IN QUAINT COREA.

A KING WHO IS ALLOWED NARROW LIBERTY IN GOVERNING.

A Country So Little Known That All Sorts of Queer Stories Are Told Concerning Its People—The One Great Injustice Practiced.

In the first place Corea is a limited monarchy. There is a written constitution, which is not, perhaps, absolutely binding on the king, but which is seldom deviated from. This is a fact which is not generally known, even by many of the foreigners resident in this city, but I have it on the best of evidence. Corean monarchy cannot be said to be limited in the sense that the people are represented in any council or parliament, but there are rules laid down which even his majesty will not overstep, excepting under most unusual circumstances. And a word right here in regard to the practical power of the king. Some have said that he has no power at all, but is imprisoned in his palace and obeys his councilors. Others say that he is perfectly untrammeled in the execution of any design whatsoever. Both of these statements strike wide of the truth, although on opposite sides of it. To be sure, the king of Corea, according to the sacred and unwritten law of this and all the kindred nations, is considered in one sense a sacred personage, and cannot be exposed to the gaze of the populace except on certain state occasions, but his seclusion is voluntary. Almost every night the noblemen congregate at the palace, and the king holds his court practically the same as any western sovereign.

But it is in regard to social questions that the greatest misunderstanding exists. Coreans are not barbarians or savages, they are not nomads, but they belong to the great family of civilized nations, as distinguished from enlightened nations. If a system of government reaching even to the minutest details, a complicated social system, a knowledge of arts and industries, a religious and educational system, a literature and the concomitants of these imply civilization, then surely Corea is civilized. Her civilization dates back to a time when Japan was covered with savage tribes.

It is amusing to us out here in Corea to watch the papers and read what is said about this little country. Some one said that suicide was extremely common, when, in fact, it is almost unknown. Even the physician in charge of the royal hospital during three years has only heard of one case. Then we will read something about the second story windows being all closed when the king goes by, when, in fact, there are not half a dozen two story houses in Corea; or about the king dispensing justice as he travels through the country, while, in fact, he never yet has gone ten miles outside the gates of Seoul.

There are plenty of unpleasant features about the social condition of these people without filling the minds of outsiders with imaginary ones. Much has been said about the natives being great eaters of dogs' flesh. After a personal observation of the habits of the people for two years I can truly say that it is only the lower classes that indulge in that luxury. By the middle and upper classes it is considered as detestable as by Americans. However, when one goes through some of the poorer parts of the city and sees people absolutely starving to death it does not cause any surprise that such food is made use of. Dog flesh is absolutely unknown in Corean feasts. A foreigner could sit down to the Corean table and eat of almost every dish that is brought him without fear of dog meat.

In regard to the position and social status of woman the most various ideas prevail. It is true that the women of Corea are secluded, but not more so than in some more favored empires. Turkey, for instance, shows us a vastly more pitiable state of things in this respect than Corea. Women are not slaves here, as they have been pictured. Their seclusion is in some senses a blessing to them. Their lack of seclusion in Japan has led to the most demoralizing results in that country. It is impossible that women should be regarded with the same chivalric spirit here that they are in the enlightened countries, and their seclusion is a painful necessity rather than an evidence of tyranny. And yet, as I have said, women are not nearly so secluded here as they are in Turkey. It is only women of the highest classes that are allowed to be seen by any man excepting the husband and father-in-law. Thousands of women can be seen on the streets of Seoul in broad day at any time. In walking on any street here a good proportion of the people you meet are women. Many belonging to the middle class have a sort of apron thrown over the head and held in front of the mouth, leaving a space through which they can see and be seen. Women of the lower class, the common working class, go entirely unveiled.

The Coreans are a singularly mild and inoffensive people. Their language contains no stronger epithet of hatred or anger than "Meechin-nom," which means crazy fellow. One can go to any part of the city or country at any time without the least fear of molestation, and you never hear of a knock down fight or a murder. The criminal class is extremely small, and vagrancy and mendicancy are almost unknown. Now all these points have been brought up against these people, and they do not bear the light of investigation. But no one seems to have mentioned the one great social evil of Corea, and one which must surely be changed before Corea can fairly begin any such progress as Japan has made.

This evil has to do with the recognized rule of all enlightened nations that the individual must be secure in the lawful possession of his own property and he must be allowed to accumulate property. In Corea the strong prey upon the weak. For instance, when a man is made an official, which is the highest ambition of the Corean, a certain extent of territory is allotted to him. From that territory he is required to send a certain number of bags of rice to the granary of the central government, and for himself he has all the rest that he can squeeze out of the population. His power is unlimited in his own district, and he can seize any one's property and appropriate it. If he be unscrupulous he uses this power to an extent that is monstrous in its injustice.

He hears of a man who has saved a score of bags of rice over and above what his family needs for the season. Soon his minions come down on the man's lawful savings and sweep the whole away, leaving simply enough for the man to struggle through the year with. Can anything be more deadening to enterprise and thrift than this? Who can blame them for saying: "We will raise just enough rice to live on and no more; for why should we accumulate property to be swept away?"—Seoul (Corea) Cor. New York World.

How to Keep Down Flesh.

Plumpness is essential to perfect beauty. Fat is the opposite of it. Science informs us that to keep down flesh sassafras tea, without milk, may be taken; likewise cream of tartar, making a drink by pouring a pint of boiling water on a teaspoonful of the tartar, letting it cool and flavoring with lemon and a little sugar. A draught of this half an hour before meals is a notable purifier of the blood, and an occasional dose of epsom salts, seltzer aperient or congress water may be taken, but always with the advice of a physician. One eminent physician recommends the chewing of a grain or two of roasted coffee to check abnormal craving for food. Jellies of Iceland moss without milk are excellent to satisfy the appetite without making flesh; so are water cresses and tender radishes, and all these are among the best purifiers of the blood and preventives of consumption.

Scrofulous and delicate girls should be brought up on these simple but potent relishes, together with carrots and parsnips, which last are the best food for quick and healthy plumpness. The richness of the milk of Alderney cows is due to long feeding on parsnips in the Channel Island, and the finest and fairest children in some parts of Scotland use it as a daily food. A carrot poultice is admirable for softening the face, acting as a purifier by absorption and mechanically as a moist application. Thin, dyspeptic girls, or those with poor appetite, should be given twelve drops of acid phosphate in a small glass of water three times a day, half an hour before meals, till they feel hungry; then feed them on crusty brown bread and muffins, with a daily change of the sweet, succulent roots, besides fruit and meats. It is surprising how they will tone up. The dose of phosphate is not to exceed twelve drops, as a very little is better borne than large doses, which are apt to produce rush of blood to the head.—Detroit Free Press.

Study of the Hypnotic State.

Dr. A. Dichas has made a detailed study of the memory in the hypnotic state, and summarizes his main conclusions somewhat as follows: (1) during the hypnotic sleep the subject remembers the experiences of his waking life as well as of previous hypnoses; (2) in hypnotism there is often an exaltation of the memory, and at times a change in its content, leading to the assumption of a foreign personality; (3) the memory of what has been going on during hypnosis is usually lost, it can often be revived by a simple suggestion, and at times the memory of a suggested hallucination may linger on, and influence the waking condition; (4) the operator can at his will have any of the acts of the hypnotic state remembered or forgotten by making this a part of the suggestion; (5) suggestion seems to be largely explicable as unconscious memory.

Dr. Cybulski has studied the power of hypnotic subjects to hypnotize themselves. He finds that such subjects strongly imagine for a minute or less that that the operator commands them to go to sleep, and the desired result ensues. Furthermore, if the subject, on going to sleep, imagines himself controlled by a certain person, then, even though another sent him to sleep, he will be subject to the former, and not to the operator. These observations show the importance of the subjective element in the process of hypnotism, and indicate the method by which the subject unconsciously takes suggestions and acts upon them. Dr. Berkhan has applied hypnotism to the amelioration of the hearing of the deaf. He tested the hearing of nine deaf boys, and, after hypnotizing them, spoke to them and had various noises made before them. The hearing of four of them was found to be improved, and the improvement is reported as still persisting after eighteen months.—Science.

Ancient and Modern Greece.

The traveler is often rudely shocked by the contrast between the reality of the present and the ideal picture of the ancient Arcadian life of the rural districts or the intellectual and artistic life of Athens. But doubtless if we could be transported back to ancient Greece, we should find much that would not please us in the daily life of the people. Men may say, "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more;" it is still an enchanted land for me. No other civilized country withdraws the visitor so far from the ordinary routine of the present; no other land affords so many suggestions of the life of the ancients from whom our civilization comes.

I am sure that I understand Greek art better because of my life for a few weeks under the Athenian sky. A few days in Peloponnesus, and a few more in Central Greece, gave me a clearer comprehension of Greek political history. The Homeric age seems more of a reality after a study of the ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ. The pastorals of Theocritus have new life and meaning when the traveler hears the shepherd's pipe and rustic singers vie in amoebean strains, while he eats bread and milk from the wooden bowls which his hosts have carved.

A few of the ancient customs survive. The lover of Homer is delighted to find that the Greeks still throw back the head to express dissent or refusal, and that the trim maid still pours water on the visitor's hands. Some old superstitions have remained, notably that of telling a disturbing dream to the rising sun, in order that the threatened ill may be averted. No land is more thickly peopled with fairies and every kind of benevolent and malignant spirits than the Greece of today. Doubtless many of the ecclesiastical customs of the present have been molded by the superstitions of the past.—Thomas D. Seymour in Scribner's Magazine.

The Origin of Pottery Ware.

Every man, no doubt, used his gourd as a gourd alone. But as time went on he began at last, apparently, to employ it as a model for pottery also. In all probability his earliest lessons in the fictile art were purely accidental. It is a common trick with savages to put water to warm on the camp fire in a calabash or gourd with wet clay smeared over the bottom to keep it from burning. Whenever the clay thus employed was fine enough to form a mold and bake hard in shape, it would cling to the gourd, and be used time and again in the same way without renewal, till at last it came to be regarded almost as a component part of the compound vessel. Traces of this stage in the evolution of pottery still exist in various outlying corners of the world. Savages have been noted who smear their dishes with clay; and bowls may be found in various museums which still contain more or less intact the relics of the natural object on which they were modeled. In one case the thing being imbedded in the clay bowl is a human skull, presumably an enemy's.

In most cases, however, the inner gourd or calabash, in proportion as it was well coated up to the very top with a good productive layer of clay, would tend to get burned out by the heat of the fire in the course of time; until at last the idea would arise that the natural form was nothing more than a mere mold or model, and that the earthenware dish which grew up around it was the substantive vessel. As soon as this stage of pot making was arrived at, the process of firing would become deliberate, instead of accidental, and the vessel would only be considered complete as soon as it had been subjected to a great heat which would effectually burn out the gourd or calabash imbedded in the center.—Grant Allen in Popular Science Monthly.

Walking on the Stage.

"It takes just a year to learn how to walk the stage," said a self confident actor who never made a natural movement on the stage, and who in all probability never will. His idea of the stage walk was a stride, that would excite the laughter of his fellows if he entered a drawing room in that manner. The amount of labor involved in the art of actors of his class is appalling to contemplate. It is evidently concentrated upon the task of smuggling one's self under an expansive shirt front, and presenting the same continuously to the audience. A side view is destructive to art of this pattern. The owner of the expansive shirt front never walks on in a natural manner, but his entrance is charming compared with his exit. He never seats himself as a well bred man sits. The man who spent "just one year" learning to "walk on" does not know how to place a chair, how to lift it nor how to sit down on it. He can frown, stalk across the stage and bang a door open before him—that is the sum of his acquirements. Time was when soubrettes resorted to the cheap device of hitting a door—it always excited laughter—but when the angry father, insulted wife, balked villain, outraged hero and heroine, and the fine dressed gentleman in the play bangs a door before him, it is very tiresome.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Accumulation of Manuscripts.

Now, it will hardly be said that there are not more than two hundred and fifty people in this country who earn their living by their pens. I do not know the exact figures; nobody does; but I should not be surprised to learn that there were at least twenty times as many. And what becomes of all the work that these people produce? A great deal is taken up by the cheap and obscure magazines, by the weekly story papers, and by the daily papers which are reached by the comparatively new "syndicate" system. But all these are not enough; and yet these are all there are. There still remain thousands of writers who have no vehicle for their productions, even when these are such as the editors of the magazines and papers would like to print.

Every editor will tell you (and tell you truly, in spite of the skepticism of many of the rejected) that what is offered would be gladly accepted, were not the number of accepted and paid for contributions already in excess of what the magazine can ever hope to use. The Century and Harper's, for example, have in their drawers MSS. enough to fill at least two years' issue; many of these MSS. have been kept five years; some longer yet; occasionally they will return a paid for contribution to the author of it, with permission to sell it again. It might even occur that a magazine would accept a first rate article, scarcely expecting to be able to use it, but in order to prevent a rival from publishing it. I cannot assert that this has been done; but it is by no means impossible. What is true of the great magazines is true in proportion of the lesser ones. The supply exceeds the demand; and if no author were to write a line from now until 1891, the periodicals would still have barely exhausted their over abundant surplus.—Julian Hawthorne in Belford's.

THE ART OF DYEING.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHICH BUT LITTLE IS POPULARLY KNOWN.

Less a Mystery Now Than in Olden Time. An Advance in the Art—Discoveries in Chemistry—An Important Industry. Colors.

But this is the age of color; and in nothing else during the last thirty years has science made such a forcible impression on the usages of domestic life as it has made through its contributions to the resources of the dyer. Go through the dry goods district and observe the windows. Look into the carpet ware rooms, the furniture ware rooms, or even into the gentleman's furnishing store. Everywhere the rainbow seems to have been caught and reproduced in fresh hues. The very flowers and fruits, though still beautiful and attractive on account of their odor and flavor, have lost the transcending superiority in tints for which they were once noted, and must consent to become only common contributors to an ocean of color, where every wave is a translucent marvel. According to M. Chevreul, the resources of the dyer now cover 15,000 chromatic shades. But after counting 14,999 shades it would have been just as well had this author stopped calculating and pronounced the remainder infinite in number.

This sudden advance in the art of dyeing has been due to the general cause that has contributed so much to civilization during the last hundred years. It has been due to the discoveries in chemistry. Through all the many centuries of history the world knew only of natural dyes, and down to the beginning of the present century, or rather till past the middle of this century, it still busied itself with the discovery of new natural agents. It had found indigo, cochineal, logwood, madder, quercitron bark, sumach, Brazil wood, and other vegetable or wood dyes, and it learned by various means to be more or less successful, by the use of chemicals in a process technically known as mordanting, in making permanent the colors produced by these agents. But it had not learned to distill color from the elements. It could reach only the boundaries of an empire that was not yet quite won. Finally, the chemist Unverdarben discovered aniline, a purely chemical agent, the distillation from coal tar. This discovery opened the way for an industrial revolution, which is perhaps even yet only in the infancy of its movement. This happened in 1826. But the utility of the discovery was not known until many years later. It was not until the year 1858 that the tint known as Perkin's purple, a product of aniline, followed soon afterward by aniline red, or Magenta became known. Then the revolution was fairly inaugurated, and since this latter date the advance has been rapid. All that is most brilliant in color is credited to this new chemical agent.

But the body of the art remains unchanged. What are technically known as the wood dyes have more substance and permanency than the aniline dyes. Indigo still forms the basis for blue. The scarlet on the coats of the British soldiery, warranted not to run, is mainly produced from cochineal; madder is the basis for crimson red and Turkey red, and yellow is produced by fustic, quercitron bark, or its concentrated extract, called flavine, and from Avignon or Persian berries. The mordants remain also unchanged. Chief among them is the oxide of tin, called tin spirits by the trade. This fixes the scarlet colors founded upon cochineal; but alum is used as a mordant for crimson red, and cherry red is produced with a tin mordant from ammoniacal cochineal. Turkey red is produced from madder on an aluminous basis. Thus ran the formula in the old art of dyeing, and thus it runs still. Aniline is rather a re-enforcement than an independent agent. Prussian blue, however, is purely a chemical product, and its discovery antedated the discovery of aniline colors.

But after the production of the simple or primary colors comes the production of the infinite variety of tints that go to make up the total used in the industrial arts. In this work the process of the dyer differs from the process of the painter rather in the means of execution than in the principles on which he works. Does the dyer wish to produce a green fabric? He may mix indigo (blue) with fustic or quercitron bark (yellow), handling at the same time the mordants in accordance with the teachings of the best experience, and the result will be the desired color. Does he want orange? The dyes that produce yellow and red will give him an orange fiber, and by the same process of combination he may have purple, violet, mauve, gray, drab, black, or any one of M. Chevreul's 15,000 chromatic tints. But he should be a man with a trained eye, and a person who is color blind will hardly make a dyer.

Dyeing is one of our most important industries, employing in New York alone nearly 3,000 men, at wages averaging about $18 a week. It does not belong strictly to the process of manufacture, as commonly supposed, but it is a separate art. It may be easily seen, too, that there is no other industrial art where there is more likely to be a marked difference in the capacity of different workmen. First, there is demanded the accomplishment of knowing the mechanical process to perfection. It is an operation that must be timed to a nicety, as the best results may be lost even at the moment of fruition. Then, again, no man can ever become a good dyer, no matter what the length of his training, who is in any way defective in his sense of color. In a certain sense the dyer is a professional colorist, and though dyeing is usually done in the skein, and much of the beauty of the finished fabric is due to the taste for combination in the designer of patterns, the dyer has his share, and a very large share, in the success of the work. It is the advance in the art of dyeing that makes the chief superiority in the coloring of the more modern goods, and not the advance in the art of combination and design.

Were the subject of dyeing to be treated broadly it might be made to include other arts besides the art of dyeing textile fabrics. Other material may be made to receive coloring matter in a manner to change its appearance as completely as the appearance of these fabrics is changed. The endolithic process in the treatment of marble furnishes an instance. Marbles subjected to this process are as completely dyed when it is thought worth while to change the entire substance, as a skein of silk, and made to imitate perfectly the product of any ancient or modern quarry, or to absorb pictures. But this is not credited to the dyer's art and stands as a distinct discovery, with only the antiquity of a few years to make it venerable. The true dyer can trace his lineage back almost as far as the shoemaker.—New York Sun.

An Unwelcome Guest.

The way in which people go unbidden to church weddings is notorious, and thereby hangs a trifling but not unamusing tale. At a recent wedding in Arlington Street church one of the ushers saw a lady come in who was so stylishly dressed that he immediately jumped at the conclusion that she must be a guest of importance. He accordingly offered her his arm and started down the aisle to escort her to the seats directly behind those reserved for the families of the contracting parties. Just as he neared the slip into which it was evident he meant to show her the lady looked up and asked ingenuously:

"Can you tell me whose wedding this is?"

The usher's eyebrows contracted involuntarily.

"Certainly," he answered. "It is that of Miss Blank and Mr. That."

Then, being a man of presence of mind, he kept coolly on down the aisle, turned and crossed the chancel, brought the lady up the next aisle, and seated her obscurely near the door.—Boston Letter.

An Undeveloped Art.

The attention of experimenters is being directed to the subject of photography without lenses, which offers possibilities yet unknown. The plan yields an important advantage in the fact that images of various sizes may be obtained with a single apparatus by simply changing the distance of the camera front from the plate and varying the opening from one-fiftieth or one-sixtieth of an inch for small pictures to one-twenty-fifth of an inch for large ones. The negatives lack the sharpness given by lenses. A curious result of this has been obtained by Capt. Colson in a copy of an engraving in which no trace of lines can be seen without a magnifying glass. A present drawback to this kind of photography is the length of exposure necessary, but this will doubtless soon be shortened.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Beef for Hebrew Consumers.

There is a great deal of meat killed here for the consumption of the Jewish population, and the method of killing is very different from that adopted by the Gentiles. The cattle are taken from the stalls, tied by the hind legs, ropes are fastened around their heads, and their noses thrown up so that their throats are exposed, and then their throats are cut. This operation is always performed by an officer of the Jewish church, who alone handles the meat and prepares it for the market. He must be a skillful man, not to say a courageous one, for it is no small matter to handle these big cattle and cut their throats. This throat cutting is a revolting sight, and the animal expires in great agony, falling in a pool of blood. The instrument used is a long knife, with the very keenest possible edge. It is drawn once across an animal's throat, sinking deep into the neck, which it sometimes nearly severs from the body. The killing must be done at one stroke. Two would be regarded as a mutilation, and mutilated beasts will not be eaten by the Jews.

After the killing, the knife is cleaned until it is absolutely spotless, and it is then wrapped in several layers of cloth and put away where no Gentile hands may touch it. All this killing and dressing is done according to the laws of the Jewish church established and adhered to from time immemorial. The person who performs the office is vested with the authority of the Jewish church, and it is for him to see that the beast, in every part, internal and external, is in perfect condition, else the carcass must be rejected. The meat, when cleaned and dressed, is hung up in the ordinary way, but each separate and distinct piece must have the seal of the synagogue affixed to it. This ceremonial is performed by the slaughterer lighting a stick of sealing wax with a candle, and then impressing it with his seal, which is then tied through a slit in the meat made by another knife. Thus every identical parcel of flesh intended for Jewish consumption is dressed and sealed, and it may be interesting to note here that the Jews only use the forequarter, rejecting the hindquarter altogether.—Boston Herald.

Something About House Flies.

Some one has asked where do flies go in the winter. This is a question of some interest, for a house fly is born fully grown and of mature size, and there are no little flies of the same species, the small ones occasionally observed being different in kind from the large ones. The house fly does not bite nor pierce the skin, but gathers its food by a comb or rake or brush like tongue, with which it is able to scrape the varnish from covers of books, and it thus tickles the skin of persons upon which it alights to feed upon the perspiration.

A fly is a scavenger, and is a vehicle by which contagious diseases are spread. It poisons wounds, and may carry deadly virus from decaying organic matter into food. It retires from the sight at the beginning of winter, but where it goes few persons know. If a search of the house is made, they will be found in great numbers secreted in warm places in the roof or between the partitions or floors. Last winter we had occasion to examine a roof, and found around the chimney myriads of flies hibernating comfortably and sufficiently lively to fly when disturbed "in overpowering clouds." No doubt this is a favorite winter resort for these creatures.—Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.

Childhood of Miss Hosmer.

Speaking of Harriet Hosmer, the celebrated sculptor, who in her childhood lived at Watertown, Mass., an old citizen of that town, who knew the family well, says that her mother and sister had died from consumption, so her father, who was a physician, determined to give her all the advantages of an outdoor life. She was taught to ride and shoot and climb trees and do everything that boys do. When she was sent to school she found it very difficult to bend gracefully to rules and regulations, and the consequence was that she was twice expelled. But she was only wild, not vicious, and finally buckled down to study. At the age of 19 she developed a decided talent for sculpture, and her father fitted up a studio for her; but it was afterward determined to send her to Rome for study, and there the high spirited girl worked hard and soon had a pleasant home of her own.—New York World.

Old Emperor William's Love Affair.

This stern conqueror's spirit was once, however, overcast with deep melancholy. A woman's love vanquished him, a passion that exercised a great influence over his future history and life. This was in perfect harmony with the æsthetical laws of contrast and with the more human laws of contradiction. A lady of honor attached to the court of his mother, the lovely Eliza Radziwill, enamored him to such an extent that he finally resolved to marry below his rank. This project caused great scandal. The old courtiers and the old royalists considered it an act of rebellion and an outrage against the ancient privileges of monarchical government. But some there were who found in the quarterings of this lady ancient titles of nobility and in her genealogy pure blue blood, of the genuineness of whose blueness abundant proof existed.

This marriage, nevertheless, would have been undoubtedly a "mesalliance," and Prince William would have lost all right to the throne of his fathers. William's younger brother, Charles, declared that he would claim for his own sons the right to succeed to the throne instead of the sons of his elder brother. This bold threat decided William to relinquish all idea of wedding the woman he loved, in order to choose one of his own rank. Thus he married Augusta, princess of Weimar. This disappointment increased the warlike inclinations of a wounded heart.—Foreign Cor. Boston Transcript.

Forms of Attack in War.

The attacks upon our country might be made from the land or from the sea. Land attacks, either from the north or south border, are not to be greatly feared; for, as we could easily bring into the field our full strength, we would, in such event, have decidedly the advantage over an approaching enemy. Attacks from the sea, that is, form the Gulf of Mexico, or from either ocean, would be aimed at our cities on the seaboard, or at those within easy reach near the mouths of large navigable streams; also at sizable harbors, important depots, coal mines near the shore line, and navy yards. The enemy's navy would strike our merchant marine wherever found, and would, of course, if strong enough, endeavor to defeat and destroy our navy afloat.—American Magazine.

He Wasn't a Bit Sorry.

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, as the old gentleman came in late, "did you notice the dead body of a young man in the yard?"

"Why, no; what's the matter?"

"I refused young Mr. Paperweight tonight, and from the hopeless, despairing look upon his face when he staggered from the house I fear he may have killed himself."

"Well, I'm glad you refused him," said the old man spitefully, "he has just beaten me five straight games of billiards."—Life.

Finding the Real Man.

Love sees the virtues that are of the soul, hatred only the diseases of the skin. "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado, shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindliness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world, free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be, "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Quite a Hardship.

"Yes," said the sweet girl graduate in a burst of confidence, "my education is now complete, but still I am not altogether happy. Mamma and papa, unfortunately, have a habit of pronouncing their words so oddly, and they know so little of polite literature and the sciences, you know, that it really is quite a hardship for me to associate with them."—Boston Transcript.

A Fly Man.

A man needs to be pretty fly in order to be successful in trout fishing.—Boston Post.

A JOUST IN VIRGINIA.

THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The Great Event of the Year—Calling the Roll of Brave "Knights"—Glory and Shame—"Queen of Love and Beauty" Crowned.

At last the hour of the tournament draws near, and all the vehicles are ranged in line around the field where the contest is to take place—and all are filled with happy occupants; pretty girls in ravishing costumes, young men of every type, old men who recall the days when they contended in knightly lists, and old ladies who remember when they were honored with the crown.

The field, about which all are crowding, is a long, level stretch of pasture land, across which has been marked out a straight course, and at intervals of about 100 yards across it are built three frame structures, which strongly remind one of gibbets. A stanch upright is set in the ground, and to its top is nailed a cross bar extending over the course, while from the end of this bar hangs a ring upon a hooked wire. The object of the contest is to take off these rings upon the point of a lance while riding at full speed. At one end of the course is a platform for the judge.

At length a bugle call summons the knights, and they are seen approaching at the far end of the field. Slowly they ride up to the stand—ten of them—and, reining up their horses, form into a line, facing the judges, ready to answer the roll call. A fine looking set of men they are and mounted upon superb horses. And now the call begins. "The Knight of the Golden Key," cries the herald, and a young man wearing a wide blue sash, and bearing a lance tied with the same color, answers "here." Next "the Knight of the Locust Grove," and a small, dried up looking man, decked in red, responds. Likewise are called "the Knight of Sleepy Hollow," "the Knight of Walnut Hill," "the Knight of Chincapin," and others.

The roll being over, all fall into an attitude of attention, while the orator of the day delivers the "Charge to the Knights," reminding them of the joustings of old, and in many a flowing period urging them on, to win glory and fame for the sake of their fair ladies. This ends the preliminaries, and there is a general stir among the crowd in the effort to get good positions from which to view the riding.

A HUSH OF EXPECTANCY.

Now, all is ready, and the hush of expectancy falls upon the people. Suddenly the bugle call bursts out amid the silence, and the herald cries, "The Knight of the Golden Key!" At the word he leaves the ranks, and fixing his lance, spurs his horse into a rapid run, and, his eyes upon the first ring, rushes toward it. On flies his steed, sending the loose earth in showers behind him, and as he passes the first support, the knight carries away the ring upon his lance. In a moment he is upon the second, but misses it by a hair's breadth, sending it spinning far into the crowd; the last he takes, and rides slowly back, flushed with his triumph, amid the cheers of the crowd.

The rings are replaced, and the next in order essays the feat, but fails to take a single ring. And so, in turn all try, each making a striking picture as his stout steed bears him on like an arrow, and he sits firm and erect in his saddle, his lance straight before him, his gay ribbons streaming in the wind, his eye fixed upon the coveted ring. It needs a stout heart, a steady hand and a true eye to succeed at such work, for the slightest false motion may not only miss the ring, but throw the luckless knight headlong from his horse.

At length each knight has thrice essayed the run; some are covered with glory and some with shame. And now comes the most exciting time, for three knights have each the same score and must ride out the tie. By this time the horses have come to understand what is required of them, and the spirit of the sport has seized upon each man's heart. The riding is superb. Again and again they run, each taking all the rings each time, until at last one of the knights misses and retires. Now comes the struggle of the champions. The crowd is wrought up to the greatest enthusiasm, and watch with breathless interest each knightly contestant, and break into deafening cheers at each success. At last another ring is missed, and the "Knight of the Golden Key" stands victor. As he rides for the last time down the field toward the judges' stand—his horse flecked with foam, his face blazing beneath his broad brimmed hat—the people burst into wilder cheers, girls wave their handkerchiefs, boys throw their hats in the air, and all is confusion.

CROWNING THE QUEEN.

And now he reaches the platform and salutes the judges. The crown is hung upon his lance's end. Then slowly he rides along the outskirts of the crowd, until he comes to a carriage where sits the lady whose colors he wears, and whose face is now radiant with smiles for her knight's success. Reaching her he dismounts and drops the crown at her feet, thus choosing her "Queen of Love and Beauty," while the acclamations of the crowd attest their approval of his choice. Meanwhile the knights who have won the second and third places have received smaller crowns, and hasten likewise to bestow them upon their ladies, making them "Maids of Honor."

And now for an hour is a pause, while the crowd breaks up into groups and discusses the riding and its results. As it is growing toward evening, many seize the opportunity to eat the lunches they have brought with them, or are carried off by friends to sup in the neighboring farm houses.

At length the bugle call rings out once more and the crowd reassemble near the stand. "The Knight of the Golden Key" leads his lady upon the platform, while the "Knight of Walnut Hill" and the "Knight of Warsaw" follow with their maids of honor. They are met by the judges and by the most famous speaker of the country, who proceeds to make a long and flowery oration, ending by crowning the ladies, amid the plaudits of the crowd.—R. W. Graves in Detroit Free Press.

A Discarded Invention.

A Philadelphia boy with some pretensions to depravity has invented a very handsome shingle neatly upholstered with plush stuffed with cotton. He presented his model to his father on April 1, and although on its first trial as an instrument of punishment it proved eminently satisfactory to the inventor, the father has since discarded it for a simpler contrivance in the shape of a trunk strap with the buckle on.—New York Evening Sun.

Quality Recognized.

The New York delegate is easily picked out by his dress and manner. If there is still any doubt as to his identity, you might approach him and ask him if he wants the earth. If he is a genuine New Yorker he will reply: "Well, you might leave it in my back yard and I will take a look at it. If I conclude to take it I will let you know."—Chicago Mail.

English Farmers' Accounts.

English farmers, as a class, keep no regular accounts. Chalk marks on the backs of doors or scattered notes in memorandum books are the usual means of telling farmers how they stand. It would be interesting to know how many American farmers understand and employ the art of bookkeeping.—Chicago Herald.

Moving Very Rapidly.

Policeman (to citizen clinging to lamp post)—My friend, you will have to move on.

Citizen—Move (hic) on! Gra-gracious, ofshur, I'm (hic) makin' fifty milsh 'n hour now.

A Useful Hint.

Large manilla envelopes, with the flaps cut off, fastened to the desk and wall within convenient reach, I find useful for envelopes, stamps, clippings of transient value, and miscellaneous memoranda.—"A. N. J." in The Visitor.

A Slight Error.

Some one has discovered that 16,000 eggs may be found in a shad. Must have mistaken the bones for eggs.—Yonkers Statesman.

A man in Washington Territory has patented an ingenious telephone, whereby it is possible to detect the presence of metal in rocks.

Mining operations in metal and coal are begun with great energy in China.

NOT THOU, BUT I.

It must have been for one of us my own
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread,
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan.
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep,
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep;
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep:
Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain.
—Philip Bourke Marston.

When Frederick Was Young.

Of the late Emperor Frederick, early in her reign Empress Eugenie wrote as follows: "The prince is tall and handsome, almost a head taller than the emperor; he is slight and fair, with a straw colored mustache, a German (as Tacitus might describe him) of chivalrous courtesy, with something of the Hamlet about him. * * * His companion, a Gen. Moltke (or some such name), is a taciturn gentleman, but by no means a dreamer, and, being perpetually on the lookout, takes one by surprise with his pointed remarks. They are an imposing race, these Germans. Louis calls them the race of the future."—New York Tribune.

In Union There Is Strength.

"Say, Jim, ain't you a member of the Sons of Industry?"

"Yes, I be. I was one of the first to jine the organ'zashun."

"Then you want to go down to the blowout. They've hired a hall an' are goin' to have a speech 'bout things."

"Can't go. It's right mean, too."

"What's the matter of goin'?"

"Got to hold the baby while my wife chops kindlin'."—Detroit Free Press.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?

A Strange Disease on the Little Island of St. Kilda—Another Story.

Few portions of the habitable earth have received more attention during the past three centuries than the little island of St. Kilda, which lies off the coast of Scotland. No people are so strongly attached to their home as the inhabitants of this lonely place. Benevolent persons in Great Britain have repeatedly offered to move them all to Australia or Canada, and to provide for their wants till they could get established. They have, however, always declined these propositions. The climate of the island is so severe that it is scarcely endurable, the sea about it is so tempestuous at most times that vessels cannot approach it, while the soil is so sterile that it will produce little but grass, potatoes and barley.

The people suffer from cold, hunger and isolation. It is also affirmed that they suffer from the visits of strangers, even those who come on errands of mercy. All writers on St. Kilda affirm that the arrival of a vessel is immediately followed by a peculiar sort of influenza which affects all the people. Rev. Aulay Macaulay, great grandfather of the distinguished historian, wrote a work on St. Kilda, in which he speaks at length of this strange disease. Martin, who wrote an account of the island and its inhabitants nearly two hundred years ago, also refers to it. In giving evidence before the crofter commission, the minister of the island, who is represented as a gentleman of great learning, enumerated the "Strangers' Cold" as among the principal afflictions of the people, and one for which there was no relief.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was much interested in the Highlands of Scotland and the neighboring islands, endeavored to dispose of the "Strangers' Cold" by means of an argument. In an essay he wrote: "How can there be a physical effect without a physical cause? The arrival of a shipful of strangers would kill them, for if one stranger gives them one cold, two strangers must give them two colds, and so on in proportion." The logic was excellent, but it did not prevent the poor people of St. Kilda from suffering from a severe cold for eight or ten days after the arrival of every vessel. A writer in a recent number of Chambers' Journal declared that the disease actually exists, and that it is folly to attempt to deny the fact. He states that there is a mass of evidence to establish the occurrence of such a disease after the arrival of every vessel that cannot be disposed of, especially when there is no contradictory testimony.

The same paper states that a parallel to the St. Kilda case is found in Tonga and Samoa. Some affirm that influenza was unknown throughout Polynesia till white men came. It is also stated, in regard to a small island on the west coast of Africa, that "it is a singular fact that any vessel touching there from St. Helena invariably brings with it a disease resembling influenza." The same story is told about an island that lies east of New Zealand. Here all the people begin to cough almost as soon as a vessel lands. The blind cough, and so do infants, though they have no knowledge of the arrival of strangers. This influenza is not like measles and smallpox, that one attack secures immunity, as it recurs when another vessel lands.

The publication of these statements, supported by many authorities, in a leading magazine has called out many expressions of opinion. All admit that it was impossible for the inhabitants of an island near the South Pole to obtain information from those living on St. Kilda. Some believe that the natives of several islands have killed the crews of vessels because they contracted the influenza from strangers who had previously landed. Few have attempted to solve the mystery. It has lately been the fashion to deny any phenomena that could not be explained by natural causes. The old argument of Dr. Johnson has been employed by many persons to disprove the existence of many things. Still thousands are ready to give evidence of their constant occurrence. People who believe in things that they cannot account for are classed as superstitious, and few are willing to be thus designated.—Chicago Times.

Life in the Bahamas.

Dwellers in the dark and somber north can hardly realize the charm and joyousness that seem to radiate from earth and air in the lotus eating southern climes. The mere sense of existence becomes in itself a happiness; one can understand what animals probably feel in pleasant pastures on brilliant days. Then, as the sun sinks slowly downward, the golden heaven glows over a rejoicing earth, flushing every moment into richer beauty beneath the departing rays, while rosy beams of light streaming upward like so many auroras is a singular and very beautiful effect often to be seen in a Bahama sunset.

When the sun has set new beauties appear, every bush and tussock becoming alive with thousands of fire flies; and when a silvery green moon rises in the calm deep sapphire sky, it is difficult to decide whether night or day be the more full of loveliness. Besides the fire flies, a fire beetle—one of the Elytra—is a singular insect, with a brilliant green phosphorescent light proceeding from two round spots on the thorax, added to which, when excited, the insect has the power to emit a regular blaze of light from the segments of the abdomen, of such brilliancy that one can read by its light. In Cuba ladies fasten these elytra as ornaments in their hair, or let them flash beneath the folds of tulle dresses.—Mrs. Blake in Nineteenth Century.

Mexico a Good Neighbor.

Do we want Mexico? Perhaps it would be hard to make the man who has never been there understand that we do not. It is a rich country, and will develop yet greater wealth. It grows every fruit and crop grown on the globe. Portions of it grow four crops a year—two of wheat, one of corn and one of beans or pepper—and continues to do so year after year for centuries. By lying so far south it will never, no matter under what rule or circumstances, become like the United States in habits, customs or ways of thinking. Mexico will, however, in time make a good neighbor. President Diaz is friendly to this nation, which, under Mexican rule, means a good deal. There should be a still further increase of the American population there, who, when they conform to established habits and customs, will make money. American houses have started and failed, but they failed because the managers insisted that things should be done the American way and not the Mexican way. It would have been a miracle if they had not failed.—Mexico Cor. Kansas City Journal.

A Good Idea.

An English canal company makes use of the locomotive upon the towing path. A small engine employed upon eighteen inch rails draws four boats at the rate of seven miles an hour.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood,** a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula,** is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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MERCHNTILE LINE!

They Buy Judiciously

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Plows & Castings,

and we keep a supply constantly on hand. No Castings are genuine except those sold by us or our agents.

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are not to be surpassed.

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CORN PLANTER,

with or without check-row attachment, and with or without fertilizer attachment, has stood the test for years.

OUR IRON FRAME

CULTIVATORS,

stand upon their own merits. The quality and price have sold hundreds of them. We are also selling the Little Diamond Wheel Cultivator. The best in the market.

HAY RAKES AND TEDDERS

save time and trouble. WE SELL THEM.

Threshermen should get our prices on

ENGINES & THRESHERS

before buying elsewhere.

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FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS

HAVE NO SUPERIORS. We build them of the very best material. Give us a call.

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receive our personal attention. REPAIRING promptly attended to. Horse-Shoeing a specialty.

☞ All orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention.

March 22, 1888.

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OVER WORKED Women

For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. **"Favorite Prescription"** is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee** of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

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You can't go barefooted, no matter how balmy the weather.

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I have by long odds, the Largest and Finest Stock in the county.

My store is a

Shoe Store Exclusively,

and my stock will compare favorably with the stocks of the shoe stores in the large cities, and so will

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My stock embraces everything in the Shoe line, from a Plow Shoe to the Finest Dress Shoes for ladies and gentlemen. My customers come from all parts of the county, and I shall be glad to see you, whether you come from the first or the fifth district.

M. T. GOSLEE

UNDER STAM'S HALL.

The Chester River Steamboat Co

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.

STEAMER CORSICA

will leave Crumpton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at all the river landings. Will leave Chestertown Tuesday and Thursday at 5 P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M. Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at midnight on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Chestertown and all river landings.

☞ Fare from All Points:

$1 ROUND TRIP.

SINGLE TICKETS 75 CENTS.

☞ TICKETS GOOD UNTIL USED.

GEO. WARFIELD,
April 12, 1888. PRESIDENT.

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ENTERPRISE LARD PRESSES and Sausage Stuffers. Enterprise and other styles Sausage Cutters. Home-Made Lard Cans, Butcher Knives, Steelyards. A full assortment at the Hardware of

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STOVES.

THE LARGEST STOCK of Stoves, Ranges and Heaters ever shown in Kent county. Our assortment is complete in every detail. In the line of COOKING STOVES we still sell the New Excelsior Cook (cannot be surpassed in operation); the Niagara, Coral Cook, Carroll Cook, Patrol Cook, Quaker City and others.

RANGES—We have the New Royal, Splendid, Magic, Ruby, and Victor Cook; all the above have been thoroughly tested and give satisfaction.

OUR HEATING STOVES are too numerous to mention; mention a few we handle. New Solar Light, (both double and single heaters); New Silver Moon (both double and single heaters); Favorite, Special Laurel Base, Magnet, Token Base, New Garnet, Crystal Egg, Vulcan Egg; also, have a nice assortment of Wood Heating Stoves.

Call and be convinced that we *do* handle a *superior* line of Stoves. Take pleasure in pointing out their good qualities. Resp't,

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DO NOT FORGET

THAT WE STILL HANDLE SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN FIRE-PLACE HEATERS! They still stand unexcelled in *every particular*

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CRYSTALLIZED and Zinc Stove Boards Zinc Coal Hods, Stove Shovels, Pokers, Mica and everything pertaining to the stove trade at the Glass Front Hardware of

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Dec. 1, 1887.

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Healthful Teeth are a "Lifetime Joy!"

SINCE in practice here I have extracted diseased teeth for over 1,800 patients (cases recorded) WITHOUT GIVING PAIN. *The Safe* administration of *Ether and Chloroform* my specialty.

N. B.—☞ My services, for this purpose, at the call of physicians in surgical operations.

Why not have your decayed teeth filled?

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