THE ANGEL OF SORROW.

A poet whose songs were as sweet as could be,
But were light as the foam of the restless sea,
Was stopped one day, on his joyous way,
By an angel, who said: "I would speak with thee.

"Every true poet should aim to bring
Peace to some heart by the songs he may sing;
But how can he know what will comfort woe
Until he has felt in his own heart its sting?

"Thy life has been free from sorrow or care;
Hast thou the courage to suffer, and share
The grief and pain of others, to gain
The power to cheer those who burdens bear?"

The poet made answer, "I have no fear
Of pain if it bring me the power to cheer;
Lay a cross upon me, and, though heavy it be,
Close will I hold it as a treasure dear."

The angel said gravely: "Thou hast chosen aright,
And a cross will be laid upon thee tonight;
There is one to thee dear, and her loss, I fear,
Will be hard to endure"—then vanished from sight.

This was long ago; the poet, grief worn,
Has through the slow years his cross bravely borne;
His songs are replete with sympathy sweet,
And are dear to the hearts that loved ones mourn.

He firmly trusts in a heavenly morrow,
His verses their charm from suffering borrow.
On her grand roll Fame has written his name—
It was whispered to her by the angel Sorrow.
—Charles W. Linnell in Good Housekeeping.

South American Love Making.

All the love making in South America must be carried on through a third person. If a youth desires to marry he does not speak of it to the girl whom he wishes for a wife, but to his own father. The latter, if he approves, goes to the father of the young lady and the two discuss the matter together. Each tells the other what he will do for the young folks, and between them a contract is drawn up respecting settlements and all such things.

The intending bridegroom is not permitted to see his fiancee for a moment before the wedding. As soon as that event has taken place there is a wedding breakfast, and usually without the formality of a preliminary tour, the couple settle down to living, either in an establishment of their own or more often in the house of the parents of the bride or the groom.

One drawback about marriage in South America is that in taking a girl to wife it is apt to be considered a matter of course that the young man marries her whole family also. He has no occasion for surprise or disgruntlement if, together with his bride, fifteen or twenty people come to share his household and domestic comforts, including all her available relatives and their servants.

These Latins are a very clannish race, and a father is apt to be willing to adopt a raft of sisters and cousins and aunts, not to mention a mother-in-law, rather than have his son or daughter leave the family roof. It is due to the strength of family attachment among them that hotels in South America are only for strangers from afar; the natives always find hospitable entertainment among the kindred.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Sensible View of the Seat Question.

The question of relinquishing seats to women in the public conveyances is, like the poor, always with us. Said a man recently discussing is: "There is just this point which I have come to realize; either I must make up my mind never to have a seat in a car, or I must decide never to give it up. I go and come to my place of business at the hours when almost everybody else does; the cars are invariably crowded and there are always women standing to whom it is possible to offer my place, if I get one. Such being the case, it is also possible for me to stand the year through. I cannot see that this sacrifice is demanded by the conditions.

"I am ready to give up my seat at any time to any person, woman or man, whose manner or appearance indicates less ability to stand than I possess, but I am not willing to resign it every time I find a woman standing. We are fellow travelers in a conveyance in which the supply of seats will never, until the millennium, equal the demand; today I am fortunate, tomorrow she will be, and I think most women prefer to accept this proportion of success rather than to have seats continually resigned to them. At least my womankind have so expressed themselves to me on the subject."—New York Times.

Uncle Si as a Commentator.

A dozen men who were in the habit of loafing away their Sundays outside of the old Penobscot meeting house, while their wives attended service, were gathered by an enthusiastic young pastor into a Sunday school. They were called the "horsehed class," and no members of the school were more regular in attendence, or original in response. One day the lesson was upon the death of Moses, and the teacher, having located "Nebo's lonely mountain" upon his map, asked the meaning of "Nebo"—no doubt having in mind the tutelar deity in honor of whom the Babylonish dignitaries bore such goodly names as Nebuchadnezzar, Nebuzaradan, etc.

"What do you say, Uncle Si?"

"Wa-al," answered the old man, solemnly, "I've heared that them Bible names all has meanin's, an I reckon it's so 'f a body only jest studies into 'em. Now this here, to me, is plainer 'n two times two. I calc'late Moses called it Nebo because the mountain was so marster steep it made his knees bow to get to the top of it. I've clum hills right down here in Maine, time 'n time ag'in, as you could call Nebo and not feel as if you's swearin, neither. Marster steep!"

Easy Enough.

Julian Mitchell, the stage manager, was rehearsing a company of variety people who had waxed ambitious and planned to go forth into the flowery fields of polite farce. Among them was a knockabout team, one of whom was cast to play a gilded youth who figures prominently in the piece. His ideas concerning the proper performance of the role were supremely weird, and one afternoon Julian overheard the following conversation between the portrayer of the modern swell and his partner:

"Say, Billy, I ain't got no use for these dood parts. I can't get no conception uv 'em."

"Come orf. Cuff shootin's dead easy."

"Ever try it?"

"Sutinly. Kelcey ain't in it with me when it comes to wearin dress props."

"Well, the game's a dead hard one for me."

"Nix. All ye got to do is to remember you're a gent what's wearin gent's clothes and lettergo!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Field for the Inventor.

In the realm of machinery and manufacture the inventor is yet but entering upon his infancy. Many millions of dollars have been reaped and are to be accumulated by the inventor in machinery who understands the complicated needs of humanity. The central idea in this work is to reduce labor, expense and time to the lowest point, and so to economize in the use of material that there will be no absolute waste. To enter upon this field of invention one cannot trust to accident and happy luck, but he must first thoroughly acquaint himself with the laws of dynamics and mechanics, so that he can appreciate an improvement when it is suggested to his mind.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

A Tree That Produces Milk.

A growing wonder is the cow tree of South America, which is credited with yielding a lacteal fluid which, in color, taste and nutritive property closely resembles the offerings of your milkman. It forms large forests in some districts of Venezuela and is much prized for its product.—Philadelphia Times.

How Snakes Climb.

How do snakes climb? is a question which has been frequently asked. Many have thought that they accomplish the feat by wrapping themselves about the tree and following a spiral course upward. Several years ago a story went the rounds of the papers to the effect that two woodchoppers, having felled a large oak tree several feet in diameter and very tall, found in its top two common blacksnakes.

After pondering for some time the men arrived at the conclusion that one snake had taken hold of the other's tail, and thus by co-operation they had been enabled to clasp the trunk, and by circling about it had ascended to the top.

Whatever probability may have attached to this conclusion has been dispelled by the observation of two young naturalists while hauling firewood from the forest.

A black snake, measuring perhaps a trifle over six feet, was found clinging to the side of a small tree, around which it could have wrapped itself nearly twice had it wished to do so. Instead of this the snake passed right and left at short distances, catching the folds along its under parts over and behind the slightly projecting roughnesses of bark.

As the snake rested only five or six feet off the ground one of the young men grasped its tail to test its climbing qualities, but so great was the force with which it pulled upward that it proved a difficult task to hold it. Finally, becoming annoyed at this ill treatment, the snake reached down threateningly at the offending hands, and losing its hold fell to the ground. It was borne home in triumph but was afterward returned uninjured to the forest.—Youth's Companion.

The Lady Factotum.

The "lady factotum" is what our English neighbors call those engaged in the vocation of "visiting housekeeper." This is an employment which has been highly recommended, and which a number of ladies in this country as well as in England have adopted. Such a person visits ladies who from ill health or some other reason are unable to perform their domestic duties. She oversees the servants, inspects the stores and possibly undertakes shopping, marketing and the writing of notes, and she performs other offices which are of too confidential and responsible a nature for the ordinary servant to undertake.

If she is a woman of energy, tact and health she can accomplish a great deal by visiting a number of families for about an hour a day. She may go so far as to employ assistants in marketing and shopping, whose work she is able to oversee with intelligence. She is paid for this work on even a better scale than a visiting governess, and if she is an able, efficient woman in the items of inspecting stores and furnishing food at down town prices, she can easily save a family half her liberal remuneration.

The institution of such a vocation is a great relief to many overburdened or ill or incapable housewives, and presents an excellent and lucrative field to women of efficiency and refinement. It is a place such as an elder sister might take, and such indeed as many elder and unmarried sisters do take for no remuneration beyond "love and affection."—New York Tribune.

"Tower of the Tongues."

Our story of the Tower of Babel is known in Chaldean and Armenian tradition as "The Story of the Tower of Tongues." It is one of the earliest recollections of the Tigro-Euphrates basin, and is related by Berosus in the following manner:

"The first inhabitants of the earth, glorying in their own strength and size, and despising the gods, undertook to raise a tower whose top should reach the skies. This tower they erected in the place where Babylon's ruins now lay thickly strewn over the ground. In erecting this monster roadway to heaven they toiled incessantly. But when it had approached near unto heaven the wind assisted the gods and overthrew the work upon its contrivers; and its ruins are said to be still at Babylon. And at about the same time the gods introduced a diversity of tongues among men, who till that time had all spoken the one language. The place in which they attempted to build the tower is now called Babylon, on account of the confusion of tongues, for confusion is by the Hebrews called balle."—St. Louis Republic.

The Warrant Was Not Served.

"The worst scare I ever had," remarked Superintendent of Police Colbert, "was one night when Quigley, John Lowe and myself sneaked into a boarding house without the inmates knowing of our presence. We went up stairs into the room of a boarder for whom we had a warrant to wait for his coming. He was likely to be in some time between 12 and 3, and was said to be a very slippery citizen. We kept very quiet, as we didn't want any one to know we were there. A large coal oil lamp was burning in the room, and instead of putting it out, John Lowe, who had a skin coat, undertook to shut off the light by holding the coat around it. Pretty soon Lowe fell asleep. We woke him up and he promised not to do so any more. But the promise was hardly cold when we heard him snoring.

"This was worse than ever and enough to wake up every one in the house. We punched him, and as he awoke, with a start, he pitched over and the lamp came to the floor with a crash that, in the dead silence of the night, could have been heard half a mile away. There was nothing for it but to rush out of the room and down stairs into the street. As I went down stairs I felt awfully queer. My hair was standing straight up, and I was expecting at every step that some one would take a crack at us, thinking we were burglars.

"The next day the papers all had a sensational account of an attempted burglary, and one or two of them spoke of the inefficiency of the police. As for us we said nothing."—Indianapolis Journal.

London Life in Elizabeth's Time.

In Elizabeth's time the ordering of the household was strict. Servants and 'prentices were up at 6 in the summer and at 7 in the winter. No one one on any pretence, except that of illness, was to absent himself from morning and evening prayers; there was to be no striking, no profane language. Sunday was clean shirt day. Dinner was at 11, supper at 6. There was no public or private office which was not provided with a Bible. In the better classes there was a general enthusiasm for learning of all kinds. The ladies, imitating the example of the queen, practiced embroidery, wrote beautifully, played curious instruments, knew how to sing in parts, dressed with as much magnificence as they could afford, danced the coranto and the lavolta as well as the simple hey, and studied languages—Latin, Greek and Italian.

The last was the favorite language. Many collected books. Dr. John Dee had as many as 4,000, of which 1,000 were manuscripts. They were arranged on the shelves with the leaves turned outward, not the backs. This was to show the gilding, the gold clasps and the silken strings. The books were bound with great care and cost; everybody knows the beauty of the type used in the printing.—Walter Besant in Harper's.

The largest animal known is the rorqual, which is 100 feet in length; the smallest is the twilight monad, which is only the twelve-thousandth of an inch.

Pepper was known to the ancients. In the Middle Ages it was one of the most costly of spices, a pound of it being a royal present.

NOT THE RIGHT WOMAN.

PATHETIC RESULT OF A WRITER'S BIT OF DETECTIVE WORK.

She Had Heard That All Beggars Were Wealthy and She Followed a Woman Who Played an Accordion, Expecting to Find a Princely Home—What She Saw.

She sat all day in the dust and the wind on the street corner grinding dreary tunes out of a dilapidated old accordion that shrieked and groaned and wheezed but was never in the least musical.

"She owns a block of houses," I said to myself, "and has money in the bank. I shall not drop a penny in that old tin cup. It is wrong to encourage mendicacy."

I was only repeating what had been said to me about street impostors. Now that I had a good chance to study one of these characters from the window of a hotel, I became interested. Yes. Without doubt this woman was an impostor. Her rags of raiment were eloquent with that personal poverty which appeals so strongly to the sympathetic. Her head drooped over her recumbent figure. She sat on the curbstone and mechanically ground out her doleful music.

She was there at nightfall when I stepped out of the hotel, but she was preparing to leave.

"Aha, my lady," I said to myself, "here is a chance to follow you and see how much of your doleful plea is true. If you are an impostor I shall soon know it," and I skipped along in the shadow until I had traversed a long distance from my hotel, treading all the alleys and back streets in the city, it seemed to me.

NO DECEPTION ABOUT THIS.

Then she climbed a pair of rickety stairs on the outside of a tumble down house. I still followed her and groped my way in the dark to a miserable room in the rear, where a chorus of little voices saluted her.

"Mamma, oh, mamma, wese been good—wese been jes as good as wese could. Hasn't wese, Johnny?" cried a wan faced little girl lying on the poor bed in the corner.

The door was left open and I slipped out of sight behind it, but I could both see and hear, and if I was discovered, why, I was looking for a mythical washlady who once lived in those rooms. That was all.

"Dot some pread an putter, mamma?" continued the child's voice, while a feeble wail from the bed added its note of supplication.

The woman had dropped her musical burden on the table and now she emptied her pocket.

"Dere's feeteen cents, 'n'all in pennies, Johnnie, run and get some hot sausage an a loaf of bread. An I'll boil some hot coffee against ye'r back."

Johnny could not run. He was a frightful little cripple, but he limped away with the pennies.

Then I came forward and made my bogus errand known, and asked to see the sick child in the bed.

The woman looked at me suspiciously.

"'Taint dip'thery," she said, "it's consoompshun, an ye cannot take her to any hospital while I have breath in my body."

"Do you go out with that thing every day and leave these children here alone?" I asked.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

"I ain't a regilar," she whined, "the woman—she were a Bohemian—died and left me that for takin' care of her. I cud play it that well you couldn't tell betwixt and between us, and I give up washin, for this is easier and more leddy-like. I was allus that fond of music."

"So am I, and if you don't mind I will come here sometimes and hear you play, instead of stopping on the street—no, no," as she seized up the instrument, "not tonight," and I slipped out, leaving my humble contribution on the table.

I heard the woman singing to her sick child before I had reached the foot of the stairs. At the corner I met crippled Johnny. He had a brown paper package of food.

"Sasserges 'n bread," he said, smacking his lips.

"But what is there for the sick baby?" I asked.

"Golly, yer ought to see her eat sassage? She jist snatches 'em."

"Johnny," I asked seriously, "has your mother a block of houses and a lot of money in the bank?"

"What yer givin us?" asked the boy, staring at me.

"I mean is—is—your mother poor?"

"Ain't she, tho', jist orful somptimes," and he limped away with the food, regarding me with wonder as he walked backward.

I have concluded that there must be some mistake about the princely wealth of this impoverished family, and that it must be the woman with the organette and not the woman with the accordion who own houses and lands, and I shall make a sneak some day and follow her. Then if she is the nabob in disguise I will let you know.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

Cigars and Music Combined.

While I stood at the showcase in a cigar store the other day a music box began playing. I looked all about the store to see where the melody came from, but the instrument was nowhere visible.

Finally the storekeeper, with a broad smile on his face, took a cigar box down from the row on a shelf and set it before me. As he opened the lid the playing ceased. I looked into the box and saw that the lower half of it was devoted to the music box.

"This is the novel way," said the dealer, "that a firm has chosen to introduce a new brand of cigars."—New York Herald.

One Occupation Still Left.

Fair Visitor—I am collecting subscriptions for a poor boy who cannot work. He has both limbs paralyzed.

Mr. Grough—Why doesn't he become a district telegraph messenger?—Life.

Why a Mosquito Bite Hurts.

Humboldt, who was a firm believer in the poisonous nature of the mosquito bite, considered the sucking out of the poison to be the explanation of the painlessness of some wounds. He affirmed that if the insect were allowed to suck to satiety no swelling took place, and no pain was left behind, and considered that when pain was produced it resulted from the hasty interruption of the process of sucking, since then the last infused poison would not be able to be withdrawn. He experimented with one of the most virulent species, allowing it gently to settle on the back of his hand, and reports of it:

"I observed that the pain, though violent in the beginning, diminishes in proportion as the insect continues to suck, and ceases altogether when it voluntarily flies away."—Knowledge.

Price of Hairpins.

Hairpins vary in price from a few pennies a gross to $500 apiece. Perhaps the hairpin is the most useful all-around article of feminine wear. It serves not only the purpose for which it was designed, but also as glove buttoner, shoe buttoner, cuff fastener and even breastpin.—New York Recorder.

Baron Hirsch's Wealth.

One of the best of authorities on wealth looks upon Baron Hirsch as in the first rank of the world's millionaires, in fact not far from the very top. He is convinced that Baron Hirsch is the owner of at least $75,000,000.—Blakely Hall in New York Truth.

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HOW AN AUNT WAS FOUND.

A Lost Child Whose Knowledge of Botany Came Into Good Play.

Colonel W. D. Moore tells a story which would, could it be given in print as Mr. Moore tells it, produce a great effect. Ex-Sheriff Cluley was accosted a day or two since at the corner of Sixth street and Liberty avenue by a little tot, a girl, too young to talk plainly, who pulled at his coat and asked "Do 'oo know Aunt Tatie?"

Somewhat surprised, Mr. Cluley replied that he could not say unless he knew "Aunt Tatie's" last name. The child opined that the wanted party didn't have any last name; she was "dist Aunt Tatie." The little one then explained that she was lost, and she was in great distress, her lips quivering so that at times she could scarcely speak.

Mr. Cluley thought with all his might for a few moments, when an idea struck him and he asked the child for a description of his aunt. The little maiden replied that "Aunt Tatie" was rather tall and wore nasturtium flowers in her bonnet.

Now, Mr. Cluley would hardly stand a creditable examination in botany. He knows cabbages from potato vines, and knows the nasturtium when he sees it on the table in the shape of a pickle, but to save his soul he could not tell what its flower was like. Again he rubbed his dome of thought until he rubbed into it a fresh suggestion and acted upon it at once. Accosting a lady who was passing, he asked her if she knew a nasturtium flower when she saw it. She was at first disposed to resent the question as an impertinence, when Mr. Cluley hastened to explain, and begged her to take an observation and ascertain whether there were any ladies in the neighborhood with that familiar flower in their bonnets.

The lady glanced into several millinery and dry goods stores, and finally called out that she had discovered a lady with a bonnet bearing the flower wanted. She pointed her out, and immediately the little one cried out joyfully, "That's Aunt Tatie."

"Aunt Tatie" was disposed to be cross with her charge for wandering away from the spot she had designated to wait until her aunt did some shopping, but Mr. Cluley's feelings were aroused, and he wouldn't hear the little one scolded. Instead he proceeded to reprimand the woman for her thoughtlessness in leaving her charge exposed to the danger of being kidnaped.

"Aunt Tatie" had become so interested in her shopping that she had forgotten to note the flight of time. Had the little one not been bright enough to recollect the name of the flower in the bonnet she would probably have been crying her eyes out, a guest at the central station, and her aunt would have been frantic.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Childish Faith.

An example of childish faith, of a kind a dull age wears away, was seen the other day. A little boy was sitting in the yard of an old country homestead: on either side of him sat a huge dog, patient and loving. The sun shone down scorchingly on the trio, and its rays were uncomfortable. Shading his eyes with his curved hand the child looked skyward and said, "Put in that sun, please." The sun shone brightly, and the little fellow repeated softly, "Please put in that sun, man up in the sky; it hurts my head."

Just then over the face of the blazing orb there sailed a white summer cloud, then another, and the yellow blaze turned suddenly to a hazy, restful gray. Turning to the dogs, the little boy, putting an arm around the neck of each, said: "Did you see the sun pulled in, Romeo and Chieftain? When you wants anything, if you is good, and you asks God for it, he gives it to you. The sun hurt my head, and I asked him to put it in, and don't you see how he did reach out and put it in for me?" The dogs looked wise, leaned their heads lovingly toward the diminutive little theologian, and whatever might have been their belief, kept an inscrutable silence.—Providence Journal

No Place for Him.

Until ten years or more ago the Texas Pan Handle, through several months of each year, afforded pasturage for vast herds of bison, commonly known as the buffalo, an animal which, in its wild state, at least, has almost entirely vanished. On a certain occasion two gentlemen, prominent in Texas politics, were hunting in the buffalo region, and one of them, getting within range of a herd of the ruminants, brought down a large bull.

Knife in hand, the hunter was approaching his quarry, when all at once it rose, bellowing and ready for business. Since the gun was empty, flight was the sportsman's only recourse, and an instant later a wild eyed man was seen tearing away, with a furious brute closely following.

Hunter number two, meanwhile, was watching the scene from a hilltop, too far off to be of the slightest assistance to his companion.

A tragic termination of the chase seemed inevitable, for the fleeing gentleman was a heavyweight, and already the space between pursuer and pursued began to diminish. Suddenly the fugitive was seen to strike off at an angle, and the breathless watcher heaved a sigh of relief when his friend's objective point was found to be a cave but a few rods away.

At the very entrance to this seeming place of safety, however, the fleeing man turned aside and dashed with such frantic speed across the plain that a marked gain was made upon his pursuer.

But this could not last long, and finally, the fugitive's strength utterly failing him, he fell completely exhausted, while the buffalo, faint from loss of blood, dropped at almost the same instant and within less than a rod of the prostrate man.

Hunter number two now came up, and his first question was:

"Why didn't you run into the cave, colonel? That would have shielded you from the buffalo."

"Buffalo!" came the panting but contemptuous response; "why, general, there's a bear in that cave as big as two buffalo!"—Youth's Companion.

Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily at the rate of about twelve inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three one-hundredths of an inch per second.

Reports from the Bahamas state that the cultivation of sisal hemp is proving to be a great success, and the product will soon amount to 60,000 tons annually. The quality is said to be very fine.

The Japanese lie upon matting with a stiff uncomfortable wooden neckrest. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved, and supporting only mats or coverlets.

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The year 1891, has been marked by a greater advance than any similar period since the Magazine was established. Not only has the literary and artistic excellence been maintained and increased, but a corresponding gain has been made in the sale and influence of the Magazine. At the end of 1891 the circulation has risen to more than 140,000. It may justly be promised that the further improvements for the coming year will be proportionate to these largely increased opportunities.
For Next Year.
It is not possible to give, in a brief space, an account of all the features in preparation, but the material is deficient in neither importance nor range of subject. Among the subjects treated:
The Poor in the World's Great Cities.
It is proposed to publish a series of articles, upon a scale not before attempted, giving the results of special study and work among the poor of the great cities. The plan will include an account of the conditions of life in those cities (in many lands) where the results of research will be helpful for purposes of comparision as well as for their own intrinsic interest. While, from a scientific point of view, the articles will be a contribution of great importance, the treatment will be thoroughly popular, and the elaborate illustrations will serve to make the presentation of the subject vivid as well as picturesque.
Washington Allston.
Unpublished Reminiscences and Letters of this foremost among early American painters. A number of illustrations will lend additional interest to the articles.
Important Moments.
The aim of this series of very short articles is to describe the signal occasions when some decisive event took place, or when some great experiment was first shown to be successful—such moments as that of the first use of the Atlantic cable, the first use of the telegraph and Telephone, the first successful experiment of ether, the night of the Chicago fire, the scene at the moment of the vote on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, etc., etc.
Out of Door Papers.
In the early spring will be begun a number of seasonable articles, among them being: Small Country Places, how to lay out and beautify them, by Samuel Parsons, Jr. Fishing Lore from an Angler's Note-Book, by Dr. Leroy M. Yale. Mountain Station Life in New Zealand, by Sidney Dickinson. Racing in Australia, by Sidney Dickinson, with illustrations by Bridge Harrison. The illustrations are made from original material.
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A GREAT MAGAZINE.
The Century's Programme in 1892—A New "Life of Columbus"—Articles for Farmers, etc.
That great American periodical, The Century, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its programme for 1892, and as many of its new features began with the November number, new readers should have commenced with that issue.
In that number were the opening chapters of
"THE NAULAHKA,"
a novel by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. It is the story of a young man and a young woman from a "booming" Colorado town, who go to India, he in search of a wonderful jeweled necklace, called "the Naulahka" (from which the story takes its name), and she as a physician to women. The novel describes their remarkable adventures at the court of an Indian maharajah. Besides this, The Century will print three other novels during the year, and a great number of short stories by the best American story-writers.
The well-known humorist Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye") is to write a series of amusing sketches which he calls his "autobiographies," the first one of which, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," is in November. This number also contains a valuable and suggestive article on "the Food-Supply of the Future," which every farmer should read, to be followed by a number of others
Of Great Practical Value to Farmers,
treating especially of the relations of the Government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the Department of Agriculture, and other well-known men will discuss "The Farmer's Discontent," "Co-operation," etc., etc.
A celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of The Century have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc.
One of the articles to appear in 1892 is
A Story of New York Life
by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and the magazine will contain a great deal about the metropolis during the year—among other things a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews of New York." In November is an illustrated description of "The Players' Club," founded by Edwin Booth, and one of the features of the splendidly illustrated Christmas (December) number is an article on "The Bowery."
To get The Century send the yearly subscription price ($4.00) to The Century Co. Union Square, New York, N. Y.
SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One dollar.

Chester River Steamboat Company

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

On and after Monday, October 12, 1891, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at eight o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf at 11 A. M. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for above landings.

STEAMER GRATITUDE.

The daily round trips of the Gratitude will be discontinued after Oct. 31, and beginning Monday, Nov. 2, will leave Baltimore at 11 o'clock A. M. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for all points on Corsica river, touching at Jackson Creek, Rock Hall for Centreville. Returning, will leave Centreville at 8 A. M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Will leave Rock Hall at 10 o'clock A. M.

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