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# PEARLS IN OYSTERS.

## FORMATION OF THE PRECIOUS GEM IN THE SHELL FISH.

**Life of the Divers Who Gather the Pearls. Places Where the Bivalves Thrive—The Pearl Is Liable to Decay—Interesting Facts About the Business.**

To picture the sedate and matter of fact oyster as rising to the surface of the ocean to drink in the dew of heaven may well be regarded as a stretch of the imagination worthy of the most fanciful weaver of romances. Yet such was stated by early writers to be the origin of the pearl, that gem which is deemed worthy to deck the brow of royalty, which adorns fair women, which is the delight of the treasure hunter and which in all ages has been the symbol of beauty, purity and worth.

This pretty conceit, however, is brushed away by the stern realities of sober fact. The keen eye of science has discovered that the birth of a pearl is anything but a poetical affair. It is due to an accident, and to one of those provisions of nature by which every living creature resists for foreign attack and seeks to protect itself from injury. The oyster pearl springs into existence in two different ways. The first is by the introduction into the animal of a foreign substance. In some unguarded moment the oyster may permit a minute grain of sand to slip into its domicile and lodge between the flesh and the shell. The oyster is powerless to expel the intruding substance, which immediately becomes a source of irritation.

There is but one remedy. The animal begins to cover the grain of sand with a coat of membrane, followed by a layer of calcareous matter called nacre. This is identical with mother-of-pearl, that beautiful lining of the shell which reflects all the colors of the rainbow as well as the most delicate and subtle tints. Nacre is constantly exuded from the body of the oyster, the cockle, the nautilus, the snail and other animals of the mollusk order, and forms their outer covering, hard or soft, thick or thin, according to the protection demanded by their surroundings. Around the intruding grain of sand which has been mentioned accumulate alternate layers of membrane and nacre until a pearl is formed.

THE MOST VALUED GEMS.

These pearls, however, are not the valuable gems of commerce, because, in the first place, they preserve the form of the grain of sand, and hence are irregular in shape, and in the second place, they frequently adhere to the shell and consequently present one rough side.

The perfect pearl is found loose in the interior of the fish, and has its beginning in an animal germ. The oyster annually produces a number of eggs, which, as soon as they develop into diminutive animals, are thrown out of the mother. Occasionally, however, an egg proves abortive and remains behind. It is almost microscopic in size, and is inclosed in a tiny capsule. This capsule now becomes to all intents and purposes a foreign substance. But it has certain powers akin to those of the present, one of which is that of manufacturing, throwing out and gathering around itself nacre. The nacre completely envelops it, and the germ of the animal is soon incased in a beautiful prison, usually spherical in form, but sometimes pear shaped. This is the true pearl.

The most famous pearl fisheries in the world are near the coasts of Ceylon, Japan, Java and Sumatra and in the Persian gulf, although pearls in limited quantities are obtained in the streams of various countries.

HOW THE DIVERS WORK.

Before the divers begin their work there are blessings and magic spells from priests and sorcerers to drive away the sharks and bring good luck. These incantations are of course roundly paid for. The boats start out late at night, so that operations may begin at daybreak. The divers have small instruments for compressing the nostrils and beeswax to stop the apertures in their ears. Each one holds a block of stone between his feet to aid his descent. Leaping from the boat and plunging beneath the waves, the divers reach the bottom, where they run about swiftly and fill their bags with oysters as quickly as possible. When one is ready to rise he gives a signal and is drawn back to his boat by a rope.

Divers cannot remain in the water over a minute on the average, while two minutes taxes the most expert. A very few who have stayed under four or five minutes have won great reputations for their extraordinary endurance.

The occupation is injurious to the health, as it requires a tremendous amount of exertion. Divers are short lived, subject to various diseases and have been known to expire suddenly upon reaching the surface of the water.

One peculiarity of pearls is that, unlike other precious gems, they are liable to decay. Occasionally a valuable pearl changes color, seems to be attacked with a deadly disease and crumbles into dust. Such is reputed to have been the fate of the most magnificent specimen ever known.

Passing through successive hands it finally became the property of a Russian merchant and found a possessor who knew its immense value and prized it accordingly. He kept it carefully in a secluded room of his magnificent mansion, apart from all other of his treasures. It was the wonder and admiration of his favored friends who were permitted to look at it. The merchant finally became involved in a political conspiracy and fled to Paris, taking his one great treasure with him. He kept it hidden for a time, but at last consented to show it to some distinguished lovers of precious stones. But when he opened the casket he fell back in dismay and staggered as though stricken with death. The gem had begun to change color. A fatal disease had attacked it. It was soon a worthless heap of white powder and the once wealthy merchant was a pauper.—Galveston News.

**A Site for London's Big Tower.**

A site two miles west of St. John's Wood has been fixed upon for the Watkin tower, and a small company of engineers, capitalists, railway men and others are about to inspect it. It is not intended that any time shall be lost in carrying out the project. The ground is actually bought and before many weeks are over the digging of the foundation of the tower will be commenced.—Public Opinion.

An unsually large number of American actors and actresses are in London, namely, Fanny Davenport and husband, Sadie Martinot, Margaret Mather, Cora Tanner, Minnie Palmer, Carrie Turner, Lilian Lewis, Helen Bancroft, Kate Forsythe, Evans and Hoey, Donnelly and Girard, Harry Lee, Otis Skinner, Ralph Delmore, Mary Anderson and Grace Hawthorne, besides all of Augustin Daly's company.

Prince George's involuntary cruise on board the Thrush has been satisfactorily explained. The prince fell in love with a maiden whom it was not deemed wise for him to wed and he was sent away in the hope that time and distance may cure his infatuation.

Fort Myers, Fla., has a pineapple weighing 6½ pounds, and another Florida man plucked a lettuce head which weighed 2½ pounds and measured sixteen inches across.

**Difference in Value.**

"How polished are my lays!" murmured the poet.

"Yes," cackled the hen; "but you can't get twenty cents a dozen for 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

**One Leg Nearly as Good as Two.**

The ease with which Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, gets about on one leg and two crutches surprises almost every one who meets him. In reply to a query on this point the general tells a story. "A classmate of mine at Jefferson college lost an arm while fighting in the southern army. At a reunion of our class at the end of the war I was the first member on hand. After engaging a room at a Canonsburg hotel I sauntered around the old college buildings waiting for the rest of the boys of the class of '56 to turn up. The first one to put in an appearance had an empty coat sleeve. While a Confederate shell had taken my leg, a Union ball had torn away his arm. I invited him up to my room, and he was with me that night. I noticed that he had no difficulty at all in arranging his clothing and in doing pretty nearly everything else that a man with two arms finds necessary to do. I said to him that the loss of an arm did not seem to incommode him. 'Well, do you know, Jim,' he replied, 'that since I lost my other arm and find that everything I want to do can be done with one arm instead of two, I often wonder what reason the good Lord had for making a man with two arms.' Now, in my case," the general concluded, "I won't put the thing as strongly as my maimed classmate did, but one leg seems to answer me very well."—Chicago Herald.

**Indian Lions Dying Out.**

The lions of India appear to be going the way of the great bustard and the dodo, and the reason is found in the extension of railways, for the monarch of the forest shares with Mr. Ruskin a mortal antipathy to the smoke and screams of locomotives. Within the memory of many persons lions were common enough in Rajputana, and even now the roar of one may be heard occasionally in the wildest parts of Central India; but the new railway from Nagpur is now being constructed through this country, and this is practically a notice to quit served upon the few remaining lions in the central provinces. Practically the only lions now remaining that are worth mentioning seem to be the race existing in Kattywar, which was visited by Prince Albert Victor the other day. Their number remains, it is believed, pretty stationary. It is strictly forbidden to shoot them, save by way of the grand sport; but many conditions are unfavorable to their multiplication, and even the Kattywar lions are clearly doomed ere long to disappear.—London News.

**About Balking Horses.**

Horses know nothing about balking until they are forced into it by bad management. When a horse balks in harness it is generally from some mismanagement, excitement, confusion, or from not knowing how to pull, but seldom from any unwillingness to perform all that he understands. A free horse in a team may be so anxious to go that when he hears the word he will start with a jump which will not move the load, but give him so severe a jerk on the shoulders that he will fly back and stop the other horse. Next will come the slashing and cracking of the whip and hallooing of the driver, until something is broken or the driver is through with his course of treatment. But what a mistake the driver makes in whipping his horse for this act! Reason and common sense should teach him that the horse was willing and anxious to go but did not know how to start the load.—New York Times.

**The First Railroad Accident.**

The first great railroad accident occurred on the Great Western road of England in 1841. A train was rushing along when a mass of earth and stones fell from the embankment and obstructed the way. Eight persons were killed and many wounded. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death in all cases and a deodand of £1,000, an engine, tender and carriages." The old common law provided that when any personal chattel was the cause of death it should be forfeited to the king. Part of this act was not enforced in later years, but a heavy fine was imposed on the owners of any chattel doing personal injury to the king's subjects. This law was observed as late as 1847, when parliament abolished the practice.—Detroit Free Press.

**Theebaw, Ex-King, Explains.**

A late copy of The Rangoon Gazette gives ex-King Theebaw's official explanation of how he came to lose the throne. Theebaw writes thus: "My late father, the royal Mindoon Min, the golden footed lord of the white elephant, master of a thousand golden umbrellas, owner of the royal peacocks, lord of the sea and of the world, whose face was like the sun—he always smoked the Esoof cheroot while meditating on his treatment of the bull faced, earth swallowing English. Had I done the same I should never have lost my throne, but I used the opium drugged cheroots from Manila and the trash which was sent me from San Francisco, and I fell. (Signed) Theebaw, formerly king.

**A Fourteen Day Run.**

The longest run by conductors on record is undoubtedly that of the Pullman conductors whose trip extends from Washington, D. C., to Mobile, Ala., thence back to Philadelphia, thence to New Orleans and thence back to Washington. Fourteen days are consumed in the run, allowing the conductor to reach his home only twice a month, although it includes a "lay off" at the different terminals. Of course, this is an exceptional arrangement of runs.—Chicago Railway Age.

**Her Excuse.**

When will parents learn not to expect too much of their children?

"Ethel, get up, my dear. Don't you know it's naughty to play like that? Mr. Smith's daughter never would do so. She's a good little girl."

"Well, mamma, Bessie Smith ought to be a better girl than I am. Her papa's a minister, and my papa's only a deacon."—Youth's Companion.

**Correct.**

The dull boy sometimes displays an unexpected streak of brightness.

Teacher—Which New England state has two capitals?

Boy—New Hampshire.

Teacher—Indeed! Name them.

Boy—Capital N and capital H.—Harper's Bazar.

**We Live Longer.**

Three hundred years ago the average life of man was 21 1-4 years. In the early part of this century it was rather more than 40 1-2, and certainly has not lessened since. That means that as many people live to 70 now as lived to 40 300 years ago.—Exchange.

**Silas Enlightens Sarah.**

"There's Enterpe and Melpomean on the curtain. And that gal over there on the left is Tripsichore, the goddess of dancin'."

"Tripsichore is a good name for her—ain't it, Silas?"—Harper's Bazar.

**No Moths on Him.**

"What do you want, Johnny?" said an Elm street drug man to an urchin counter high. "Something to keep moths out of carpets?" "Yes," answered the boy; "that's what I camphor."—Manchester Press.

The growing value of a good picture is illustrated by the prices paid for the "Skittle Players," by Jan Steen, now owned by Lord Ashburton. In 1709 it was knocked down for 53 florins; 1765, 160 florins; 1777, 770 florins; 1780, 1,250 florins; 1784, 1,640 florins; 1794, 1,200 florins; 1797, 1,650 florins; 1802, 1,400 florins; 1811, 2,400 florins; 1877, 3,500 florins.

**June at Woodruff.**

Out at Woodruff Place—afar
From the city's glare and jar—
With the leafy trees instead
Of the awnings overhead,
With the shadows cool and sweet
For the fever of the street,
With the silence, like a prayer,
Breathing round us everywhere

Gracious anchorage, at last,
From the billows of the vast
Tide of life that comes and goes,
Whence and where nobody knows—
Moving, like a skeptic's thought,
Out of nowhere into—what?
Touch and tame us with thy grace,
Placid Calm of Woodruff Place!

Weave a wreath of beechen leaves
For the brow that throbs and grieves
O'er the ledger, bloody lined,
'Neath the sunstruck window blind!
Send the breath of woodland bloom
Through the sick man's prison room
Till his old farm home shall swim
Sweet in mind to hearten him!

Out at Woodruff Place the Muse
Dips her sandal in the dews
Sacredly as night and dawn
Baptize lilied grove and lawn;
Woody path, or paven way—
She doth haunt them night and day—
Sun or moonlight through the trees
To her eyes are melodies.

Swinging lanterns, twinkling clear
Through night scenes, are songs to her—
Tinted lilts and quiring hues,
Blent with children's glad halloos;
Then belated lays that fade
Into midnight's serenade—
Vine like words and zithern strings
Twined through all her slumberings.

Blessed, then, each hearthstone set
Neighboring the violet!
Blessed every rooftree prayed
Over by the beech's shade!
Blessed doorway opening where
One may look on Nature there,
Hand to hand and face to face—
Storied Isle, or Woodruff Place!

—James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.

**How Senators Go to Dinner.**

There was a late session of the senate the other afternoon, and the hungry senators were in a great hurry to get home to dinner. Up Pennsylvania avenue they bowled over the smooth pavements. First came Senator Sawyer, with his stylish daughter, Mrs. White, at his side. The senator had lighted a big cigar, and in his absorption he leaned forward and puffed so vigorously that a cloud of smoke like that from a steamer's pipes drifted behind the swift carriage. Then came the two New York senators in a closed coupe, the big, handsome Frank Hiscock wearing the habitual discontented look on his face, and little Mr. Evarts, peering out through the square windows, like Mr. Punch from his box. Then Senator Stockbridge, in one of Studebaker's finest Victorias, drawn by two of the finest horses in Washington, the senator himself leaning back in his benignant way and waving a salute to his friends as he dashed past. Next Senator Plumb, in his one-horse carryall, and following him Senator McMillan, immaculate in his white waistcoat, black gloves and tie, and with his willowy daughter at his side, giving color to the picture. From a battered hansom Senator Hawley looked forth upon the scene, while Senators Cullom and Reagan contented themselves with the swaying, bumping street car.—Cor. Detroit Tribune.

**"Wuth It."**

A Woodward avenue grocer yesterday displayed a dozen watermelons—the first of the season—with a sign bearing the figures "75c." surmounting the pile. A colored man came along and stopped to gaze lovingly at the luscious fruit, and directly he asked of a clerk:

"Lands alive! but watermelyons heah already! How much does it say on dat sign?"

"Seventy-five dollars apiece."

"H'm! 'Pears rather high at the first send off, but I reckon it ain't. Regular old red cores, I reckon, an' ebery one of 'em worth de money or no sale."

"Will you take one?"

"Not jist dis minit. I'll be comin' 'long back in 'bout an hour, an' den, if de price has drapped to circumlocate de attitude of my integrity, I'll tote one home."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Strange Visitor.**

Hamilton, O., has a mysterious visitor. He is a man of about 45, and during the several weeks he has spent about the town no one has been able to get a single word from him. He carries a bundle to which he clings all the time, using it at night for a pillow. What it contains no one knows. He sleeps in an open wheat field. He has never entered a door, never asked for food or been given a mouthful of food and puts in the day walking up and down the pike. He visits a spring, where he drinks copiously, but what he lives on outside of water, where he came from, or what his name is no one has been able to ascertain.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Chicago Growing to Be Like New York.**

In many things does Chicago day by day grow more like New York. In past years one of the most noticeable differences between the dwellers by the lake and the dwellers by the sea was the difference in their style of dress. New York business men have long been punctilious in regard to their dress. It was a common thing to see not only the young men but the older men going to business in the morning with a flower in the buttonhole and dressed as a "westerner" would have dressed for some social event. In Chicago it was entirely different. Our best and wealthiest citizens dressed in a manner that would have caused them to have been noticeable upon Broadway.

They were too busy to care about or even think about their clothes. Between the fire and the panic and the big interest they had to pay it took all their energies, both physical and mental, to contrive means to pay their eastern creditors. But times have changed since then. Then were the days of hustle and anticipation. Now, while it is still the day of hustle, anticipation has graduated into enjoyment. Then nothing was too good for our creditors, now nothing is too good for ourselves. Then the business man wore clothing simply for protection from the weather. Now he has time for the amenities and pleasures of life and the money to gratify his tastes.—Chicago Herald.

**A Matter of Fact Auditor.**

"Fellow citizens," thundered the impassioned orator, bringing his fist down hard on the table, "what, I ask again, is our country coming to? And echo answers 'what?'"

"Pardon me, sir," interposed a mild looking man in the audience, rising to his feet, "did I understand your question to be, 'What is our country coming to?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say echo answers 'what?'"

"That is what I said, sir."

"Then there's something wrong with the acoustics of this building," said the milk looking man, shaking his head in a perplexed way and sitting down again.—Chicago Tribune.

**Dangers of Analogy.**

An excellent story is related of the way in which that inflexible disciplinarian, the young kaiser, was hoist with his own petard in the person of one of his own children. The little prince was rebuked for eating with his fingers, and threatened that if he repeated the offense he would be sent under the table, the proper place for little boys who emulated the habits of dogs. After a brief interval of good behavior the offense was repeated and the culprit ordered to get under the table, where he promptly proceeded to undress himself, on the ground that little dogs did not wear clothes—they only had skin.—London Globe.

A paper recently published a lengthy and exhaustive treatise upon "Monkeys," and a contemporary the next day curtly remarked; "It would be more interesting to the readers of the —— if the editor printed news instead of making his family affairs public through its columns."—Exchange.

**Music That Touched the Heart.**

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred in one of the elevated railroad trains that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about 6 years old, being half pushed and half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. At the first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind and his eyelids had almost grown together. He had a pale wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the faces of the passengers, and an old gray haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about 11 years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonicon and placed it in the little fellow's hands. Both boys were well dressed. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips and began to play softly "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with Me," there were many moist eyes in the car. The little player seemed to have a remarkably true ear and occasionally, when the instrument would rasp, he would turn sadly to his "big brother" and say, "Don't whistle."

The train rushed along, the passengers listened and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note from "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was approaching their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed "The Suwanee River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—New York Times.

**Self Doctoring in Epidemics.**

Self doctoring is always dangerous, except for the simplest ailments. Few persons understand the significance of their symptoms; the difficulty of doing so is greatly increased by the complex nature of most diseases, and the modification of treatment demanded by individual temperament and hereditary tendencies. Even if the patient knows what ails him he is not likely to know the remedy, the size and frequency of the dose, and the proper regulation of the diet in connection with it.

How profound is the general ignorance upon this subject is shown by the enormous consumption of medicines. Multitudes of people try one nostrum after another in utter blindness. If all such compounds were thrown into the sea it would save every year millions of dollars and thousands of lives.

During the prevalence of a widespread epidemic self doctoring becomes peculiarly perilous. Fear is in the air, and is more contagious than smallpox itself. Under its influence men fly to drugs either to ward off the dreaded attack or to cure a disease which very likely exists only in the patient's excited imagination. The impaired condition of the system under this ill advised dosing invites the very attack which the dosing was intended to avert.—Youth's Companion.

**Getting Ready for the Old Masters.**

A young lady came to a Boston artist to take lessons, and after she had informed him that she expected to go abroad in three months and in that time wished to learn to copy the old masters in order to partly pay her expenses in Europe, she added:

"I suppose pastels will be hard to pack, won't they?"

"Pastels?" he repeated. "Are you intending to make copies of the old masters in pastels?"

"Well," she answered, "that's one of the things I wanted to ask you. Pastels wouldn't have to dry, you know, and I could wear gloves so that I shouldn't get my fingers smutted; only I did not know whether they would pack well."

The artist looked at her a moment in silent amazement and decided that she was not quizzing him, but was in sober earnest.

"I dare say pastels would by all means be best for you," he said, "but I do not give lessons in pastel. You will have to find somebody else."—Boston Courier.

**He Really Loved Her.**

A young lady of this city who is said to be worth not less than $50,000 in prospective was the object of the attentions of a young man with whom she was very favorably impressed, but who, with every encouragement, continued to pause just short of a proposal. The young lady managed to put in circulation what appeared to be a reliable report that her pecuniary expectations were simply in the public mind, and in two days the young fellow had proposed and been accepted. It is not often that $50,000 constitutes an obstacle to a young lady's matrimonial success, but it did in this case, and the lady in question doesn't feel in the least put out about it.—Binghamton Leader.

**The Woodchuck in New Hampshire.**

Up in New Hampshire a few days ago I paid a visit to the birthplace of Daniel Webster, in the hope that I might find out some new facts about that woodchuck which "the great expounder" defended so successfully. I found that a few had heard the story, and said it was wholly fiction, while most of the residents thought Daniel must have been a fool to let such an animal go, having once got hold of it.—Boston Globe.

**When the Stopper Sticks.**

Take a steel pin or needle and run it round the top of the stopper in the angle formed by it and the bottle. Then hold the vessel in your left hand and give it a steady twist toward you with the right, and it will very often be effectual, as the adhesion is frequently caused by the solidification of matter only at the point nearest the air.—New York Ledger.

In the new audio-telephone that has recently appeared in England the principal characteristic is the mouthpiece, the particular advantage of which is that it intensifies the sound waves, making it possible to carry on a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice.

**Art of Damaskeening.**

Damaskeening is producing upon steel a blue tinge and ornamental figures, sometimes inlaid with gold and silver, as in Damascus blades. It is so called from Damascus, which was celebrated in the Middle Ages for this class of ornamental art.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

The Duke of Westminster each year takes in about $5,000 in sixpences and shillings, paid by sightseers for admission to his country seat at Eaton hall. The duke has a land rental amounting to $875,000 a year.

**Government Had No Share in It.**

Census Enumerator (who has been in rather hard luck)—And now, my dear sir, just one final question. Have you a spare quarter about you?

The Victim—Does that belong to this infernal census business?

C. E.—No, sir! Not at all, sir. It belongs to me—if I get it!—Pittsburg Bulletin

*Neuralgic Persons*
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking
*Brown's Iron Bitters.* Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

## FUTURE OF ART IN AMERICA.

**Our Possibilities Are as Great as Those of Many European Cities.**

It is the fashion to believe that art cannot thrive in our trading democracy. Our cultured society speak of art with solemnity and awe, as men speak of one that has fought the good fight and who rests from his labors. Indeed we have lately been told by a professor of great distinction that there is no hope here for real literature or art, so hopelessly vulgar and sordid is American life. Surely those burghers of mediæval Paris knew nothing of culture, and doubtless they were vulgar, but they thoroughly believed in their religion, and their vulgarity did not prevent their originating the Gothic cathedrals. Doubtless those Florentine traders were mercenary, but they loved their city with fervor, and gladly gave their wealth to build its public monuments. Neither Frenchman nor Florentine had art critics to tell him his motives, but they applied to their every day work vigor, courage and energy, and without their knowing it their work immortalized them.

Now why should we not believe in our own possibilities? We have doubtless seen a great deal of ostentation and vulgarity built into more or less permanent form, and doubtless we are very far from having produced great works of architecture. Our distance from the great works of antiquity has always permitted here a freedom from authority in art, which, if it frequently leads us into license, presents to us at the same time our unique opportunity. In the best work, influenced as it is by the books and photographs which now familiarize us with all that the world has done before us, there is even now to be seen a reasonable restraint controlling this liberty. As our national wants are new, and inventions daily increase which revolutionize the art of construction, it seems to me that the problems will daily be solved in a better manner, and we may hope for a period of building that will emphasize our good rather than our bad points.

Why should we not, in looking at such examples as I have quoted, insist that there is far from being anything in the existing conditions of American life to hinder the progress of art? Evidences of the reverse exist on every side. While dilettanteism may discourage, for myself I have enthusiasm enough left to believe that the hope of the future in art, as in many other fields of human endeavor, lies, as the years go on, with our ambitious, prosperous and appreciative democracy.—Robert S. Peabody in Harper's.

**Classified by Shadows.**

Amphiscians are the people who inhabit the tropics, whose shadows, in one part of the year, are cast to the north and in the other to the south, according as the sun is north or south of their zenith.

The Antiscians are the inhabitants of the earth living on different sides of the equator, whose shadows at noon are cast in contrary directions. Those living north of the equator are antiscians to those living south of that line, and vice versa. The shadows on one side are cast toward the north and upon the other toward the north.

The Ascians are the persons who live in a land where, at a certain time of each year, they have no shadows at noon. All the inhabitants of the torrid zone are Ascians, they having a vertical sun twice a year.

The Periecians are the inhabitants of the opposite side of the globe in the same parallel of latitude.

The Pericians are the inhabitants of the polar circle, whose shadows during some portions of the summer must, in the course of the day, move entirely around and fall toward every point of the compass. The antipodes are those persons who live on the opposite sides of the globe, and whose feet are directly under the feet of those living on this side.—St. Louis Republic.

**To Remove Dandruff.**

An occasional shampoo with soap and water or borax and water or some simple mixture of that kind once in two or three weeks will often be found a necessity. A very good shampoo liquid for general use may be made as follows: Carbonate of ammonia, one drachm; carbonate of potassium, one drachm; water, four ounces; tincture of cantharides, one drachm; alcohol, four ounces; rum, one and one-half pints. Dissolve the carbonates in the water; shake well before using, moistening the scalp until a lather forms. Wash in cool water and rub dry.

For a permanent removal of dandruff it is better to take borax, half a teaspoonful; common sulphur, one heaping teaspoonful; pour over them one pint of boiling water. When cool pour into a bottle; agitate frequently for three or four days; then strain. Moisten the scalp with this thoroughly three or four times a week. It is one of the most reliable preparations known for permanently removing dandruff.—Good Housekeeping.

**Stoned a Bear to Death.**

J. Sweetland tells us a funny story of how five Siwashes got away with a bear at his camp just across the bay from here. Mr. Bruin intruded himself in among the pots and kettles, picking out a dainty meal. While so engaged he attracted the attention of a Siwash, who at once called his mates to his help. The ground is pretty rocky around the camp, and there are plenty of loose stones ready to hand. They at once fell on the bear, like the Jews of old did on Stephen, and stoned him. He would at first endeavor to follow his assailant, but, being surrounded, a stone in the rear would turn him.—Union City Tribune.

**In the Same Business.**

Inventor—I would like to interest you in a little invention by which sheep can be shorn by electricity.

Broker (turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations)—My dear sir, that's just what I am doing.—Texas Siftings.

**Overhead Storage Cars.**

The elevated railway at Sioux City, Ind., will be an interesting work both to city authorities and electrical engineers throughout the country. It will be an overhead storage car railway. The columns are eighteen feet apart and the roadbed will be twenty-two feet above the street. On the top of this will be laid the rails on which the electric storage cars are to be run.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**A Vernal Hint.**

Von Gushington Nevagoe (effusively)—How wonderful is nature! And how marvelous that every bush and shrub and tree should know that once more has come the time of leaves!

Miss Sara Sharpleigh (hiding a yawn)—And how strange that many men should possess less knowledge of that lovely season than the trees!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Lord William Cecil, the second son of Salisbury, is a parish clergyman, very popular among all classes. He is to be appointed honorary chaplain to the queen on the next vacancy, and will preach in the private chapel at Windsor when her majesty again takes up her residence there.

It is proposed to erect a memorial fountain at New Haven, Conn., on the site of the old state house, which was torn down a few months ago. About $5,000 is needed, and the plan is to raise it by subscription.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

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To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

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Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.

Suitable for all Ages.

Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

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SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One Dollar per year.

## 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. & Frt. No. 2, daily except Th's & Sundays. | Passenger & Freight No. 4, 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. |

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.

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.

FARE $1.00 ROUND TRIP,

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

GEO. WARFIELD, Pass'r.

## Tolchester Line.

DAILY.

BEGINNING JUNE 1.

Steamer Louise

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.

Freight received in Baltimore daily. For further particulars apply to