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NAVAJO TRADITION.

HOW ALL ANIMAL LIFE WAS CONFINED IN A CAVERN.

Freedom First Found by a Locust—The Badger Follows—Prisoners Free at Last. Dispute Concerning the Use of Night and Day.

The Navajo Indians of Arizona have a tradition to the effect that while the earth was young and destitute of animal life the Great Spirit created twelve people—six men and six women—together with many species of animals, and confined them in a cavern of the San Francisco mountain, where they lived as a great, happy family for many years. But in course of time a restlessness possessed the prisoners. Though they had known nothing of freedom, all felt the oppression of their narrow limits, and vaguely yearned for a greater fulfillment of the dream or reality of living. But what could they do? All speculated on the situation to no purpose. Daily they jostled each other, little and big, clumsy and nimble, bipeds and quadrupeds, feathered and furred, winged and wingless, timid and bold. Every successive period of time was but a repetition of the past.

OPENING THE WAY OUT.

None of the many puzzled brains could offer means of breaking the monotony, till a happy thought struck one of the most insignificant of the living mass. For want of other occupation a locust bored a hole in the wall and thereby opened the way for the enthusiasm and progress of the host of its comrades throughout the length and breadth of their underground world. The Great Spirit had so decreed it. They were there only for a time of incubation. At the destined hour, as the eaglet bursts the shell that imprisons it, so the locust's tiny burrow should lead to the escape of all into the open world, where each could follow his inclinations unhampered.

The laboring locust had but a solitary witness. A badger watched with growing amusement the diminutive tunnel making. His eyes sparkled with interest as the locust labored energetically. He lay resting with his head between his fore paws in a most lazy attitude, but his face expressed animation and eagerness not much longer to be retained. As the tail of the locust disappeared the time for exertion had come. To follow the locust's movements further necessitated like energy. The locust's hole was too small for the badger's access, so he started a tunnel making of his own. By the time he reached the locust he was in no mood to give up the chase, so he passed on, scratching his way through the solid earth until he broke through the outer crust of the mountain, and in the joy and excitement of the moment he sprang into the ample space before him. The mountain side was steep, and he "landed" in the shallow edge of the lake in Montezuma valley. As he fell his fore feet struck deep into the mire, and his progeny even unto today have inherited black fore paws because of this incident of the world's first peopling.

The Navajoes within the cavern, noting the departure of the badger, began a prospect. Finding the hole large enough for exit, they crept out, one after the other, and a train of all sizes and species of animals followed in their wake, as from Noah's ark.

FRIGHTENED THEM AWAY.

As soon as all the prisoners were free, fire and smoke began to issue from the hole that had delivered them. This frightened them far away into the valley, and there they prepared to make themselves comfortable and live as their new advantages permitted. Food was plentiful in vegetable forms, but some varieties needed heat to make them good. At least the Navajoes thought so, but they had no means of kindling a fire. This difficulty was soon overcome by sending a bat, a wolf and a squirrel after the needed element, fire. Going to a hole in the mountain, the wolf tied some pitchy splinters to his tail, then turned and held it over the little volcano till it began to smoke and ignite. The bat then fanned it into flames with its wings and the squirrel carried it away to the Navajoes. The people were delighted at getting the one missing essential to a happy life in the open world, and when, long after, a time came when the world's plenty had pampered their wills and fostered their greed and selfishness to the point of preying upon their fellow creatures for food, they still had the honor to vow never to eat wolf or squirrel flesh. Neither would they move camp without a live coal among their possessions. And even today the Navajoes' gratitude to the trio is observed as the promise made to the fire getters of the tradition.

Between the Navajoes and different animals there sprang up a dispute over the Great Spirit's intended use for night and day. All agreed that one should be spent in sleep and one in action, but which should serve the one and which the other? It was settled at last. Those that wished to roam at night should do so and sleep by day, and vice versa. The heroic badger was among those who chose the mysteries of the darkness or the immediate dawn and dusk for thought and action and the bright and sunny hours as fit to be slept away in his cool underground nest. As the sun sank in the west upon their business meeting, the owl, bat, moth, and many other animals scattered out into the valley borders on their foraging exploits, while many kinds of birds flew to roost in the trees. Other animals lay down to sleep in sheltered parts of the forest, and the Navajoes spread their waterproof blankets, the trophies of the women's industry, and enjoyed their couches under the starry sky in peaceful dreams.—Overland Monthly.

The Great Actor's Methods.

Clara Morris, in speaking of actors and acting recently, said: "The really great actor must be capable of doing something more than to merely touch the biggest fool of the audience. He must make his audience absolutely forgetful of itself and be himself the direct and not the indirect cause of the emotional state into which it is thrown. To do this the actor must be himself a person of intense feeling and must for the time at least experience the emotion he is seeking to portray. Really great acting is a matter of feeling rather than of reasoning intelligence, and I doubt whether an actor who studies and puzzles over the subtleties of the author's meaning is not in danger of checking the manifestations of his own histrionic sense. No amount of art can make up the want of one real touch of nature."—New York Herald.

Gaming Introduced.

According to Camden, gaming was introduced into England by the Saxons, and the loser was often made a slave to the winner, and sold in traffic, like other merchandise.

A Nut to Crack.

The something called lightning will melt a cold iron rod in a hundredth part of a second. A hard razor will drop like water in time quicker than thought. But that heat is not in the lightning, but it is made at that point at which the lightning meets an obstacle. Thus from the sun some substance or potentiality may go forth which is a harmless traveler until something retards it. This exile may meet its first foe near the sun's disk, and enough of it may escape to go onward and meet a second obstacle in the environment of planets.—Professor Swing in Chicago Journal.

Very Bad Manners.

It ought to be clear to any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the laws of etiquette that to disturb others needlessly in the enjoyment of a dearly purchased pleasure is evidence of very bad manners. Musical people suffer more from such interruptions than persons whose ears are not similarly refined can imagine; for the true colors of a Wagnerian score are as exquisitely delicate and refined as the evanescent films and colors of a soap bubble, so that the mere rustling of a fan or a programme mars them.—Henry T. Finck in The Cosmopolitan.

A New Wagon Tire.

A recent English invention is a corrugated rolled steel wagon tire for use in towns where street cars are run. The object of the invention is to assist the wheel to get out of the train line and thus avoid skidding of the wheels and the wrenching of vehicles and horses. The invention consists in what may perhaps be described as a series of slopping projections on each side of the felloes of the wheel.—St. Louis Republican.

STEWART AND VANDERBILT.

Two Anecdotes Showing the Economical Turn of the Noted Millionaires.

Many persons who marvel at the wonderful accumulation of money possessed by some of their fellow citizens do not reflect upon the fact that these accumulations are often due to close economy in expenditure. A reporter lately came across two extraordinary instances of economy on the part of two millionaires, the late Alexander T. Stewart and the late William H. Vanderbilt.

"I shaved Mr. Stewart," said a Fifth avenue hotel barber, "for fifteen years steadily, when he was a patron of the Metropolitan hotel barbershop. In all that time he never once thought of presenting a gratuity. He paid the same price that any other man would for a shave or a hair cut, and that was the end of it. It was even more the custom then than now for regular patrons to tip their regular barbers once in a while, and particularly on Christmas or New Year's. Therefore, Mr. Stewart's omission was all the more singular.

"One afternoon, some years ago, Mr. Stewart dropped into the hotel barber shop and while he was in the chair a severe snow storm came up. I advised him, as he had been quite ill for some time, it would be advisable for him to take a coupe home. I went out to the bar and asked a cabman what was the lowest price for taking Mr. Stewart home. They all knew that there was no use asking a fancy price from him, and so I was told that I could get a coupe for him for $1.25. I went back and reported. 'Too much—too much' he said sharply. 'I can't afford any such price. I will ride home in a stage first, and that will only be ten cents,' and so he did."

This anecdote about Mr. Vanderbilt's care of money came from a porter of the Manhattan Beach hotel: "The summer before last," he said, "I was called to the office one afternoon, and told by the clerk that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was in the house, and that he had mislaid his traveling bag. I was told to find it, if possible. I started out full of dreams of sudden wealth. I went by rail to Bay Ridge, paying my own fare, and found that the bag was not there. Then I paid another fare to New York, and searched all over the landing at the Battery. The bag was not to be found.

Then I paid another fare and went down to the island, and went over into the Oriental hotel, and there I found the bag. It had been taken to that hotel by mistake. I brushed myself up, dusted off the bag and carried it to Mr. Vanderbilt's room, knocked gently and was told to come in, and I presented the bag with a great flourish, and expected, of course, that I should at least get a $10 bill, as I was out from $1.25 to $1.50 and several hours of searching. He said quickly: 'Thanks, porter; I am glad I got it,' and, opening the bag to see if the contents were all right, revealed the fact that there was only a single shirt in it. Then he snapped the bag shut, dived into his trousers pocket and fished out a quarter, by all that is holy. I left that room in a hurry, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when I got out into the hall."—New York Sun.

Mobilization of the German Army.

It is in the arrangements for mobilization that the German army is wonderfully perfect. The modus operandi is as follows: The active army is divided into eighteen army corps, each occupying a particular district and consisting of about 28,000 men. The general commanding the corps is responsible for its mobilization, and has in the stores, the clothing, arms and equipment of the reservists and landwehr men. The details, however, are in the hands of the railroad authorities and the police bureaus. Each soldier on quitting the active army reports himself to the bureau of police in his district, where his name, age, regiment and destination on mobilization are inscribed. From this data the police bureau furnishes the local railroad authorities with the number of trains required and their direction.

Suppose, now, the telegram for mobilization should be received. Each man thereupon presents himself at once at the police bureau and receives his pass for the journey, goes to the railroad station and is sent off immediately to the headquarters of his regiment. Arrived there, arms and clothing are served out, the officers appear, take command of their companies and regiments and in twenty-four hours an army of 500,000 men is raised to 1,500,000, and in three days can be placed on the frontier with all its parts complete save, of course, the mounted arms, which require three more days to be made ready on account of the necessity of requisitioning the horses.—Gordon Smith in Philadelphia Times.

The Kaiser's Mysterious Philter.

There is current among the peasants of Bavaria a legend that the long life of Kaiser Wilhelm was due to a mysterious philter of which his imperial majesty alone possessed the secret. How the emperor obtained the magic beverage is not known. It was said to be a kind of spirit which, if it did not give him immortality, would enable him to live many years more, and supply him with sufficient bodily and mental power to retain the government of his vast empire in his own hands.

The legend furthermore states that the German sovereign condescended to make a present of a few drops of the charmed liquid to Marshal Moltke and Prince Bismarck, hence also their respectable age; but strange to say, he declined to give any of it to the crown prince, because he feared his heir would make use of his health, restored by the philter, to force him to abdicate. Several crowned heads have, it appears, applied to the emperor for his wonderful secret, but in vain. The czar, in particular, prayed for some of the spirit, and it was the refusal of the kaiser to oblige him which was the real cause of the present conflict between Russia and Germany.—New York Tribune.

Great Loss of Force.

In a paper recently read before one of the English associations of engineers, the writer asserted that, according to present methods of dealing with the motive power of the steam engine, only some 20 per cent. was made available, 80 per cent. of the energy developed in the furnace being thrown away, and it is quite common to realize no greater efficiency than about 4 per cent. on the gross or potential energy of the fuel. In large factories, that amit of the power being concentrated in one or two great machines, condensation can be taken advantage of, and, with water heaters, and other appliances, double the above figures realized—but in the very best engines, with all the latest improvements and elaborations, not more than 12½ per cent. has ever been realized, nor is it possible to realize more, and even this 12½ per cent. can only be obtained by the finest of wire drawing and the best of coal.—New York Sun.

The Heroic Method.

Soldiers in the Russian army are said to be cured of intemperance by a curious and heroic method. The inebriate is locked up, and given only food boiled in his favorite wretched spirit and water. He soon becomes horribly sick, but is kept on this diet until the very sight or scent of spirit creates in him an inextinguishable loathing for it.—Arkansaw Traveler.

IN THE SHAMEFACED LAND.

Coreans the Shyest Nation on Earth—Seclusion of the Fair Sex.

The Coreans are the shyest nation on the face of the earth. Until quite lately they have abstained as much as possible from all intercourse with strangers, holding studiously aloof not only from Europeans who have sought their hospitality, but also from contact with the Chinese and Japanese. Within the last few years, however, their reserve has shown signs of thawing, and we are at last able to form some opinion as to the reason of their shyness, and to judge whether a closer acquaintance will reveal anything worth knowing. As to the first point, this shyness seems constitutional. There is a limit to it; for, like most shy people, the Coreans are not incurious.

A Dutch craft was wrecked near the coast of Corea in the latter half of the Seventeenth century, and the sailors, whose narrative may be read in several books of old travel, found themselves the object of much inquisitive observation. Even the women and children were eager to see the outlandish navigators; more especially as the Dutchmen were reputed to be of a monstrous race, who, when they drank, were obliged to twist their long noses round their ears. No such report heralded the journey which Mr. Carles made into the interior, yet he was received with polite attention and interest everywhere. "The more I have seen," he says, "of the Coreans, the more fully have I appreciated their politeness toward their guests and the dignity of their behavior." But he saw next to nothing of the women of the country, by whom he was carefully avoided. Even some little girls whom he found swinging in a field fled at his first approach. His inability to tell us about the women of Corea is especially to be regretted on account of the strange position they hold.

The seclusion of women in this land of the shamefaced is carried to the utmost limit. Ladies out of doors wear a green mantle which covers the whole countenance except the eyes. Nor do they willingly let even their eyes be seen. "It seemed [illegible] says Mr. Carles, "that each woman we [illegible] have arrived at that moment at h[illegible] home; but, as we learned later on, women have a right of entree everywhere, and to avoid us they turned into the nearest house at hand." Other travelers recount that the women are taught to shun the opposite sex from their earliest girlhood. They are even exhorted to talk as little as may be to their own husbands. What is still more extraordinary is the innate modesty of the men. This sentiment impels them to work in jacket and trousers in the hottest weather; while the richer classes use a kind of bamboo framework to keep the clothes, otherwise unbearable, from contact with the skin. When an Italian prince visited Corea, a few years ago, officials were sent to his ship to protest against the indecency of the Italian sailors, which for some days had prevented the villagers from leaving their houses. The sailors had been bathing.—St. James' Budget.

Cultivating "Unconscious Grace."

A new Boston cult that is just making its appearance here, is what is called a "tight class," which has no reference whatever to the effects of alcohol. These classes are trained by a young woman, who is the exponent of the Delsarte theory in America, and who has been through a course of training under Mlle. Delsarte, in Paris. The theory is that as the whole body is but an instrument of the mind, every part and member needs to be trained to the most perfect freedom. Not one person in a hundred can make a gesture with the unconscious grace of a child or an animal, for "the simple reason that an arbitrary volition is so impacted in each muscle that one controls every sinew artificially without knowing it." The idea of these "tight classes" is to break up this artificial control, and they derive the name from the fact that they wear tights while practicing, which is done under the eye of the young female exponent of the art.

Miss Stebbins has trained hospital nurses who declare that they have gained such suppleness of movement and control of their bodies that they are far more efficient and can do their work with less fatigue to themselves. But as usual the society girls in Boston were the ones who devoted themselves to this new art. They have no end of time and money to throw away and must have something new to amuse themselves with. So they have donned the close fitting costume, and "unconscious grace," "leopard movements" and "panther freedom" are the very latest necessity to any young woman who objects to considering herself a contemporary of Adam. The effect is very interesting.—New York World.

Sea Water a Pest Carrier.

We find in The New York Medical Journal that Dr. J. J. Kinyoun, assistant surgeon in the marine hospital service, who has done much of the bacteriological work that has proved so valuable in the detection of Asiatic cholera in obscure stages, both in the late importations at New York and for future cases, has made another important demonstration with respect to the persistence of bacterial life in the sea water of the bay, contaminated by the sewage of a population of 3,000,000. The existing contaminations developed by the end of five days colonies of bacteria ranging from 4,500 to 11,700 micro organisms per cubic centimeter of water from various points in the bay. Specimens of sea water, thoroughly sterilized and inoculated with pure cultivations of the spirilla of Asiatic cholera, proved that for sixty-nine days the spirilla could be derived from that medium and their characteristic growth produced by cultivation. They were found to be not only kept alive, but greatly increased in numbers. It is inferred that infection discharged into our tide or sea water is by no means disposed of, but remains a real menace to our own lives, as the contiguous shores afford every condition favorable to its development from the rising and falling tide. The bane of water pollution extends even to the land's end wherever the pernicious system of water carriage of excreta is followed.—Sanitary Era.

Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie."

Some of the relatives of the late Barbara Frietchie in Frederick, Md., recently sent to Mr. John G. Whittier, who immortalized the venerable lady in verse, a number of table articles which formerly belonged to Mrs. Frietchie. Mr. Whittier acknowledged the receipt of the articles some days ago, and stated in his letter that he had become convinced that his poem entitled "Barbara Frietchie" was based upon a supposed incident that had no foundation, but that he was glad to know, nevertheless, that she was a loyal woman.—Chicago Herald.

Closing the Oyster's Shell.

A device has been patented to keep the shell of the oyster closed from the time it is captured until it is opened and set before an epicure 1,000 miles away. It is a simple piece of wire twisted around the oyster shell with a pair of pincers and then sealed. Close an oyster's mouth and he will preserve himself for weeks—three months is the time claimed. Oysters were recently locked up this way and sent to Denver, where they were opened and found to be of an excellent flavor.—Home Journal.

The Villages of Cuba.

Cuban villages or pueblos have always interested me deeply. They are of little importance as we measure things. There is nothing about them in architecture or human activities to make them worthy of account. They are seldom populous and are never busy. In them and between them, enterprise, rivalry, aspiration, are unknown. But on this great earth are not other spots so full of simplicity and effortless rest.

There are just enough people in them to make human presence an agreeable consciousness. There is never any labor done in any way that tires. Nobody hurries. There is no fretting or fuming about anything. No one is supposed to be in haste. Nor could any such notion ever come to surprise and annoy the mind. Every animate or inanimate object seems at rest. If you desire to set a Cuban village in an uproar of indignant wonderment, you have only to hint of doing, or of desiring something done quickly. Even the winds that blow move in soft and soothing breezes, eloquent of listless dreamfulness. The birds sing in subdued notes as if half asleep. Universal siesta rests upon everything. The very air wings narcotic, and pulses balm, to the sense and soul. Despite your own contempt for Cuban inanimation, after a little, your best efforts are overcome; you yield to the insensible sirens of scene and scent and sound; and the enthrallment possesses you wholly.—Edgar L. Wakeman in New York Mail and Express.

The People of Shiraz.

The people of Shiraz are celebrated throughout Persia for their gay and festive dispositions. While the average Persian, outside the nobility, is a calculating, mercenary trader and trafficker, the Shirazi is a gallant, a beau, a free liver. The best soldiers in Persia are at Shiraz, and the loviest women; from Shiraz also issue hundreds of lutis or buffoons who wander about all over the empire, singing, tomtoming, and exhibiting trained monkeys.

Persepolis, believed to have been a mighty city before the birth of Babylon, and about the earliest home of pomp, wealth and magnificence, is situated near Shiraz. The old pagan kings and nobility of Persepolis were royal wassailers. Drunkenness and revelry were carried to an extreme in the marble halls of this ancient Iranian capital that we of to-day little dream of. One has but to taste the famous Cholar wine, note the curious difference between the Shirazis and other Persians of today, and then look up at the old ruins of Persepolis to come to the conclusion that the three things have some mysterious connection.—Thomas Stevens in New York Sun.

The Codfish Disappearing.

In about another decade the American and Canadian legislative bodies will not be absorbed with arguments on the home and habits of the festive codfish. He is slowly disappearing from our coasts, and the banks of Newfoundland which knew him once know him no more. Fishermen now practice deep sea fishing with very poor results, as the cod seems to fight shy of all bait. While we consider these facts our attention is directed to the other side of the globe, where immense schools of codfish are reported on the west coast of Africa, although they have never been heard of in that quarter before. They must have grown tired of the eternal squabbling about their feeding grounds and have emigrated to neutral territory. Queer, isn't it? About the opening of the next century codfish will be a rare delicacy, and in 1950 or thereabouts the secret of that delightful democratic dish known as the codfish ball will only linger as a memory in the chronicles of the cuisine.—Fish Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

THEATRE AUDIENCES.

HOW THEY DIFFER IN CHARACTER ON CERTAIN NIGHTS.

Boston's Six Distinct Classes of Theatre Patrons—Some Observations of an Experienced Manager—Saturday Night the Best of the Week.

Probably few theatre goers of this city realize, as do the theatrical managers, that there are in Boston six distinct audiences of amusement seekers, and that they have special nights upon which they attend the theatres. So marked are the audiences on different nights of the week that one manager in this city has a name for each night, which he has given to it mainly on account of the character of the audience which he expects on that day to see in his house. For instance, Monday is lithograph night; Tuesday, deciding night, or assistant critics' night; Wednesday, train night; Thursday, "night out" night; Friday, society night; Saturday, everybody's night. Asked to give his reasons for thus naming the nights, he said: "On Monday, unless there has been a large advance sale or the indications are that there will be a good sized audience drawn by the special merit of the performances, we give out what are known as lithograph tickets. These entitle the holder to admission to the theatre in return for the privilege he has given us of hanging in his shop window or in his store our lithographs and small bills, or, perhaps, are for the use of a bill board in a good location.

ON MONDAY EVENING.

"It is on Monday evening, usually, that the theatres change their bills, and so the opposition on that night is generally felt more than on any other, and if there is room it is desirable to pay off the lithograph or advertising debts on that night in preference to any other. There are more of these tickets issued than managers would care to acknowledge, and they are generally well represented on Monday night, and so I call that night 'lithograph night.' Of course, on Monday we get the regular critics and the first nighters, who are always on hand to pass judgment on every new actor or play, but the deadhead is plentiful on that night, and I recognize him in my nomenclature.

"On Tuesday night we can generally tell from the receipts how the business is going to be for the week. If the house is larger in money than it was on Monday, we assume that the performance has pleased the public, and has been well spoken of, and that the receipts will increase nightly for the rest of the week. Therefore I call it 'deciding night,' as it generally decides the business. On that night, too, we get those who never attend the theatre until they have read their favorite daily paper, and learned the opinion of the newspaper critic concerning the play and players. These are the assistant critics, and they are influential as a class. Wednesday night is 'train night,' because on that night the late trains especially designed for theatre parties were run and brought into the city theatres crowds of persons living in the surrounding towns. This name is not so pertinent as it used to be, as now on nearly all the roads out of the city there are trains run late enough to permit of out of town people visiting the theatre, and reaching home at a fairly reasonable hour.

THE "NIGHT OUT" NIGHT.

"Why do I call Thursday night out night? Well, I do not want to disparage Thursday night, for we get a strangely mixed audience on that night, but we are always certain to have a large contingent of servants on that evening, as that, by some unwritten law, seems to be the evening when the 'help' have their night out. The upper tiers are always well filled on Thursday evening by stout, healthy looking young girls, accompanied by their sweethearts, and I tell you they make a spendid audience for the ordinary attraction, as the illusions of the stage are to them realities. An actress who cannot make them cry or a comedian who cannot make them laugh should speedily retire from the business. On Friday we expect to see the more fashionable personages, as on that day, for superstitious reasons or for other reasons, there are fewer wedding receptions, balls and social events than on any other night of the week. On Friday night we also expect to see a great many of our Hebrew patrons, more than on any other night of the week, although they are great theatre goers, and are found in goodly numbers on every night.

"Saturday night is the best night of the week for many reasons, and the audience is more mixed on that evening than on any other of the week. The gallery is full of working people who have been paid their week's wages and are seeking enjoyment; the clerks and shopkeepers are there with their sweethearts and wives, knowing that they can rest on Sunday, and the front rows are full of Harvard students, more especially if there are heathen goddesses on the stage. The nearer the representatives of the heathen goddesses approach the originals in form and raiment, the nearer the students get to the stage. You mustn't ask me why this is. I only state facts. An experienced theatrical man, acquainted with the city, could tell you what night of the week it was by just looking at the audience, if he had no other means of knowing."—Boston Herald.

The Best Window Dressers.

The other day one of these masters of his art was asked: "Who make the best window dressers—women or men?"

"Men, by long odds. Women are a failure at it, in fact. Strange, too, isn't it, with the average American women's exquisite taste in combining colors she cannot fit up a window with the resources of a store at her command? I'll tell you why. She cannot execute a general design, and, not to appear ungallant, neither can she appreciate it. Stand with a crowd of women in front of a window which is worked into one grand design, and you will find nine out of ten of them have discovered each some particular piece of stuff that she likes, and doesn't see anything else in the window."—Chicago Tribune.

The Crow in India.

Crows are as gentle as are sparrows with us. Indeed, much more so. I saw one in Calcutta taking its meal from a quarter of beef which a butcher had on his head, and several times I have seen them steal food from a man's dish when he was eating before his door. They come within five or six feet of natives at every railway station, but eye very suspiciously a foreigner, and can hardly be tempted with crumbs nearer than ten feet or so. There are vast numbers of them in every part of the land. In Burmah they are black; here they have a mouse-colored neck, and look as if they wore a cape. A native hurts nothing if he can help it.—Carter Harrison's Letter.

Lips of Leading Lawyers.

It is a remarkable physiognomical fact that the leading lawyers of the world have a great preponderance of lip. A close examination of numerous portraits of the noted advocates of the past, and a personal inspection of the lips of the most noted lawyers at Washington show that this lip growth is most extraordinary in that part of the mouth nearest the chin, and, in fact, the under lips of our great lawyers look as though they had been stung by so many bees. How this comes I am not able to state. It may be in the pursing up of the lips in the endeavor to appear wise. It may be in the tightly closed mouth, supposed to keep in the great knowledge of the law until the owner receives a $10,000 fee, or it may be in the development of the under lip in the arguing of cases before a jury. At any rate there is no doubt that this extraordinary development exists, as a look at the sketches of the lips of noted men will show.—Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

In the Roman Forum.

"Julius," said Mrs. Cæsar, "I must have a new dress if we are going to the springs. The wife of the mayor of Rome must be dressed according to her station."

"Well, my dear," replied the mayor, "here is a dimus. Go buy yourself a Saratoga."

Brutus, overhearing the remark, went at once and purchased the tin sword which so effectually aided Cæsar in collecting his rents.—Life.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories—they are strongest for things a long way off.—George Eliot.

LOVE'S IMAGINING.

Dear love, I sometimes think how it would be
If thou shouldst love me; if, on such a day,
O day of wonder! thou shouldst come and say,
I love thee; or but let me guess thy plea—
If once thine eyes should brighten suddenly;
If once thy step should hasten or delay
Because of me; if once thy hand should stay
A needless instant in my own! Ah, me!
From such imaginings I wake and start,
And dull and worthless life's endeavors seem
Before the tender beauty of my dream—
And then I whisper my impatient heart,
"Be still, be comforted, O heart of mine;
Thou art not all bereft; the dream is thine."
—Hopestill Goodwin in The Century.

Story of a Picture.

A curious story is told about one of the paintings by the famous artist David, which is included in a collection about to be sold at Brussels, Belgium. It bears the title of "Family Portraits," yet only one figure is represented on the canvas, that of an old lady seated in an arm chair. The chair itself was of a later style than the date of the painting. In spite of these peculiarities M. Van Praet, the late owner, had purchased the work. He then had it cleaned and carefully scraped, in the course of which operation the family "portraits" were successively brought to light. It was afterward ascertained that the old lady, who had sat to David for her portrait, surrounded by all the members of her family, had gradually quarreled with them all in turn and had had their portraits painted over one by one, until she alone of the group remained, sitting in that preposterous looking chair of hers.—Home Journal.

Problems to Be Solved.

When the mind bridges over the past fifty years and contemplates the enormous advance which has been made in the practical application of science to everyday wants, it seems surprising that there should still be many absolute necessities unfulfilled. Among these are a miner's real safety lamp, a perfectly safe method of blasting without risk of explosion, electric lighting economically produced from primary batteries, improved methods of arresting decomposition in animal substances, a perfect method of insulating telegraph wires, etc. Doubtless, however, these and many more startling scientific inventions are problems which the near future will solve.—New York Press.

The "Freak" Business.

It is about time for public opinion to call a halt in the museum "freak" business; the public display, at so much a head, of wretched deformities of misshapen creatures. It is time to suppress the posters that reproduce these monstrosities in yet more aggravated distortion, compelling unwilling eyes to rest upon their hideousness at every street corner. Every intelligent adult, man or woman, knows that the sight of a repulsive deformity can and does lead to the gravest consequences, and it will not be necessary here to be more explicit.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Queer Weather Telegrams.

"Rattletraps, pigs' tails and porcupines" was the telegraph river report received by the signal office from Weston this morning. Obviously, that means that the Monongahela was rising there, that there had been nearly a seven-foot gain during the day, that the rainfall was 0.58 inch, and that the wind was from the northwest. "Coal scuttles, flour bins and fire balloons" was the message from Morganton. Naturally that meant a rising river, 5 feet 6 inches of a change, 0.35 inch of rainfall, and a northerly wind.

The signal service does all its reporting in cipher. All river messages are received in the above kind of language. It is a laughable thing to have to call at the office at an early hour on business and hear the jargon that is being called out from the telegrams. The oddest words in the language seem to have been selected to form the cipher. The use of a cipher at all is characteristic of the difference in the management of a government department and a private concern. It is difficult for an ordinary mind to see any need for it. The only conceivable theory it can be justified on is that the department was at one time a branch of the military service and that therefore the fiction should be kept up that some mysterious enemy was in the country whom it was needful to delude. Many people will be apt to think that, with all due respect to the department, it could not delude an enemy worse than by furnishing him with some of the predictions that are daily furnished to the innocent public.—Pittsburg Press.

Stealing Hotel Stationery.

Chief Clerk Wall, of the Hoffman house, says that at least one-half of the stationery given out at the various hotels is to persons who are not guests. "Why, I know of probably one hundred persons," said Mr. Wall, "who come here to do all their letter writing and yet at no time have any of them been guests of the house. Still we cannot very well refuse those who are known to be respectable a sheet of paper and an envelope. It is safe to say that each of the large hotels gives away $500 worth of stationery every year."

Only a short time ago a fine looking old gentleman, who was one of the chronic loungers about the Fifth Avenue hotel, was exposed as a stationery thief in a most public manner. He walked up to the desk of the hotel and taking off his hat as if to stroke his brow he helped himself to a handful of envelopes, which he carefully concealed in his hat. Then he strode into the reading room. The head porter noticed him and brought him back to the office. "Now take off your hat," commanded the porter, and the man being compelled to do so the envelopes fell out on the floor. It was discovered that the old gentleman had been in the habit of stealing stationery for several years and taking it home with him. In this way he gave the impression to his friends at a distance that he lived at the Fifth Avenue.—New York World.

Turkey's Unpaid Soldiery.

Turkey, since it has given Bosnia to Austria, to Servia its complete independence, to Bulgaria complete autonomy, to Roumelia a nearly independent government, and has been shorn of other fragments of its polyglot population, has a greatly diminished force to draw upon for soldiers. Besides this it is deeply in debt, and always without money enough to pay its army on a peace footing, to say nothing of what it would have to do in case of war. The Russian indemnity has not been diminished even by a first payment. It is a threat held over the sultan's head, to be used at some critical moment. Its soldiers who were sent home a few weeks ago, after their first term of service had expired, were not paid, and there was a sort of mutiny, which was quelled with difficulty. Without money it is impossible to buy the arms which it needs to equip its infantry. When it gets rifles at all it is obliged to content itself with an inferior weapon, or one thrown a little out of date by those just adopted by the great powers.—Brussels Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Lotta's Collection of Shoes.

The intellectual and imaginative Jack St. Maur has been telling some interesting stories about Lotta's unprecedented collection of shoes.

"Why, gentlemen," said the enthusiastic relator, "there are velvet shoes, satin shoes, silken shoes, canvas shoes, grass cloth shoes, Turkish and morocco slippers, and sandals from Borneo and far off Sarawak, where Rajah Brooke, whose charming wife is an old schoolmate of Lotta's, holds supreme sway over his heathen subjects. There is one particular pair of slippers made from the skin of a favorite cat that quitted catterwauling and nocturnal adventures some two years ago. If you ask Lotta what these slippers are made of she will tell you with a mischievous smile that they are 'peau de pusse.' You can't imagine anything softer or more comfortable. It really must be that the spirit of that departed tortoise shell animates those slippers; for as truth is my witness, I have heard Lotta make a sort of purring sound when putting them on. Lotta's size? Oh, come now, what's the use of making all the women in the world envious? You probably don't remember Cinderella's size. Well, it's my belief that the glass slipper would fit Lotta very well. Anyway, her feet have played as lively a part as her face in the extraordinary success she has won."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

LEAST PROFITABLE OF ANY FROM A FINANCIAL STANDPOINT.

A Comfortable Living is About All the Average Physician Can Expect—The Doctor's Bill the Last to Be Paid—Dishonesty.

The medical profession is, taken as a whole, the least profitable of any in a monetary point of view. For a person who seeks riches, it is really the last one to enter. It is true some have grown wealthy in the legitimate practice of medicine, but such are very rare exceptions, and not one in a thousand is so fortunate. Really, a comfortable living is about all the average physician can expect, and before he can attain that he must meet many hardships and know much self-denial. If people would only consider the sums which he must invest first before he can attain his "degrees," and after that before he can "pay his way," the loss of wages, if so we may speak, for the years devoted to study and waiting for a competency, they would realize that comparatively few business men have so much invested in their "stock in trade" as the doctor. They would then be less ready to deny him a fair compensation for his labors.

THE LAST BILL PAID.

Not only are the incomes of physicians, as a rule smaller than those of men of other professions, notably the legal and ministerial, but even the sums which they receive are grudgingly yielded. It is notorious that the last bill to be paid is the doctor's. Tradesmen's claims are always "preferred." If it happens that the services of an undertaker have been employed, he, too, is among the first creditors to be paid. If anything is left, and there is no prospect of its being needed for any other purpose, why then the doctor's bill is considered. But it would be violating old customs were it to be paid in full. A complete settlement in nine cases out of ten is only effected after he has deducted a large per cent. of what is due him. Even the most honest of patients seem to have little or no compunction about asking him for discounts, even when they well know that the physician's bill rendered is not only just, but reasonable. "The doctor makes his money easily," says the average patient, and full of that belief he adjusts his sense of right and equity and drives a sharp bargain if he can.

It is safe to say that but few physicians in general practice manage to collect more than half of their bills. It is certainly not pleasant to contemplate that a large share of our people are dishonest, and swindle their physicians. And yet such is actually the case. It is doubtful if there is any class of men in business who would be content to receive such treatment. Why in the name of all that is right and proper should physicians be obliged to put up with it? Probably they themselves are in a measure accountable for it. Were they more exacting, and, making the practice of medicine a trade, insisted upon the full and immediate payment for their services when rendered, their patients would in time learn to be honest. Very few doctors would care to take such a course if they could, and yet it is an open question if all concerned would not be better in the end for it. We say that they cannot always be so rigid, if they would. No physician can act on such lines in the face of an unfortunate whose sufferings he can relieve, or whose life he can save, even if he knows full well that at the nearest grog shop will be worse than wasted the sum he ought to have received, and which he has richly earned. Patients have learned the principles which direct physicians, and the promptness which sway them, and many are not slow to take a mean advantage.

MAKING A CHANGE.

Something after this fashion does he suffer from them. Very likely, when a stranger and first called, the illness he treats is a severe one, or it may be a desperate emergency. He is successful in his treatment, and for several months after is the recognized attendant of that family. They think much of him, and encourage neighbors and friends to patronize him. After a time his bill comes in and is met with some excuse which is readily accepted. As time goes on and the debt remains unpaid, his collector is more persistent. At last another attack of sickness occurs in the same family, and, instead of sending for the physician to whom they are indebted, who did so well on a former occasion, and in whose praise they have been so loud, they employ another. The neighbors see the strange physician calling, and naturally ask why the change. Not one of the class of people we are describing have manhood and womanhood enough to prompt him to give the true, honest reason for it. No! They simply say Dr. So-and-so did not do as well the last time we "had him" as he did at first, and so we thought we would not call him again. That, of course, has its influence, and the friends and neighbors who have previously been well disposed toward him whose experience we are illustrating, are thereafter inclined to doubt his ability.

The consequence is, the skillful and obliging physician, to whom is owed not only the money, for which he has patiently waited, but a wealth of gratitude for his devotion to the former sick one, loses not only the amount of his bill, but also the reputation which he has justly earned in the neighborhood. One evil disposed person, without a shadow of truth to sustain his assertions, can in a close community do a physician an injury, by exciting prejudice against him, which he cannot overcome in a lifetime. Strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that these patients of a certain class, whom he treats most indulgently, are the easiest made his worst enemies.—Boston Herald.

London Prize Ring Rules.

The more important of the London prize ring rules:

Twenty-four foot ring. Each man has two seconds. Each man has one umpire. The referee's decision is final. At the call of "time" the seconds must leave the ring. Thirty seconds between rounds. Referee and seconds are the only persons allowed in the ring. It shall be a fair "stand up fight," and if either man shall willfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have been previously exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who, in a close, slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment or from obvious accident or weakness. Butting is foul. A man with one knee and one hand on the ground is considered down. The position of referee and umpire is outside the ropes in front of the center stake. Hugging the ropes shall be deemed foul. A man held against the stakes or upon or against the ropes is considered down.—Chicago Tribune.

Germans in New York.

New York city now has a German population of 350,000, and the German vote there numbers 70,000, making it, as claimed, the third German city of the world, Berlin being the first, and Hamburg, with 450,000, comes second.—Chicago Herald.

New Orleans' Colored Servants.

It is useless for a housekeeper to attempt economy with colored servants. Their ways are naturally wasteful, and they entertain a scorn for all attempts at thrifty management. A lady whose war time experience had taught her that twelve biscuits could be produced from one pint of flour, lost several servants before she discovered that their defection was due to disgust at her frequent enunciation of this theorem in domestic economy. Let the mistress be never so close, or ever liberal, she will be utterly unable to restrain the extravagance of her servants. When supplies are measured out it is frequently the dining room table, never that of the kitchen, which is stinted.

Servants out of employment time their visits to their friends in service so as to include at least one meal hour of the family; and the cook's husband, son or fourth cousin usually appears during the progress of dinner to escort his relative home and to assist in the transportation of any unusually heavy burden. A stranger traversing the streets of New Orleans at nightfall and seeing the hundreds of homeward bound cooks, each with her sagging basket upon her arm, would imagine the whole colored population to be on the way to a picnic. They are merely, however, transporting what they seem to regard as their rightful spoil of food, and wood, and coal. The statistician has yet not risen with a brain large enough to compute the collective value of this daily universal drain.—New York Post.

Servant Girls.

Some New York people propose to build a school for the training of servant girls if they can raise the necessary $50,000 or $60,000. The past year about $7,000 was raised in small sums.—Chicago Herald.

An oyster, the shell of which measured ten by twelve inches, was recently seen in Baltimore. It weighed five and one half ounces.

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

Constant worry and work, in shop and kitchen, office or parlor, destroy nerve force. Excess in any direction surely ends in sleeplessness, forgetfulness, morbid fears, and other symptoms of

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Every part of our bodies is filled with nerves, and the wear and tear of the nervous system results in dizziness, heart troubles, deranged digestion, neuralgia, and kidney diseases. Strengthen the nerves, and at once the sufferer is

A NEW MAN.

Ask your doctor if Celery is good for nervous diseases, and he says, Yes. Ask him if Coca is good, and he says, Yes. But he never thought of combining them! Celery and Coca are

The BEST NERVE TONICS

and their special sedative, strengthening and stimulating powers are fully obtained in

Paine's Celery Compound

This medicine is invaluable in the treatment of all nervous disorders. When the brain is exhausted, a little of this wonderful nerve tonic will give it tone and elasticity. With the Celery and Coca, are combined the best blood purifiers and kidney and liver regulators. It surely

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.
Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
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C. M. LUCAS

IS STILL AT THE OLD STAND.

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS
AND JEWELRY.

—ALSO—

EYE-GLASSES & SPECTACLES

ROGERS' SILVER-PLATED WARE.

HE STILL KEETS THE HIGH STANDARD OF 18 K. WEDDING RINGS.

Solid Silver Waltham Watches,

ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

Warranted Good Time-Keepers.

Jan. 26, 1888.

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. DeVean, 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 Lykins, Pa., writes: "For years I have suffered dreadfully, every Spring, from headache, caused by impurity of the blood and biliousness. 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.

—WANTED—

ALL PERSONS VISITING TOWN DURING COURT TO CALL AT SPARKS', UNDER "NEWS" OFFICE.

He is selling goods Cheaper than ever. Only think of it, a Handsome

HANGING LAMP FOR $2.25!

Clocks from $1.25 up.

A nice Eight-Day Clock for $4.00, warranted.

A nice Tumbler at 45 cents a dozen. *All Glassware Cheap.* When you want Fine Glassware, Sparks' is the only place you can find it.

If you get hungry during court hours, just run down to Sparks', under "News" office, he has lots of good things to satisfy the hungry; and then if you feel like enjoying a good smoke there is no better place to buy a Cigar than at Sparks'. Come and see us, we will treat you right.

SPARKS,
a12. Under "News" office

G·M·D

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

REMEMBER

Chapman & Lambert's

CARRIAGE

—AND—

WAGON WORKS

and call and look at their Fine, Solid Work, which they are SELLING LOW for the quality of work. We have in stock Bruster Side-Bar Buggies, Daytons, Phætons, Jump-Seats and Surrey Carriages. All kinds of Family Carriages made to order.

We shall give special attention to

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS.

The Painting and Varnishing of old work will be done in the highest style of art, and all other repairs in workman-like manner.

We have had long experience in the business and only ask a trial to prove our ability to give satisfaction in work and prices.

—IN OUR—

BLACKSMITHING & WHEELWRIGHTING

Line, we consider that we have the best facilities of any shop on the Peninsula.

We would call attention to our

FARM AND PEACH WAGONS,

and our LIGHT PLATFORM DEARBORNS and EXPRESS WAGONS.

We keep up our old standard and reputation, and our work is sold at a Lower figure to suit the times.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
April 5, 1888. Chestertown, Md.

The Chester River

STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

1888.

DAILY Excursions to Baltimore

Commencing April 10th, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and Queenstown. Will leave Queenstown at 8.45 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 11 A. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at 3 P. M., arriving in Chestertown 7.15 P.M.

STEAMER B. S. FORD

will leave Centreville daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at the wharves in Corsica River, at Grey's Inn and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 11.15 A. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at 2.45 P. M., arriving in Centreville at 7 P M.

Fare from All Points:

$1 ROUND TRIP.

SINGLE TICKETS 75 CENTS.

TICKETS GOOD UNTIL USED.

GEO. WARFIELD,
April 12, 1888. President.

TOLCHESTER LINE!

AFTER MONDAY, APRIL 2d, 1888, BEGINNING SATURDAY APRIL, 7th,

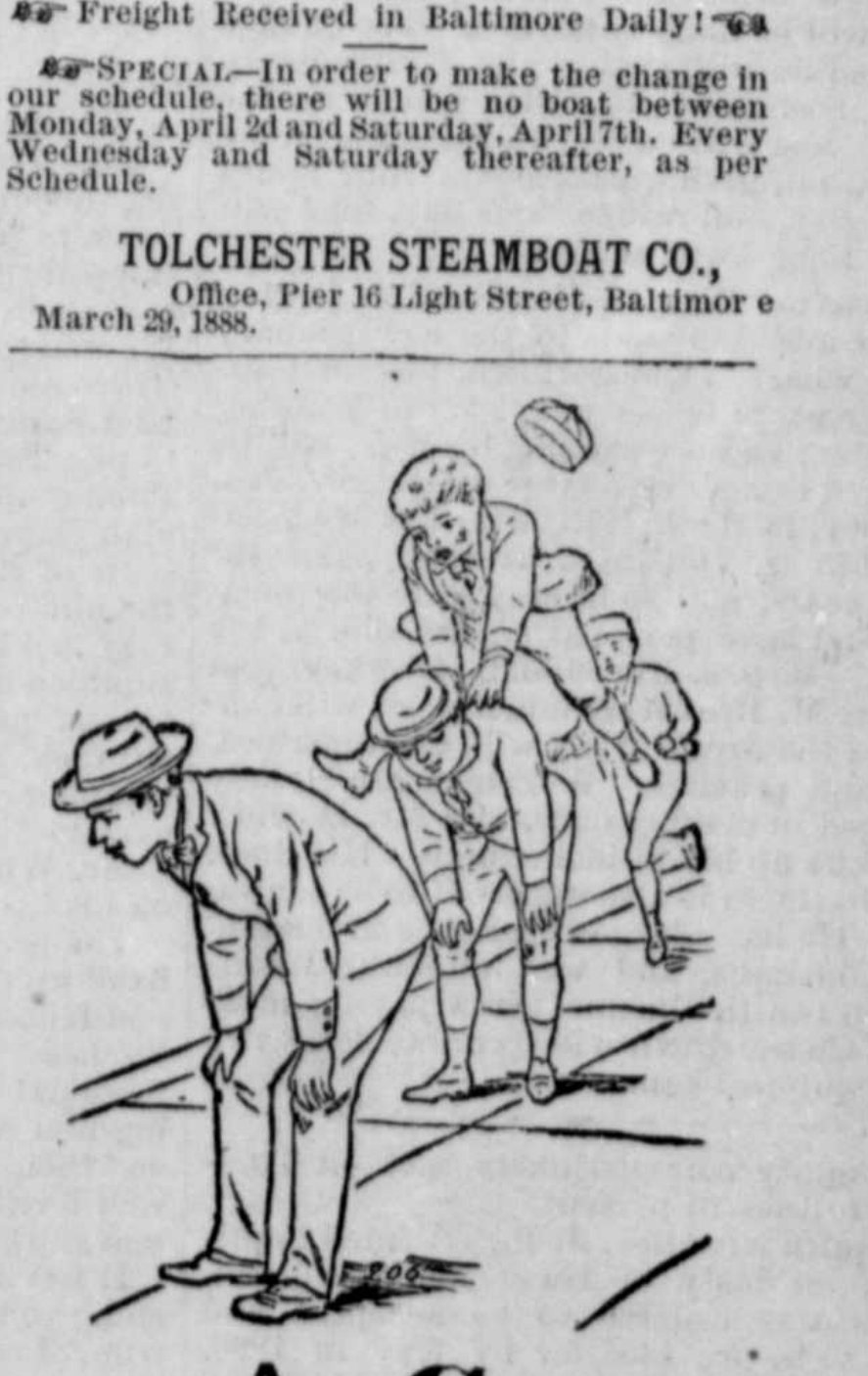
THE STEAMER EMMA GILES,
Leaves Baltimore
EVERY SATURDAY & WEDNESDAY
At 7 o'clock A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

LEAVES TOLCHESTER,
At 9 o'clock A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

Freight Received in Baltimore Daily!

SPECIAL.—In order to make the change in our schedule, there will be no boat between Monday, April 2d and Saturday, April 7th. Every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter, as per Schedule.

TOLCHESTER STEAMBOAT CO.,
Office, Pier 16 Light Street, Baltimore
March 29, 1888.



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For Men and Children

SIXTH & CHESTNUT,
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GARDEN SEED!

GUARANTEED RELIABLE.

GARDEN SEED!
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GARDEN SEED
LARGE QUANTITY.

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CHEAP.

Buist's Garden Manual given away.

M. A. TOULSON'S
March 22, 1888. DRUG STORE

SHOES, SHOES, SHOES

DON'T pay fancy prices for Shoes. We have a good, fresh stock for Ladies, for Misses, for Boys and for Babies, at prices that will sell them on sight. Call and see at

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