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WIND OF THE WEST.

At last the Day is done,
At last the pitiless Sun,
With his eye of red, unsparing light,
Is drowned in a cloud deluge out of sight,
And over the purple cloud billows—white
And calm rides the silver bark
Of the Evening Star—a lonely ark.

Ah! What soft stir,
What wing like whir?
What comes from the west like a dove of peace
From ark and deluge in blest release?
'Tis thou, sweet Wind of the West!
Dove, with soft coolness upon thy breast.

Oh! bring me a spell of rest.
Sweet, sweet Wind of the West!
You bring fresh balm to my window flowers,
They drink your breath as they drink the showers;
Bring me a message of peace
From the land whence you come when the hot hours cease—

The Land of the purple West
Beyond the Sierras' crest,
Where one dwells who is dearer far
To my heart than to Evening her one white star.
Oh! Wind, in your wandering quest,
Have you kissed those lips that I loved the best?
Have you tossed those locks I have oft caressed?

Lost to me now for aye,
Only my Dreams may stray
Light as your wing, oh, Wind of the West,
Wild as your wing in its sad unrest,
To the One I love the best.

—New York Fashion Bazar.

ODD NOTIONS OF BARBERS.

Shaving as an Art—How an Apprentice Learns the Trade.

There are two superstitions yet found among barbers. Years ago barbers were among the most superstitious of workmen. If he cut a man on Monday, the barber was sure he would cut seven men before Sunday. If the first customer in the morning complimented him, he would get little but grumbles and curses for the rest of the day. If he didn't receive at least one tip above the regular fees on Monday, the week would be a bad one. These beliefs are rapidly disappearing. There are two curious facts about razors, though, that still give rise to general superstitions, and probably always will. It is noticed that after long continuous use it is difficult to give a razor an edge. The knowing hand will quietly lay it away with the remark that the razor is "tired" and "needs rest." After letting it "sleep" a few days—that is, simply not using it, the razor is found to be in good condition. Few barbers attempt to explain this. But the explanation is simple. The edge of a razor consists of a series of microscopic teeth. Long continuous use wears these down, despite stroppings, and it needs the oxidation which time only can provide to bring out again the microscopic roughness. Another peculiarity of the razor is that, though in splendid condition when last used, it sometimes positively refuses to take an edge when put on the hone in the morning. A few hours later it will take an edge beautifully. This is due to the same principle of oxidation. Barbers will sometimes say a razor is "balky," by which they mean that it refuses to take an edge, although not made "tired" by long previous work. Some razors, because of peculiarities in the grades of steel, are more apt to be "balky" than others.

"Do barbers allow superstitions to affect their method of shaving?" was asked of a Broadway veteran.

"There is only one method of shaving," said the barber; "there never has been but one, and there never will be more. The barber rubs the lather into your stub until it clings to the face itself. To accomplish this he has first sponged your face with water to remove skin secretions. When first put on the lather sticks on top of the stub and does not touch the skin much. Rubbing brings it into the skin. It also softens the beard, and a barber always lathers you before he strops his razor, so as to give the lather time to get in its work. Then when he shaves you it is always with the grain. That is, every distinct portion of your face is shaved in the direction the hair grows. If this rule were not followed the toughest skin would, an hour later, show abrasions, and eruptions would come. After the face is once shaved, the barber shaves it again for closeness. This second shave may safely be against the grain. Most faces can stand the second shave against the grain, but there are some men with stiff beards, too, whose skin is so tender that they can only be shaved one way. The barber can never know positively from the appearance or touch of a skin whether or not it can stand the second shave. That is something the owner of the face must discover by experience. So when he shaves a stranger, unless he is sure he has a tough skin, the barber asks, after the first shave, if the man desires it close. The razor is placed nearly flat with the face. The free hand draws every bit of skin tight before he shaves over it. Some barbers pick up the skin between their fingers, others merely press it tight. Practically, though, every barber the world over shaves the same way.

"He has no room, therefore, to bring in superstitions, so bound is he by the recognized principles of the art, except in such little details as beginning the shave on the right or left side of the face, shaving the upper lip before or after the chin, and other things of that kind. Every barber has some little maxims of his own about these unimportant items, and some believe that bad luck attends the man who doesn't shave every face in precisely the same manner regarding these little details."

"How do men learn to be barbers?" was asked of a barber who shaves lawyers and bankers in Wall street.

"You've got to pay for it," said the barber. "Here and there you will find a barber who keeps a sort of school, and charges a round price to give lessons. They allow the learners to practice when they gain a little deftness on the chins of unsuspecting chance customers. Generally, though, a boy who wants to be a barber is bound out to a regular barber for two years. The barber exacts $25 or more a year and the boy's entire service. In return he boards and lodges him, and makes him a good barber. My own experience is a fair sample case. I was only 14 when I was bound to a barber not in this city. I paid $25 cash down, and got half a bed and poor board. They put me on lathering first. Lathering looks easy, and is easy, too; but you've no idea how awkwardly a new man will go about it. So, when there were no customers around my boss would have one of the workmen lie down in a chair and set me to lathering his face. There is a knack in getting over a soapy face deftly and quickly. Sometimes you use your fingers, other times the palm. An even pressure is required that isn't easy to get. If you press too hard you make it uncomfortable for the man you're lathering. The boss stood over me in these lessons and taught me the points, one at a time. Then I lathered the face of a customer while the boss got ready to shave him. For several months I had to stand behind the boss' chair while he was shaving and watch every motion of his hand and wrist—for a barber only uses the hand and wrist in shaving. Then, after shaving an imaginary face or two under the eyes of a barber to show me the way a razor is held and moved, I was put to practice on the faces of the employes. My boss stood over me and watched every motion. Then he made me shave him. I trembled so that I cut him. It was a long, long time before they let me touch a customer, and then only when some good natured fellow who came often and knew me invited me to try my hand upon his chin. Once in the traces I got confidence and was a good barber. Then my boss had a good barber bound to him for over a year yet at no expense but board, and he was to get $25 to boot, too, which was what I had agreed to give him for the second year as well as the first."—New York Sun.

Some of the very poor people of Philadelphia get their small children taken care of in public institutions during the winter and draw them out in the spring.

The largest cotton mill in the world is in Russia. It gives employment to 7,000 hands.

All civilized idols are made of gold.

A Season in Washington.

This wintering in Washington is simply a "fad" that has become more or less a fashionable "chronicism," and I know that it is not enjoyed half as much as some fashionable women would have one believe. A lady who passes her summers at Newport or Bar Harbor, and her winters in France or Italy, with a season in London thrown in, concluded to try a season in Washington. To the capital she went, with a retinue of servants and equipages, and established herself in one of the new palaces that abound in the northwest of the city. Two months have completely cured her, and Washington will hereafter be denied the light of her presence. She declares that there are more vexatious causes to disturb one's temper in Washington than in any other corner of the earth, and that life there is not worth the countless worries one must endure to enjoy (?) it.

The servant question alone is one which calls for a special bill that even congress might interest itself in. All the servants in Washington are of the easy going southern darky type, with an indolence of manner and motion that to a nervous northern individual becomes in time exasperating. They have not lost their knack of concocting toothsome dishes, every imaginable kind of hot bread, and other inviting things appreciated by southern epicures; but they (in their own minds) stubbornly refuse to encourage 8 o'clock dinners and midnight suppers. The old fashioned 2 o'clock dinner, universally served throughout the south, is, to their way of thinking, a much more sensible way of conducting this important item of a day's history. Now, when one takes a furnished house in Washington, one must necessarily take half a dozen, more or less, of the above type of servants, and this begins at once to unsettle any proposed life of ease and contentment.—Max Eliot in Boston Herald.

Will the Iron Age End?

"I was talking with Mr. Chamberlain the other day," said Judge Tompkins, "who is a practical man of our coal and iron company. He made a startling suggestion. Said he: 'The time may come when all the iron mines of this country will be abandoned. The most generally diffused metal on earth is aluminum. It is found almost invariably in clay, especially in red clay. It is now extracted from clay by a very expensive and tedious process, at a cost of more than $500 a ton. Some one will invent a process for getting aluminum out of clay by a rapid and cheap process. Then farewell to iron mines.'

"I asked him what was the value of aluminum.

"He replied that it has three times the strength of steel, and only one-third its weight. This makes it, of course, the most valuable of metals. It was only discovered in 1828. It is bright, and it never tarnishes. Louis Napoleon offered $6,000 for a process for extracting it from clay, and two small bars of aluminum were presented to him by a French chemist as the result. It was enormously expensive, but Napoleon had works established for extracting it, and he used it as a substitute for the silver eagles that were borne above the armies of France. It has all the beauty of silver, is more lasting, stainless, and has only one-fourth the weight of silver. The eagles of France are thus made more resplendent, more enduring, and seventy-five per cent. lighter in weight. You look out for aluminum. Some one will yet invent a process for digging up common dirt and extracting therefrom this best of all metal."—Atlanta Constitution.

New Thing in Stock Cars.

I saw up at St. Charles the other day a new thing in stock cars, which is as much an improvement over the old kind as the drawing coach is over the emigrant car. The Humane society could not have designed a more satisfactory convenience for the brute creation, and with this new idea to begin, the accommodation of traveling stock will rapidly advance to the comfortable stage. Cattle and horses have always suffered tortures in box cars, and I think every humane man will rejoice to see endeavors made to assist their condition on a journey. These cars are modeled after the ordinary open box concern so as to give plenty of air. The floor is heavy and slanting, so as to afford a drain. On top of the car is a tank, to which a pipe on either side connects. These run into four iron troughs, from which the animals can drink fresh water at every stop, supplied from the tanks. By turning a crank the troughs are turned and the old water thrown out. Above the animals' heads are two hay racks with sliding wooden grates, which open and shut at the will of the operator on top of the car. These are great improvements for feeding and watering the stock, and it only remains for some genius to get the same number of cattle into the present car as is the custom and still give them room to lie down.—A Stockman in Globe-Democrat.

Care of Neglected Children.

One of the most original and courageous attempts to relieve the afflicted was made by Mrs. Cornelius Du Bois a number of years ago, in taking twenty children, pronounced blind, from Randall's Island. They were put in a comfortable house, well cared for and the best medical attention secured. In less than a year seventeen of the twenty had their eyesight restored. It was not disease, but neglect, that had deprived them of it. Imagine the joy of these poor little souls that had been taught they must grope through life as in one long night. The light from seventeen pair of grateful eyes—what a halo for the head of a good angel!

The next experiment will, to ears polite, seem a more daring one. There was at that time a belief prevalent that the itch was not only a contagious, but an incurable disease, and when Mrs. Du Bois sent for twenty children who were suffering from it, Randall's Island drew a breath of relief, and society in which the brave woman was a leader buried its face in a perfumed handkerchief. The children were exceptionally depraved, and in a state too disgusting to be described. Care and cleanliness took the place of fire and sword, the Gospel practically applied did the rest, and twenty healthy, happy and well behaved children grew up to call their benefactress blessed.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Better Than They Appear.

All men are better than they appear on the surface. The world has been too much with them. The divine soul finds itself choked and stifled by the accidents of temperament and environment; it is disheartened by the multitudinous contradictions in this paradoxical world; the brain is stupid and muddled and fails to recognize the right; the flesh is weak; nevertheless the divine soul dwells latent below the surface, and may flare out at any moment in some sudden and unlooked for manner.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The New French Rifle.

M. de Blowitz, the eccentric Paris correspondent of The London Times, is inclined to think that the new French rifle is a wonderful weapon. He says that it is both noiseless and smokeless and sends a bullet with perfect accuracy a distance of four miles.—New York World.

Grand Dukes of Russia.

There are about thirty grand dukes in Russia, all of them being near relatives of the czar. Each receives from the state an annual pension amounting to $80,000, and the majority of them have large private fortunes besides.—Chicago Herald.

In Europe thrifty trees and good crops of peaches have been secured from grafts on the hawthorn.

Austria now has 380 meteorological stations, no less than nine being in Vienna alone.

A gentleman in Liverpool has succeeded in cultivating the edelweiss.

WAITING ON A BIRD.

An Incident in the Life of Inventor Corliss—A Touch of Humanity.

The late Edward Corliss, of Providence, the inventor and manufacturer of the great Corliss engine, was a man who valued his business largely for the opportunities which it brought him of doing thoroughly and unpretentiously humane acts. Very many stories are told at Providence of his generosity to people in his employ, and especially of a way he had of coming to some employe or workman who looked ill or overworked, or who had complained of having a hard time, and saying to him, "Now, look here; you are not looking well. You had better go off somewhere for a rest of a few weeks, and I will take care of your family while you are gone." And the man was started off on a vacation of months, if months were needed, without any apprehension on his mind as to the needs of his family.

But other employers have done the same thing, no doubt, and the Listener would not have had occasion to note the matter if it had not been for the true story of another generous deed of Mr. Corliss', lately told him from a most authentic source, which is so exceptional, and so quite idyllic, that it merits special relation. More than that—it merits such a setting of incident as the story telling genius of a Hawthorne or a Hale would give it; but as the Listener can give it no such setting, and as, moreover, he has no right to do more than tell the tale just as it was told to him, he will narrate it in its simplest form:

Mr. Corliss, not very long before his death, had occasion to build an addition to his manufactory—a big "L," for additional machinery. To prepare the foundation for this L it was necessary to remove a ledge of rock by blasting. The men to do the work on the addition had been employed and put on the pay roll; the materials had been purchased and brought to the building, and the work of blasting had begun. The next morning Mr. Corliss passed by the place where work was proceeding, when the foreman in charge, knowing his interest in pretty things, called him.

"See here, Mr. Corliss," said he; "here is a bird's nest that we've found, and that's got to go."

He showed the manufacturer a robin sitting upon a nest that had been built, fast and snug, in a crevice of the rock, among some bushes that grew there. The bird flew off her nest as the men came near, and showed five blue eggs, that looked as if they had just been laid.

"Can we move that nest somewhere else?" asked Corliss.

"I'm afraid not, sir. We'd tear it to pieces getting it out, and it isn't at all likely that you could get the bird to go to sitting again anywhere else. We've got to go on, so we may as well rip it out and throw the eggs away."

"No," said Corliss. "We won't disturb her. Let her bring out her brood right there."

"But we'll have to stop the work on the building!"

"Let us stop it then."

And so orders were given that operations on the addition should be suspended. They were suspended; and the hands stood still, drawing their pay for doing nothing, or next to nothing, while the robin sat on her nest with her air of great consequence and zealous attention to business, and had her food brought her by her mate, and at last hatched her brood. And then there were three weeks more to go by, at the least, before the young ones could fly. Corliss visited the nest frequently, not with any uneasiness or impatience to have the robin and the young ones out of the way, but with a genuine interest in their growth. The old birds had all the time they wanted, and when at last they had sternly helped the clumsy, reluctant youngsters over the edge of the nest, and they showed themselves to be able to get about on their own hook, orders were given to resume the building operations; and the dull boom of the gunpowder, tearing the rocks apart, was heard where the birds had peeped.

It was an idle freak, a practical man would say, of a man who may have had more money than he knew what to do with. Perhaps it was a freak, but it was one of the sort of freaks that make the world better.—Boston Transcript "Listener."

The Potency of Facts.

A fact is always a fact, whatever may be the consequences. The question is, whether it is true; the student should recognize no other. Many of the facts encountered in our studies are obscure and hard to explain, but that does not prevent their being facts; or, at least, the chief question should be to learn whether they are facts. Besides, contradictory facts are the ferment of science. I once asked a distinguished man of science how a certain discovery he had made was getting on. "It is not getting on," he replied. "What is the matter with it?" I anxiously asked. "Why," he said, "I find no facts except those which are favorable to it; and," he added, "it takes contradictory facts to teach us." This is true. The theory will either explain the contradictory facts and be fortified by them, as the Newtonian theory has been by all the exceptions that have been opposed to it and which have entered into it; or it will be replaced by a vaster and more comprehensive theory. In both cases there is a gain for science, which would not have been obtained if we had hesitated, on account of vain scruples, to seek out and verify the facts in question.—Paul Janet in Popular Science Monthly.

Descendants of the Bounty Mutineers.

The queen has had yet another jubilee present sent to her. It appears that the inhabitants of Pitcairn island, having seen a notice of the numerous marks of loyalty and respect presented in 1887 to her majesty, were fired with an ambition to go and do likewise, and have sent her some straw hats of their own manufacture! They have also included some other straw work, manipulated with considerable skill. The islanders—it will be remembered that they are the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty—now muster 112 persons, two-thirds being women. They use neither strong drink nor tobacco, money also being a thing they dispense with. The possession of which they are most proud is a harmonium, which one of the women plays remarkably well.—London Figaro.

GROOMING THE IRON STEEDS.

The Routine Work That Is Done in a Railroad Roundhouse.

A locomotive roundhouse, with its grim, steel armored giants resting from their labor, is an object of irresistible attraction to Sunday strollers along the river front near the Union station. If a visitor happens to be accompanied by an inquisitive small boy, he will find that there are many things about a roundhouse which are not comprehended in a youth's definition in school the other day, "a place where they keep engines." Instead of being dreary as a carriage house, it is as lively as a race horse stable. It is 8 o'clock in the evening, and that the New York express has just departed on its way to Boston. Soon the big express locomotive No. 129 will slowly back down the yard, and switch off down a side alley, as it were, toward the great roundhouse. Rumbling slowly down the grade, it will stop at a gigantic coal heap, where a half dozen dusky figures are ready with shovels, and at once they begin to send the coal in showers into the tender. Meanwhile the fireman and engineer have climbed down from the cab, their day's work done, and have started homeward. In their place has climbed a short, burly man, whose professional name is "hostler," and the big machine is in his charge from this time till the next morning. After the weight of the tender has been increased to several tons by the efforts of the shovelers, the "hostler" slowly runs his charge to the turntable, and the steed is prepared to go to bed for the night.

"Waiting on the table" is not the most inviting occupation, to be judged by the back straining and "leg achy" process of turning a thirty ton locomotive half round, and the "waiters," instead of having dapper white aprons and clean napkins, are equipped with oily overalls, greasy caps and big boots. Indeed, they are the same set who were seen viciously shoveling at the coal pile a moment ago, and have followed the engine into the house to continue their attention. They bear the name of "wipers" and the occupation from which the term is derived will soon be seen. When the engine has "pulled in" to its stall, two bulkheads in the front of the boiler are unscrewed, and two men, sticking long probes into the hole, begin to ram up and down with might and main. This is to get the "sparks out of her," and the torturing process lasts fully fifteen minutes, the bright showers falling from the box into the pit. Meanwhile the "wipers" are not idle. Armed with big bunches of waste soaked with black oil to prevent rust, they rub and scrub vigorously, and soon the effect of their work begins to be seen, for the big locomotive looks as shining and sleek as a racer fresh from the stable.

The "hostler" meanwhile has "banked" the fire, and, after pouring nine buckets of fine sand into the sand box on the boiler, the traveler is left to slumber on a warm bed—warm, for in the pit underneath runs a network of steam pipes, giving a temperate heat, the effect of which is shown by the dripping of the melting ice, if the weather is cold. No. 129 rests peacefully; a smothered snore now and then is the only indication that a spark of life remains in the machine. Early in the morning the locomotive is awakened by the "hostler," who vigorously pokes the fire, and soon the steam is sizzling at a lively rate. About an hour before the train time the "hostler" pulls the engine out, and after making up the train, the engineer and fireman reappear and No. 129 starts out for its day's run of 276 miles.

Like every big barn, a roundhouse has its annexes in the front yard. Near the entrance to the establishment there is a woodshed, a sand house, and an oil cubby. The latter is part of the old roundhouse and the inside arrangements resemble a well regulated kitchen. Near a sink in one corner are seen three brass handled pumps, which connect with three big tanks underneath the floor, which have a capacity of several barrels of oil each. In one of these tanks is the lard oil for drilling in the shops, in another the valve oil for the engines, and in another still is the "engine oil" proper. Besides these substances is the kerosene or headlight oil in a tank by itself. In a little back room is the big pile of waste, and the whole establishment is in charge of a responsible servant of the road, who parcels out the material to the foreman of the roundhouse as he requires. The sand house is also a modest brick structure in which a pile of sand is heaped about a large stove, to be perfectly dried before being sifted, and right opposite is the gigantic woodshed whose pile is replenished every day with a car load. There are, of course, two gangs of hands who have charge night and day respectively, and, taken all together, a jollier, healthier, and more hard working set of men it would be hard to find the whole road over.—Springfield Republican.

Inside of a Japanese House.

While the banto was gone to prepare other things for us to look at the hostess invited us to walk over the house. We were shown the proper cha-no-ma; the family altar, with its image of Buddha in a heavily gilt shrine, and the brass incense burner, flower vase and stork candlestick, and the various living rooms of the family. They were all scrupulously clean, the fresh looking yellow mats giving a cool effect that was most pleasing at this season, although highly suggestive of cold and discomfort in winter, for any means of producing artificial heat were entirely wanting, if I except the hibachi or brazier, over which the people cower when they are cold. Habit stands them instead of furnaces, stoves and fireplaces.

The feature of all these rooms which struck us most forcibly was the absence of furniture and ornaments. The woodwork of the walls, sliding screens that serve for doors and windows, ceilings and staircases, was very elaborately carved, and evidently cost much money; but excepting a kake-mono in one or two, or a bit of bronze, the rooms contained nothing. One felt constantly as if inspecting a new house, and disposed to say: "How comfortable this will be when the furniture, pictures and hangings are brought in!" Yet the family is a very rich one, and possesses treasures of art that made us almost green with envy.—Professor J. K. Goodrich in The Cosmopolitan.

The Surface of the Sun.

In Secchi's view the sun spot is formed of a central region—apparently a dark mass—called the nucleus or umbra, or both, surrounded by a part less dark, the penumbra, which is a thin veiling of filaments or currents precipitating themselves toward the center and sometimes crossing it like a bridge. The existence of the spot has three periods, its formation, its rest and its extinction. In the first, the visible solar surface, or photosphere, is distorted by great agitation. Its irregular movements defy description, and their velocities are enormous. They have no parallel at all in terrestrial phenomena. This solar activity is produced by tremendous force at work beneath the photosphere, and the spots, and eruption of great whirling masses of incandescent metallic vapors, are the effects.

In the period of rest these eruptive masses fall back again into the surface of the photosphere, and form a more or less circular umbra or spot, and the central up-rush loses in volume and velocity. Finally the eruptive action is exhausted and the absorbing powers of the vapors seem to be dissipated, the photosphere closes over the umbra and the spot is extinguished. At first the spot was a rent in the photosphere, then later it assumed the funnel shape in more definite outline, and was crowned with beautiful faculæ and jets of hydrogen and metallic vapors, the former being often abundant, high and bright, while the latter are low and brilliant. This briefly is Secchi's explanation.—Sidereal Messenger.

Some Interesting Discoveries.

Recent explorations in Spain by two Belgian scientists have resulted in some very interesting discoveries. Relics of a prehistoric race have been found in great abundance, ranging from the stone age to that of bronze and metals. These people buried their dead not only in stone graves, or cells, but also in great jars of burnt clay, accompanied by pieces of pottery and other articles of use and value. This form of jar burials is very widespread, and examples have been found from Japan to Peru. These relics are supposed to belong to that ancient race which lived in Europe previous to the Aryan immigration, the various branches of which are known as Iberians, Pelasgians, Ligurians, etc., according to the country in which they lived. Several skeletons were found adorned with silver and gold ornaments. One of the most remarkable relics is a female skull encircled by a band of silver, to which is attached a thin plate of the same metal.—Frank Leslie's.

A Transisthmian Railway.

A recent report from the United States consul at San Salvador recommends the construction of a railway connecting the capitals of Mexico and Gautemala, and connecting with the existing narrow gauge of the Gautemala Central railway, seventy-five miles in length, and terminating on the Pacific at the open roadstead of San Jose. Referring to the climate of Central America at the sea level, the consul says: "The Nicaragua canal, the ship railway and the De Lesseps canal, each and all are at the sea level, and the acclimated alone may cross the continent in safety at the sea level; but there is perfect immunity from climatic disease the instant the traveler reaches an elevation of 1,000 feet above the sea. Commerce, therefore, will traverse this transisthmian railway with a land locked harbor at each terminus, and an elevation at no point, after leaving the coast, of less than 2,000 feet between the two oceans.—Demorest's Monthly.

The Languages of Birds.

Shall we never master the languages of beasts, as even the parrot and the starling will in their own automatic way master portions of ours? To a certain extent this has been accomplished. A hunter tries to imitate by his "calls" the cries of the animals he is luring to their destruction, and is often successful in an exact ratio to his skill in this rough acquaintance with the speech of the lower animals. Mr. Henderson, an American "gunner," has managed to set the cries of some of the game birds in musical notation, and finds that they are quite as uniform as are the same words spoken by different persons. They have their songs of love as well as exclamations of fear and defiance. The quail has one set of notes when it is "a proud, happy, and affectionate father," and another when in the autumn he is sounding the "assembly" in order to tell the scattered birds of the chosen rendezvous for the covey. Every other bird has, in like manner, language suitable for different occasions, and the clever sportsman can often easily wile the birds within range.

Some songs, like some human languages, are more difficult than others. The spotted sandpiper's is much easier than that of the yellow leg, while the English snipe is a moody bird, which speaks only in its unmusical squeak when it is startled, and springs into flight. Hence a musician can readily write it down. The song birds—the robins, the thrush, the nightingales, and so forth—have, however, a far more complicated tongue, and Mr. Cheney, who has reported some of their melodies, finds the task by no means simple. Some of these songs are stereotyped, but on more than one occasion the songsters have been noticed to extemporize when the mood took them. For example, the song often varies before and after rain, in spring and autumn; while one of the redbreast's songs is to the same tune as that to which the spinning girls sang fifty years ago while reeling their yarn.—London Standard.

The Man and the Boy.

Boys are quick to learn, and you have only to get them interested in a thing to teach them how to do it. When you set them at a new piece of work, explain it to them. Tell them not only how to do this or that thing, but why you do it. Explain the reasons for it, and set them to thinking for themselves. Encourage them to be self reliant, and when they have done anything well, give them the credit to which they are entitled. Treat the boy as if he were man—for he is, on a smaller scale than yourself—and he will act like a man. Take him into your confidence, and make a companion of him, and he will surprise you by his manliness and his sensible ideas. These ideas may be crude, but the germ of sense is in them, and it is your duty to assist in their development in every way.

Too many men make their boys feel that they are of little or no account while they are boys. Lay a responsibility on a boy, and he will meet it in a manful spirit. On no account ignore their disposition to investigate. Help them to understand things. Encourage them to know what they are about. We are too apt to treat a boy's seeking after knowledge as mere idle curiosity. "Don't ask questions," is poor advice to boys. If you do not explain puzzling things to them, you oblige them to make experiments before they find out, and, though experimental knowledge is best, in one sense, in another it is not, for that which can be explained clearly does not need experimenting with. If the principle involved is understood, there is no further trouble, and the boy can go ahead intelligently.—Eben E. Rexford in American Agriculturist.

Anecdote of Mlle. Rachel.

When Rachel Felix, afterward the world renowned Mlle. Rachel, the chiefest glory of the French stage, was a child and newly come to the Paris Conservatoire, she solicited M. Provost, a societaire of the Comedie Francaise, to give her private lessons in acting. M. Provost looked at the sallow and unattractive girl and rather brutally reminded her of her previous vocation by a tart recommendation to abandon her ambition and go and sell nosegays.

Long afterward the great tragedienne had her revenge. She was playing Hermione. The theatre was filled, and the genius and the thought of Paris united to do honor to their illustrious countrywoman. Hermione was called and recalled, and her Grecian tunic was filled with the flowers which enthusiastic admirers had launched at her. In the midst of her panting triumph she ran after M. Provost, dropped a courtesy and said:

"I have followed your counsel, Monsieur Provost, and I sell nosegays. Will you buy one?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Scourge of Southern France.

The mistral is the northwest wind, which is the scourge of the south of France in winter and spring. The mountain ranges of the Cevennes being covered with snow, and the shores of the Mediterranean being many degrees warmer, the icy cold air rolls down the slopes of the mountains with terrific violence, and, invading Provence and Languedoc, destroys the vineyards, uproots trees, throws down buildings, and is so intensely dry that it withers every green thing. According to Strabo the melamboreas precipitated men from their chariots and stripped them of their arms and vestments. Locally the saying is that the three plagues of the country are the parliament, the mistral, and the Durance.—Longman's Magazine.

The Fibers of Wool.

Why does not wool felt on the sheep's back? The answer is simple. Because all the fibers are lying one way. The serratures always point in the direction away from the root of the fiber, and thus they cannot fit into each other any more than two saw edges pointing the same way could interlock, or than two fir cones could stick together if both lay in the same direction. But reverse one of them and then try to draw it past the other while touching it, and they will at once become fastened together. In like manner, during the various processes of manufacture, the fibers of wool are pulled about in every direction, and thus their edges are placed with many of the points facing each other and ready to seize hold when the felting operation begins.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

A Protection Against Flies.

"Talk about your flytraps and musquito nettings," said a well known florist to me last week. "Did you know that the much despised castor oil plant is the best protector in the world against flies, musquitoes and other insects? It's a fact, though. The discovery was made by a French scientist named Rafford, who noticed that the rooms in his house where the plants were growing were entirely free from these disagreeable insects. He discovered that the plants gave out an essential oil or some toxic principle which possessed powerful insecticide qualities. Experiments have been made in this country and the same results obtained. I don't keep the plants, so you can see I am not looking for an 'ad.,' but I give it to you for your own benefit."—Buffalo News "Man About Town."

In Hard Luck.

"Well, Quimby, you look very tough. What's the matter?"

"I'm broke and hungry. Can you stake me for a dinner?"

"Certainly I can, but I don't understand your poverty. You had quite a fortune left to you less than a year ago."

"Yes, but I had to hire two lawyers in the matter and I've been trying to get out of debt ever since."—Lincoln Journal.

Give Him a Medal.

This is the season when stories about "freaks of lightning" appear in the newspapers. During a storm a few days ago lightning struck a building in a Pennsylvania town and left the date 1889 imprinted on one of the walls. Next day the same thunderbolt, suddenly discovering its error, returned to town, and with one well aimed blow obliterated the figures "1889" and left 1888 in their place.—Norristown Herald.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: **"I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills.** They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are **the best cathartic** and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

CHILLED PLOWS!

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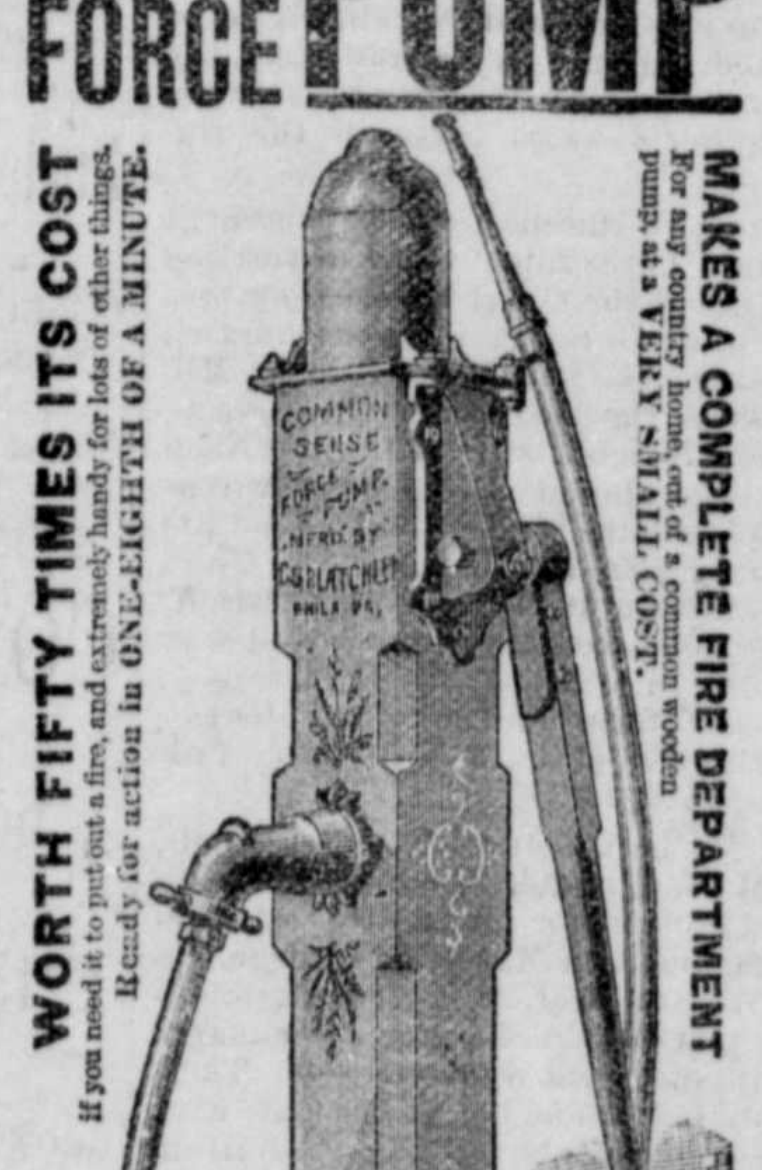
As Good as the Best, Made in Baltimore, and No Trouble to Get Repairs.

The A3 ROLAND PLOW, light 1-horse,
" B3 " " medium 1-horse,
" D3 " " light 2-horse,
" 23 " " medium 2-horse,
" 43 " " medium 3-horse,
" 83½ NORRIS PLOW, 2 or 3-horse with reversible, self-sharpening share; and the No. 3 FURROW GANG PLOW, for Peach Orchards. Castings on hand for the above Plows, and can furnish Castings for the Oliver, Wiard Concave Wiley, , Minor & Horton, and Gang Plows. Plow Hames, Traces, Lines, Back Bands. The above bought at lowest cash prices and for sale at small advance by

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

March 8, 1882.

THE COMMON SENSE LIFT AND FORCE PUMP


COMMON SENSE FORCE PUMP
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WORTH FIFTY TIMES ITS COST

If you need it to put out a fire, and extremely handy for lots of other things. Ready for action in ONE-EIGHTH OF A MINUTE.

MAKES A COMPLETE FIRE DEPARTMENT

For any country home, out of a common wooden pump, at a VERY SMALL COST.

Energetic business men who will give it proper attention, are wanted to handle this pump in every town in Pa., N. J., Md., Del., Va., and N. C., and will be accorded control of suitable territory not already occupied.

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FRAME HOTEL.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE

will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES

contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

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.

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

J. B. SAPPINGTON.

Soda Water!

FRESH AND COLD.

Those who can appreciate a good glass Soda give me a call.

TOULSON'S.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

BEST MADE CLOTHING IN PHILADELPHIA

FOR MEN AND CHILDREN.

Sixth and Chestnut,
LEDGER BUILDING.

YOU MUST HAVE

SHOES!

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

Starting from the foundation facts stated above, I wish to say a word or two about Shoes.

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

My Prices.

My stock embraces every thing 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.

HARDWARE!

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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FRESH BURNT SHELL LIME

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The subscriber is now burning Shell Lime, and has it on hand ready to sell at the kiln, or ship wherever it may be wanted.

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SHAFER & MEDDER,

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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.

SHAFER & MEDDERS.

July 19, 1888.

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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

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

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FARM AND PEACH WAGONS,

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