LOVE HATH BETRAYED THEE.

Weep in the silence, oh heart, my heart,
  Love hath wearied of thee!
And thou in the gloom of the shadow of doom
  Forever alone must be.
Weep in the silence, oh heart, my heart,
  Love hath betrayed thee!

Break in the silence, oh heart, my heart,
  Love hath hidden his face!
Hath deafened his ear till he cannot hear;
  Hath left thee to thy disgrace.
Break in the silence, oh heart, my heart,
  Love hath betrayed thee!

Die in the silence, oh heart, my heart,
  Love hath broken his word!
Thy pleading prayer beats the empty air
  Like the bruised wings of a bird.
Die in the silence, oh heart, my heart,
  Love hath betrayed thee!

—Susie M. Best.

The Garden of America.

Bearing on the proposition of Maj. Powell to reclaim the Colorado deserts, for which congress has already made a preliminary appropriation, is an article by Joaquin Miller on "The North American Nile." He urges that the land instead of being a desert is in reality enormously fertile. "These ruins of Arizona are older than history—as old as the oldest ruins on the Nile of Egypt. The region then was densely populated. No allurements of gold; nothing but the generous soil and the genial climate built up cities here that rivaled in extent those of Egypt. If then these primitive people made a garden of this land, where we now insist on locating a desert, can we not do something with our improved methods?" Very clearly this region was once the garden of America, and it is reclaimable. Miller says he never ate finer bananas than those grown near Fort Yuma. His article is full of enthusiasm and poetry, but also of facts and sound sense as well. No doubt he is right in calling it the North American Nile: and every way more interesting for its antiquities, as well as natural grandeurs, than the Nile of Africa.—Globe-Democrat.

A Dude and His Trousers.

"Bagging at the knees is a matter, I confess, which has caused me more uneasiness than I can tell you. It has done more to turn my hair gray than anything else. But I do not have so much trouble now as I used to have. You know they are wearing trousers larger now than a couple of years ago. In fact today a well made pair has hardly a legitimate excuse for bagging unless they are worn constantly. I myself never wear a pair two days in succession. A little while ago, when we wore trousers almost skin tight, I thought I should have to go into an asylum. A pair worn half a day showed a decided inclination to expansion at that most critical point. I found myself attempting to ward off the evil. I tried every method I could hear of and every one I could invent, but they did little good. Finally I invented one of my own. I used to hang the trousers up by the bottoms, being particular to have them hang straight, and then I dampened the incipient bags. After that I attached a weight of some sort to the waist band, so as to bring the strain over the knees. The cloth in drying came back into shape and remained so.

"Your tailor or your furnisher has no doubt tried to sell you the device known as 'panto stretcher.' Don't waste your money. I have tried every kind known, and they don't give satisfaction. They don't stretch the cloth evenly enough, nor is the cure permanent. That little scheme of my own is the best I ever found. Oh, yes; you may try it. I haven't patented it. But if you really want to know the best and most satisfactory way of removing bags from the face of your trousers let me whisper it to you. Go to your tailor. For 15 cents or a quarter he will press them, and nothing works so well. But when you are on the top of Mount Washington the tailor is not there. Always hang your pantaloons up carefully. I have known fellows who would go home, take off their coat and waistcoat, throw them into a chair, remove their trousers, dump them in a heap on top of the coat and vest, and then pile the shirt and underclothing on top of the trousers. This is all wrong. A man's underclothing is always a little damp, even in winter. The coat and waistcoast at the bottom, the trousers between them and the underclothing, the pantaloons are certainly in a regular sweat box. There they are, all crumpled, creased and in a heap, and, of course, when the wearer comes to put them on in the morning he wonders what the deuce makes his trousers look so out of shape."—Boston Cor. New York World.

Profit in Public Enterprises.

E. R. Brady, who has been connected with various public enterprises in electricity, pungently remarked: "The average American citizen will let you rob him daily and hourly of a small amount of money, and permit you to rob all his fellow citizens in a great community at the same time, so that in the aggregate you have an enormous plunder, when, if you were to take even a tithe of the amount out of his pocket annually or out of the public treasury he would want you hanged to the first lamp post. The street car lines take a penny more from every passenger than they are justly entitled to. Ferry boats are in the same class. The price per thousand for gas might be reduced.

"Every telephone subscriber could pay less for his telephone and leave still a large profit to the companies. Telegraph messages could be reduced, but in this hustling and active country no one wants to stop and consider those things. You pay your nickel of fare on the street car without ever so much as a thought that three cents fare would pay a good dividend on the original investment of most of the roads. You pay $1.25 a thousand for gas, although you know in your inmost soul that $1 is a big price. It is in franchises of this character that money is rapidly made, and since the people are all willing to pay these small larcenies, I don't know but that my original language, terming it robbery, is a little too strong. Perhaps the fact is that the American citizen is willing to pay pretty well for good accommodations of any kind."—New York Tribune.

Fallibility of Human Judgment.

Yet, after all, isn't it rather a curious weakness in human beings to care for one another's opinions? Why should Jones mind what you or I think of him or say of him, when you and I are almost certain to be wrong? Nay, why should he mind what the majority think of him, when the majority are usually wrong? what the cultured minority think of him, when the cultured minority are seldom right? what an entire generation think of him, when the next generation may reverse the verdict?

An accurate history of criticism, for example, would be a delightful burlesque upon the fallibility of human judgment; only the historian should owe no fealty to what was current; he should stand so far apart from present human thought that all its most cherished conclusions should appear to him only shifting waves in an ocean of folly—should recognize that our moralities may be vices, our vices virtues, our orthodoxies follies, our rascals heroes, our masterpieces daubs, our Shakespeares and Goethes and Virgils and Dantes the puerile intelligences that their contemporaries mostly believed them to be.—Lippincott's Magazine.

An Artful Little Dodger.

A lady came out on the steps of a house on Duffield street and called aloud in sweet, persuasive tones:

"Georgie, dear?"

There was no answer, and she looked anxiously up and down the street and again called, but in a firmer voice:

"George!"

Not a word. Taking in the entire horizon with one sweeping, comprehensive glance, she made a trumpet of her hand and called shrill and sharp:

"Georgie!"

Then a little pair of scurrying feet came around the corner of the house, accompanied by a round, innocent face, much stained with watermelon juice, and a sweet voice inquired:

"Did you call me, mamma?"—Detroit Free Press.

Life in Paris Studios.

In no place more than a studio is it true that the early bird gets the worm; but in a studio that bird must be prepared to defend her spoils. Thus it is a great thing to be among the first to pose the model at 8 on Monday morning; but unless you are prepared to fight for the continuance of your pose, you will find that each comer will want to alter it to suit her particular taste. Unfortunately, malcontents have the right to put the pose to the vote, and it not unfrequently happens that after you have patiently blocked in the figure during the first hour, at 9 o'clock, when the crowd arrives, a fresh and totally different position is voted for and carried by an exasperating majority, and all your labor is lost.—Demorest's Monthly.

DIGGER INDIANS.

CEREMONIES AT THE FUNERAL OF A MEDICINE MAN.

Scene at the Hut of Mourning—A Wasteful Religious Duty—The Indian Burial Ground—Shaking Hands with the Corpse. The "Preacher's" Sermon.

When all were gathered at the hut of mourning the services seemed to consist of a concert of wails, carried on principally by the women. The corpse, wrapped in a gray blanket, on a rude bier, was placed at a distance from the hut, and some of the "big men" of the tribe made a bundle of the personal effects of the deceased, and proceeded to burn his hut, his wagon and all his household furnishings. There seemed to be a great deal of altercation accompanying the performance of this wasteful religious duty. When the excitement was over the women went on wailing, while the young bucks went off to have a good time, shooting at marks and performing various feats of strength. It is the custom of the Indians to bury their dead at sunset, and the funeral procession started from the Big Spring only in time to reach the burying ground at that time. There was no discernible order to the cortege as it passed along the road for six miles, group after group going by us in much the same fashion as in the morning. There was no separate conveyance for the corpse; it was put in the bottom of a wagon, even tipped up a little on one side to make room for the mahala, who squatted beside it, wailing and swaying her body back and forth.

The Indian burial ground is a mound on the lower end of the valley called Big Meadows, on the north fork of the Feather river. It covers scarcely an acre of ground, and juts out abruptly into the valley, with a background of wooded mountain, and before it green stretches of the meadow land, with its winding river. Here their dead have been buried ever since the first habitation of the country, and although the land is private property it will probably always be left to the undisturbed possession of the Indians.

SCENE AT THE GRAVE.

Here a very deep and long grave had been dug, much larger than would be made for a white man, for it was to contain not only the corpse, but all of the personal effects which had not been burned. He was a medicine man, and was considered worthy of a coffin, and when the funeral procession arrived at the grave a well made pine coffin, manufactured by a local carpenter, arrived from an opposite direction. The body was placed in it without removing the gray blanket covering the face. But the right hand was extricated from its covering and all the men passed by it in line and shook hands with the medicine man. Some gave the cold hand a hearty grip, but the touch of others was noticeably gingerly. Then the hand was covered again, and a young fellow dressed in a very stylish custom made suit of black took his place at the foot of the coffin, solemnly wound a small nickel plated alarm clock, set the alarm and placed it within the coffin at the dead man's feet. The lid was closed, and the women gathered around, rapping the coffin with their knuckles, passing their hands up and down over it, howling and moaning all the time.

The grave was lined with new rush baskets, split up the sides and spread out flat, and upon this carpet the coffin, with much difficulty and many experiments, was safely deposited. Then the wails grew louder, and always the voices of the women were heard above the rest. It is impossible to describe that wailing. It was not concerted; every one seemed to be acting independently of the others; there was no attempt at tune, but every now and then the musical voice of a young girl, clear and high pitched, would lead in a sort of cadence, and the heavier voices joined in an incoherent dull cry. The women swayed their bodies from side to side, waving in the air little tufts of cedar which they tossed into the grave. But in all this there was very little sign of real emotion. The young girls would smile and simper and duck their heads if they met the gaze of any of the white bystanders. Only one of the women shed any tears, and she was the sister of the medicine man, quite an old woman, who stood at the head of the grave really crying behind a big white handkerchief.

A COMICAL OBJECT.

There stood beside her an old buck, a most comical looking object, whose long locks were surmounted by a jaunty white straw hat, and whose bony figure was radiant in a red flannel miner's shirt and a pair of ragged gray trousers. He was "a kind of a preacher," one of the Indians said, and his loud vociferation and violent gestures were the only eulogies which were to console the mourners and do honor to the virtues of the deceased. For he was the only medicine man in this part of California, and his death left the tribe unprotected against the ravages of rheumatism and consumption. We could not understand the Indian language, but a sturdy farmer's son by our side who has picked up some of their vocabulary translated for us what the preacher was saying: "Injin doctor gone now; all Injins die. Sick here, here, here (pointing to head, lungs and heart). Die, die, never get well. Baby sick, no medicine, no get any better, pretty soon die." Then the mahalas, with their papooses on their backs, wailed louder, and the babies joined in the cry, and tried in vain to fight away the flies with their little fists. The preacher talked on at intervals, describing the destitution of the tribe, and the skill and goodness of the departed doctor. Two blind mahalas stood on the edge of the grave, and every now and then had to be held back from slipping into the hole.

Finally the preacher laid the dead man's bow and arrows on the coffin. Then a roll of blankets was thrown in at the foot of the coffin, and two large fur robes. Some mistake was evidently made in the selection of articles, for a loud voice of vituperation broke out from the monotonous wailing, and a bed quilt, lined with turkey red calico, was hurled by that fierce old mahala with the short skirts, over the heads of the crowd back to the pile from which it had been taken. The old boots, a leather hunting bag and a pair of spring scales were laid in, and then all was ready for the earth to be shoveled in. The crowd did not disperse until nearly nightfall, and as long as we could see in the twilight there were still several black figures standing like sentinels at the grave.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

"Useful Household Articles."

Persons who respond to an advertisement that promises "twenty-five useful household articles for twenty-five cents" are receiving by return mail a literally pointed response—twenty-five needles.—Chicago Herald.

Method of Electric Writing.

A small needle is vibrated to and fro by the alternate currents. Attached to the end of the needle is a siphon about the hundredth part of an inch in diameter, through which ink flows constantly. The point of the siphon or pen rests on a strip of paper which is automatically pulled under it, and as the needle vibrates the pen marks the vibrations in zigzag lines on the paper. The operator reads the signals off as they pass before him and writes them on the usual blanks, while an attendant coils up the paper strip and files it away. There is no noise as with a Morse instrument, and no "calling." The paper goes along continually and when the operator at the other end of the cable has a message to transmit he goes right ahead with it. The sending operator sits to the right of the receiver and manipulates two keys side by side, one for the positive and the other for the negative current. There is no sounding instrument except the keys, and the operator has no means of knowing how well he is doing, except that when it does not reach the other end distinctly the sending operator there notifies the receiver at this end, who tells his associate where to repeat from.

A Morse operator unacquainted with cable work would think the sending operator was merely "drumming" on the keys, as there appears to be no system about it to the uninitiated.—New York World.

"Anæsthetic revelation" is the name which, according to Mr. Xenos Clark, has been applied to the sensation of recovery from the anæsthetic effects of sulphuric ether. For one brief instant, just before the complete return of consciousness, the subject invariably has an intense perception of what seems to him at the time the true explanation of the universe.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Balloonist's Big Jump.

"I have made," said Professor F. D. Hogan, "163 ascensions and three jumps. One jump, made out in Jackson, is the biggest on record—9,800 feet. I shot down 400 feet before my parachute opened. The popular impression is that the parachute opens with a snap, but this is not so. First one section opens, then another, and so on by easy degrees, and as I've watched it opening when it was just above me and was thousands of feet up in the air it reminded me of a rose opening in the morning.

"How did I feel when I made my first jump? Oh, well, rather afraid. I looked down and saw the hills and fields away below me, and the people looked barely a foot high, and the buildings looked like toy houses. I looked down and shivered when I saw the space between me and the earth, and then looked at the barometer and found the distance to be almost one and a half miles; but all the same I jumped. I leaped into space hanging to the parachute, and down I went like a shot for 200 feet. The parachute then began to open, gradually lessening my velocity. I heard the people's applause very faintly. It rose up to me like the merest suspicion of a sound. I afterward learned they clapped and cheered for all they were worth. The parachute was oscillating somewhat, and I came near being banged against several chimney tops. The buildings are our greatest terror. Many an aeronaut has been dashed against a building and killed—more, in fact, than being dragged over rugged ground. I met with one accident. See here," pointing to a big bulb on his right ankle. "I got that in Nebraska in August of 1883 by being dragged over a heap of rocks. I never could bend that ankle since—can't even stand on that foot alone.

"You see a great panorama from a balloon in mid air," continued the professor, "but, of course, the landscape is all in miniature and through a slight haze."—New York Evening Sun.

The Child's Voice in Singing.

Frederick S. Law, in The Voice, dwells at length on some of the dangers of allowing children to sing in public, particularly when under the care of ignorant or irresponsible conductors. One case is mentioned of a girl who was permitted to sing in halls large enough to test the powers of experienced artists, and who, consequently, at the age of 16, although she had started out with great promise, had no voice at all left. "It is," says Mr. Law, "as much of an impossibility for a child to produce full and sonorous notes as it would be to load it down with heavy weights and expect it to walk at once. Many who would regard the latter as an act of cruelty will listen with complacency to a child straining every nerve to fill a large room with a voice that from its nature is not intended for such use."

Mr. Law concludes: "The instruction of children, as regards the voice, should be almost entirely negative—that is, they do not require teaching what to do so much as what not to do. They may be trusted to form their tones as they please, if they do not sing too loudly nor with any undue effort. If these conditions cannot be secured, they should not be allowed to sing at all. Nothing is more painful than to hear a child struggle to fill a large room with a voice crippled from an attempt to wrest from nature what is not there. In no way can we find compensation for such an exhibition. The mind receives no pleasure, as there can be no intellectual grasp of the subject, while the ear is tortured by shrill and distorted sounds which awaken a natural anxiety for the child's future welfare. A healthy child possessed of a good ear is the most natural singer in the world, because the most unconscious. It is only when tampered with by those who should know better that disastrous results are to be feared."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Description of a Turkish Dinner.

Rousseau has said that from the food of a nation you can tell its characteristics; if this is true, no better spot for the study of ethnology could be found than Cavalla. Doubtless, if it be desired, an opportunity will occur of dining with many nationalities. By all means accept an invitation to dine with a Turkish pasha. I had the pleasure of taking a meal with the governor of Drama, who is passing rich for a Turk, seeing that he rules over the plain where the chief tobacco crops are, and his opportunities for amassing wealth are many and varied.

Silence and expedition are the chief characteristics of a Turkish meal. The table preparations are few, but the dishes are many; olives, caviare, cheese, etc., are dotted about, and perhaps as many as ten dishes are handed round on covered brazen dishes, consisting of rice or barley, meat or boiled fish, cakes seasoned with vegetables, roast lamb, beans, a species of rissole wrapped up in vine leaves, the inevitable pilaf and fruits, and, as wine is forbidden, an intoxicating substitute is found in liquors and brandy. Each person has his glass of sherbet by him, and his piece of unleavened bread, for the Turks love half baked dough. It will comfort the European to see every one wash his hands before his meal, for forks are unknown, and each is expected to dip his fingers into the savory morsel as it is handed to him. During the whole of the feeding process scarcely four or five words will be uttered, and at the most your repast will last twenty minutes, but then afterward, with the coffee and the hubble bubble, conversation will flow freely. To the Turk eating is a serious gastronomic exercise, which will not admit of any conversation being entered into during its progress.—Cornhill Magazine.

Can Your Boy Swim?

Can your boy swim? No? Then do not trust him in any sort of boat until he has learned the art, and feels as much at home in the water as upon dry land. You might just as well send him out alone into a crowded street before he had learned to walk. He might possibly creep along all right, and reach home alive, or somebody might pick him up and care for him, but the chances would not be in his favor. So in boating, the boy who cannot swim may get along very comfortably for a while, and not suffer from this defect in his education, but the time will assuredly come when he will have cause to bitterly regret it. It is one of the simplest things in the world, too, and can be learned in three or four intelligently directed lessons, such as can be had in any city swimming school or from the experts in any country village. By all means talk swim to your boy before you talk boat, and stipulate as one of the conditions of his having a boat that he shall first be able to swim a quarter of a mile with [illegible].—Harper's Young People.

Sighing for Union Square.

"The world is mine," exclaimed the tragedian, in "Monte Cristo," and the comedy man waiting for eight weeks' back salary, murmured faintly: "Cut me off a piece of New York, please."—The Idea.

A Theater Goer's Suggestion

An English woman is responsible for the suggestion that along with other improvements to theater seats, there be an arrangement by which they can be sunk through a trap in the floor into a saloon below, so that men can go out between the acts and see a man without treading on the toes of all the women near them.—New York Sun.

New Type Setting Machines.

Several inventors are at work upon machines which cast and set type at the same time, each letter being cast when a key is pressed. The principal trouble with this class of machines, and with all other type setting machines, is that it is difficult to "justify"—that is, to fill out the lines properly at the right hand end and space properly between the words.—St. Louis Republic.

China Is Waking Up.

The British consul at Hankow says that China, though still spoken of as a country of stagnation and stereotyped ideas, is really only a little behind its pushing neighbor, Japan, in its haste to get rid of ancient prejudices.—Chicago Herald.

London's Inhabitants.

The city of London is said to have fewer inhabitants to the house than any other of the large cities of Europe. Vienna has five times as many.

A soldier who was seen to take off his cap while using the telephone informed a questioner that he did so because he was talking to his superior officer.

Of the 200 gold beaters in New York, not one is a woman, while of the 900 gold cutters not one is a man.

HANDLING OF FREIGHT.

SOME POINTS WHICH ARE OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE.

How Merchandise Is Handled by the Railroads—Their Methods of Raising Rates and Settling Claims Described in Brief. Sending a "Tracer."

The manner of making up through rates, that is, rates between points necessitating transportation over two or more roads, is now comparatively simple. Prior to the passage of the interstate commerce act, certain agreed rates prevailed at all junction or common points (prevailed until some one road felt inclined to cut), and points local to one road were fixed at as high rates as were considered necessary by the road reaching them. Now, however, the majority of the roads have thrown their local territory open by taking common points as basing points, and making the rates to intermediate local territory the same as those in effect at the next farthest basing point. In other words, dividing the road into groups, each group taking certain fixed rates. The through rates are divided between the roads forming the line, on a mileage basis—that is, each road receives a percentage of the through rate as great as the distance traversed over its rails bears to the entire distance from point of shipment to destination.

The numerous cases of delays and loss of property in transit are in a large measure due to careless or improper marking of merchandise by the consignor. If all packages were properly and plainly marked these annoying occurrences would be reduced to a minimum. As it is, however, the systematic methods of handling freight in practice by all roads render it almost impossible for anything to be carried to a wrong destination, although some errors in routing occur which, in the case of perishable freight, are equivalent to actual loss.

When a shipment fails to arrive on time a "tracer" is sent after it. These "tracers" are in the shape of a request upon forwarding agent to follow up the shipment by means of his way bill, car number, train number, date and seals, all of which are kept in his station records. The "tracer" is sent along the line traversed by the shipment, and each agent in turn notes thereon date of arrival and departure, whether transferred into another car, and seal record, and forwards to next junction point. In this manner freight is always ultimately discovered, though sometimes it takes considerable time. In urgent cases this is done by telegraph.

The great bone of contention between shippers and railroads is the time consumed in adjusting claims. When a claim is paid the mass of correspondence that has accumulated is usually detached from the claimant's original papers, and he cannot, therefore, understand why it could not have been paid sooner. Claims are never purposely delayed, and if shippers but knew the amount of labor involved, even in the simplest cases, complaints on this score would be less frequent. The larger business houses are gifted with more patience in this respect than the country merchants. It is also true, as claimed by these smaller dealers, that the large shipper has his claim "put through" in much less time. There are several reasons for this; the constant shipper, in presenting a claim, accompanies it with all necessary documents, and gives a clear and concise statement of the case, whereas the country merchant writes a rambling sort of letter, threatening to give all his shipments to the A., B. and C. road, and to do various other terrible things in the event of non-payment of his claim, and studiously avoids giving particulars, thus, in some cases, forcing the railroad to make out a case against itself.

A mistake the country merchant frequently makes is to send his claim to the shippers, asking them to push it through for him. This course of procedure always causes delay. A claim presented by the owner of the property—if bill of lading or receipt, and paid freight bill, together with a letter of explanation, is submitted to the delivering road—will be handled with dispatch, be the claimant a large or small shipper.

As a general rule overcharge claims are the most quickly disposed of. If occasioned by an error of one road in a line such road usually stands the amount, and if the claim be based on a rate in force by a competing route all roads interested willingly reduce to that figure upon presentation of proof.

The loss and damage claims are more difficult to handle. In the investigation of these matters, particularly damage claims, each road attempts to disprove any liability, and endeavors to shift the responsibility upon another, and it is this discussion between the roads which causes the delays complained of most frequently. The method of investigating claims of this nature is simple enough. The shipment is traced through from point of shipment, and the road on whose line shipment checks damaged or short pays the damage. It often happens, however, that the loss or damage cannot be located. It is then that correspondence accumulates, and the claimant's hair turns gray while waiting for his voucher. In cases where it is utterly impossible to locate the damage or loss it is the custom for all roads participating in the haul to join in payment of the damages. Several roads have recently adopted the plan of paying just claims as soon as presented, looking to their connections to "chip in" afterward.—Chicago Journal.

Improvement in Our Schools.

The schools should be an aid to the improvement of man's estate. In no way has so much been accomplished in this direction as by new inventions, by mechanics or artisans. The improvement of our material surroundings places humanity on a higher plane, and enables those who care for it to obtain the education in classics, etc., which they may desire. The tendency in the public schools should be to educate youths so that man may be better able to deal with his material surroundings.

That can be done in connection with the mere book education now given. But it is not done. A small departure in that direction has been made in the normal training. This needs to be carried further. The expensive higher branches should be lopped off and more aid given to those who need it. The old methods must give way to modern ideas. Improvement in the school system is badly needed.—New York News.

An Original Young Miss.

A little miss of this city, 3 or 4 years old, was in one of our shoe stores the other day, and after she had been fitted she was asked by the salesman if she wanted them put on. She replied: "I dess I will wear 'em home in the box."—Burlington Free Press.

Some Peculiarities of Indians.

If an Indian is killed in a quarrel his relatives are usually appeased by payment. I remember once an overbearing young Assinaboine buck came into the Milk River agency and bent his bow and arrow on the agent's pet dog. The agent warned him if he shot the dog he would kill the Indian. The young buck shot his arrow; the agent killed him. We expected to have some trouble, but the grief stricken father came forward on behalf of the relatives, and claimed that, in consideration that the young man, being such a good buffalo runner, the agent must pay for the loss of such a person a red blanket, a piece of calico and four pounds of sugar. He complied with their demands, but the vengeful relatives thereafter adopted him as their banker. The mother and other relatives of the slain young man scarcely ever met the agent without embracing him and with endearing epithets begging for something more in remembrance of the good buffalo runner.

No gifted funeral orator can equal or convey the impression of the mournful tenderness, the exulting pride or the gloomy despair expressed by the untaught savage in this mere act of formality. An Indian, man or woman, will be laughing and dancing; in a moment the merry circle will be left, and the next moment the same person will lift up his voice in heart breaking accents, the plaintive notes will weep tears of mournful tenderness, again startling defiance and war will breathe with fierce energy the deeds of the silent dead; then as the sorrowful recollections, inspired by the fate of the fallen relative, the high pean sinks to such supplicating despair as suggests a lost spirit lamenting its dismal fate. And all this is a mere formality, for the next moment the weeper may be the merriest of the laughing throng.—Forest and Stream.

SCENES AT CASTLE GARDEN.

A Few Bits of Information About Immigrants—Labeling Children.

On the morning of my visit the possible makers of millions were not prepossessing in personal appearance, but fine clothes have so much to do with the making of fine birds that there could be no limit to what the imagination pictured for these at present undistinguished foreigners. The English boats generally bring English speaking people, and the day of their arrival the books are full of names such as O'Hara, Donnelly and Duffy, and on other days they contain the unpronounceable ones of the natives of Poland, Hungary, Italy and Germany. There are two matrons installed within a little inclosure in the center of the great rotunda. Their duties, after their general supervision over all the women, are first to care for the children under 17 years of age who are not under the protection of any one, and second to detect if possible the women who have been, or are likely to be, led astray.

The chief matron, Mrs. Stucklein, has held her position four years. She told me that at first the tales she heard brought her many a sleepless night and caused her to shed many tears of sympathy and pity, but the constant association with wretched specimens of humanity and hearing the daily and hourly recitals of the women and children, had accustomed her more or less to her task.

"The children," she said, "are often as happy and contented as they can be. They have generally been sent for to join their friends here who are waiting for their arrival. Sometimes they are obliged to go from here to find their friends in some distant state, and in that case their tickets are procured for them, and I fill out a label as to their names and destination. The label is tied to a buttonhole in their dresses or coats, and in that way they are handed first to one person and then to another—the passenger agents and conductors on the railways—until they arrive at their destination. They get on far better than those who have the responsibility of looking after themselves. It sometimes occurs that the children have not a penny in their pocket when they land. If possible we communicate with their friends and obtain the price of their railway fare in case they are going out of New York. If they are to take a very long journey and have no money, we generally give them fifty cents or $1 in order that they may buy a cup of coffee or tea or be prepared for an emergency, but if they are not to travel very far we provide them only with food."

Two or three women were seated within the inclosure, and I asked the matron why they were there.

"They are here because they are detained for some reason or other," she answered. "That old lady is to join her husband in a western city. When she arrived here she expected to find a letter from him with money for traveling expenses. The letter had not arrived, and so we have telegraphed to him. That ticket pinned on her dress is an indication that she is waiting for a telegram. That little girl by the side of her is her grandchild, who came from Germany with her." When the matron had finished speaking she looked toward another woman, and then said: "That young woman is a Swede, and has also been sent for by her husband." The girl was hatless, and had hair that had been bleached by the rays of the sun. She was not pretty to look at, but was probably endowed with virtues enough to lead her husband to pay her passage across the sea at any rate. She too was having to wait for the remittance that would take her beyond Castle Garden.

"Sometimes the reason for the delay," explained Mrs. Stucklein, "is the miscalculation in time. The person sent for often leaves the other side sooner than is expected, or the steamer arrives earlier than it is looked for. The newcomer is allowed to remain here for a time, but there are only those rough benches to sleep upon at night."—Florence C. Ives in New York Press.

Best Tonic for the Hair.

"How common it is to see a woman under thirty with only a tiny twist of hair behind her head," remarked a fashionable hair dresser to a reporter. "I venture to say, however," the speaker went on, "that if you ask her she will say that when she was a girl she had a splendid head of hair. Now, what is the reason for this? The woman has lost no other of her physical charms, but her hair has well nigh disappeared.

"I think that I can solve the problem. On retiring at night she goes to sleep without releasing her hair or giving it the vigorous combing and brushing which is absolutely necessary to its healthy vitality. Hundreds of careless women do that. Then, too, she is not careful as to the kind of hairpins she uses. Metal hairpins should be used as little as possible, for rubber or gutta percha pins are far preferable, although they may seem more clumsy; but if metal pins are chosen they should be straight and smooth.

"What is the best tonic for the hair? In my experience I have found that a good, brisk and regular brushing is the best tonic. If the hair is coming out rapidly let this treatment begin at once. Every morning unbraid the hair and brush it in its natural hanging position with a stiff, white bristle brush—never a wire one. First brush one-half of the hair. Then change the brush to the other hand and treat the remaining half in the same fashion. The same operation should be repeated in the evening.

"Begin with about fifty strokes on each side and gradually increase the treatment until not less than two hundred strokes are given each morning and evening. It will soon become a habit, and before long the hair will cease to come out."—Chicago Herald.

Remarkable Change of Climate.

The British consul at Bussorah, on the Persian gulf, in his last report states that a remarkable improvement has taken place in the climate of the country round Bussorah, with the substitution of date and wheat cultivation for that of rice. The malarious fever, to which Bussorah gave its name, is now comparatively rare; and sallow complexions and worn looks, which some years ago were universal, are now no longer seen. The northwest wind, which prevails in the hot weather, instead of being moist and clammy, as it used to be, is dry and hot. The month of September, when the marsh which is formed yearly by the overflow of the Euphrates is drying up, is still the least healthy season. December and January are cold, July and August are intensely hot. The rest of the year is very much like the spring and summer of southern Europe.—Boston Transcript.

His Eye Got Too Hot.

Glass eyes never produce irritation or become painful except when exposed for a long time to a strong flame. This is strictly prohibited. A very amusing instance came under my notice some time ago. A horse dealer, who visited a well known auction and salesroom in this city, purchased a horse, which, to all appearances, was a model of symmetry and perfection, but two nights afterward, while standing in front of a lamppost on Broadway, he suddenly became restless, and darted through the streets in great fury. When stopped his owner became alarmed on discovering the animal's eye blazing hot, but further investigation laid the swindle bare, and the glass eye was at once extracted.—Joseph W. Gavan in New York Press.

Results of Mental Overwork.

The English Anthropological society has been culling from reports of schoolmasters' observations on the symptoms of mental fatigue. The observations reveal that weariness of mind reveals itself under the aspects of irritability and incapacity.

Children at school showed such signs of mental irritability as sleeplessness and nervous laughter, while those who were fatigued could neither sleep nor get up their taskwork. The flagging will showed itself by lolling, yawning, and a languid manner. Headache also resulted from overstrain in study, when combined with defective ventilation.—Youth's Companion.

Honesty by Weight.

"Is that boy the new junior?" the president of the bank asked the cashier, pointing to a youth in the office.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you tested his honesty?"

"Yes, sir. I left him alone in your room for half an hour or more to count a pile of gold, which I told him had not been counted."

"Of course it had been counted?"

"No, sir."

"That was rather risky, wasn't it?"

"Not at all," replied the cashier. "I weighed the gold myself first."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

CHILLED PLOWS!

Chilled Plows!

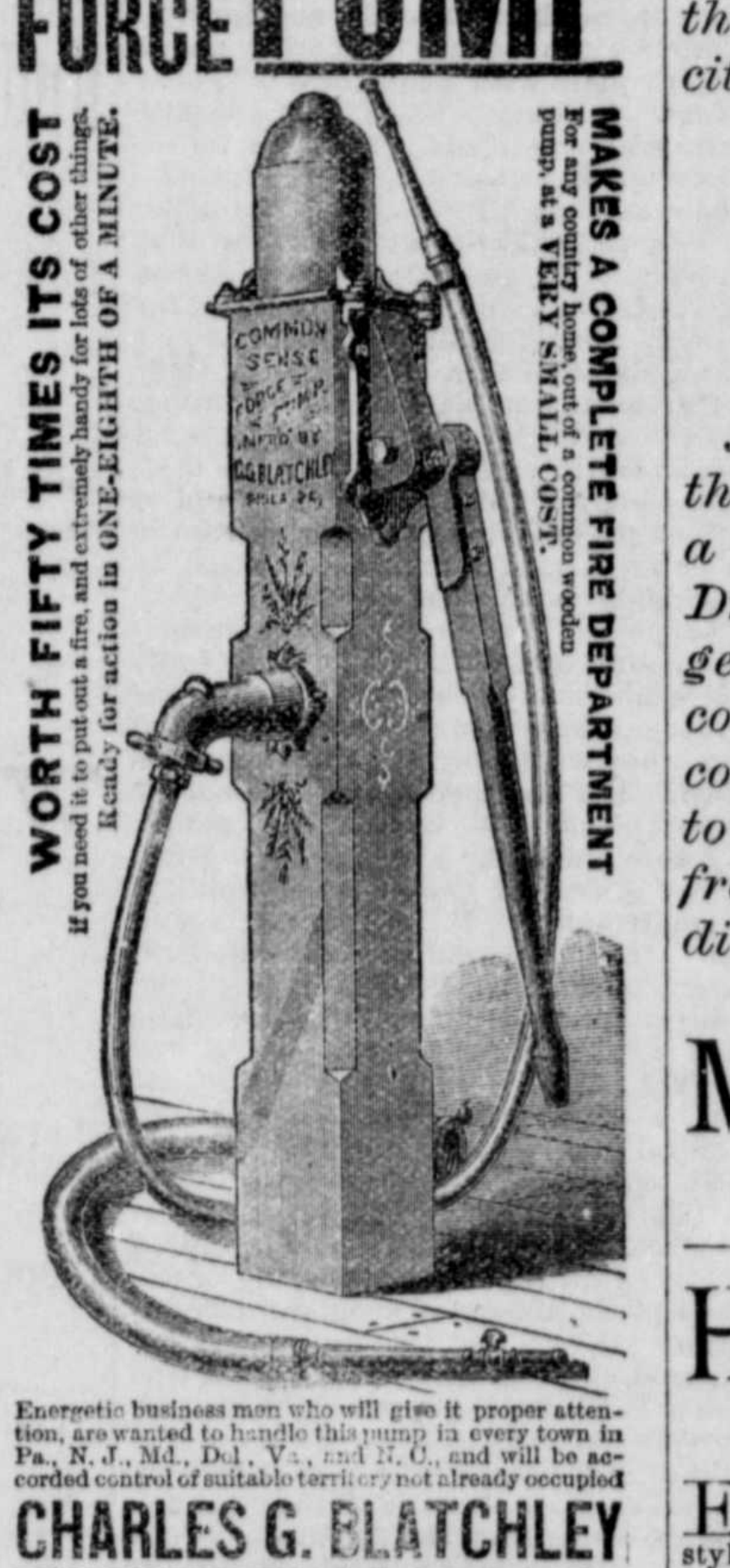
As Good as the Best, Made in Baltimore, and No Trouble to Get Repairs.

The A 3 ROLAND PLOW, light 1-horse,
" B3 " " medium 1-horse,
" D3 " " light 2-horse,
" 2 3 " " medium 2-horse,
" 4 3 " " medium 3-horse,
" 8 3 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, 1888.

THE COMMON SENSE LIFT AND FORCE PUMP



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.
COMMON SENSE FORCE PUMP
G. G. BLATCHLEY

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

CHARLES G. BLATCHLEY
MANUFACTURER of all sizes and styles of WOOD PUMPS,
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PEACH BASKETS!

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FOR SALE.

Buying direct from the manufacturers in large quantities, I am prepared to sell very LOW.

Binder Twine! Binder Twine!

STANDARD AND PURE MANILLA.

Quality and price guaranteed. Call and see me before purchasing.

J. H. IRELAND,
May 31, 1888. LOCUST GROVE, MD

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.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

To canvass for one of the LARGEST, OLDEST ESTABLISHED, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846.

W. & T. SMITH,
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To canvas for the sale of Nursery Stock Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and Expenses paid. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
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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 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.

HARDWARE!

ENTERPRISE LARD PRESSES and Sausage Stuffers. Enterprise and other styles Sausage Cutters. Home-Made Lard Cans, Butcher Knivs, 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,

J. K. ALDAIDGE & CO.

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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J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO. have the "Biggest Lot" of AXES ever seen in Chestertown Call and see their stock in general.

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FRESH BURNT SHELL LIME

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Whitewashing, Building purposes or Land.

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 & MEDDERS,

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Would respectfully invite all in need of

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to call and examine their stock.

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We are the only Agents in Kent Co.

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and we keep a supply constantly on hand. No Castings are genuine except those sold by us or our agents. These Plows have no superior for lightness of draft, strength and durability. The Oliver Combination, with reversible Share and Point, is perfect. For economy it takes the lead.

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

OUR BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING DEPARTMENTS

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

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS.

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

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

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

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

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Solid Silver Waltham Watches,

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