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STONE FROM THE TEMPLE.

A GREAT CURIOSITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The History of a Block of Marble That Formed a Part of the Temple Inclosure at Jerusalem at the Time of Christ's Birth—Copies for Colleges.

Among the most valuable and interesting of recent additions to the University museum is the cast of a Greek inscription, discovered at Jerusalem some years ago. The University of Pennsylvania obtained possession of this cast, in connection with its Babylonian expedition, through the efforts of the Hon. O. S. Strauss, formerly United States minister at Constantinople. The University of Rochester made an attempt to secure a cast of this inscription, and, by interesting ex-Secretary Bayard, permission was obtained from the Imperial museum at Constantinople to have a cast of the original inscription made and forwarded. The cast, however, arrived in such a broken condition that it was practically worthless.

Since then Professor Millington, of Roberts college, at Constantinople, and ex-Minister Strauss have secured two additional casts for this country, one having gone to the University of Rochester and the other to the University of Pennsylvania. The copy belonging to the University of Pennsylvania was badly broken in the transportation, but has been sufficiently mended to have new casts made. Harvard and Yale, as well as the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, and the Protestant Episcopal Divinity school, have applied for facsimiles of this cast for their libraries.

HISTORY OF THE INSCRIPTION.

An interesting story is connected with the discovery of this inscription. On the 26th of May, 1871, the French explorer, Clermont-Ganneau, who spent many years in Jerusalem, and to whom the Louvre in Paris owes a number of its best specimens, was examining the partially ruinous walls of the old Mohammedan school in Jerusalem, near the Via Dolorosa, about 150 feet north of the Haram wall. The Frenchman, with the searching curiosity of an archæologist, was scrutinizing every stone that showed evidence of having been cut or chiseled by human hands. While he was thus engaged he noticed on a large block of stone, projecting a few inches above the ground, several Greek letters. Early Greek inscriptions in Jerusalem are exceedingly rare, and, accordingly, he assured himself that no Mohammedan was watching him, and then proceeded to lay bare part of the stone.

To excite no suspicion he did not remain very long, and before leaving filled in the earth about the stone as it had been before. The next day he returned with the proper implements, uncovered the stone and found that it was a block of marble, with an area of 3 by 2 feet, carefully chiseled and showing seven lines of a well preserved Greek inscription. The interpretation presented no difficulty, as the characters were large and legible. The inscription read as follows: "No Gentile is to enter within the inclosure of the temple. Whosoever disobeys this rule will incur the penalty of death."

Ganneau immediately concluded that this stone must formerly have belonged to the Temple of Herod, and a few years before the birth of Christ was part of a wall that formed an inclosure about the sacred fane of the Jews. Josephus relates that on the southern and eastern sides of the Temple, parallel to the porticoes erected by Solomon and by Herod, there was a wall several feet high, in which, at certain intervals, there were Greek and Latin inscriptions, forbidding Gentiles to enter the court of the Temple. The workmanship and the size of the stone discovered by Ganneau correspond precisely with the description given by Josephus, and the peremptory style of the inscription leaves little room to doubt that the stone actually formed part of the wall surrounding the Temple.

AN INTERESTING ILLUSTRATION.

The prohibition inscribed on this piece of marble thousands of years ago forms an interesting commentary to the story related in the twenty-first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where it is said that the Jews of Asia stirred up all the people against Paul because he "brought Greeks also into the temple and hath polluted this holy place. (For they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus, an Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple.) And all the city was moved, and the people ran together: and they took Paul and drew him out of the temple: and forthwith the doors were shut."

The wrath of the Jews is much more clearly understood and seems quite natural when we see by this inscription how jealously they guarded the entrance into their temple, and what a severe penalty they inflicted upon Gentiles for entering even the outer court or inclosure.

Reference is made to the same feature in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, where Paul says that Christ is our peace, "who hath made both (Gentiles and Jews) one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition."

It was natural that the discovery of this interesting stone could not be kept secret, and accordingly Ganneau made it known in a letter to The Athenæum, and wrote a monograph on the meaning and historical value of the inscription. But when an attempt was made to secure the stone for the Louvre, at Paris, the possessor of the school house where it was found, under the impression, which is very prevalent in the east, that every archæological object is worth an immense sum of money, demanded $10,000. When the Turkish governor of Jerusalem heard of the discovery of the stone he had it dug up and brought to his palace, when he himself offered it for sale at $10,000.

But there was no buyer. Suddenly the stone disappeared, and no trace of it could be found anywhere. When, thirteen years after this, Dr. Mordtmann, of Constantinople, a well known Semitic scholar, was one day examining the treasures in the Turkish museum, Tshinili Kiosk, in Constantinople, he discovered the lost stone, and published his discovery in the journal of the German "Palestini society" (1884). The original stone is still kept in this museum, which is under the direction of the Turkish archæologist, Hamdi Bey, who became known several years ago by his extensive excavations of sarcophagi at Siden.

The cast which the university has obtained is in every particular a faithful fac-simile of the original.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Preserve Shoes.

A shoemaker on upper Broadway says that if men would adopt the English fashion of keeping their boots on trees they would get ten times the wear out of them. When the shoes are taken off they should be put on a tree at once. The leather is stretched to its full extent then, and all the wrinkles smoothed away. There is no chance for the leather to crack, as it does if the wrinkles are allowed to remain in one condition long. —New York Sun.

Mrs. Browning.

"Mrs. Browning was far more of a poet than Mr. Browning," writes Henry Labouchere, "and if it had not been that a number of silly persons were desirous to pass for clever people by pretending to understand the un-understandable in the case of the husband, and that the wife was too clear and poetical in her writings to have a gang of these esoteric worshipers around her, this would have been recognized long ago.—E. A. C.

Flag Lore.

To "strike a flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties of both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of a white flag.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.

If the president of the United States goes afloat the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.—Journal of Education.

The Unlettered Make Progress.

Book learning does not make 5 per cent. of that class of common sense that runs the world, transacts its business, secures its progress, trebles its power over nature, works out in the long run a rough average justice, wears away the world's restraints and lifts off its burdens. Two-thirds of the inventions that enable France to double the world's sunshine, and make old and New England the workshops of the world, did not come from colleges or from minds trained in the schools of science, but struggled up from the irrepressible instinct of untrained natural power. Her workshops, not her colleges, made England for a while the mistress of the world, and the hardest job her workmen had was to make Oxford willing he should work his wonders.

Liberty and civilization are only fragments of rights wrung from the strong hands of wealth and book learning; almost all the great truths relating to society were not the result of scholarly meditation, but have been first heard in the solemn protest of martyred patriotism and the loud cries of crushed and starving labor. When common sense and the common people had stereotyped a principle into a statute, then book men came to explain how it was discovered.—Wendell Phillips.

Stuck on the Wrong Place.

An amusing incident occurred in the postoffice recently. Stamp Clerk Lemcke had just sold a natty old gentleman a dollar's worth of "2's." The old gentleman was wondering where to put them when he accidentally put his damp fingers on the sticky side of the stamps and they began to stick together.

"Say, how do you keep these things from sticking together?" he asked.

"Rub them on your head," the clerk replied.

"Ah! that's a new scheme," said the purchaser of the stamps, and he removed his hat and began to rub them over his bald head.

"The longer we live the more we learn," he said, smiling, as he allowed the stamps to remain on his head while he paid for them and put some papers back into his coat pocket. The stamps stuck.

"There, now, that's"—he said as he reached up and tried to remove the stamps. They were sticking closer than a brother to the shiny white scalp. He tore one of them off, and he said it brought the skin. The clerks could not contain themselves, and the bald headed old gentleman slapped his hat over his head and hurried off to get a shampoo.—Savannah News.

Sharp Practice.

In the early days of this town a doctor had occasion to employ a neighbor, a lawyer, to take charge of a case. Somehow the case never got ahead any. At the close of each term of court the doctor would asked the lawyer about it, only to receive the answer, "It is continued; the other side got it continued." As the costs also continued—to increase—the doctor got uneasy, but bided his time. In the course of years the lawyer called in the doctor to cure a sore finger, which failed to heal and remained a source of annoyance. At last the lawyer, while away from home, called in another doctor, who happened to hit the case just right, and when he returned home the finger was well. As soon as he saw his old client, the doctor, he told him what the other doctor had done for him, winding up with the question, "Doctor, why didn't you cure my finger as quick as the other doctor?" The old physician, with a merry twinkle in his eye, stuttered a prompt reply: "Squire, I was j-just c-c-con-continuing it."—Camden Herald.

A Man with a Lariat.

A man was found nearly buried in the sand near San Francisco. Two deputy coroners could not pull him out. A horseman was sighted. This is what happened: He rode up to them, and when the situation was explained, calmly alighted, untied a long lariat which was coiled at the back of his saddle, and without a word began to make one end of it fast about the upper portion of the dead man's body. The rope was passed under the arms and tied in a knot at the shoulders. Having accomplished this the stranger paused, and looked up at the astonished morgue officials as much as to say:

"What's the matter with that?"

"What are you going to do next?" asked the deputy coroner.

"Do? Why, I'm going to pull him out."

"Well, you might as well give up that idea," returned the deputy. "It would take half a dozen men like us to move that man."

"Maybe it would," replied the stranger, with a chuckle that was certainly a little out of place, considering the occasion; "maybe it would take a dozen men such as we are, but it will only take one horse such as this is."

As he said this he pointed to his steed, which had hitherto stood motionless, watching the movements of his master with evident interest. Without more ado the stranger mounted his horse, and taking a turn around the horn of his saddle with the free end of the lasso, moved slowly ahead until the line was drawn taut. Then, in response to a gentle cluck from his rider, the animal settled his feet down into the sand and steadily bent his strength against the rope. There was no jerking. It was an even, steady pull. The line vibrated rapidly under the heavy strain as the intelligent equine hauled away upon it. In a moment the loop tightened about the corpse, and the body was drawn, slowly at first, then with a swish, from its bed in the sand.

Having accomplished this the mysterious horseman removed the loop from the body, recoiled his lariat, mounted his horse, and, after saluting the wondering officials in a highly dignified manner, rode si[illegible] way, no one knew whither. —Sa[illegible] Chronicle.

An Open Question.

It is said that the race of zebras is fast becoming extinct. Whether this is due to their ruthless destruction by hunters or is caused by the zebra's mortification over the resemblance he bears to a jackass with a blazer on, science does not say. —Chatter.

MINING FOR A PYTHON.

A Snake That Refused to Be Drawn from His Hole by a Rope and an Elephant.

It was during the cold weather, when snakes are partially or wholly torpid, that this adventure happened; had it been in the hot weather, when snakes are lively, the story might have had a different ending.

Gen. Macintyre and his party went one day to examine a hole or crevice under a rock where it was supected a python lay hidden, and sure enough it was there, for they could see a bit of the tail end protruding from the hole. They let it alone at first, thinking that, when the sun shone, it might come forth to bask in its warmth. In this, however, they were disappointed, for on the following day the snake was not to be seen; but, on closer examination, the tail was found sticking out as before. Various efforts were made to dislodge it. A fire was lit in front and the smoke fanned inward, but this had no effect.

The earth was even scraped away and the hole widened, when they could see the coils of the monster as thick as a man's thigh; but except that their operations were occasionally interrupted by the startling presence of the creature's head, which it occasionally poked toward the entrance, darting out its little forked tongue, it gave small signs of animation. They had even determined to try to draw it. We all three, therefore, proceeded—somewhat nervously, I must own—to lay hold of its tail. To this familiarity it showed its objection by a decided inclination to wag its caudal extremity, which had such an electrical effect on our nerves that we dropped it like a hot potato, and—what shall I call it?—retired. A shot would in all probability have induced the snake to quit its refuge, but then the shot must have torn and disfigured its beautiful skin, which the general wished to secure uninjured as a specimen. In the meantime more efficient tools for digging had been sent for, and these now arrived borne upon an elephant.

A bright idea now struck the party—they might draw the snake out with the elephant! Sufficient rope for the purpose was loosened from the elephant's pad, and this rope, about the thickness of a man's thumb, was hitched around the python's tail, its remaining length brought up again to the pad and fastened there, thus doubling its strength. Now came the tug of war! A sudden jerk might have torn the skin; the mahout was therefore warned to put on the strain gradually. Little did we know what a tough and obstinate customer we had to deal with. Tighter and tighter grew the ropes, when "crack" went one of them. Still the strain was increased, when "crack"—the other had snapped also, leaving the snake in statu quo.

The snake was finally dislodged by counter mining and killed with a charge of buckshot. When measured it was found to be twenty-one feet in length and about two feet in girth.—Chambers' Journal.

A Bride at 92.

When a woman of the age of 92 years marries it must be because she wants to marry, and that is just what happened in the history of "Aunt Katy" Currie, who died at Warwick, Orange county, at the extraordinary age of 107 years and 3 months. Her maiden name was Catharine Woodruff, and she was born in the adjoining town of Monroe. When she was 32 years of age she married Joseph Currie, a prominent and well to do farmer of Warwick, with whom she lived until his death, in 1872. "Aunt Katy" is entitled to the singular distinction of having gone to the altar as a bride after she had entered upon her 92d year. The bridegroom, James Nelson, was 65 years old, and the marriage took place two years after the death of her first husband. Before contracting this second marriage "Aunt Katy" tore the record of her age from the family Bible, and always declined afterward to tell her age. It is known positively, however, that she was born in 1782.—Toronto Empire.

Servant Girls in Montana.

The most thoroughly disgusted people at the lack of women in Montana are those who employ domestic help in the cities. Hundreds of girls come to Helena and Butte each month looking for work, which they secure without difficulty at wages ranging from $20 to $40 a month. After spending a month in the city, they learn that they can get better wages and have a much better chance of securing a husband and a home of their own by going out to some one of the numerous mining camps, which they immediately proceed to do, and the housewife is forced again, perhaps for the thousandth time, to initiate another pilgrim domestic.—San Francisco Chronicle.

He Would Do.

A good story is told on Bishop Grafton, of the diocese of Fond du Lac. One of his first visitations was at Waupun, where there has been much church dissension in the past, and while there he was the guest of Mrs. Webster. After the prelate retired he was annoyed by a mouse in the room. He did not lie awake and wonder what could be done to abate it.

He quietly arose, took the remains of a lunch which he had been enjoying, placed it on top of a glass in the center of a wash bowl, filled the bowl half full of water, leaned a photograph from the table to the edge of the bowl, so as to give the mouse a runway, then calmly went back to bed. In a few moments he heard the pattering of the mouse's feet on the photograph, a splash, a few struggles and all was quiet. Then the worthy bishop turned over and slept the sleep of the just. As Mrs. Webster remarked the next morning: "Bishop Grafton will find no difficulty in governing the diocese if he can so easily handle a mouse."—Appleton Post.

To Beat the Machine.

"Gimme a nickel's worth of buckshot," said a St. Paul gamin wearing somewhat disordered raiment. His head just topped the counter in a bazar devoted to sporting goods.

"I suppose he will load them into a rusty pistol and accidentally shoot some one of his intimate friends," suggested a bystander.

"Oh, no," replied the proprietor of the gun store, "he has no firearms. He is going in to beat the nickel-in-the-slot scheme, and I suppose I am particeps criminis."

"How?"

"Why, he will put them on the street car track, the car will convert them into the exact size of nickels and pennies, and, of course, you can anticipate the financial panic liable to ensue in St. Paul shortly, with a gum machine at almost every corner."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Atlantic Cattle Ships.

The boats each carry from 300 to 600 cattle per trip. The largest cargo ever taken over consisted of 1,300 head. The greatest number ever stowed on an upper deck for a single passage was 325 head. The voyage consumes from eight to sixteen days.

Cattle are hardly ever sick at sea. They readily catch the notion of the boat and after a couple of days find their sea legs as readily as the most hardened, weather beaten old salt of the brine. If they show any signs of "paleness about the gills" they are doctored with salts. The system of shipping cattle is encumbered with far less difficulties than that of carrying horses. The horse is a very troublesome animal to pilot across, and one of the rules applied is never to let him lie down.—New York Letter.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

TALE OF THE LOST EXTRA.

A SUSPICIOUS YARN OF RAILROADING IN THE NORTHWEST.

An Operator Received Orders to Look Out for an "Extra" That Never Arrived—An Old Farmer Furnishes a Clew, but It Was Never Fully Worked Out.

"Yes, that's considerable of a story, if it's true; but you can calculate with a wonderful degree of accuracy that anything a printer says is considerably warped. Now I think I can see you and go you a few better in the story line, and what I am going to tell you is absolutely true."

It was a picturesque group of old timers The Hawkeye reporter had stumbled on in the course of a news gathering ramble down in the "Q" yards. They were seated about an old stove in the round house, and had been swapping various railroad experiences. The conversation had drifted around to snow blockades in the west. The reporter had just finished an elaborate account of his experiences in a blockade on the Rockies which called forth the above remarks from one of the old engineers whom we will call Higbie, out of respect to his feelings.

The reporter hastily sharpened a fresh lead pencil and selected a fresh spot on his cuff. Higbie knocked the ashes from his cigar and continued:

THE "EXTRA" ANNOUNCED.

"It happened this way. I was doing night duty for Bob Carew at Little Jimville, fifty miles west of Limestone, on the Northwestern. It was during the winter of 1878-79, and of all the dreary places Jimville was the dreariest in winter time. It had been raining and snowing and sleeting all that week, and the ground was covered with a sheet of ice. Night operating is nothing to passionately long for. I prefer hod carrying. I sat in the desolate box of a depot, the cold winter wind howled around the corners with a drearisomeness and rattled and slammed the shutters in a way that would give some people a fit of the blue shivers. But I had got used to that, so didn't mind it much. I had stirred up the fire, for it was bitterly cold outside, with the frost an inch thick on the windows, and sat watching the flames flash and roar up the chimney. I must have fallen asleep, for soon I began to hear the most infernal racket, like death dancing a double shuffle on the roof, and I started up with a jerk that nearly dislocated my backbone, to find the train dispatcher calling me. I answered and received the following order:

"'Hold No. 3 till extra passes you.'

"Just then I heard the whistle of the passenger. It was 10:30 when I sidetracked here. At 10:45 I received a dispatch from Bunker Hill saying that the extra had just pulled out. It would probably take her thirty minutes to make the run from Bunker Hill. I waited—11:30, no extra; 12, no extra. What could it mean? I telegraphed to Bunker Hill and received the following:

"'Extra left here at 10:42 O. K.'

"The train could be heard from nowhere else along the line. I awoke the section hands and sent them over the track to Bunker Hill to see if they could find anything of the extra. At 2:30 I received a dispatch from them at Bunker Hill:

"'Track clear. No trace of extra.'

"Before I could express my astonishment I was joined by the conductor of No. 3, who was swearing fluently.

"'What does it mean, Higbie?' he asked.

"I was nonplussed, but finally told him to pull cautiously down to Bunker Hill, and if he saw nothing to go on as usual, and make up as much time as possible. At 3:40 I received the following from the conductor at Bunker Hill:

"'Just arrived. Could find nothing of extra.'

"I ordered a track walker to search closely between Jimville and Bunker Hill. He found nothing except what looked like traces of the train having jumped the track. But nothing further.

THE FARMER'S STORY.

"Days passed into weeks, until the weary months dragged their slow lengths along, leaving the tantalizing mystery wrapped in still more impenetrable gloom, until one day an old farmer drifted into the depot and asked if I had been losing any trains lately, 'For,' the old man chuckled, 'I saw one runnin' 'round loose last winter. It ran up to my farm yard and the engineer axed me if he might fill his biler tank at my well. I said he might and got him a bucket. After he had filled up he axed me the road to the nearest town, borried a chaw o' tobacky and lit out. I never seed him sence,' and the honest farmer shuffled away.

"Well, that was three years ago. I have not seen the lost extra, but I have heard from it several times. It was seen by a belated hunter one stormy night, when it rushed by him like the wind, its headlight gleaming like the evil eye of some demon. Others have heard its unearthly shriek mingling with the howling storm. Sometimes it startled the lonely farmer in the dead of night, when the engineer will ask permission to take water, and inquire the direction to the nearest town. It is seldom seen by railroad men, who call it the Flying Dutchman of the plains, and consider it an evil omen when seen by one of them. It is said that poor Billy Yates saw the specter train coming down the track just before he struck the broken rail that hurled him and two others into eternity."

Higbie threw the stub of his cigar into the stove and ceased talking. There was a dreary silence for a few moments, and then a tall, gaunt figure arose out of the shadow in the corner and remarked in a sepulchral voice:

"I believe that's a prevarication."—Burlington Hawkeye.

Devil's Lake.

Devil's lake is a body of brackish water of uncertain size, according to the weather, but covering about 200 square miles on an average, and having an outlet by a marshy stream to the Cheyenne river, only in wet seasons. Though the water is too saline for a stranger to drink it, yet it abounded with fish in its natural state; and even now, in the dead of winter, one may see groups of wiry old squaws here and there on the ice (four feet thick at the least!) "working the dip seine" and bringing out at each haul two or three pickerel, which are thrown on the ice to freeze solid in a few minutes, after which they are handled like stones or billets of wood. To see the poor old creatures kneeling on the margin of the holes they have cut through the ice, and with one arm, bare nearly to the shoulder, thrust under the edge of the ice to spread the seine—thermometer from zero to 30 below—is a novel and interesting sight to the tourist; that is, if he is well wrapped in a fur coat and has thick moccasins or "German socks" over his heavy boots.

The lake in one place is almost cut in two by a sort of peninsula, with a spoon shaped extremity running out into the lake; and there the Indians in the "good old times" used to make their great buffalo drive. Stampeded by mounted men, from a large section adjacent the animals fled to the lake and were gradually concentrated on this peninsula; the hunters then advanced by boat or along the land and shot them down at leisure. At length the white man broke in; the great Turtle mountain buffalo raids began; for seventy miles in a line the prairie the next summer was a Golgotha—whitened with buffalo skeletons—and old settlers still tell of the "big money" made by gathering their bones. In five short years every buffalo was gone, and the Indians had to starve, fight or emigrate. They fought and were whipped; part emigrated and the rest are starving.—J. H. B.

IN THE SPARE CHAMBER.

A Minister's Experience with Bees at Midnight in a Country House.

I was put to sleep in the spare room, or guest chamber, of a country parsonage, where the local minister's thrifty spouse had stored her beehives for the winter, choosing it, doubtless, as a room where the temperature was sure to be equally chilly, and where nothing would disturb them. They stood behind a pretentious screen that cut off one corner of the room, and they were forgotten by all the family when I was put in there to sleep. Provision had been made for warming the room, on those rare occasions when such a thing was done at all, by one of those things called a "dumb stove," because it has no opening in it, I suppose, known also as a "drum," through which the heat from the parlor stove below passed on its way to the chimney. The parlor stove had been lit to greet the visitor, and the result was that the bees thought spring time had come, and I was awakened from my sleep by a buzzing sound.

"Gracious," said I to myself, "have all the horse flies in the country made this room their winter home and been thawed out by the heat?" I could hear them flying around, and presently a big fellow lit on my hand. I slapped at him and got a well defined, but not serious, sting for my reply. "Bees!" I shouted as loud as I could. "Help! Help!" Then I dived down among the covers, hid myself as well as I could and awaited developments.

The good wife had heard my call for help and roused her husband. He got up and knocked at my door, calling to me if I wanted anything. My answer from deep under the bedclothes sounded so mysterious that he promptly burst in the door, thinking that some one was strangling me. He had a candle in his hand, and the bees began to gather around the light. Not thinking of what he was doing he brushed them away, and was instantly stung in about ten places at once. With a yell he dropped the candle and rushed into his wife's room shouting: "The bees! the bees are out and are killing Brother M——. I told you not to put them there, and now see what's happened!"

He had left my door open, and the bees followed him into the hall, where his wife had already lighted a lamp. I tell you there was a lively time in that house for an hour or so, while I lay hidden among the blankets and enjoyed it all immensely. The only way out of the difficulty was to open every window and door in the house, and the cold rush of air in about an hour quieted the bees, which were then nearly all easily gathered up by the family. When, with many apologies, they came to see how great my injuries were, I emerged unhurt from my hiding place and laughed at them all heartily.—New York Tribune.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Mrs. Stowe has been described as a brilliant, fluent conversationalist, and withal for that kindliness of disposition in society which she transmitted to the world through her pen. Her smile has always been especially winning. Giving to the world so much fiction, it is to be expected that she would be subject to fits of abstraction. On one occasion a party of young ladies was invited to meet her at luncheon. Mrs. Stowe appeared, but not the expected flow of entertaining words, the outpouring of the wealth stored within. Her principal remark was a request for some one to pass her the bread. The ladies were disappointed of course, and it was subsequently discovered that she was at the time in quite different company from that which really surrounded her. She was having a tete-a-tete with the characters of "Old Town Folks."

The Czar's Family.

The empress of Russia has her daughters much with her, and has not even a so called governess for them. Her own personal attendant and her lady of honor serve also for them. In part this springs from the emperor's love for simplicity of life, but in part, also, that they try to surround themselves with as few people as possible, so that as little as may be concerning their private life should transpire to the outer world, of whom they are, and not without good reason, much afraid. The empress superintends in person the education of the two little grand duchesses, Xenie and Olga, aged respectively 14 and 6. The emperor in his leisure moments tries to do the same for his boys. Especially he loves to give them music and dancing lessons, for he thinks himself a great musician, and has a predilection for the cornet-a-piston.—Leisure Hours.

Her Preference.

The fondness of Phillips Brooks, of Boston, the distinguished rector of Trinity church, for little children is well known. Not very long ago Dr. Brooks was calling on a friend in Cambridge, who is the happy mother of three children—two boys and a little girl. Dr. Brooks soon had all three of the little folk about him and was questioning them in regard to their views of an occupation when they should be "grown up." One boy would be an architect, he said, and plan Queen Anne houses; the other thought he would be a poet, like his late distinguished grandfather. "And what would you wish to be, my dear?" said the clergyman to the little 4-year-old daughter of the house. "I think, sir," she replied modestly, as she caressed her doll, "that I should like to be a mother." —Washington Post.

Didn't Like the Tune.

The Italian who runs the peanut stand on Fourth street was turning his peanut roaster one afternoon with slow and measured hand, when an old woman came to a halt and carefully observed the operation. After scrutinizing the roaster from every side she finally gave it up, and remarked: "No, sir, you don't get a cent out of me for no such music as that. Why, I can't catch half of any of the tunes, and it smells as if something was burning inside."—Lake City Citizen.

A Mule as a Fog Horn.

Jupiter can boast of the most intelligent mule on record. The mule is 21 years old. Every night he proceeds to the life saving station. It is customary for the man on watch to discharge his coston signal (a red light) when vessels come too near the beach. The mule has "caught on" to what this signal means. So every night at 8 o'clock the sailor's four legged friend proceeds to walk the beach, and if a vessel comes too near the shore he sends forth a neigh that makes night hideous. Port or starboard your helm is the order on the ship, and away sail the jolly tars in safety and with a grateful heart to the four legged patrolman.—Savannah News.

Stood Up for the Sex.

"Now," plaintively perorated the perspiring preacher, "is there a man in this congregation who never spoke cross to his wife? If there is, let him rise." Dead silence, in the midst of which a fat, red faced man of 40 solemnly rose to his feet. "Can you truly say," said the preacher, with a warning look in his eye, "that you never spoke a single cross word to your wife?" "I can," said the fat man, emphatically. "I am a bachelor." Sensation, succeeded by giggling on the back seats and a smothering sensation in the choir.—Genesee News.

In Germany the law makes servants give a month's notice before leaving. The mistress must give similar notice before a discharge.

Many Persons
Are broken down from overwork or household cares **Brown's Iron Bitters** rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

Places of Interest

To all visiting Philadelphia are
THE
YATES STORES,
6th and Chestnut St.
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Our Superior Clothing for Men and Boys is renowned, and though prices are very low this season, we maintain the high quality.

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NEW YORK CARRIAGE
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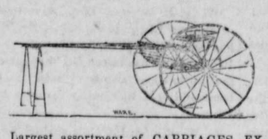

Largest assortment of CARRIAGES, EXPRESS WAGONS and HARNESS in the city, SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
21 N. Liberty Street,
(Between Baltimore and Fayette) BALTIMORE.

The Transcript,

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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. 3, 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. Wednesday except Th'ys & Sundays.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursdays only.	Passenger No. 4, 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 Wasnington 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 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