was holdin', an' the shiny blacksnake jumped on the rabbit his friends was holdin'. The two snakes wrapped their tails around the rabbits, and then a great big rattler that laid off to one side on a big rock, with a blacksnake on one side of him an' a blowin' adder on t'other side, sprung his rattle three times. The rattlesnakes and the blacksnakes th't was holdin' the rabbits dropped their holt. The air were filled with a chorus o' hissin' an' rattlin' th't almost made me deef, an' then away sprung the rabbits, with the two snakes fer riders, and licky-te-split they went on the dead jump around that beaten track I tol' ye 'bout. I 'spected, o' course, to see them rabbits tear off in the brush away from that getherin' o' snakes, but I soon seen that ev'ry little ways around that circle a big snake were posted like a p'liceman, an' kep' the rabbits in the couse. I wa'n't so consarned innercent, Peleg, not to know, then, th't the getherin' o' snakes was a racin' meetin', an' th't the race were 'twixt a rabbit b'longing to some rattlesnake an' one b'longing to a blacksnake. The snakes was all bilin' over with excitement, an' some of 'em th't had clim to the brush to git a better sight o' the course got so carried away with the sport th't they tumbled to the ground. I got all worked up myself, an' 'twere all I could do to keep from hollerin' out.

"Wull, the race were soon over, an' the rabbit rid by the young rattler came in 'way ahead. Then th' was a time that knocked all the others clean out. The rattlers was wild an' tumbled about on the snow an' twisted theirselfs 'round one another, an' rattled till I thought they'd bust every bell an' button they had. But w'ile the rattlers and some o' t'other snakes was huggin' one another fer joy, the black snakes an' friends o' their rabbit was hissin' mad an' crowded 'round the old rattler an' the adder an' the black snake on the rock, and made an' everlastin' kick. Ez fur ez I k'd make out the three snakes on the rock was the jedges, an' the backers o' the losin' rabbit was raisin' a p'int that sumpin' hadn't been did 'dzactly on the squeejee. Bimeby everything got quiet, and I see that the jedges was decidin' on the p'int. The decision did'nt suit the rattlers an' their friends, but they give in.

"'Now, w'at be them rampagin' sarpints gointer do next,' says I to myself.

"I didn't hef to wait long, Peleg, to see. Two or three snakes hurried off through the brush, to'ards the creek, a hundred foot or so away. They wa'n't gone long, an' w'en they kim back each one had his chops filled with little round stones. Then the young rattlesnake th't rid the winnin' rabbit throwed his mouth wide open, an' the snakes dropped the stones one by one in his mouth, an' he swollered 'em. W'en he had done that the black snake th't had rid t'other rabbit shot his tail up an' layed it over a scrub oak limb 'bout four foot from the ground. The tail stuck over on t'other side o' the limb. The young rattler riz himself up on the tip o' his tail, an' could jist reach the tip o' the black snake's tail with his teeth. He grabbed it in his mouth an' curled his own tail up offen the ground. Then his weight pulled the black snake offen the ground, an' both sarpints hung clear, evenly balanced, in the air. Wa'n't that plain enough, Peleg? Ye see, the young rattler were so much lighter on his rabbit th'n the blacksnake were on his, that the backers o' the blacksnake's rabbit howled agin its bein' a fair race, an' the m'jor'ty o' the jedges had seen their p'int an' stood by 'em. The consekence were th't the young rattler had to be evened up in heft with the rattlesnake, an' a committee were app'inted to see it done—an' it were done fair an' square. In the second runnin' of the race the rabbits was comin' in neck an' neck, an' the chances was th't it 'd end in a dead heat, ez setch things is called by aggercult'rists. But jist ez the racers got within one jump o' the endin' place, with both o' the ridin' snakes a lashin' their rabbits with their tails, w'ich was ez good ez whips, the young rattler slung his tail for'ard an' jabbed it agin the root o' one o' his rabbits long ears, and bent the ear straight in front o' him till it stuck ahead its full length. The two rabbits landed at the same second, with their feet an' heads plumb even in front o' the jedge's rock. But the little trick th't the cunnin' rattler rider played on the blacksnake rider counted with the jedges, an' the rattler's rabbit won by an ear.

"An' that's the way the snakes o' Sugar Swamp deestric' usety pass away the time durin' the long, dull winters o' sixty an' seventy year ago, Peleg, 'fore they lost their vim an' their sportin' blood, an' went to sleepin' in holes in the rocks. Yer poor ol' gran'pap's gointer bed now, sonny. If you set up till M'riar comes, don't mention setch a thing ez snakes to her, Peleg, fer yer gran'mammy don't sleep p'tic'lar well ez it is, an' talkin' o' snakes sets her to dreamin' oncommon ter'ble."—Ed Mott in New York Sun.

INSTINCTS THAT ARE LOST.

Or Is Man Really Heir of All the Faculties of the Animal Kingdom?

If the doctrine be true that man is really the heir of all the various species and genera of the animal kingdom, it seems a little hard upon us that, even by way of exception, we inherit none of the most marvelous instincts of those species and genera, and have to be content with those greater but purely human faculties by which even the most wonderful of the animal instincts have been somehow extinguished. Sir John Lubbock maintains with a good deal of plausibility that there are insects, and very likely even higher animals, which perceive colors of which we have no glimpse, and hear sounds which to us are inaudible. Yet we never hear of a human retina that includes in its vision those colors depending on vibrations of the ether which are too slow or too rapid for our ordinary eyes, nor of a human ear which is entranced with music that to the great majority of our species is absolutely inaudible. Again, we never hear of a human being who could perform the feat of which we were told only the other day in a bloodhound. In a dark night it followed up for three miles the trail of a thief with whom the bloodhound could never have been in contact (he had just purloined some rolls of tan from the tanyard in which the dog was chained up), and finally sat down under the tree in which the man had taken refuge.

Why, we wonder, are those finer powers of discriminating and following the track of a scent which so many of the lower animals possess, entirely extinguished in man, if man be the real heir of all the various genera which show powers inferior to his own? We see no trace in animals of that high enjoyment of the finer scents which make the blossoming of the spring flowers so great a delight to human beings, and yet men are entirely destitute of that almost unerring power of tracking the path of an odor which seems to be one of the principal gifts of many quadrupeds and some birds. It is the same with the power of a dog or cat to find its way back to a home to which it is attached, but from which it has been taken by a route that it cannot possibly follow on its return, even if it had the power of observing that route, which usually it has not had. Nothing could be more convenient than such a power to a lost child. But no one ever heard of any child who possessed it.

Still more enviable is that instinct possessed by so many birds of crossing great tracts of land and sea without apparently any landmarks or seamarks to guide them, and of reaching a quarter of the globe which many of them have never visited before, while those who have visited it before have not visited it often enough to learn the way—at least, by any rule which, in like circumstances, would be of any use to human intelligence. The migratory birds must certainly be in possession of either senses or instincts entirely beyond the range of human imagination, and yet no one ever heard of the survival of such a sense or instinct in any member of our race. It may be said, indeed, that men have either inherited or reproduced the slave making instinct of some of the military ants, though that unfortunate and degrading instinct does not appear to have been inherited by any of her higher animals which intervene between the insects and our own race; but this only enhances the irony of our destiny, if we do, indeed, in any sense inherit from these insect aristocracies one of the most disastrous instincts of the audacious but indolent creatures which fight so much better than they work. If we have not inherited the architectural instincts of bees or beavers, nor the spinning instincts of spiders, nor the power of the dog to track out its home, it is a little sad that we should have inherited the one disastrous instinct of the ant by which it makes itself dependent on a more timid and industrious species of its own race, and thereby loses the power to help itself.

What is still more curious is that even where human beings have wholly exceptional and unheard of powers they betray no traces of the exceptional and unheard of powers of the races whose vital organization we are said to inherit. The occasional appearance of very rare mathematical powers, for instance, so far from being in any sense explicable from below, looks much more like inspiration from above. The calculating boy who could not even give any account of the process whereby he arrived at correct results which the educated mathematician took some time to verify, certainly was not reviving in himself any of the rare powers of the lower tribes of animals. Nor do the prodigies in music who show such marvelous power in infancy recall to us any instinct of the bird, the only musical creature except ourselves. Still less, of course, does great moral genius, the genius of a Howard or a Clarkson, suggests any reminiscence of what happens in the world of animal life.—Spectator.

The Moor on a House Top.

As I was making my toilet one morning I chanced to see a Moor mount to the flat roof of the opposite house. Placing himself in a quiet corner, shielded by the higher wall of an adjoining building, he turned toward the morning sun—or, rather, toward the holy Mecca—crossed his arms upon his breast and reverently bowed his head. After a moment or two he knelt down and touched his forehead to the floor three times. He then sat back upon his heels for a few minutes, as if in meditation, then repeated his prostrations, and rising crossed his arms again over his breast and remained some time in this reverential attitude. Finally he prostrated himself a third time, and with that finished his morning devotions and disappeared. Truly, he went upon the house top to pray.—Boston Transcript.

The Reward of Honesty.

The conductor of a New York Central train found $400 in one of the cars. Learning of its owner, he telegraphed him to be on hand on the return trip for his money. The owner was prompt, and, after counting the bills, handed the conductor half a dollar. Instantly the latter held up his hand to the engineer, and, shouting, "All aboard! Sorry I haven't any change for that," stepped aboard the train, leaving the half dollar in the hand that had tendered such a munificent reward for the return of $400.—Chicago Herald.

Russian Peasants' Characteristics.

The most striking characteristics of the Russian peasant are sadness and submission, and the desire for strong drink. A Russian seems to be truly happy—I am speaking of the lowest class—only under two conditions. One when he is drunk on vodka, the corn brandy, and the other when he is saying his prayers before his favorite saint.

To him the interior of the church, gilded from floor to dome, decorated with icons that are covered with sheets of pure gold, is a representation of the heaven the priests teach him is awaiting those who say their prayers, fast on fast days and obey the czar. He is always loyal to the church and to the state. The peasant is never a Nihilist, never an atheist, but pays his taxes and his tithes without murmuring, and expects no more than his father got, which was nothing. The only recompense he has is to creep into some gaudy chapel, bow his head to the floor in front of the icon of his favorite saint and let his dull and listless mind enjoy the visions of paradise that float over it.—William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News.

The Lobster Industry.

The total exportation of canned lobsters from Canada to Great Britain in 1886 was 7,698,023 pounds, and Canada's total export of lobster 14,094,572 pounds. Next to Great Britain comes the United States, and France is third in the same line. The total value of exported lobsters is $2,000,000. An inquiry was instituted by the Dominion government, and the commission has reported that the fishery is being overdone, and stringent measures are to be taken to save the industry from destruction.—New York Sun.

Horse Power in Whales.

Sir William Turner, the eminent professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, recently delivered a lecture to the members of the Philosophical institution of that city on "Whales; Their Structure and Habits," in the course of which he referred to a point of considerable interest to engineers, which was the horse power exerted by the tail of a large whale. Regarding the length of full grown whales, Professor Turner remarked that the porpoise was four or five feet long, whereas the Greenland right whale was from fifty to sixty feet long, and he said that the great finner whale, which frequently visited the British seas, reached the length of eighty feet or even more. An animal of the latter sort was stranded at Longniddry, some years ago.

After speaking at some length on the structure of whales, the lecturer made some remarks on the rate of speed at which they traveled. It had been estimated, he said, that the Greenland whale could attain a speed of nine or ten miles an hour, and that the finner whale attained even a greater speed. In all probability, the Longniddry whale could propel itself through the water at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and the sperm whale was capable of driving itself along at the same rate of speed. He had asked John Henderson, of Glasgow, the well known builder of the Anchor lines, to assist him in arriving at the horse power which must be exercised by one of these great whales so as to acquire a speed of twelve miles an hour, and he put the case of the Longniddry whale before him. It was eighty feet long, weighed seventy-four tons, and had a tail eighteen to twenty feet across from the extreme ends of its flanges. With these data, Mr. Henderson calculated that a whale of the dimensions mentioned, in order to attain a speed twelve miles an hour, would require to exercise a propelling force of 145 horse power.—Safety Valve.

Destruction of Disease Germs.

Cleanliness is a great enemy of bacterial life. Secure, as nearly as possible, perfection in drainage, ventilation and water supply. Overcrowding, stagnant water, decomposing animal and vegetable matter, and foul drains, furnish very favorable conditions for the development, or rather the breeding, of germs; for, remember that the specific germs are never spontaneously generated. Bad hygienic surroundings may induce disease, but not the specific contagious diseases to which we have referred. Finally—the most important point—exclude the germs; for as a field, be it never so well plowed and fertilized, will not yield a crop without seed, so, however favorable the conditions for breeding fevers and diphtheria may be, they will not occur without the introduction of germs. To exclude them requires constant and painstaking watchfulness. The enemy may gain admission through the milk supply, through improperly disinfected clothing, or through personal contagion, which it is almost impossible to avoid.

Many germs possess great vitality, and when once they have gained access to a house, or any of its contents, resist destruction most persistently. They may be destroyed in various ways. Bi-chloride of mercury in solutions of 1 part to 2,000 to 5,000 is efficient; carbolic acid, 1 to 20 to 50, and heat, especially in the form of hot steam, are all useful. Fumes of sulphur are also good in closed rooms; but nothing can take the place of cleanliness and watchfulness against the introduction of disease germs.—Francis P. Whittlesey, M. D., in Good Housekeeping.

Sweden's Cast Iron Coin.

"Ding it!" ejaculated a gentleman who had dropped a twenty cent piece on his foot while showing it to a reporter the other day. "That's enough to make a saint swear!" And he sat down upon a chair and proceeded to nurse the unfortunate pedal.

The gentleman was a well known coin collector, and the twenty cent piece was an old and rare specimen of the hard cash used in Sweden years ago. It was a piece of cast iron about six inches square and a half an inch thick, and bore a number of strange figures and hieroglyphics, about as easily transferable to paper as the diagram of a western blizzard.

"This piece," said the numismatist, "is, or rather was, when in use, equal to about twenty cents of our money, and if you wanted to borrow $5 from a Swede you would have been obliged to send your horse and wagon, or at least a wheelbarrow, after twenty-five of them. A man in Sweden, when such hard cash was in vogue, would never be obliged to fumble in his vest pocket with a heavy pair of gloves in cold weather for sufficient change, and Swedish legislators of any party might have been justified seventy-five years ago in advocating the rag baby.—New York Evening Sun.

St. Petersburg's Fire Towers.

Conspicuous about the city are peculiar looking towers, rising far above the roofs of the houses, and crowned with flagstaffs, to which tackle is attached. These are the fire towers, ancient institutions still retained as lookouts for watchmen, who, when a fire alarm is given, run up a red ball in daylight, a red lantern at night, with a system of signals by which it may be known where the danger exists. It is a clumsy and inefficient way of operating a fire department, and is about the only feature of the administrative system in which the Russians have not introduced modern improvements. They have electric lights and telephones, but their system of fire alarm has been used since the time of Peter the Great.—William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News.

Buried Alive by Mistake.

Dr. L. Comeau, who published a work ten years ago on the certain signs of death, with the avowed purpose of "preventing the interment of living persons," says that he can cite ninety-six well authenticated cases who were buried alive by mistake. Here is one: "A French army officer, on Aug. 30, 1836, was buried at Saintes with military honors. The parting salute awoke him from apparent death. He knocked upon the lid of the coffin, was heard, set at liberty, and marched back to the house of mourning at the head of the detachment that had been detailed to escort his body to the grave."—Boston Budget.

The Deep Lunged Recitationists.

The feature of recitations at receptions has developed into a colossal bore. People are supposed to go to such places for the pleasure of meeting their host and hostess and others, and having some little conversation with them. But frequently the deep lunged recitationists are all there and the evening goes by like unto one in a hall where there is a regular programme of elocutionary exercises. This puts a stop to conversation and forces everybody who has ears to hear. If the recitationist took to the humorous the weariness of their auditors might not be so apparent; but many of them lean very strongly toward the tragic—so strongly, in fact, that their props do not always sustain them.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Secretary Bayard's Day's Work.

The secretary of state begins his day's work before breakfast, at his house, where he receives the early mail, and it usually takes him till 10 o'clock to read it. If he has any time remaining he answers his private letters with his own hand, and at 10 the official carriage calls to take him to the department. Reaching there, he spends the rest of the morning receiving the public, and the afternoon in attending to his official correspondence, and in holding conferences with his assistants. About 3 o'clock the official letters and other documents which require his signature are placed upon his table, and it usually takes him an hour or more to read and sign them. His work for the day is not often finished before 6 o'clock, when he goes for a horseback ride into the country with his daughter, a daring and graceful equestrienne.—Washington Cor. New York Mail and Express.

IN A SAFETY VAULT.

The Place Where People Keep Bonds, Jewels and Valuable Papers.

What looks like the iron railed door of a cell may be seen just beyond the entrance to the Lincoln bank. It is the passage way to the vault for money and valuables. The cell door is always locked, and in the daytime a man is always in the vault. Besides the open iron railing door, there is a set of others of steel plates, which close in the passage way. The vault is lighted by gas, and except for a small desk, there is nothing to be seen in it besides steel and iron and copper. The floors and walls and ceiling are of steel four and a half inches thick. The vault is on the ground floor, and it is believed that if the building should fall or be burned down by fire, the vault room would remain unharmed and intact. Debris as thick as the layers at Pompeii might fall upon it, but the vault would still be there all right. And the bank people think that with a little defense by guns the place would be mob proof, too.

The room is not much more than twenty feet square, and a tall man can touch its ceiling with his hand. There are 2,500 large and small safes built in its walls. They rent for from $8 to $1,000 a year. People keep bonds, stocks, mortgages, deeds, other valuable papers and jewels and money in them. When a man calls to cut off his coupons, or look at his papers, he is identified by the keeper of the vault, who stands by him while he unlocks his compartment. The man takes out the tin box, and is ushered into one of a series of little rooms off the vault. They are about as big as a Turkish bath disrobing closet, and contain a desk and one or more chairs. The minute of the arrival of the man, his name, the box number he opened, and a few other things are recorded in a book kept by the vault keeper. The little closet he is shown to is examined to see that there is nothing in it except the desk and writing materials and chairs. When the man has clipped his coupons and brings back his tin box to put it in his safe, the time of his departure is recorded, and the closet he occupied is inspected to see that he left nothing valuable behind.

Some of the rich men come to look at their papers only once in a month or two. Others go there once in the morning, when they are going down town to their offices, and then stop there again in the afternoon, when returning home. These are the men who leave there whatever extra actual money they have from day to day. But gold and silver and treasury notes are not largely left in the vault. The contents of the boxes are chiefly the papers representing money. However, at the time of the Grant & Ward failure plenty of people got frightened and brought big rolls of bills from down town banks and stuffed them into their compartments. Lots of men who don't rent boxes permanently did hire them then for short periods.

Many of the safes are used by trustees of estates. These safes cannot be opened by one person. For as many trustees as there are there are as many keys, and whenever the safe has to be unlocked all the trustees have to come. Each key performs a different service in opening the lock. The keeper will insert his key, twist it and thus prepare the lock for the insertion of Trustee A's key. Trustee A's key is put in by him and turned, and this makes the lock ready for the key of Trustee B. At last the bolts are turned and the door may be opened. This mechanical device has to be resorted to in order that no single trustee may get access by himself alone to the papers of the estate.—New York Sun.

Hard Work in a Mail Car.

The German makes the best mail route agent, but you very seldom find an Irishman or American who will submit to the severe discipline that is necessary to perfect him in distributing. I have seen beginners, on the run from St. Louis, enter Kansas City with the blood streaming from their hands and the fingernails torn off. The injuries are regularly incurred in working the newspaper mail. The sacks become filled with all kinds of refuse from the floors over which they are dragged. After standing the motion of the cars for fifty miles the papers are frequently coated with particles of iron, steel, glass and splinters, and tear a man's hand to pieces as he dives blindly into the sack for the packages. A few days are always necessary to cure a novice of sore hands. The second day he is crippled, as his fingers are drawn up, and he cannot open his hands without the most excruciating pain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Near Sightedness Among Americans.

"There are numerous causes which account for the increase of near sightedness among Americans who are still young," said a prominent optician, "but one cause which seems to escape most of the writers upon the subject is the electric light—not the incandescent, but the arc light. There is no doubt that its rays, whether the light is on the street or in an interior, are hurtful to the eyes. There is a peculiar, piercing element in the light that the optic nerve cannot stand. Many cases of near sightedness are directly traceable to it. The spectacle trade has undergone a complete revolution within ten years. The sales have more than doubled—become so large, in fact, that adulteration has stepped in. By adulteration I mean the cheap glasses that are put on the market to meet the demand. Eyeglasses are sold as low as six cents. They are sold by the thousands. Even peddlers and street fakers handle them. Only foolish people buy these glasses, for they are positively harmful to the eyes, and reputable opticians won't touch them."—Chicago Tribune.

Irrigation in the United States.

The department of agriculture has sent out an elaborate report concerning irrigation in the United States. About one-third of all our territory lacks a natural and distributed water supply adequate to the needs of cultivation. Only a very small part of this land is, however, irreclaimable—perhaps none, except the summits and precipitous slopes of mountain ranges. The length of irrigation canals approaches 15,000 miles, and the area already reclaimed contains several millions of inhabitants, not estimating the result where population was possible, and a certain measure of agriculture, without artificial supply of water. It must be remembered that the whole state of Kansas lay within the area of what was once called the great American desert. But the subject of irrigation is of value not altogether to the arid section, where there is little or no rainfall, but of equal importance to those large sections of the older states that are visited by severe droughts of increasing frequency.—Globe-Democrat.

Horace Greeley's Musical Taste.

Horace Greeley was not remarkable for musical taste, though he was fond of the old hymns and tunes that he had known from childhood. It was often necessary for him to listen to the rendering of music and even entire sonatas in the drawing rooms of his friends, and on these occasions he was always bored. One evening, after he had listened with a little more interest than usual to the playing of Beethoven's "Spirit Waltz" by the daughter of his hostess, he was asked if he didn't think the piece was very enjoyable. He answered in his high squeaking voice, that penetrated even to the ears of the young pianist herself: "Yes, it is a pleasant noise."—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Prolific Sources of Disease.

The two most prolific sources of disease are taking cold and overeating. These agencies produce three-fourths of the deaths, and yet both are controllable to a very large extent. Many a person perpetrates deliberate suicide through indifference or carelessness. Cut this out and paste it in the crown of your hat. You act on it; it will materially improve your chance for reaching a good old age.—Albany Sunday Press.

SIGHTS IN BANGKOK.

Graphic Description of What Chicago's Ex-Mayor Saw in an Oriental City.

Bangkok is entirely different from all other eastern cities I have seen. Elsewhere the houses are compacted together so as to cover as little space as possible, and the people massed as in hives. This city, however, with its 350,000 people, covers more ground than Canton, with its 1,600,000. There are but few streets, but they are quite broad. The canals run in every direction, and are so numerous that the Siamese are proud to call their capital the Venice of the east. Houses project over these canals, with open balconies, and both sides of the river for six or more miles are lined with floating houses, used not only for residences, but for business.

People do their shopping in boats, and while a woman sells to her customer in open view—for all houses have open fronts—her lazy husband fishes, sitting upon a box of goods, and his children bathe and swim around the house. In rowing or being rowed about there was never a moment that I could not see somewhere a bather; and just at sundown all the common world seemed amphibious. The panoong is retained on when in the water, and is then either exchanged for a dry one or left on to dry. Rivers and canals are always filled by freight boats, forty to sixty feet long; by small peddler boats; by canoes of all sizes, from ten feet, barely holding a man, up to 100 or more feet, with fifty or more paddlers moving in state with some high official. I saw one long canoe with nearly 100 rowers. Each one would dip his paddle and then lift it on high—a curious sight thus to see nearly 100 paddles in air at the same time. There are quite a large number of small steam barges in the city. These dart about very rapidly. In fact, all boats seem to do so, for the tide runs very swiftly, and boats going with its current move in the channel, while those going against it stick to the eddies. This makes the river a very lively one, especially toward the cool of the day.

Trees abound throughout the town, along the streets, along the canals and about the houses—many of them of good forest size. Looking down from a high pagoda one can scarcely realize oneself in the heart of a great city. The ordinary house is almost entirely lost in the mass of green. Here and there one peeps out, looking cool and shaded. But the lofty, snow white pagodas, the tall, steep roofed temples—roofed in tiles of many colors, many of them in gilt—the beautiful kiosk turrets of the palaces, the gilded royal wat and cenotaph, and the white palaces themselves, make the city from an eminence look like a vast royal garden, with princely palaces and oriental temples nestled among ornamental tropical trees.

The wat is a sort of monastery, with its temple and kiosk and lodging house of the priest within a single inclosure. There are a great many of these in the city, and many of them of wonderful richness. Some of the temples and pagodas are made up entirely of gilt and glass mosaic, in small pieces inlaid in cement walls and flashing in the sunlight like mountains of gold and diamonds. The royal wat makes the looker on feel that Aladdin's lamp is close by, revealing to him scenes of fairy wonder rather than scenes of actual reality. It is within and without—its several temple buildings and its five or six lofty, round pointed pagodas—made up of gold and gems. The gold is of burned gilded pottery in small squares of an inch, brilliantly glazed; the gems of glass of different colors and set like rose faced diamonds, sapphires and rubies. Looking upon the pile of these buildings, covering several acres, just as the sun goes down, with a gentle breeze causing the thousand tiny bells which hang to cornice, frieze, and projecting point to tinkle, I almost felt as if I had been carried off by some flying genie and gently dropped upon a scene of oriental fable.

Unfortunately all of the temples, pagodas and kiosks are of brick, stuccoed with Portland cement, and the gems and gold planted into it will last only for a short time. Many thousands of dollars are required each year to keep the entire fabrics of beauty from tumbling into decay. A change of dynasty will bring quickly the glory of Siam's capital into a heap of debris.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

Russia's Permit to Live.

Every citizen must have a permit to live in the country. These permits are issued annually upon the payment of a fee. If he wants to leave the country or go from one to another he must notify the police, for that branch of the government must know where each inhabitant of the vast empire sleeps every night. In the provinces the rigid surveilance is relaxed, but at St. Petersburg and Moscow and other places visited by tourists there is a constant contact between the sovereign and the subject that is disagreeable to both. The police grant permission to go and come readily. There is no interference with travel nor with trade. Submission! submission! that is all. No one can get a ticket at a railway station nor on a steamboat without showing a permit to leave; no hotel will entertain a guest till he shows his passport. One cannot go anywhere or do anything without the consent of the authorities, but it is easily obtained, and costs forty copecks for the stamp that appears on the document—about fifteen cents.—Cor. Chicago Times.

A Monkey with Yellow Fever.

During the epidemic of yellow fever that prevailed some time ago in Caracas, the medical profession had an opportunity to see, in one of the public houses of benevolence, a monkey afflicted with that disease. The principal symptoms were found to manifest themselves in a manner so marked that there remained not the least doubt on the part of the physicians who observed them that it was an undoubted case of yellow fever; there was injection of the eyes, a certain state of stupor, sharp thirst, nausea, elevated temperature and at last prostration, anuria and black vomit. For three days the poor animal remained in this sad condition, each day growing worse, until the fourth day, when the case terminated fatally.—Public Opinion.

Australians, it is reported, bet an aggregate of $100,000,000 a year on horse races. Betting and rabbits are the chief evils of the country.

New Form of Guitar.

A Kalamazoo young man thinks certain experiments he has been conducting will lead to a revival of the gentle art of guitar playing. He first constructed one with nine strings, and it proved such an improvement on the old form of instrument that he is now at work on one that is designed for twelve strings, and with which he anticipates very charming results can be attained.—Chicago Times.

The Quality of Meat.

Professors Henry and Sanborn have both shown that the quality of pork may be greatly changed and improved by judicious and intelligent feeding. Without doubt beef and mutton may be improved in like manner by like feeding.—Boston Budget.

New Insects Discovered.

About 2,000 species of insects, on an average, have been discovered yearly during the last century. One is almost excusable for thinking that the work of creation is still in progress.—Chicago News.

An English philanthropist says there are no fewer than 30,000 gypsy children in England, of whom not more than 5 per cent. are able to read and write.

Men may say of marriage and women what they please, they will renounce neither the one nor the other.—Fontenelle.

We can forgive freely, if we want to, but the will to forget is not so much at our disposal.

It requires a good deal of aptitude to amuse a child.

Martyrs to Headache

Seek relief in vain, until they begin to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then they regret the years of suffering they might have escaped had they tried this remedy earlier. The trouble was constitutional not local; and, until Ayer's Sarsaparilla did its effective work as an Alterative and Blood Purifier, they were compelled to suffer.

The wife of Samuel Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass., was, for a long time, subject to severe headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. A perfect cure has been effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frank Roberts, 727 Washington st., Boston, says that he formerly had terrible headaches, and until he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, never found any medicine that would give

Permanent Relief.

"Every Spring, for years," writes Lizzie W. DeVeau, 262 Fifteenth st., Brooklyn, N. Y., "I have had intolerable headaches. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla last March, and have not had a headache since that time."

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and was hardly able to drag myself about the house," writes Mrs. M. M. Lewis, of A st., Lowell, Mass. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvelous change in my case. I now feel strong and well as ever."

Jonas Garman, Esq., of Lyktns, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and bilousness. It seemed for days and weeks that my head would split open. Nothing relieved me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has cured me completely."

When Mrs. Genevra Belanger, of 24 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass., began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she had suffered for some years from a serious affection of the kidneys. Every Spring, also, she was afflicted with headache, loss of appetite, and indigestion. A friend persuaded her to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which benefited her wonderfully. Her health is now perfect. Martyrs to headache should try

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

A LARGE LOT
—OF—
PRIME
Cypress Fencing
Now on Hand.

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—FOR—
LUMBER, SHINGLES,
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
DOOR and WINDOW FRAMES,
for building purposes,
FURNISHED WITH PLEASURE.

Do not buy until you have given me an opportunity to figure on your bill.

MY STOCK IS
Seasoned and Well Manufactured,
and embraces every variety of Building Material.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Feb. 23, 1888.

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HOMEOPATHIC,
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Special attention given to women and children. j.20, 1887—tf

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Best Made Clothing
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For Men and Children
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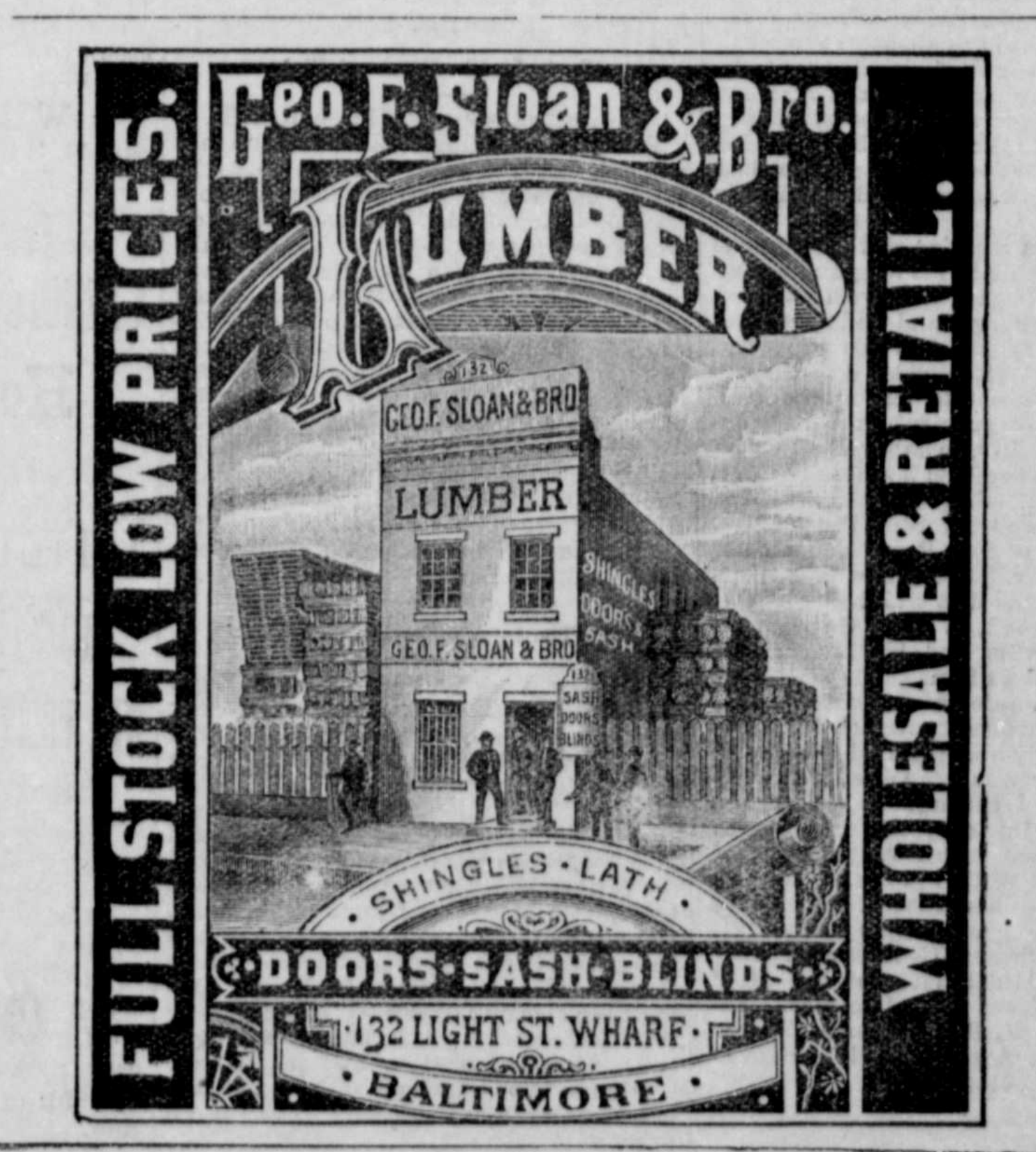
YET ON HAND
—AT—
Little Grove Nurseries,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
ABOUT 30,000 TREES!

THOSE who have not made their selections for new orchards will please do so at an early date, or else they must not blame any one but themselves in not being able to get varieties desired. Kinds needed for replanting should be in. It is both annoying to the planter in being obliged to substitute a variety, and a regret to the nurseryman not to be able to accommodate.

R. G. NICHOLSON,
Feb. 9—tf. Chestertown, Md



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Millington, - - - Maryland.
Office and Drug Store on Cypress street.
May be found at Mallalieu's Hotel at night.
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LIME! LIME!
No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,
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BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING
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IRON Cultivators! Iron Cultivators!! and Extra Cultivator Points complete at
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ONLY THINK OF IT! Twelve inches—*a whole foot of Good Tobacco*—nice flat plug for ten cents! Sound twist Tobacco as low as 25 cents a pound at
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