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SILENT MUSIC.

Thou can't not know that in my heart, which waits the touch of word,
The music in life's silences thy soul's hand leaves unstirred.
'Tis there I feel it oftentimes, when not a soul is nigh,
Thrilling along life's hidden chords, unseen by dust dimmed eye.

The silent music of each life doth wait the artist's hand;
A whole life full waits to respond to all who understand!
As in an untouched instrument the world of music lives,
Or, played upon by countless hands, retains more than it gives.

So, hidden in the silences of every human soul,
Tho' much is given out in word, doth still abide the whole;
And only he who has the pow'r to read between the lines—
Those spaces 'twixt the motive and the outward given signs—

Can hear the music of that life akin unto his own;
Tho' it to others muffled be, he hears the undertone.
The silent side—the waiting side—each fears to give it voice
For fear the other cannot hear for earth's distracting noise.

But, oh, there is a hand, by both 'tis now unseen,
Which lovingly doth them unite, tho' mist may hang between;
They feel together, and the heart doth clear translate the word
Which others do not understand. Love has the meaning heard.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

RUSSIA'S OIL CENTER.

A SECTION OF THE COUNTRY DEVOTED TO NOTHING ELSE.

The Basin of the Caspian Sea Rests on a Subterranean Sea of Naphtha—Discovery, Appearance and Large Output of the Beds—A Town of Fire.

Tiflis is midway on the railway that cuts the Caucasus in its whole width and puts the two seas in communication—the port of Batoum on the Black sea with that of Bakon on the Caspian. As we leave the capital in the latter direction the eye is at first ravished and then desolated by the changing aspects of the land. The track follows the Kour, which rolls its broad sheet of water majestically through wild forests and rich tilled soil, while two chains of snowy ridges stretch away out of sight in the distance—the Caucasus to the left, the mountains of Armenia to the right.

Soon we leave the river, which goes to join the Araxes toward the south; the plain gets broader and barer; tall cages built of planks perched on four tree trunks rise in the midst of the rice fields like watch towers. The inhabitants of the villages, who are all Tartars in this region, take refuge at night in these aerial nests; the marshy land is so unhealthy that it is dangerous to sleep there. In spite of these precautions the peasants whom we see are devoured by fever; their emaciated visages remind us of those of the inhabitants of the Roman campagna. After leaving Hadji-Caboul, the station in Moorish style where a new line branches off—"the Teheran line," I am told by the engineers who are building it, and who hope to carry it into the very heart of Persia—we enter an African landscape, sad and luminous.

REMARKABLE SCENERY.

The mountain chains become lower; they are now simply cliffs of gilded sandstone festooning against a crude blue sky. At their feet the desert, a sandy expanse, covered here and there with a rose carpet of flowering tamarisks. Herds of camels browse on these shrubs under the guard of a half naked shepherd, motionless as a bronze statue. The fantastic silhouettes of these animals are increased in size and changed in form by the effect of the mirage, which displays before our eyes in the ardent haze of the horizon lakes and forests. From time to time we meet a petroleum train, composed of cistern trucks in the form of cylinders, surmounted by a funnel with a short, thick neck.

When you see them approaching from a distance you might mistake them for a procession of mastodons, vying in shapelessness with the trains of camels which they pass. The sun burns in space. Yonder a green band glitters beneath its rays; it is the Caspian. We turn around a hill and behold! on this western shore, in this primitive landscape, which seems like a corner of Arabia Petræa, a monstrous city rises before our eyes. Is it once more the effect of mirage, this town of diabolical aspect, enveloped in a cloud of smoke traversed by running tongues of flame, as it were Sodom fortified by the demons in its girdle of cast iron towers?

I can find but one word to depict exactly the first impression that it gives: It is a town of gasometers. There are no houses—the houses are relegated further away on the right, in the old Persian city—nothing but iron cylinders and pipes and chimneys, scattered in disorder from the hills down to the beach. This is doubtless the fearful model of what manufacturing towns will all be in the Twentieth century. Meanwhile, for the moment, this one is unique in the world; it is Bakou—the "town of fire," as the natives call it; the petroleum town, where everything is devoted and subordinated to the worship of the local god.

OIL IN REMOTE AGES.

The bed of the Caspian sea rests upon a second subterranean sea, which spreads its floods of naphtha under the whole basin. On the eastern shore the building of the Samareand railway led to the discovery of immense beds of mineral oil. On the western shore, from the most remote ages, the magi used to adore the fire springing from the earth at the very spot where its last worshipers prostrate themselves at the present day. But after having long adored it impious men began to make profit by it commercially. In the Thirteenth century the famous traveler, Marco Polo, mentions "on the northern side a great spring whence flows a liquid like oil." It is no good for eating, but is useful for burning and all other purposes; and so the neighboring nations come to get their provision of it and fill many vessels without the ever flowing spring appearing to be diminished in any manner. The real practical working of these oil springs dates back only a dozen years.

At the present day it yields 2,000,000 kilogrammes of kerosene per annum, and disputes the markets of Europe against the products of Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased tenfold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilogrammes a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. C. Marvin, "The Petroleum Industry in Southern Russia," compares the Aspheron peninsula to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all round Bakou.—Harper's.

Besides the rabbit pest New South Wales is troubled by another called the "flying fox pest." This creature is a species of bat, the largest of the bat tribe, sometimes measuring nearly five feet in expanse of wings, and is popularly termed the flying fox on account of the red, foxlike color of the fur and "the very vulpine aspect of the head." The attacks of these destructive animals are mainly aimed against fruits and other vegetable substances.

A giant named Catoni, who was more than seven feet high and proportionately stout, has just died in Italy after having collected $2,000 from a museum in Rome for the right to his skeleton.

A Creature from Arizona.

The following remarkable story comes from Arizona, via a Cincinnati paper: A winged monster with an extremely elongated tail and an immense pair of wings was found on the alkali desert recently by two ranchers. The creature was evidently greatly exhausted by a long flight and when discovered was able to fly but a short distance without resting. After the first shock of amazement had passed the two men, who were on horseback and armed with Winchester rifles, regained sufficient courage to pursue the monster and after an exciting chase succeeded in getting near enough to open fire with their rifles. The creature then turned on the men, but owing to its exhausted condition they were able to keep out of its way and after a few well directed shots the monster rolled over dead.

The men then proceeded to make an examination, and found that their victim measured about 92 feet in length, and the greatest diameter was 50 inches. The monster had only two feet, which were situated a short distance in front of where the wings were joined to the body. The head, as near as they could judge, was about 8 feet long, the jaws being thickly set with strong, sharp teeth. Its eyes were as large as a dinner plate and protruded about half way from the head. They had some difficulty in measuring the wings, as they were partly folded under the body, but they finally got one straightened out sufficiently to get a measurement of 78 feet, making the total measurement from tip to tip about 160 feet. The men intend to skin the creature and send the hide east for examination by eminent scientists.

Sank Out of Sight.

A special from Springfield, O., says: A few evenings ago the family of Christopher Menzel, a German truck gardener near here, were awakened by the sound of a heavy fall and a subsequent violent trembling of the earth. Rushing out of the house they found that a large outbuilding had disappeared, and in the spot where it had stood was a cavity fully fifty feet in length and nearly that in breadth. A sound of water tumbling and rushing over rocks and down a precipice was distinctly to be heard, and in approaching the brink of the hole ice cold spray was to be felt. The outbuilding, which had evidently been submerged, had contained besides a large quantity of garden seed twenty or thirty sacks of oats and millet, five grown pigs and fourteen young ones, a buggy and a truck cart, all of which had disappeared before Mr. Menzel reached the spot. When morning dawned one of the pigs could be seen standing on a rock, the flat top of which rose above the dark, rushing current, and after some difficulty it was rescued. The stream, as nearly as can be measured, is at least 100 feet wide, although only about twenty feet of its width is visible and only thirty of its length.

Reporting by Phonograph.

Chauncey M. Depew's speech at Chicago marked a new era in the use of the phonograph. For the first time on an occasion of this kind in this country a speech has been taken down without the aid of stenographers. By the use of the phonograph the entire speech was given to the press two hours after it was delivered. It was a feat unparalleled in the history of newspapers.

The method used was that of placing an operator with the instrument in the flies. The operator repeated into the instrument the utterances of the speaker. These were recorded by the instrument upon a cylinder, which, when filled, was withdrawn and replaced by a fresh one. The withdrawn cylinder was then carried from the stage and placed in another instrument.

The second instrument ground it out through rubber tubes placed in the ears of swift operators on typewriters. Thus it was that the opening sentences of Mr. Depew's speech were in the hands of the various newspapers, and in some instances actually in type, before the closing sentences were uttered by the speaker.—New York Journal.

A Goliath in Stone.

Vinalhaven, Me., claims to have produced the largest stone ever brought to light. The Bodwell Granite company recently quarried a shaft of granite which is the largest piece of stone ever quarried anywhere, and if erected will be the highest, largest and heaviest single piece of solid stone standing, or that ever stood, so far as any record can be found. In height it considerably exceeds any of the Egyptian obelisks. The tallest of these, which was brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria by Emperor Constantine, and afterward taken to Rome, where it is still standing, is 105 feet 7 inches high, while the Vinalhaven shaft is 115 feet long, 10 feet square at the base and weighs 850 tons. It is understood that the company quarried this immense monolith of their own account, not having an order for anything of the kind.—New York Ledger.

The Wordsworth Cottage.

It may be hoped that the nonsensical scheme to spend £1,500 in purchasing Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere will fail. Is there any use in setting up another of these melancholy show houses? A fee of sixpence is to be charged to every visitor, but I should think that rational admirers of Wordsworth would prefer to visit his grave in Grasmere churchyard, which can be viewed without any payment; and, after all, Rydal Mount is the place which is principally associated with the memory of Wordsworth, who would have preferred that his admirers should expend their spare money in helping to support the local association which is endeavoring to preserve public rights of way in the Lake country.—London Truth.

Saved by a Little Dog.

Henry Clay Turner, city solicitor of Wilmington, Del., owes his life to a dog, and a very small dog at that. Turner is troubled with defective vision and insomnia, and frequently walks the streets late at night. At 4 o'clock in the morning he fell off the wharf into the Christiana river, and only for the incessant barking of a little dog on the deck of a schooner he certainly would have drowned. The barking of the dog aroused the captain, and his peering and whining over the edge of the boat enabled the captain and a sailor to locate the man in the water, and in this way Turner was rescued just in time to save his life.—Exchange.

The total number of Congregationalists in Connecticut is 58,305. The number of churches is 298, and the expenses for the year were $618,838.95. The charities for 1889 amounted to $346,583.68, or $5.95 per member. The values of the churches and the land upon which they rest range from $800 to $175,000, the total being $5,011,151, and the average being $17,231. The aggregate of salaries paid by 300 churches is $395,646.

A sensation has been created in England by the discovery that an active slave trade is now being carried on in Madras, India, under the eyes of the government. It appears that in that British province a traffic in girls has been carried on as outrageous as in Constantinople and with just about the same amount of secrecy. It is said that high English officials are implicated in the nefarious trade.

A venerable trout was recently found dead of old age at its home in a well at Cairnmount, near Kelso, Scotland. The fish was taken from the Tweed thirty-two years ago and placed in the well, where the remainder of its life was passed. It was eleven inches long and had become very emaciated, weighing only six ounces at the time of its death.

KISSING MANY BABIES.

A CLEVER WOMAN'S WAY OF SELLING SEWING MACHINES.

Curious Phases of Life Seen by a Girl Who Went About Teaching Women to Sew on Machines—Customers Kept in Good Humor by Tact and Patience.

Women play a big part in selling sewing machines. Besides giving instructions, most sewing machine companies engage them to draw up contracts when machines are sold on the installment plan. No matter how bright the agent's prospects may seem, a machine is not considered sold until the lease is in, and in order to accomplish that much depends on the skill, efficiency and personality of the teacher. One teacher writes of her experience among New York down town people in this way:

"I shall never forget my first experience. If any woman is anxious to get a practical knowledge of human nature my advice is to take a situation as teacher on the sewing machine in an installment district. Because I resented one customer's impertinent and irrelevant questions she called me a crank and an old maid all in one afternoon. A colleague informed me that the customer had it 'in for me,' and that she wouldn't keep the machine if the company made her a present of it. 'All right; we'll see,' I said. When I went to the woman's house the next day she was crosser than two sticks, and she concluded her vituperation by ordering me and the machine out of the house.

AN INQUISITIVE CUSTOMER.

"And this was the reason. When I called on her the first time, after asking me my age, my residence, the amount of salary I received, she wanted to know why I didn't get married. I told her in words more emphatic than polite that a twelve-dollar-a-week girl would never, never marry a nine-dollar-a-week man. The woman's husband was a porter in a store, and earned $9 a week. No wonder she never forgave me. This one experience taught me a lesson, however, and ever afterward when I had a customer like her on hand I supplied myself with the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Webster and the suavity of a Chinese diplomat.

"The 'tough' customer also comes in for a share of my criticism. She is a woman who permits an agent to send her a machine on trial, and down deep in her heart never intends to keep it. This customer always manages to get her spring or fall sewing done up in this way, and to manage her I had to use my very best verbal and thinking abilities. Women who indulge in the petty artifices are as easy to sound as an empty barrel. They are always commonplace and very talkative. When I came across a woman of this class I made it a point to study her and her surroundings and then I would act. If she doted on her children I usually began the campaign by kissing the baby. While a teacher for the company I kissed babies of every nationality, to say nothing of creeds. By constant application I would get the tough customer to sign the lease in a week or ten days, and when that document really was in my possession no one was more surprised than myself.

DEFINITION OF SEVERAL TERMS.

"'Afraid of being cheated' is the thought uppermost in the 'queer' customer's mind. She invariably proves to be a good little woman who has been imposed upon by human sharks of every description. Once get her confidence and the case is O. K.

"The 'thick' customer is the one who tried my patience and made me feel cross after leaving her house. Dense stupidity is the definition of 'thick' in the sewing machine vocabulary. I was with the company six months before I could accustom myself to the use of that word. The 'thick' woman could never learn the attachments. Her awkwardness is simply inborn, and all the manual training in Christendom would never make an operator out of her.

"The 'particular' customer is another who tried me a great deal. She is one of those women who go through this life making other people miserable.

"The 'easy' customer has a mania for buying everything on the installment plan. She would buy the earth that way if it were for sale and, if one would give her plenty of time to pay for it. She would 'close this week,' only she has to meet the payments on some silverware. When the next week came her excuse was that she had to make a payment on a bronze clock. Her husband was the one person who didn't know anything about the debts she contracted. I once leased a machine to a woman who told me after I gave her the second lesson that she was coming up to the office to pay the full cash for it. Her husband, she said, gave her the money. Like most men he objected to the installment plan. The next time I called to instruct her she astonished me by saying she had changed her mind about paying cash for the machine.

"'I wanted a lace dress, so I bought it with the money he gave me for the machine. He won't find it out.' The he referred to was her husband, of course, and he was employed as a bartender in an uptown saloon. She arranged with the collector to pay the installments from the money she could save from the house.

"The installment plan has its dark side, but it has been a real benefaction to the poor. The discount allowed for cash is so small that it is not much of an inducement to customers."—New York Press.

Boys in Corea.

Every man who goes to Corea should be, or should get, married. Every unmarried man is considered a boy, though he should live to be 100. No matter what his age, he follows in position the youngest of the married men, despite the fact, perhaps, of having lived years enough to be their father. The only parallel to this in America is in our politics, wherein every man active in the profession is a "b'hoy," even if he be as gray as Gen. Spinola.—Chatter.

What Hiram York Has Missed.

Hiram York, of Frankfort, Me., 81 years old, is the latest wonder brought to the attention of the world. That he never was on a steamboat or steam car is nothing remarkable, but when he goes on to explain that he never was known to take a girl to ride in all his life the story is almost too large to believe.—Lewiston Journal.

Origin of Bankrupt.

Money lenders in Italy used to display the money they had to lend out on a banco, or bench. When one of these money lenders was unable to continue business his bench or counter was broken up, and he himself was spoken of as a bancorotto, i. e., a bankrupt.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

When People Travel.

Notice your friends when they take the cars of the elevated. You will find that one always takes the first car, another the last, another the middle and you will come to observe that whatever you see a man do one time in this regard he will do at all times.—Chatter.

"Those Derned City Ways."

Mrs. Tredigee (as the sugar comes along)—Use the tongs, cousin!

Mr. Honks—Why, 'tain't hot, is it.—Puck.

After the Rain.

Clara—I have just had a delightful walk. How deliciously fresh and pure and clear the landscape looks this evening!

Flora—Ya-as. I just read in the papers that some detectives are scouring this part of the country.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Sea Serpent at Last.

The earliest sea serpent tale comes by way of Stonington from Capt. David Tufts, of the British schooner Annie Harper. The captain is from St. Johns, N. B., with lumber, and put into port Saturday night.

He reports that Saturday morning, about 10 o'clock, when between Block Island and Watch Hill, his attention was attracted by a great commotion in the water about 150 yards from his vessel, and while his attention was drawn in that direction he saw what he is fully satisfied was a veritable sea serpent. At least he saw some huge monster that answered the description often given in other summers of such an animal by those who claim to have seen the mysterious monster. Whatever the animal may have been, the captain says that it appeared to be about 100 feet long. At one time it raised a tail thirty feet in the air, waved it for a few seconds and then lashed the water into a foam.

While this portion of the body was exposed Capt. Tufts had a good view of the same, and describes it as being about the size of the main boom to his vessel, tapering to a fine point. In color it was a dark brown, with spots almost black. The animal was going in an easterly direction, apparently at a speed of about ten miles an hour, and after his body disappeared from view the wake made by the monster was discernible for a long distance. As the weather was clear and nothing obscured the vision of the captain, his observation as above has transformed him from being skeptical as to the existence of sea serpents into a full believer in there being such a member of the family of marine monsters. Capt. Tufts has made several voyages to this port, and is ordinarily a thoroughly reliable man. Some Stonington people are inclined to believe in the serpent also.—Providence Journal.

No More Questions.

It is very pleasant for the little people when mamma, or auntie, or a "great deal older" sister remembers how impatient she herself used to feel when forced to wait for some expected pleasure.

Six-year-old Nell had been promised a walk with her Aunt Mary one afternoon, and was ready to start as soon as the mid-day dinner was over. As the sun was very hot Aunt Mary preferred to wait awhile.

At least once every ten minutes she was confronted by Nell, hat in hand. "Aren't we going now, Aunt Mary? Oh, dear! When are we going?"

At last, quite tired out, Aunt Mary said, "Nell Osgood, if you ask me again I shall not take you at all! When I am ready to start I'll call you."

Nell vanished, disconsolate, but reappeared at the end of the customary ten minutes. Sticking her head just inside the door she said softly to her mother, who was sitting in the room, "Mamma, did I hear Aunt Mary say, 'Nell Ozzer, come on?"—Youth's Companion.

Once Too Often.

A foolish young fellow at Albany, while riding in an electric car, took a costly gold watch out of his pocket, and just for the purpose of showing that he "dared" do it, laid the timepiece on the floor of the car, just over the motor. Of course it became heavily charged with the electric fluid and stopped. After it had lain there perhaps ten seconds he picked it up and it began running again. Some one in the car remarked that it might do it once, but it would not be a safe experiment to try it very often. He scouted the idea of danger, and to show that no harm could come to a watch under the circumstances he placed it upon the floor again, letting it remain a minute. The works became thoroughly magnetized, would not go, and a watchmaker tells him they are ruined.—Exchange.

A Strange Legend.

A strange legend comes to us from the Sioux, who alone can tell the true history of that deadly ambuscade. They say that on the hillock where Custer fell now grows a plant never seen there before—a curious plant with tall, slender leaves, curved in the exact form of a saber, with edges so sharp as to inflict keen wounds upon unwary hands, and those who pluck it once soon drop it, so strangely cold and clammy are its leaves. It bears a golden hued, heart shaped blossom, and in the center is one small spot of brilliant red, like a drop of blood. The Indians regard it with superstitious awe. They call it "Custer's heart," and cannot be induced to touch it, claiming that the blossom crushed in the hand leaves a blood red stain impossible to remove.—Denver Republican.

Baldness Due to Indigestion.

Of all the causes of premature baldness none is so common as indigestion. Dyspepsia and weak and falling hair go hand in hand. As the one affection has increased so has the other, and not all the oil of Macassar, the bear's grease of Siberia nor the cantharides of Spain will prevent a man's hair from shortening and thinning whose stomach is badly out of order. Indeed, anything which debilitates the nervous system has a weakening effect on the scalp tissues, which shows that loss of hair may proceed from general as well as local causes.—New York Telegram.

A Nickel in the Slot Telephone.

A novel telephone has been placed in the New Haven house. It cannot be used unless a fee is paid. There are only two instruments of the kind in existence, the other being in Hartford. There are five slots in the machine for the reception of a nickel, ten cent piece, quarter, half dollar and dollar respectively. These amounts cover the rates charged for telephoning to various places in and out of the state. To use the telephone it is first necessary to call up the central, as on an ordinary telephone. The objective point is then asked for, and when this is reached the party who rings up is told to put the necessary fee in the slot. If a dime is dropped a bell of high tone rings. For twenty-five cents the tone becomes lower, and for half a dollar the sound is like that of the average door bell. The dollar sound is similar to that of a fire alarm gong. The sound of the bell is the signal to go ahead and talk. The contrivance is the invention of William Gray, of Hartford. A company has been formed for the manufacture of the instruments.—Cor. New York Sun.

Ten Years Old and Almost Six Feet.

Pine Grove, a hamlet near Douglasville, Tex., boasts of a girl not quite 10 years old who is 5 feet 10 inches tall. She is the daughter of an engineer, who is himself a giant in size, while his wife is 6½ feet in height. The girl, her parents say, was an unusually small and sickly baby, and didn't show any remarkable growth until she was about 6 years old. She is stout and has the strength of a man, but her mind is feeble, or else has been so outstripped by her body as to give it no chance to develop. The young giantess presents a most remarkable spectacle with her childish face and dress, seated playing in the sand or amusing herself with a doll.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Handy Thing.

An enterprising chap in Connecticut has patented a tonic which he advertises in the spring as "the great spring tonic." In the summer he calls it "the great summer tonic," and in the fall and winter the term is changed to meet the season. A patent medicine man with a "great tonic" for only one season of the year can't expect to do much business.—Detroit Free Press.

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.

FORGIVE.

Is it farewell? I murmur not.
Mine was the fault, be mine the loss!
You tried my love; the furnace hot
Revealed not gold but dross.
I bear my punishment—and yet
I cry, Forgive me and forget!

I bear my woe in silence; sure
If love's true way I have not learned,
At least I know how to endure!
The heart that thou hast spurned
Will not repine its fate—but yet
I cry, Forgive me and forget!

Forgive! Forgive! No more I ask!
Forgetting easily will come,
But pardon is a heavier task!
Though love's sweet lips be dumb
May pity's eyes with tears be wet,
With tears that plead Forgive! Forget!

Let me not pass beyond thy sight
With soul of all its sins unshriven,
To wander in an exile's night,
Forgot but not forgiven!
But ere the sentence seal be set
Forgive! Forgive!—and then—Forget!

—New York Tribune.

How It Looked.

It is the all but universal custom among the fashionable ladies of Venice of the present day to smoke cigarettes, both when alone and in company. The hostess at a ball among the nobility receives her guests with a cigarette between her fingers, and all the fair dames smoke in the pauses of the dance.

The wife of the son of Robert Browning, an American lady, created a profound sensation in Venetian society by declaring that she would not invite ladies to smoke at her house, and the little daughter of another American lady unconsciously uttered a severe criticism upon the custom.

The mother was visiting an Italian woman of title, and in her honor a ball was given in the palace of the hostess. The little girl, who was 6 years old, was taken by her nurse from her bed to a gallery where she could look down into the ball room after the company had assembled. She looked at the brilliant sight for a moment in silence and then asked in much wonder:

"Where are the ladies?"

"Why, the hall is full of them," answered the nurse.

"Oh, no," said the child, "all those women but mamma are smoking."—Youth's Companion.

Now!

An English nobleman who died recently was frequently spoken of among his fellows as being "too good for this earth." He was excessively absent minded when in society, and passed much of his time in solitude and meditation. "He was as pure and unworldly," says his biographer, "as a being of another sphere."

Looking closely at his life, however, it appears, in spite of the large opportunities which his wealth and rank gave him, to have been of little use or value to his fellow men. Aspirations and dreams, however high and noble, which never pass into words or actions do not weigh heavily in the world.

When Prince Bismarck retired from public life a member of the Reichstag said, shrewdly: "The power of the prince for good or evil lay in the use which he made of the present moment. He never worked for to-morrow, but for today."

Probably the same criticism could be made upon every man who exerts a living force upon his generation. He lives not to dream of the past, nor to hope for the future, but to work—now.—Youth's Companion.

Monstrous Power of Sea Breakers.

From experiments made at Bell Rock and Skerryvole lighthouses, on the coast of Scotland, it was found that while the force of the breakers on the side of the German ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half to every square foot of exposed surface, the Atlantic side throws breakers with double that force, or three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to fifty-four tons. In March, 1890, a heavy gale blew for three days and nights at Skerryvole, washing out blocks of limestone and granite of three and five tons' weight as easily as if they had been empty egg shells, in some cases throwing them entirely over the breakwater at Plymouth.

Over 300 tons of such blocks were washed 300 feet up the inclined beach after being thrown over the breakwater and scattered about in various directions. One block of limestone, estimated to be of 15 tons weight, was moved over 150 feet from a place in the surf where it had been firmly grounded since 1697, it having been rolled in sight by the awful gale of the "Windy Christmas" of that year. This is quite a high sea record for 1890, showing that the gale of March 3 was the worst known on the Scottish coast for 192 years.—St. Louis Republic.

Humor of the Census.

The census taking reminds me of an old story that is forgotten by people now. On the printed blanks were the words:

Age of father (if living).
Age of mother (if living).

One of the papers was returned with the startling information that the father was 120 years old and the mother 112. The city fathers hastened down to see this ancient pair, and were much surprised to hear that they died long ago. "Then what do you mean by this?" said the angry official, pointing to the ages. "Why, that's straight enough. It says 'Age if living,' and that would 'a' been their ages if living now."—Boston Transcript.

Be Careful in Speech.

Carefulness and exactitude in speech are sometimes characterized as affectation and mere pedantry, but, say what some people may, it is unquestionably the unfailing mark of culture. No one thoroughly and lovingly acquainted with the literature of his language can regard propriety in its use with contempt. The purity and harmony and rhythm of his native tongue are as precious to him as the perfect rendering and interpretation of music are to the musician; and to the preservation of the English language in its integrity it should be the duty and pleasure of every individual lover of it to contribute.—New York Ledger.

Lions with Spiked Backbones.

In front of an ugly but fashionable house in Second avenue, above Fourteenth street, are two very unreliable cast iron lions, which have just been painted a pinkish brown to match the newly chiseled brown stone copings of the doorway. The lions, in form and color, were sufficiently unlike anything in nature, but just by way of preventing the casual small boy from taking imaginary excursions astride their backs, a strip of spiked iron has been extended from mane to tail of each lion. The effect of these grewsome but impossible beasts is startling on a stranger.—New York Sun.

When You Call Upon Your Doctor.

When consulting a medical man in his own house do so in his office hours Do not go just at the time when he takes his meals "because I am sure to catch him then." So far as possible he certainly should be allowed to take his food in comfort at proper hours.

Finish the professional interview with him in his consulting room and do not continue detailing symptoms in the hall when being shown out.—Good Housekeeping.

An English sailor, coming up the British channel after a long journey, exclaimed: "Thank goodness, we've done with them eternal blue skies and that blinding sunshine. This taste of good old English fog puts fresh life into a fellow."

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.

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OIL CLOTHS are expensive and wear out, but a floor when painted with Dik-Ron can be washed clean without the labor of scrubbing is such a luxury. We will tell you how an outlay of $1.00 will obtain it, and still the floor won't look painted. Use
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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.	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 No. 2, daily except Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursday 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.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

On and after Monday, May 19, 1890, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown daily (except Sunday) at 7 A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river, arriving in Baltimore at noon.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf at 2.45 P. M. for the above landings.

THE STEAMER CORSICA

Leaves Baltimore Mondays and Thursdays at midnight. Leaves Crumpton Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12 M. and Chestertown on Wednesdays at 5 o'clock and at Saturdays at 3 o'clock, stopping at Grey's Inn Creek and all landings on the river above that point.

The STEAMER GRATITUDE

of the Centreville and Corsica River Company, will leave Centreville daily (except Sunday) at 7 A. M., and Baltimore at 2.30 P. M., stopping at landings on Corsica river, Jackson's creek and Rock Hall (9.30 going to Baltimore) going and returning.

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☞ For the convenience of our patrons we have at Rock Hall landing, ample accommodations for the care of teams.

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will leave Tolchester Beach At 10 A. M. and 6.00 P. M. Will leave Baltimore at 8.15 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

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May 29, 1890.

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