msa_sc3326_scm8208-0497 ©Maryland State Archives

THE BABOO OF BENGAL.

THE GHASTLY TOWERS OF SILENCE WHERE THE DEAD ARE PLACED.

The Parsee in His Home—A Study of the Zoroastrian Theory of Religion—A Long Survival—Towers Which Have Stood Two Hundred Years.

They looked so human with their gentle eyes, so like other people, whether they talked Guzerati or English, whether one saw them in the market place or at a meet, that it was difficult to believe this horror of them. Yet it was true, for there were the facts and statistics in a little hand book in the reading room of the hotel, facts and statistics of yesterday and today and not of any remote period of anti-civilization. This as to time; and as to place—not three miles from where we sat, on the topmost point of Malabar hill, an eminence which also bore the residence of Lord Reay, govenor of the Bombay presidency. We asked the hotel manager, who was a Parsee, if he had ever visited the spot. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders just as an Englishman might have done talking of the churchyard or the family vaults. "Parsees go only once," he said, "and then they are carried." But he advised us to go; all tourists did, he said; and he knew the secretary, he would get us tickets.

ON THE HILL.

So we arranged to drive the next morning very early, to see the Towers of Silence on Malabar hill, whither the Parsee living bear the Parsee dead, bidding them a more utter farewell than is conceived by any other people of any other creed on earth. Two native soldiers stood in the queen's uniform at the gate, and looked at us with surprise. It was late in the season and early in the day for people who wanted to see the century old sight they protected from the over curious.

Louis went up to one of them with intrepidity and showed him our passes. He shook his head and said something in his own tongue. Neither of us understood it in the very least. I produced a phrase which I had carefully concocted on the way from a "Handbook of Hindustanee" purchased in Calcutta, and which I intended to mean "We wish to see the Towers of Silence." But the man only looked at his fellow and grinned. I tried another phrase and yet another, but comprehension did not come. Then I reflected that perhaps the language of the Baboo of Bengal was not necessarily that of the native "Tommy" of Bombay, and later investigation proved this to be the case. Finally one of the men pointed with his gun to a small house near by, and nodded his head violently as Louis made as if she would knock. So she knocked loudly and presently there appeared, in blinking undress, a very short, stout old Parsee, who instantly retreated again. We then sat down beneath a mango tree and awaited events.

The old Parsee was not long in reappearing, tall red cap and gown, and girdle and all. In his hand he carried a large key, with which he beckoned to us to follow him. He went up the steps, unlocked the gate and let us in. The road still ascended before us through the outskirts of a tropical garden, and we climbed to another iron gate, which the old Parsee unlocked. There we stood in the dead calm of early morning, with the yellow light in the eastern sky threatening every moment to break into flame, in a strange place. Flowers bloomed around us, those crimson and purple flowers of the tropics that are all sense and no soul. Bordered paths led in different directions, neatly kept, and clumps of trees did their best to give the spot shadow and sentiment. We were not looking at the flowers, but at five strange, round, white structures that rose at a little distance, divided from us by a wall, in the midst of heavy masses of trees. The oldest of them had been there 200 years, with never a profanation of its name or office—a tower of silence all that time. The others had been added as they were needed. They were not vaults and they were not cemeteries, yet their business was with the dead.

BY ORDER OF ZOROASTER.

They first arose 3,000 years ago by command of Zoroaster, as you doubtless know, thus: The elements, said Zoroaster, are sacred as symbols of the deity, therefore should never be contaminated or defiled. Neither earth nor fire nor water should serve a Parsee after death had made him a corrupt thing. His body should be placed on a tower, high above all human habitations, that living men should not be polluted by it, and no foot enter there but those of its bearers, who should leave it and come away. And the towers of Zoroaster's thought, 3,000 years ago, were the towers with the latest sanitary improvements, that stood before us in the year of grace 1889, which gives one an idea of the real meaning of conservatism.

We saw a model of the structures shown in the garden, and understood it with the help of the hotel hand book. They are built of solid black granite, and covered with white cheenam. Inside is a circular platform divided into three shallow receptacles with footpaths between, the outer row for males, the next for females and the inner for children. Three is the notable number of the followers of Zoroaster, reminding them always of the cardinal precepts of their religion—"good thoughts," "good words," "good deeds." Every Parsee wears a white woolen girdle of triple coil for its daily suggestion and he carries out the idea to the last. The corpse bearers are a separate class, prepared by certain religious ceremonies, and forced to live apart from the rest of the Parsee community because of the impurity which their office is supposed to contract for them.

In compensation the work is highly paid. They carry the body, swathed in a sheet, to its receptacle, and lay it there without any clothing whatever. "Naked we come into the world," said Zoroaster, "and naked we ought to leave it." Then the corpse bearers go away, and the vultures come, and in ten minutes there is a clean picked skeleton where they left what had been a man or woman the day before. In a fortnight or so the same bearers return, and gather up the bones with iron tongs, and throw them into a well in the middle of the Tower of Silence, which is their final resting place. Conduits lead from this place to underground wells, provided with double filters of sand and charcoal and sandstone, for the purification of the rain water falling upon the bones, before it re-enters the earth. That is the entire system; its simplicity is ghastly.—Sara J. Duncan in Montreal Star.

A Deputy's Eccentricity.

M. Thivrier, a workingman, elected as such to the present chamber of deputies in France, wears all the time in public the blouse which is the badge of a laborer in that country. M. Thivrier began work in the coal mines at Commentoy, France, when twelve years old, and for twenty years remained in them, handling the pick. Afterward he became a vinegrower and dealer in wines. He is a Socialist, but not a communist, "for, having," as a French paper puts it, "acquired his capital by his own hard work, he cannot easily understand how that capital should belong to all the world." Through all his career he has stuck to his workingman's blouse, and it was largely upon the strength of that peculiarity that he was elected a deputy. He is said to be a man of unusual intelligence and a good speaker. When he came to Paris to take his seat his blouse, which he wore not only at the chamber but at receptions and all other functions which he attended, made him at once famous.—Paris Letter.

The Love of Humbug.

If one may be indulged in the use of a little slang, it makes a wise man tired to see how persistently his compeers run after and are beguiled by the latest shams, and seem never so happy as when they are being deceived. Especially is this trait noticeable in the matter of physical ailments. The family physician may measure out his prescribed doses of quinine or senna, give the patient a plain, practical talk, and depart with the consciousness of duty done and the certainty that the subject will leave the powders untouched on the mantel, unless he becomes frightened, and that his reputation as a physician will suffer in consequence.

But let some traveling fakir come along, pitch his tent, swing out his flag, with ringing of bells and blowing of horns, and lo! the public is at his feet ready to be healed, willing to swallow the most nauseous mixtures, if only they be christened with unpronounceable and untranslatable names, anxious to pay double the fees of a respectable, responsible physician, and bold to assert after a week's diet of bread pills and rain water sweetened with molasses, that they are perfectly cured of imagined ailments, and are urgent that their friends shall share in their good fortune.

Science doesn't always receive the support of the universal public; humbuggery does. The street wizard, with tangled hair and picturesque garb, can extract teeth painlessly by the same process which nearly murders the patient if performed by an educated dentist, dressed in Nineteenth century clothes and located in a well appointed office. The noble aborigine, in war paint and feathers, dealing out "Sagwa" and mystic oils, will carry off all the spare change of a community, while the village physician grows poverty stricken.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Is the Sun Blue?

One of the shining lights of astronomical science has this to say in regard to the color of the sun:

It may be asked: "What suggests the idea that the sun is blue?" My own attention was directed this way many years ago, when measuring the heat and light from different parts of the sun's disk. It is known that the sun has an atmosphere of its own, which tempers its heat, and, by cutting off certain radiations and not others, produces the spectral lines with which we are so familiar. These lines we usually study in connection with the absorbing vapors of sodium, iron, etc., which produce them; but my own attention was particularly given to the regions of absorption, or to the color it caused.

In these investigations I found that the sun's body must be of a deep bluish color, and that it would shed deep blue light, except for the solar atmosphere, which is usually spoken of as being colorless, but which really plays the part of a reddish veil, letting a little of the blue appear on the center of the sun's disk, where it is the thinnest, and staining the edge red, so as to appear to a delicate test as being a pale aqua marine in the center and a deep garnet around the edge. The effect I found to be so important that, were this all but invisible solar atmosphere diminished only by a third part, the temperature of all temperate zones would rise higher than any torrid zone and make the greater part of the world uninhabitable.

These studies directed my attention to the great practical importance of studying the action of our own terrestrial atmosphere on the sun, and the antecedent probability that our own air was also, and independently having the effect of making a really blue sunshine and sun appear as white when it should be of a cerulean hue.—St. Louis Republic.

Rich Men on the Wing.

A prominent railroad official stated the other day that but for the fact that two-thirds of them use passes the men of wealth and prominence in the nation's affairs would be among the best patrons of the roads.

"As it is," he added, "they are the most frequent passengers. Some of them spend as many hours in railroad cars as they do at their homes and journey all the way from twenty to forty thousand miles a year."

The registers of all the well known hotels reveal the names of men who come here every week or two, traveling hundreds of miles and thinking little or nothing of the trip.

In fact, Mr. George Pullman has become so popular as a host that many men do a large part of their dictation and correspondence while in his charge and take their secretaries along with them for that purpose.

A rapidly growing tendency, too, is for a man to have his own car, request the railroad president to "dead head" it over his line and branches, and thus he brings his family and all his friends along. When any express train is behind time ask the conductor the reason for the delay, and nine chances out of ten he will answer:

"We had to hitch on Mr. So-and-So's car. He's making the trip with us."

But there are still a great many people who cannot indulge in the luxury of a $20,000 house on wheels, and if you can't put that amount of money into one there is no use sending your order to the works.—Philadelphia Press.

All in His Ear.

A middle aged colored man entered a Brooklyn car the other evening with a basket containing wine in his hand, evidently sent to make a delivery. He managed to get a seat, and when the conductor came around to collect his fare he never bothered about pockets or pocket books, but simply placed his hand on one of his capacious ears and drew forth the shining nickel. To say that conductor and passengers were surprised puts it mildly. The conductor, on recovering himself, thereupon remarked: "Why do carry your money there, captain?" "'Cause it's handy, sir," replied the son of Ham, and the passengers all laughed at the wrinkle in money pouches. It was observed that he carried another nickel in the other ear.—New York Herald.

Mr. Vanderbilt's Picture.

There seems a certain confusion as to the Venetian picture by Turner which Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has purchased. That he has bought it and paid the splendid price of a hundred thousand dollars for it there is no doubt, but we may receive with a very large grain of salt the rumor that the millionaire was ambitious of acquiring Meissonier's "Rixe," which is one of the ornaments of Windsor, and that he actually offered the queen half a million dollars for it. The fact that the rumor came around by way of Paris is sufficient reason for fighting shy of it. The art of "faking" originated in Paris, where it had already attained colossal grandeur before the first American journal had been printed at Boston.

Whichever of the Grand canal pictures by Turner Mr. Vanderbilt has bought he has got a good one. Turner understood Venetian color, and had a peculiar process of his own, taken from the early Flemish school, and made his own by the extraordinary manner in which he applied it—for rendering the exquisitely luminous atmospheres of the "Queen of the Adriatic." And he was true—as true as any mortal can be in the ever varying, evanescent glories of sea and sky. Ruskin hit it when he said of Turner, after accusing him of "exaggerating all he saw," that the foundation of all he did was truth. The vivid and warm colorings of nature he painted with the deepest reds and yellows; the grays he attempted to imitate with blues of too strong a tint; yet the whole was true in principle, both in general and in particular.—Cor. Boston Journal.

THE IDOL.

I have known it young, I have known it old,
I have found an idol of purest gold,
And yet there has always come a day
When I saw that the idol's feet were clay.

Of purest gold was fashioned the rest,
In that one idol I loved the best;
And ah! that there should be this to say,
That the feet were clay, the feet were clay.

You may watch till watching outdoes your might,
Never the gold is a whit less bright;
The idol never shall lose a ray,
But the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

I had counted, half knowing, the cost before;
"If only the idol is mine to adore,"
I cried, "it is naught if the trumpets bray
That the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

"If the thunder's voice should bear it afar
That the idol is what all idols are;
If I take them for gold, what matters it, pray,
If the feet of the idol are only clay?"

And yet the news one day must come
With tune of harp or rattle of drum,
In strife of squadrons, on moonlit bay,
That the feet after all are nothing but clay.

Let the people tell it, and let them repeat
What tales they like of the idol's feet,
To this assurance my life I'll hold,
That the idol's heart is of purest gold.

A worshiper must be brave and wise—
The gold is a dauntless gazer's prize;
'Tis the blind who chant in the same dull way
That the feet of our idols are always clay.

Let the darkened eyes of the blind awake,
Let them see the truth for the truth's own sake,
They shall know 'tis a foolish tale is told
That even the feet are of aught but gold.

Let the blind but open their eyes to the light,
Nay, let them see truth in their visions of night.
So shall they an idol fashioned behold
Through and through of the purest gold.

—Walter Herries Pollock in Longman's.

What Is True Life?

Of human life the time is a point, and the substance is in a flux, and the perception dull, and the composition of the whole body subject to putrefaction, and the soul a whirl, and fortune hard to divine, and fame a thing of judgment. And, to say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream, and what belongs to the soul is a dream and vapor, and life is a warfare, and a stranger's sojourn, and after fame is oblivion.

What, then, is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing and only one, philosophy. But this consists in keeping the demon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with aught of hypocrisy; and besides, accepting all that happens and all that is allotted, as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came; and, finally, waiting for death with a cheerful mind, as being nothing else than a dissolution of the elements of which every living being is compounded.

But if there is no harm to the elements themselves in each continually changing into another, why should a man have any apprehension about the change and dissolution of all the elements? For it is according to nature, and nothing is evil which is according to nature.—Marcus Aurelius.

Poor Little Alphonso XIII.

I often say that poor people must be fonder of their children than the wealthy are of theirs. There is such a poignant interest in a child who will have to face a sea of troubles. Poor little Alphonso XIII must be invested in his mother's eyes with an interest of that kind, being the posthumous son of a viveur of a bad constitution, who, having used himself up at the age of 26, died of a galloping consumption. A Spanish deputy told me last October that the poor little boy had no chance of a long life and that it would be rather a misfortune if he grew up. The nervous system was so bad that the doctors were afraid of having him bathed in the sea. A shock of any kind might knock it to pieces. His mother comes of the most epileptic branch of the imperial family of Austria.

Poor little Alphonso has, said the deputy I quote, fleshless little legs, with bones no thicker than a chicken's. They bend under the weight of an abnormally big head, which points to hydrocephalus. Altogether the conformation of the little monarch is a thing rather for an anatomical museum than to bear the weighty trappings of regal state. His mother is always in ear shot of him and the doctor handy to her. A corkscrew stair communicates with his and her bedrooms, and there is a speaking tube close to his bed, so that were anything the matter with him the nurse could at once tell her and the doctor. The king's two sisters promise to be winsome, and have fairly good constitutions, though their flesh is slow to heal. Mercedes, to whom I told you so early as November Spaniards here were beginning to make up as shown in "homages" of French toys, still nurses dolls. They noticed on the sands of San Sebastian what a weakling the poor brother was, and jumped to the conclusion that the crown would soon drop down on the head of his eldest sister. She and Theresa are very pretty and cheery. Mercedes is very like the queen of the Belgians, who was never either one or the other. Her majesty is an aunt of Queen Christiana.—Mrs. Crawford's Letter in London Truth.

Preaching Against Fortune Tellers.

The Rev. Father Wall, rector of St. Paul's cathedral, scored the people of his parish yesterday, particularly the married women, on the practice of patronizing fortune tellers and wizards who read the past, present and future.

"When a person visits a fortune teller to ascertain his fortune, he goes to find out what God alone, and no one else, knows. When you give to a fortune teller your presence, and make him or her believe that they have a foreknowledge of seeing the inside view of the future, you adore him and make him believe he has power not given to the devil. If you think he can peer into the future you make him the equal of God. Therefore you have strange gods before Him, and violate the first commandment.

"We find youths, young girls, and especially married women, making a practice of this sin. If you deliberately visit a fortune teller you are indulging in a mortal sin. If you go out of pure thoughtlessness it is not so bad, but it is a sin nevertheless. It is the same thing as going to an idol and giving your heart to it. This is idolatry of the worst kind. I would like to impress on your mind that fortune tellers compose the worst characters in the community. One class of the business is fortune telling and the other is the seduction and ruin of youth. To my own personal knowledge I know of persons who have been ruined by consulting these people. I warn all persons of the congregation, and hope you will extend this knowledge, that it is a mortal sin against the first commandment. Avoid them and their nefarious business, for the designs they have on the morality of youth."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Cow with Hydrophobia.

Last Sunday evening an exciting scene occurred in a railroad camp in North Fort Worth and several pistols were fired in rapid succession. The officers repaired to the scene and found a great riot in the camp. Lanterns were moving around amid loud talking, and a man named White was cutting a fierce cow with an ax. He was soon joined by other campers with hatchets and other weapons, all attacking the cow savagely. Explanation was soon given. A fine horse lay on the ground horned to death and six other horses stood near, all bleeding from wounds made by the cow's horns. The animal had gone mad and the campers were slaughtering her. The cow was a blooded animal worth $200, and the horses killed and fatally wounded were worth $600.—Fort Worth Special to Kansas City Journal.

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.

ON METEORIC SHOWERS.

THEIR VISITS OF FREQUENT PERIODICAL OCCURRENCE.

Peculiarities of the Heavenly Displays. New Features of the Sun Revealed to the Astronomers—A Talk With a Professor on a Sky High Subject.

In answer to several questions regarding the frequency of meteoric showers Professor Very said:

"There are certain epochs in the year when particular meteoric showers are due. Assiduous observation has given a list of nearly 100 such showers in the course of a year, each of which may be expected on a certain date from a certain part of the heavens.

"Particular showers have characteristic features; that is, some meteors are very swift; others rather slow. Some vanish and leave no trace, while others are accompanied by tails and leave streaks after the nucleus has disappeared. Few of these showers last more than one or two days, though there are some instances where it is suspected that successive meteors belonging to the same group appear during several weeks. Certain dates have been noticed to be more especially fireball epochs. That is, the rare event of an exceptionally large and brilliant meteor or fireball is more apt to occur on certain dates.

"Jan. 25 is the date of the meteoric shower characterized by the swiftness of its components, which are usually attended by streaks. The radiant point of this shower is in the constellation called Bernice's Hair, a star cluster—one of the morning constellations. As this meteor is claimed to have been seen in the evening it is more likely to have been one of the unclassified sporadic meteors. Information as to the position of motion, apparent brilliancy, color, time of appearance and length of time during which the appearance lasted is likely to be valuable in the recovery of the principal characteristics of an event which is necessarily seen but by few."

"How do you account for these meteoric showers coming at regular periods?" was asked.

"All that we can say is that the celestial spaces are thinly populated in every direction with these scattered fragments, which are veritable miniature planets traveling in different orbits around the sun in many instances, and serving as messengers from one star to another in others.

"The number of them is simply countless. They make up in number what they lack in size, so that if we could gather together all the minute members that go to make up a group it might make a body of very respectable size, although the individual components are so small that they seldom escape complete disintegration and dissolution in their passage through the atmosphere."

"What produces the great light which always follows the passage of a meteor?"

"The light which is seen while the passage of a meteor through the air lasts may be due partly to the combustion of the materials of the air of life, but it is mainly an incandescence of the condensed atmosphere which accumulates in advance of an object which is moving many times the rapidity of a cannon ball—often, I may say, with many hundred times the rapidity of a cannon ball. Under these conditions even the seemingly flimsy resistance of the air becomes as great as that of a solid body, producing intense heat, and in the case of a large meteoric stone frequently resulting in the fracture and demolition of the object.

"Colored meteors are sometimes seen with a peculiar tint of the flame, being due to the burning of some special ingredient of the meteor. We have yellow, green and occasionally red meteors, but the majority are white like the majority of the stars. It cannot be said that any one part of the earth can be more affected by these visitants than another. There is, however, a diurnal periodicity, the larger numbers being seen in the early morning hours when that portion of the heavens comes in view toward which the the orbital motion of the earth is carrying us. We then see not merely the comparatively few meteors whose speed is sufficient to enable them to overtake the earth, but that larger number composed of all those which are gathered up in the track of the advancing earth, whether moving with against or athwart its course."

"The appearance of the collected results of the observation of the total eclipse of Jan. 1, 1889, shows that this event has added many interesting facts to the previous knowledge of such occurrences. A large and very perfect photograph of the corona was obtained by Professor William H. Pickering, of Cambridge, Mass., and one of a smaller size by Professor Barnard, of the Lick observatory.

"These show the sheaves of curling fragments about the sun's poles in great detail, indicating the composite nature of many of the individual filaments, and confirming the photographs taken at the previous sun spot minimum of 1878, thus rendering it almost certain that the corona at this period assumes a symmetrical form with regularly disposed filaments curving away on either side of the sun's axis and broad equatorial wings of less discriminated structure.

"All this is very different from what is seen during an eclipse when the activity of the sun is in its height. At such times the corona has a rudely quadrilateral outline, with four wings projecting from regions approximately 40 degs. north and south of the equator, and the whole is made up of curved branching and interlacing streamers extending to a much greater distance from the body of the sun, and with the equatorial sheaves less symmetrically disposed. In regard to the extent of the corona, it is difficult to compare successive eclipses observed from different parts of the earth with very varying atmospheric condition. A small amount of haze will blot out much of the fainter detail. The presence or absence of some of these fainter features may merely signify the presence or absence of the condition of their observation, but the variation of type is a thing beyond question. We seem to have a connection indicated between the broad equatorial wings and the sun spot zones."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Stradivarius.

We are always glad to pick up any items relating to the eminent Stradivarius and his fiddles. There is a dispute pending in the court of sessions, Edinburgh, upon the merits of which we would not breathe a syllable, even though we had an opinion to breathe; but, in the course of a prolonged inquiry, some interesting details have come out. The plaintiff is a wholesale fish salesman. Music has always been associated with the sea and often with fish. The story of Amphion recurs to every mind. The plaintiff bought a "Stradivarius" seven years ago, which he now repudiates upon the ground that several inches of the rim are not genuine.

In support of his grievance various experts have been called, who enlightened the Edinburgh jury upon things in general connected with Stradivarius. They have learned in particular that he was an "eccentric genius" who never made fiddles "one after another all alike"—this information, we should think, must have been rather embarrassing than sustaining to the good men in their responsible position. As for the particular instrument in question, its belly was made by Stradivarius, and the varnish on the back was imparted by the same immortal hand. About the other parts or limbs we are not informed, excepting "the left side top," which emphatically "was not that of Strad." Another expert denounced the liberties so often taken with this grand name. It must be a very poor specimen and badly "doctored" that sells for less than £460. The population of Edinburgh have already picked up a great deal of miscellaneous information about fiddles in the course of the trial.—London Standard.

LITTLE STORIES OF ANIMALS.

A Dog That Died for a Fool Master—Curious Death of a Fox.

"I have never let any of my dogs retrieve birds since an experience I had with a cruel sportsman over on the Delaware river late one fall," said a Scranton bird shooter the other day. "The man owned a splendid pointer that knew a good deal more about some things than his master did, and we were both shooting quails over him along the banks of the river. He was harsh with the dog, and the poor creature was often compelled to do what he knew to be senseless things, just because he felt certain that he would be licked like the mischief if he didn't obey. Each side of the river was frozen over out to the main channel, where there was a strip about a foot wide that wasn't covered with ice. One of the quail that I shot started to fly across the river and dropped dead on the thin ice within a few inches of the open channel. My companion ordered the pointer to go and get it, and the obedient dog dashed out upon the ice till he got within a couple of yards or so of the dead bird, when he halted, for the ice had begun to crack under him. Then he looked back at his master and wagged his tail, and his actions told us as plain as words that he knew it would be dangerous for him to proceed any further.

"I begged the man to call the dog back and let the minks have the quail, but he wouldn't listen to me. Again he ordered the dog to fetch the quail in, and again the dog made an effort to reach it, but the ice cracked and he turned about, whined piteously, and in every way that he knew how begged his master to call him back. But the heartless man was determined to make the dog do as he said, and he yelled savagely at the pointer to get the dead bird. Then the dog sprang forward and seized the quail. The ice gave way under him, the current was swift, and out of sight the poor thing went, with the bird in his mouth. That was the last the cruel man ever saw of his obedient dog. He hunted down the river for a long distance, but it was useless, for the dog had perished under the ice while faithfully performing his duty. The man was sorry, then, of course, and indeed the poor dog's death taught him a lesson he never forgot."

While hunting partridges near Round Swamp, in Clifton township, last fall, Aaron Bidgood saw a fox scrambling around in a mud puddle at a great rate. He was interested in the animal's queer antics, and after he had watched the lively fox for awhile he came to the conclusion that it was catching frogs, or at least trying to catch them. Its tail was covered with mud, and it was hopping and jumping around in mud and water upon its belly when Bidgood stole up near enough to see that the sly fellow was really gobbling up a frog every few seconds. Bidgood said he didn't care to molest it just then, and while he was watching its capers from the midst of a clump of bushes another fox, apparently the first one's mate, sprang into the mud hole from the opposite side and went to catching the long legged occupants of the puddle on its own hook. When Bidgood had looked at the cunning frog eaters as long as he cared to, he yelled, and the two mud covered foxes floundered out of the puddle in a hurry and scampered directly toward the clump of bushes where the hunter was concealed. They were very much frightened, and the mud on their bushy tails and in their long fur kept their speed down considerably, and when they came along Bidgood killed each of them with a charge of bird shot.

A fox that had been chased by a hound for ten hours lost its life in a peculiar way in the Lackawanna valley late on a day in January. Reynard had been pursued until he was pretty well tuckered out, and he ran down into the valley from the Spring Brook side. He pointed for the Lackawanna river, but near the bank he changed his course, swung around a large coal breaker, and ran up the steep incline to the head house at the top of the breaker. Through the head house he dashed, and then ran along a beam, sprang from the end of it to a culm pile, and scampered up the refuse railroad track to the summit, where culm was dumped. At the dump the fox darted past a boy and a mule, and started to slide down the steep pitch of loose mine refuse toward the river. The base of the culm pile has been on fire for several years, the fire extending up the side for forty or fifty feet. When the fox had begun to slide down he couldn't stop himself, and he slid right into the mass of glowing anthracite and was so badly burned before he got through it that he lay down and died close to the river bank. The hound, inside of half an hour, loped up the incline to the head house. It nosed around and bayed for a few seconds, lost the scent, and then dashed down the slope to a spot where it had left the level ground. There it got on the track again, and when it started up the plane the second time one of the men threw chunks of coal at it and it went yelping out of sight.—Scranton Letter in New York Sun.

Tough Old Zulu Chiefs.

The old chiefs in South Africa know nothing about trekking, and on several occasions became so impatient that they started off on foot ahead of the wagons. One day they had to walk thirty-seven miles before reaching water and then had to wait two days on scant rations before we came up with them. One of these men is 75 years old, but the tough old Zulu (the Matabele rulers are of Zulu origin) was none the worse for the escapade.

On another occasion, in spite of our warnings, they left us, armed only with assegais, in the worst part of the lion country. When we followed a few hours afterward we saw that their footprints in the sand had been partially obliterated by the spoor of a lion. Fortunately, however, he had followed them only for some hundred yards, and then, probably not being hungry, he wandered off toward a pool of water.

Such vagaries were to us a source of constant anxiety, for how could we face the king without bringing back his Indunas? Our own lives would not have been safe. We should have been claimed as impostors or accused of witchcraft.

However, we managed to divert their minds and keep them employed at the wagons by shooting twenty-six gray monkeys for them. The skins of this particular species are only worn by royalty or big chiefs.—Cor. London Telegraph.

An Electric Pig.

In front of a butcher's shop in St. Paul, a half pig, nicely prepared and of appetizing appearance, was hanging on an iron hook a few days ago. A dog came running up the street, and happening to see the little pig, went up to it and longingly snuffed around it. Hardly had he put his nose on the pig when he uttered a cry of pain and ran howling away.

A second cur soon appeared and fared no better; he ran away howling as if a ghost had laid its hand on him. Gradually as a third and a fourth dog had shared the same fate a crowd gathered and every one looked with distrust at the porker.

One of the owners of the shop, who wanted to find out the cause of the trouble, at last went up to the pig, touched it, and also flew back as though a tarantula had stung him; he had received an electrical shock. An investigation proved that an electric light wire had come in contact with the hook on which the meat hung, and thus the pig was completely filled with electricity.—Philadelphia Times.

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.

SPRING CLOTHING
FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A. C. YATES & CO.,
LEDGER BUILDING,
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA.

Here We Are,
In Season Again!
HEATERS! RANGES!
And Cook Stoves

WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the SPLENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. It has been sold in this section during the past six years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES!

The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front. It is undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior kept in stock. Have plenty of other styles of Cooking Stoves and Ranges.

Heating Stoves.

In the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Right along with the same line of goods we will mention Coal Stoves, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Zinc Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,

J. K. Aldridge & Co.

For 1890.

Consider *Scribner's Magazine* when you are deciding upon your reading matter for next season. The subscription rate is low—$3.00 a year.

The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.

There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a NEW DEPARTMENT and ADDITIONAL PAGES, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:

African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.

There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.

Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.

Twenty-five cents a number; $1.00 for 4 months.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743 Broadway, New York.

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.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 2, 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.	Pass. & Ft. No. 6, daily except Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Thursdays only.	Passenger No. 5, 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

KEEP COOL
by going to the
RISING SUN
SALOON.

ICE CREAM.
VERSUS
HOT WEATHER.

It will be to the advantage of all parties giving, or in any way connected with picnics, festivals, excursion parties or other entertainments, to give me an opportunity to furnish estimates upon their ice cream or water ice supplies. All kinds and flavors of cream and water ices prepared and supplied from the Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown, or shipped by either steamboat or railroad upon short notice.

WM. PERKINS,
Proprietor of Rising Sun Saloon,
Chestertown, Kent County, Md

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, 2.30, 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 16, *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.