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aches will certainly be larg-
ny one year in the past.

EXTENT.

injustice, and possibly injury, is
Peninsula by the press in giving
y to the erroneous ideas that the
is speedily withdrawing from it and
at account encouraging less favored
tions to engage in its production. A
mmunication published in one of the
nore widely circulated agricultural papers
in this country contained the startling in-
telligence that on the Peninsula four times
as many trees are being drawn out as are
being planted, and the writer lauded his
own section as being the future home of
the peach. The editorial columns of two
farmers' papers recently contained gloomy
pictures of the future of the peach on
the Peninsula. These reports are mislead-
ing and dangerous. There never was a
time when so many peach tress received
the thorough culture as at the present
time. The nursery capacity of the Penin-
sula is enormous, nevertheless it would
be difficult at this time to have an order
of 1000 trees filled with a general assort-
ment; such is the extent of the culture of
the peach that it becomes a serious ques-
tion as to whether or not the business is
developing into dangerous proportions and
those in less favored sections who are in-
duced by such reports to engage in peach
growing will not live to see the time when
they will not have a formidable rival in
this Peninsula in the production of this—
the prince of fruits.

Our Injurious Insects.

By M. H. BECKWITH.

The time was when nearly every person looked upon insects as insignificant creatures, unworthy of even a passing notice, and he who devoted his time to the study of their habits was worthy of even less notice than the insects he studied. Fortunately that time has passed and workers in this line are to-day recognized as second to those in no other field of investigation. It has been truthfully said that the prosperity of a nation depends in a great measure upon its agricultural resources. Can we not say to-day that upon a knowledge of insect life depends much of our success in agriculture and horticulture? One of the greatest drawbacks to successful agriculture is in the attacks of these small but relentless foes. Certainly if it were not for the study of the habits and life histories of the insects that are devasting our crops, by means of which study we learn how best to fight them, we should be obliged to give up in despair.

We venture to say that there is not a farmer or fruit-grower on this peninsula that has not suffered more or less from their depredations. There is not a crop grown that has not its numerous insect enemies. Take the apple tree for instance: Dr. Lintner in his first report on injurious insects gives a list comprising 176 species of depredators on the apple tree. This list has since been increased to over 200. Many of them are simply alluded to as feeding upon leaves and have never appeared in sufficient numbers to cause serious damage. Yet with conditions favorable to their increase, in one or two seasons the least harmful of them may prove very injurious to the apple crop. We are scarcely able to comprehend the extent of the injuries that annually occur through the various insect depredations. It is nearly impossible to make a true estimate of the losses sustained by farmers and fruit-growers. Several eminent authorities have stated that the injuries in the United States from that source amount in one season to more than three hundred million dollars, a sum equal to about five dollars for every man, woman and child of the entire population. This appears to be an excessive estimate until we take into consideration that there are over fifty thousand species of insects in this country. There are more than twenty-five thousand species which have been named and described, fifteen thousand being more or less injurious, while at least one-half of those, or about eight thousand, are known to be specially destructive to growing crops. Of those that prey upon fruits alone it is safe to estimate that there are not less than one thousand species. In order to successfully combat the myriads of insect foes that meet us upon every side, we should know something of their habits, transformation and methods of feeding.

Insects are divided into two general classes: Mandipulate, or those provided with jaws for biting or gnawing; Haustellate, or those having a beak or proboscis through which they suck the juice of plants upon which they feed. The former can be destroyed by covering the surface of their food-plants with a poisonous substance, but the latter cannot be effected in that manner. They can often be destroyed by an application upon the insects that will close their spiracles or openings through which they breathe. Of the insects belonging to the second class, the codling moth (*corpocapsa pomonella*) causes the heaviest losses to orchardists on this Peninsula, and in fact in the United States. This beautiful little chocolate-colored moth is rarely seen, as it flies principally during the night. Each female moth is capable of producing not less than fifty eggs, which are deposited successively, probably extending over a period of three or four weeks. Spraying the trees with an arsenical solution, either London purple or Paris green has proved to be the most effectual method of combating this insect.

After referring to other destructive insects and giving the result of various successful experiments in combating them, the speaker closed with the following wholesome advice to the Horticulturists of the Peninstla: "In conclusion let me urge upon you the importance of two things.

1. Keep yourselves well posted in regard to the attacks of various insects. This you can easily do as an inquiry addressed to your State Agricultural Experiment Station will be cheerfully answered.

2. The great necessity for concentrated action in combating our insect foes. By using the arsenical solution each person can better protect his crops, whether his neighbors at the same time fight the pests upon their premises or not, than by the use of any other known remedies. But if all would take prompt measures to protect their crops the myriads of injurious insects would soon be effectually decreased."

OUR GREATLY ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, THE BALTIMORE SUN, which neglects no part of the State, evidently has a weakness for the Peninsula, if we are to judge from the pleasure it takes in all evidences of our prosperity and from its commendable efforts to assist in everything looking to the development of our section. The Peninsula has a right to be proud of itself, for there is no country in the world to which nature has been more lavish in the distribution of its good things. Canaan was nothing to it, for it only had milk and honey, but we have everything that can grow on land or live in water. No wonder THE SUN is fond of us, and THE SUN being so full of good things intellectually as the Peninsula is materially, no wonder we reciprocate THE SUN'S affection. It is a good, honest, sterling journal, and we wish there were more like it.

Spartan Sociology.

Every student of history knows that the Spartans worshiped the beautiful and the useful, and that they took the means to get them. Bodily perfection and mental activity were attained by well appointed exercise and healthy parents. The sickly and the constitutionally diseased were not allowed to marry; the healthy were punished if they did not marry. Men that were unmarried after a certain age were excluded from the society of women, and once a year were exhibited in public as a warning to other and younger men. Young men and young women were not allowed to marry before they had attained maturity or cut loose from parental leading strings. This Spartan system, which was purely for the welfare of the state, was in force for 500 years, and no braver nor stronger men, no more healthy nor more beautiful women, were ever seen than in old Sparta. Few would wish to see Spartanism revived in these days, but we may learn some valuable lessons from that ancient state.

We may also learn something from our newly born sister republic, Brazil, where there is a remarkable and self imposed family custom in regard to marriages in the higher classes. The man about to marry is required to furnish a certificate from one or more physicians that he is free from diseases of a certain class, and that he is free also from all signs of any of the diseases that are transmissible to the offspring, and further than this, the physicians must testify that so far as they can learn there is no reason to believe that the marriage will be otherwise than in accord with sanitary laws. We, as a people, are taking more interest in the proper kinds of physical culture than before. Our women are coming to know that they can dress just as well without distorting their bodies and imperiling their health. But the day of the truly sanitary marriage is a long way off. Meanwhile a great many people are getting married that should remain single.—Chicago Herald.

Instruments of Torture.

It is stated that the renowned collection of mediæval instruments of torture at Nuremberg has been sold to a London company. Prima facie we should doubt that the municipality of a town so famous for its antique relics would be willing—or, indeed, would be permitted—to dispose of a collection unique, so far as we know. Nor do the projects of the London company, as described, incline us to faith. But the report is circumstantial. Our enterprising fellow citizens propose to exhibit their treasures in the chief towns of Europe, and then to put them up for auction. Furthermore, it is asserted that the authorities of Berlin already look forward to the sale, and meditate buying the lot in bulk.

Doubtless an exhibition of appliances for torture, authenticated by at least the belief of generations, would draw prodigiously. It is strange how few instruments of the sort survive possessing serious claims to confidence. Our own specimens in the Tower are just as authentic as the block on which, as the worthy beef eater declares, Anne Boleyn lost her head. It is easy to understand that the governor or officials in charge of an old state prison would destroy such terribly irritating objects if they had time, when threatened by events that might lead to an exposure. Thus we are not surprised to learn that no machinery for torture was discovered in any of the Inquisition buildings that have been seized. But there are so many cases where it seems improbable that they would have removed or broken them up, that one is led to suspect the executioner may have kept his smaller instruments, at least, in his own quarters.—London Standard.

Uneasy.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." One wonders that the czar of Russia does not follow the example of Charles V, and free himself from a life of continual apprehension. Is the life worth living which must be sustained by such precautions as those narrated below? Yes, if thereby one serves his generation. London Truth says:

It was given out that he would be the guest of the German emperor at the Marble palace, Potsdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss.

Finally, only one day before the emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his majesty would alight at the Russian embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the emperor whenever and wherever he travels.

There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the house which the emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search.

The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the emperor is likely to enter is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both day and night.

The Troublesome Father-in-Law.

Among the Piutes it is always the father-in-law that makes the trouble. Every married Piute is always glad of a visit from his mother-in-law. He welcomes her with his broadest grin. The arrival of the mother-in-law gives him a double team, where before he had only one animal. He hails her appearance with delight, and piling a jackass load of wood upon her willing old back, sends her into town with his wife, similarly packed, to peddle out the fuel and bring back to him a supply of money for his favorite game of poker. The Piute father-in-law is no use as a wood packer, nor will he gather grass seeds or pine nuts.—Virginia City Enterprise.

Dreamlife.

While it is well known that the most abstruse problems have been worked out in sleep, and the most astounding plots found in dreamland, still the majority of dreams yield nothing that can be converted into every day power. A fool is not turned into a wise man when he goes to sleep, though the opposite of this does sometimes seem to be true.

Said a distinguished woman: "I made up the most exquisite bit of poetry in my dreams. It comforted me unspeakably, and as I awoke I repeated the words mechanically over and over again: 'The cow was struck with an inverted toadstool, and there's the end of it.'" That was the poem!

An artist of repute heard terrible groans, followed by piercing yells from the next room, where a friend was sleeping. Thinking a burglar was murdering the man, he jumped to the rescue. He found his friend sitting up in bed, asleep, but sobbing and crying like a baby. After a few vigorous shakes, and stern appeals to his manhood, he managed to bring forth the following appeal:

"Don't you come! It will get you, too! Get out of the way! It's dreadful!"

"What is the matter?" demanded the artist.

"Boo-hoo!" wailed the dazed dreamer. "I have been in such awful danger! Boo-hoo!"

"It's all right, old fellow! Tell me what it is."

The crying man sat up in bed. He wiped his eyes with the sheet, gulped down a sob, and feebly said:

"Oh, I've had such an awful time! I've been chased all around by a piece of brown paper!"—Youth's Companion.

AN EGG WITH WINDOWS.

Observing the Progress of Incubation Through a Piece of Glass.

A French scientist who removed the shell on either side of an egg, without injuring the membrane, in patches about the size of the diameter of a pea, and snugly fitted the openings with bits of glass, gives the following report of the wonderful experiment: I placed the egg with the glass bull's eyes in an incubator, run by clock work and revolving once each hour, so that I had the pleasure of looking through and watching the change upon the inside at the end of each sixty minutes. No changes were noticeable until after the end of the twelfth hour, when some of the lineaments of the head and body of the chick made their appearance. The heart appeared to beat at the end of the twenty-fourth hour, and in forty-eight hours two vessels of blood were distinguished, the pulsations being quite visible.

At the fiftieth hour an auricle of the heart appeared, much resembling a lace or noose folded down upon itself. At the end of seventy hours we distinguished wings and two bubbles for the brain, one for a bill, and two others for the forepart and hindpart of the head, The liver appeared at the end of the fifth day. At the end of 131 hours the first voluntary motion was observed. At the end of 138 hours the lungs and stomach had become visible, and four hours later the intestines, the loins, and the upper mandible could be distinguished. The slimy matter of the brain began to take form and become more compact at the beginning of the seventh day.

At the 190th hour the bill first opened and flesh began to appear on the breast. At the 194th the sternum appeared. At the 210th hour the ribs had begun to put out from the back; the bill was quite visible, as was also the gall bladder. At the beginning of the 236th hour the bill had become green, and it was evident that the chick could have moved had it been taken from the shell. Four hours more and feathers had commenced to shoot out and the skull to become gristly.

At the 264th hour the eyes appeared, and two hours later the ribs were perfect. At the 331st hour the spleen drew up to the stomach and the lungs to the chest. When the incubator had turned the egg 335 times the bill was frequently opening and closing, as if a chick were gasping for breath. When 451 hours had elapsed we heard the first cry of the little imprisoned biped. From that time forward he grew rapidly, and came out a full-fledged chick at the proper time.—London Standard.

Ancient Egyptian Flora.

The National Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Bulak contains a very interesting collection of plants which have been found in the catacombs and sepulchral monuments of the country. Dr. Schweinfurth was the first to study this ancient flora, which contains no example of a plant that does not grow today in the Nile valley. Nor does the most minute examination show the least difference between the vegetation which flourished fifty centuries ago and that of the present time. In some cases the color of the flowers can be clearly distinguished, as, for instance, the purple larkspur, the red poppy, the reddish brown saffron and the blue lotus.

The leaves of the watermelon contain grains of chlorophyll perfectly visible in the microscope. All these were found in great numbers in the burial places of the fifteenth dynasty, 3,000 years B. C., and in one tomb of the same time some ears of barley. In later monuments were discovered mustard, flax, cucumbers, lentils, pine cones, juniper berries, dates, hollyhocks, chrysanthemums, figs, olives, onions and grapes. Around the necks and upon the breasts of the mummies of 1,100 B. C. were garlands of celery leaves and blue lotus flowers. In regard to the various specimens of grain discovered, it may be added that no attempt to make them grow has ever succeeded, the plants having been subjected to great heat at the time of the embalming and burial, which, while it preserved them, destroyed their germinating power. The cases in which mummy wheat is said to have been raised are due simply to the fraudulent mixture of modern with the ancient grains.—Chicago Herald.

Be a Boxer.

An episode a few days ago, in which a delicate looking young man completely knocked out an antagonist with fifty pounds superiority in weight and the training of a hoodlum, has given an impetus to boxing, and during the past week no less than twenty young men have joined the sparring classes. A familiarity with the manly art of self defense by no means inculcates a fighting disposition. A good boxer is more than a match for mere brute force, as his blows are not aimed in vain. A quick, smart blow applied to the proper spot will knock out a giant who would withstand a blow from a hammer on his thick head. No good boxer ever need be shot by a man at close quarters who is obliged to go to the hip pocket for his gun, for when he reaches back his arm he must raise his head slightly, he leaves his entire front exposed, and the jugular is temptingly displayed. A comparative tap on the jugular will make the other man forget for the time being that he ever had a gun.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Crown of Prussia.

The royal crown of Prussia, which dates from the time of King Frederick I, is lined with velvet, contrary to all heraldic rules. This fact has led to several discrepancies, more especially to matters of art. The painter, Professor Hildebrandt, a well known authority on points of heraldry, some years ago sketched a banner for a veteran association, strictly adhering to the heraldic rule in drawing the royal crown without a lining. On the sketch being sent to the minister of the interior the official objected to it, insisting upon the Prussian crown being lined, but finally yielded to the professor. It may be mentioned here that the crown of 1701 can no longer be worn nowadays. Is was fitted at the time to be worn over a long wig, and, therefore, is far too large. The Emperor William, on the occasion of his coronation, had a new crown made for himself. When the court jeweler delivered it he requested the king to try it on, but the king declined, saying that he could not possibly consent to "try on" a crown which he was first to place upon his head on so solemn an occasion as a coronation.—Exchange.

A Roman Butcher of the Time of Antonine.

The Museum of Antiquities at Dresden has come into possession of an interesting marble relief from Rome, which represents an ancient butcher shop, of oblong shape, and divided by a pillar into two unequal parts. In the greater stands the butcher, with a high chopping block, resting on three substantial legs, before him, while behind him hangs the steelyard and a cleaver, he himself being occupied in dividing a rib of meat with another cleaver. On the wall above him, just as with us, is a row of hooks near to each other, on which hang pieces of meat already dressed; a rib and leg of meat, a pork joint and udders—a tidbit of the Romans; also lungs and liver, and, last of all, the favorite boar's head. On the left, in the smaller division of the shop, the wife of the butcher sits in an easy chair, with an account book on her knees, engaged in assisting the business of her husband by acting as bookkeeper. Her headdress points to the time of Antonine.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

THE FOOT OF A RABBIT.

A WASHINGTON MAN WHO CARRIED ONE FOR GOOD LUCK.

He Fell Down Stairs, His Wife Became Ill, a Case Was Decided Against Him, and for a Whole Week Everything Went Wrong—Then He Threw It Away.

If a man ever tells you there is luck in a rabbit's foot, believe him if you want to, but don't let him, under any circumstances, present you with one as a souvenir to carry for luck. If he attempts it, be sure it is because he has a grudge against you, and desires to get even in a roundabout manner.

There may be good luck in some rabbits' feet, but the particular one which this story concerns was the quintessence of misfortune, and its possessor is a hollow eyed picture of despair, whose every movement has been productive of calamitous results.

Two weeks ago the owner of the charm was in the best of spirits and on good terms with himself and the world, and prospering. For a week the nightmare of ill luck has clung to him with the grasp of the old man of the sea, and cannot be shaken off.

AN UNHEEDED WARNING.

He came into the possession of the furry article which wrecked his happiness in a somewhat peculiar manner. It was presented to him as an emblem of luck by one of his friends, and he carefully tucked it away in his vest pocket. A third friend who was standing by remarked at the time: "If I were you I would throw that cursed thing as far as I could. It's certain to bring ill luck. I am usually not superstitious, but I wouldn't carry one for a thousand dollars."

The pessimist was heartily laughed at for his foolishness, and ridiculed as a prophet of bad luck. "Wait and see," was his laconic response to the other's badinage. Had that friend been listened to and his advice taken, this story would never have been written.

It was Saturday evening when the gift was received, but nothing eventful happened that day. When the possessor of the talisman went to bed he began to think of the words of warning he had listened to and it began to trouble him. He could not sleep for a time, and when he finally fell into a fitful doze it was only to see big and little rabbits' feet obstructing him and barring his progress in whatever direction he turned. They seemed to overwhelm him and crush him down, and when he awoke with a start it was to hear his wife calling him to breakfast. He arose, haggard and worn out. Sleep had been a burden rather than a rest, and in consequence he was snappish and out of humor.

The breakfast was a succession of growls. He grumbled at everything until finally his wife, who was unaccustomed to see him angry, anxiously inquired what was the matter. He gave her a curt reply, that sent the tears to her eyes and her lips to quivering, and left for his office without his usual farewell kiss, something he had never done before since his marriage.

It was Sunday, and, of course, none of his clerks were at work. He could not find any of the correspondence he desired, and this made him more angry. Finally he thought again of the rabbit's foot. "It must be that," he soliloquized, "but I'll keep it just for spite and see how far it will work its spell."

Coming down the stairs from his office, he slipped and fell, and badly sprained his wrist.

When he reached home his wife was sick, and so the doctor had two patients instead of one. Sunday night was but a repetition of the previous one, filled with bad dreams, and when the morning dawned the possessor of the emblem was thoroughly fatigued in soul and body. He determined to get rid of the rabbit's foot, and when he reached the street threw it on the sidewalk. In a moment he felt like a new man, and his former buoyancy of spirits returned. But, alas, fate had more misfortunes in store for him, and he had not proceeded half a square before a colored urchin touched him on the arm and, holding the fatal rabbit's foot toward him, said, "I seen you drop it, sir, and I thought you might want it."

There it was, confronting him like a nemesis. It would have been easy to have told the boy to keep it, but he did not do this, and moodily walked down to his office. The day was a succession of unlucky events. He did not receive a considerable sum of money he confidently expected, an important case in which he had a large contingent fee was decided against him, and his clerk was taken ill, so that it became necessary for his employer to do his own work, which he managed to get through at a late hour with the assistance of a stenographer and typewriter.

His wife was considerably worse when he returned home and he was compelled to remain up all night with her. The rest of the week was a repetition of the two days he had passed. When Saturday came he was careworn, fretful and anxious about his wife's health, for she was dangerously ill, and there were grave fears as to her recovery. His business had gone wrong and every thing he did seemed to turn out exactly opposite to what he desired.

Then he determined to get rid of that infernal rabbit's foot. Its influence had undoubtedly contributed a great deal to his moroseness, and he was well nigh ill. Into the stove he threw the foot and watched it burn with considerable pleasure. He was rid of it at last.

Strange to relate, his wife began to improve. He felt on better terms with himself, and his life returned to its normal channels. It may be that a rabbit's foot is not unlucky, but there is one man in Washington who will never carry one again for good luck.—Washington Post.

The Possibilities of Life.

We are put here to secrete something everlasting out of nature. The opportunities are rich, but it is the capacity, the fiber, that determines whether we shall do it, for nature contributes to our life, not primarily according to its bounty, but according to the filaments in us that will solicit and incorporate its bounty. One man absorbs mathematical truth out of the heavens, while side by side with him a mortal exists that organizes nothing grand or stately into his constitution—just as the mushroom can do no more than hoist its plaited parasol out of the same ground, and in the same sunlight, from which the oak seed imbibed slowly its tremendous strength. Another man draws to himself the wisdom printed in the granite leaves beneath us, which earthquakes have turned for our benefit, and shows that he has ennobled his life by it. A third wins a divine thought, hinted in the old bones which the globe entombs; while a fourth fastens on history, and compels the laws of it to filter through facts into his reason.—Starr King.

A Poet's Princely Revenue.

The late Martin F. Tupper was ridiculed a good deal during his lifetime, but his poetry was pure and his life was cleanly, and now that he is dead even his critics have some kindly words for him and his work. It is understood that Tupper never received but $400 from America, but it is estimated that if he had had a copyright he would have got fully half a million. For many years he enjoyed a princely revenue from his English publishers, considerably in excess of the profits accruing to Tennyson, the Brownings and Longfellow all put together.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

A BALLADE OF YOUTH.

Adown the road the red rose bushes
Are budding and blooming here and there;
And the clean, cool wind, it laughs, and pushes
Over my forehead and through my hair.
Life is a lightsome weight to bear;
Youth is not such a weary load;
Wouldst thou deprive me of my share,
Death, that art lurking down the road?

My steed is fresh; the ways are pleasant,
I am not old nor weary yet.
The past was good, as good the present,
Nor is there much I need regret.
Wilt thou not slumber, and forget
To harvest grain so newly sowed,
O lean, and longing, and sharp set
Death, that art lurking down the road?

Nay! I shall pray thee not, lamenting
The end of me, and the end of all.
Thou hast no soul for tears, repenting
Thy sweeping blade, when mortals fall.
At some lane's turn I'll hear the call,
"Stand!" and as grass I shall be mowed,
Strike then; thou shalt not me appall,
Death, that art lurking down the road!

Only—strike sure, if strike it must be,
What time I forget thy dues are owed,
Seize them suddenly, thine so justly,
Death, that art lurking down the road!
—P. Y. Black in Overland.

Reed Bird and Mocking Bird.

The reed bird of the Delaware and the rivers and regions south of that stream is the rollicking bobolink of our New England fields. Here is his true home, even if his residence in it is not so long as it is in the south. Here he is adorned with a gay piebald coat, instead of the somber suit of black in which he appears when in more southern latitudes, and here he nests and sings and rears his brood. Here in the sunny green fields of New England, through all the charming May and for some way into June, he pours out the most peculiar, the most over bubbling, frolicsome, swaggering, rollicking and tipsy of all bird music. He is not so abundant here as he was in the days before he was shot by the thousand by sportsmen as the reed bird of the lower Susquehanna and the lower Delaware, and before a set of worthless men and boys here in southern New England acquired, through somebody's ingenuity, a trap which catches him.

Connecticut fields are not so filled as they were fifty years ago with his swaggering and most peculiar tinkling song. It may be said of him and the mocking bird that if both or either had been known to Europe for the last two thousand years, and particularly to Italy, Greece and England, there would have been a greater fame for either than the nightingale now has. But the pothunters for the Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York markets are destroying the bobolink as the reed bird, and the negro with his shotgun blazing away at the mocking bird (he can't shoot him except when the bird is at rest) is fast completing what the nest robbing young negroes who supply northern buyers had long ago begun—the destruction of the superb mocking bird, the finest songster as well as the most spirited and intelligent of our American birds.—Hartford Times.

Chinese Conception of Hell.

In this department of The Saturday Republic we gave a description of hell as seen in the mind's eye of the Japanese. Below will be found the Chinaman's idea of the same torrid clime:

The sixth court of hell is situated at the bottom of the great ocean north of Wuchio rock. It is a vast, noisy gehenna, many leagues in extent, and around it are sixteen wards, or ante-hells. In the first ward the sinful soul is made to kneel for long periods on hot iron shots; in the second they are placed up to their necks in filth; in the third they are pounded till the blood runs out; in the fourth their mouths are opened with red hot pinchers and filled with needles; in the fifth they are inclosed in a net of thorns and nipped by poisonous locusts; in the seventh the flesh and bones are crushed to a jelly, all except the head; in the eighth the head is denuded of skin, and the flesh beaten on the raw; in the ninth the mouth is filled with fire; in the tenth the pounded flesh off of the body is licked and roasted by sulphurous flames; in the eleventh the nostrils are subjected to all loathsome smells known to their tormentors; in the twelfth they are to be butted by rams, oxen and buffaloes, and at last subject to crushing pressure by being trampled by horses; in the thirteenth the heart will be taken out and skinned; in the fourteenth the skull will be rubbed with sandstone until it has been entirely worn from the jellylike mass which was once the body; in the fifteenth the body will be separated in the middle and carried with the bare, bleeding ends sitting on redhot plates, to the sixteenth ward, where the skin will be removed, dried and rolled up, after having written upon it all the sinful deeds done by the soul while an inhabitant of the fleshy body; after that the body will be consigned to the flames.—St. Louis Republic.

Personal Journalism.

Apart from the value of personal journalism as historical material, I hold that the desire for personal details with regard to public men is healthy, rational and should be yielded to. Statesmen are not ciphers, without form of blood or passion. Their utterances and acts are not pure intellectual secretions. If you want to know how such and such an act of weakness or folly is intelligible at some crisis in the history of a politician, you must have learned something more of the politician than you can get from the verbatim report of his speeches or the colorless and dry language of his public documents. Behind every speech and every act there is the man—a weak man or a strong man, high or low, generous in purpose or base in intrigue. You cannot get rid of this background, if you want to describe the event accurately. You cannot do so when you are listening to the man, though you should never have to describe him.—T. P. O'Connor in New Review.

Photoramic Lantern.

The photoramic lantern is the name of a new device by which a photographic artist claims to be able to project upon a screen or wall, not mere fixed objects, but scenes of life and movement, such as are observed on the white table in the camera obscura. The invention includes a peculiar sort of photographer's camera of about a foot square. The instrument is pointed at a particular moving object, and by turning the handle a number of photographs are taken every second. These successive phases of a scene in movement are then converted into transparencies and placed in succession upon a long strip, which is wound on rollers and passed through the photographic lantern, with results which appear to be similar to the well known philosophical toy, the "zoetrope."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Figures on Watch Dials.

American Notes and Queries being asked by a correspondent why the figure 4 is marked IIII and not IV on the dials of watches, answers: The story runs that the first clock resembling our own was made in 1370 for the conceited Charles V, king of France. When Henry Vick brought it to him he said that to mark 4 o'clock by IV was a mistake. On being told by the maker that he was wrong, he thundered out: "I am never wrong. Take it away and correct the mistake." From that time to this, as a tradition, clock and watch makers have invariably used IIII instead of IV on the dial.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"See how Penner and Spacer are laughing. One of them must have worked off a joke."

"That's so, and I know that Spacer is the guilty one."

"How do you know?"

"Because he is doing most of the laughing."—New York Sun.

AT YOUR SERVICE

With the best line of Overcoats in Philadelphia for Men, Youths and Children. No matter what kind of an Overcoat you want you will find it here, made in our well-known reliable way, at the lowest prices.

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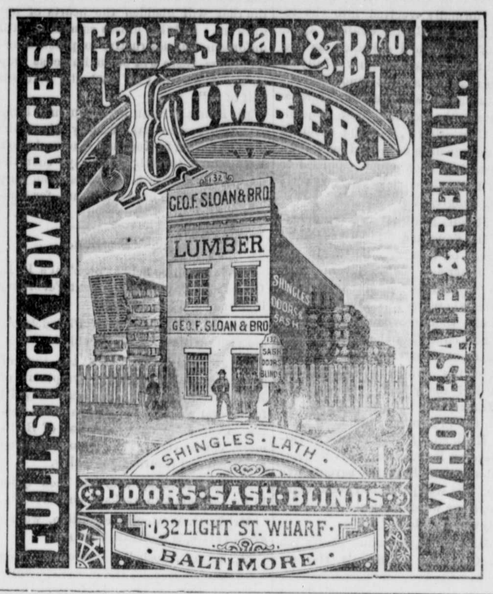

Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,
Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,
Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Poss. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 5, Thurs. only.
	Read Downwards.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Poss. & Pt. No. 2, daily except Tu's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Tuesdays only.	Passenger No. 6, Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.		
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.
Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.
The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.
Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.
The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.
Freight received for Smyrna.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent. E. P. STACEY, Supt.

The Sun.

FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line of Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests to the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not the SUN'S fault if it has not seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

Daily, per month,	$0 50
Daily, per year,	6 00
Sunday, per year,	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year,	1 00

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THROW AWAY THE SHOE BRUSH
and use a Sponge and water, which will keep your SHOES BRIGHT and CLEAN if you use
Wolff's ACME Blacking
The women know a good thing and will have it, and the men ought to.
It preserves the leather and gives a brilliant polish. Water and snow slip off it as surely as off a duck's back. Men's shoes require dressing ONCE A WEEK—women's once a month, that's all. Worth trying, isn't it? It is also the best dressing for harness, on which it lasts THREE MONTHS.
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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, JAN. 1, 1890.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 8.30 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.10 p. m., Express 10.25 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 7.30 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5.10, 6.20, 6.30, 7.20, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 and 12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.50, 2.10, 3.00, 4.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m. Sunday 6.30, 7.45, 8.30, 8.35, 9.15, 10.15, a. m., 12.00, 12.50, 1.50, 2.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington 5.10, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m. On Sunday, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 4.00, 5.00, 6.40, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45, 11.00 a. m., 12.00, 12.10, 2.00, 2.50, 3.15, 3.25, 4.25, 4.30, 4.35, 5.30, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m. Sunday, 4.00, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45 a. m., 12.00, 1.15, 2.00, 2.30, 3.25, 4.25, 4.35, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *9 15, §12 00, ‡3 00 and †4 15 p. m.

For Annapolis, 7 20, 9 15, a. m., 12 15 and 4 15 p. m. On Sunday, 9 15 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Ellicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 10, †8 20, §9 30 a. m., †1 30, †a4 20, *5 25, *6 30 and *11 15 p. m. a Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick 4 10, 8 20 a. m., 1 30, 4 20 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m., and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9 15 a. m. and *7 30 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 15 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 10, †9 15 a. m., †4 20 p. m.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley R.R., *4 10 a. m. and *7 30 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †4 10, †8 20, †10 15 a. m., †4 15 p. m.

For Curtis Bay and intermediate points, 6 35 and 10 10 a. m. and 2 20 p. m. Sundays, 5 20 a. m. and 1 40 p. m. Leave Curtis Bay 7 00, 11 30 a m and 5 50 p m. Sundays, 9 00 a m and 5 00 p m.

Trains arrive from Chicago, Columbus and the Northwest, daily, 1 00 and 5 20 p m; from Pittsburg, *8 20 a m and *8 00 p m; from Cincinnati, St. Louis and the West 4 50 a m and 2 55 p m daily.

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA DIVISION

For New York, Trenton, Elizabeth and Newark, N J, leave *5 00, †8 35, *10 15 a m, *12 50, *3 20, *4 55 and *11 50 p m (Sleeping car open at 9 o'clock on the Night Express)

Trains leave New York for Baltimore, *8 30, †11 00 a m; *2 00, *3 20, *5 00 p m, *12 15 night.

For Atlantic City, *5 00 a m and *12