THE SWOOP OF A HAWK.

EXPERIENCE OF A SUMMER VISITOR IN A NEW YORK SUBURB.

He Had Heard About a Hawk Chasing a Man, but Didn't Believe It Until He Encountered One of the Animals in a Lonely Evening Walk—How He Tells of It.

Mr. Rogers was late for tea. The red twilight of August had faded, and a sea breeze was rattling at the shutters before he came in, looking warm and agitated. Seeing him roused out of his usual calm excited our curiosity, but we asked no questions till he had eaten and refreshed himself. Then we gathered around him.

"I have had a most unpleasant adventure," he said in his solemn way. "I have been chased by a hawk." Now, if a child of six had made that remark it would have been touching, but for a broad shouldered person of any number of feet to announce that he was afraid of hawks was too much for our sense of humor—we laughed. "What did you do?" asked the inquisitive member of our house party. "I clapped my hands and shouted," said Mr. Rogers, "but the hawk didn't mind at all; it kept circling round my head and swooping down"——

We reasoned with him. We said it was physically impossible for a hawk to fly away with him. We told him the next time a hawk chased him to fall flat upon his face and call for help. We suggested that a plump mosquito had caused his alarm. All in vain. He listened without emotion, and fixing his eye on me as the most obtrusively merry person present, said, "Wait till a hawk is after you; you won't like it."

AN EVENING WALK.

The meaning in his words came to me a few days later. We had been bathing in Peconic bay. We staid there, splashing and swimming, till the blue water turned gray and the sun went down in a red smudge. Then suddenly we all felt an overpowering desire to get out of our clammy bathing suits and home to tea as fast as possible. I decided to walk. I was cold; besides I rather wanted to get away from the noisy crowd.

So the house party packed itself into the wagonette and quickly disappeared down the winding road, leaving me to cut across the hills alone. (Funny with what alacrity people who are really fond of you leave you behind.) I felt very much alone somehow, and I almost wished I had gone with them. Our house is only a mile from the Peconic beach on a level line, but as the Shinnecock hills are like so many green dumplings one's progress is very up and downy, and a mile may be twisted into astonishing lengths.

I struck across the fern scented hills at a rapid pace, one moment on top of a mountain range, with a view of the two bays, the next down in a hollow with only bay bushes for a horizon. Istopped in a sort of cup to watch the coming night. The earth sent up a warm, sweet smell; little stars began to twinkle as though pricked into the sky. Something dark started up under my feet—my shadow, for the moon had risen. "It is nice to be alone sometimes," I thought. "One can't be intimate with nature when crowds of people are about. I feel now that I am lying on her bosom"——Whirr-r! from the sky. Then two short sounds like the flapping of a wet towel.

DISCRETION AND VALOR.

I looked up. Right over my head, poised as neatly as the sword of Damocles, was a hawk. It looked quite stationary, but I remembered Mr. Rogers' words, and I felt bold. "The thing doesn't seem inclined to swoop," I thought. Then I started up a hill, with my nose pointed at the hawk. Just as I reached the top it gave two flaps and swooped. I clapped my hands. Whereupon the bird circled and dropped a few feet.

"I won't encourage it by looking at it," and I walked into the next hollow in a dignified manner. Then I looked. That brute of a bird was hovering in an expectant attitude. As it caught my glance it began to circle; it circled till I grew dizzy; then it gave a cry of triumph and swooped. That action demoralized me; it turned the hawk into a roc and me into a pygmy.

With one "Shoo!" of despair, I threw manhood and self respect to the winds, I ran. I ran as hard as I could, up hill and down. Brambles caught at me; blackberry vines clasped my ankles; but once mounted on terror nothing could stop me. My white flanneled figure shone out in the moonlight, adding zest to the hawk's attacks. On we raced, swooping, running, dodging, but never stopping till the friendly lights from the house streamed out to meet us. Then the hawk, with a long cry of scorn, sailed away to the pine woods in the west.

The house party was on the piazza as I came up. "Glorious walk," I cried. "Ran half the way. Finest sport in the world after bathing!" Mr. Rogers followed me into the house. "It's awful when it swoops, isn't it?" he said, with a cruel look in his brown eyes.—New York Post.

A Mischievous Schoolgirl.

Commodore P. Vedder, while a young man, teaching school, had occasion to punish a mischievous girl, and, as was usual in that day and locality, was about to resort to the ferule. To the offending maid he said, "Miss ——, give me your hand." She dropped her head and blushed. Again he said, sternly, "Miss ——, I say, give me your hand." Slowly lifting her eyes, she remarked: "Mr. Vedder, this is embarrassing for me. You should not make such proposals in public. However, you must ask my papa first.—Buffalo Express.

A Choragus.

A choragus was the superintendent of the equipment and instruction of a chorus. The Athenians made him a state officer, and the position became one of importance and dignity. The term choragus was in the course of time used to signify a person who supplied the costs for any purpose.—New York Weekly.

A Conventional Custom.

One of the simplest instincts of good manners would seem to be that a man should uncover his head while eating his dinner with his family; yet it is pretty certain that the first gentlemen of England two centuries ago habitually wore their hats during that ceremony, nor is it known just when or why the practice was changed. In Pepys' famous Diary, which is the best manual of manners for its period, we read, under date of Sept. 22, 1664, "Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner and sitting with the wind in my neck."

In Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself except at dinner. Lord Clarendon died in 1674. That the English members of parliament sit with their hats on during the sessions is well known, and the same practice prevailed at the early town meetings in New England. The presence or absence of the hat is therefore simply a conventionality, and so it is with a thousand practices which are held, so long as they exist, to be the most unchangeable and matter of course affairs.—Harper's Bazar.

Reticence Regarding That Hat.

Says a society paper: "Let a gentleman making a call take care of his hat without your assistance. He can either leave it in the hall or carry it into the parlor."

The writer has omitted one thing here. Besides being allowed to take care of his hat the gentleman should not be asked where he got it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE ART IN ACTING.

The Essential Point in Which the Actor Differs from the Dramatist.

A great French critic said once, in concluding an essay, that acting was the lowest of the arts. He admitted that it was an art, but only by courtesy. I agree with him, and I do not think it requires much reasoning to arrive at that conclusion. The mimetic art means simply the interpretation of the creative art. Do you catch the idea? A pupil in the beaux arts may sketch the Venus de Milo on paper with such vigor that his fellows are wonderstruck. But the virile reproduction on paper of the statue does not place the artist next the statue's maker, nor does the representation of Phedre put the actor on the pedestal of Racine.

The sculptor, the painter, the dramatist, the musician—they create. A thousand different persons, a thousand different things rush to be assimilated by their genius. The effect is an aggregate of beings taken from the whole of a nature. The individuality of the creative genius is deepened, but is not annihilated. His art is of the highest, because he is the embodiment, the representative of nature. Balzac said that to describe a landscape he turned himself for the moment into trees and grass, and fountains and stars, and sunlight, and thus reached the heart of that which he would reproduce. In other words, he created the landscape just as Rousseau would create the same landscape upon six inches of canvas.

But for the actor—let him storm Parnassus as he will; there are few leaves in the laurel crown. It is his function to represent the creations of genius—to interpret them to the public. He has not the thousand inspirations of the author; he has only the suggestions of the glowing words. The actor is subservient to the author, notwithstanding he may forget his bondage for a brief five minutes and breathe the free air of genius.

There was an age in France, they say, when actors were provided simply with the framework of the drama and left to improvise the rest. In fact, Goldoni, the Italian dramatist, speaks of supplying plots to the French king's players from which they improvise the speeches. But we have no evidence that the actors rose above the level of the Chinese stage of today, where a similar practice prevails.

Mind you, this opinion is not acceptable to the public. I know it must be unpopular of necessity. The public looks upon Siddons, Mars or Rachel interpreting the grand creations of genius and regards the actor as the embodiment of Shakespeare or Racine or Corneille. The public shouts with applause when the actor trembles with feigned passion, but this same public forgets that the words, the action, the expression are all simply echoes of another genius. In the clamor of approval the creative art is forgotten, although that is the base of the entire structure. No actor brings this genius nearer to the heart of the public, to be sure, but at the same time let him remember that he is only the interpreter, after all, and the shouts are really for Shakespeare and Racine.

And, to end with a suggestion, is not the actor's art akin to the journalist's—that is, in the relation of the latter to literature? It seems to me that the playhouse and the newspaper go hand in hand. They are popular vehicles of thought, and are within the scope of the people. Perhaps this is not flattering and perhaps it is unjust—but then, it is only a suggestion.—Sarah Bernhardt in San Francisco Examiner.

How the Starfish Eats the Oyster.

The starfish is a curious animal. Its mouth is directly in the center, and almost immediately under it is the stomach, while the digestive organs are in its arms. Starfish eat oysters, but naturalists differ as to the precise way in which they devour them. Ancient naturalists believed that the starfish waited for a moment when the oyster opened its valves to introduce one of its rays into the opening, and having put one foot into the domicile it soon put the other four in and finished up by devouring the native. Modern observations have proved that this is not quite correct.

Some naturalists assert that, on obtaining possession of the oyster, the starfish brings his mouth to the edge of the shell and then with the assistance of a fluid which its mouth secretes it forces open the valves and the entrance is obtained. Another naturalist gives a different explanation of the transaction, namely, that the oyster is seized by the starfish and held tight by its mouth; the starfish then everts its stomach and envelops the oyster, which forces it to open its shell. However this may be, it is clear that the starfish swallows oysters in the same manner as human beings.—London Tit-Bits.

The Inventor's Dream of Fame.

Every inventor has some idea of discovering a great useful article, which will benefit the whole human race and carry his own name down to posterity as a great man of genius. Often these ambitious schemes are never realized, but the best part of the inventor's life is spent in vain efforts to accomplish this great result. Such high aims ennoble and dignify his work, and, though they may never be realized, he has the satisfaction of knowing that others will come after him to take up the work which he has left unfinished.

Many of the great inventions of today have not been the product of one man's genius, although he may enjoy all of the credit, but the result of generations of thought, experiment and suggestion of dozens of scientists and inventors.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

A Military Novelty.

A vegetable cartridge shell, which is entirely consumed in firing, is now coming into general use in the French army. The cartridge has scarcely half the weight of one with a metal shell; the cost is considerable less, besides the inconvenience of removing the shell after each shot is avoided. At present the composition of this military novelty is kept a secret.—New York Telegram.

How a Bishop Was Put to Death.

Traces of this primitive superstition, bewitching by images, are found among civilized people, for Grimn reports that in the eleventh century Jews were accused in Europe of having killed Bishop Ebergard by a sorcery of the kind. They were said to have made a figure of wax representing the bishop, hired a priest to baptize it, and put it into the fire. As seen as the wax was melted, the bishop was attacked by a mortal disease.—L. Popoff in Popular Science Monthly

He Had to Keep Him Going.

Stranger (to car driver, conductor, etc.)—Why don't you stop? I want to get off!

Car Driver, Conductor, etc.—I'll have t' ask ye t' jump off. This mule's balky, an if he stops onct thar won't be any startin 'im inside uv a hour.—Harper's Bazar.

Colonel Theodore A. Dodge makes the startling statement that "every shot from a big gun consumes $1,000." At this rate war has become a very expensive luxury.

The father of a fretful baby consoled himself with thinking that after all he shouldn't know how to get along without it—in fact, that it was "a crying necessity."

The marble capitol building at Hartford is 300 feet long, and the engineers declare that it is three inches longer in summer than in winter.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

THERE ARE.

Beautiful words never spoken,
Whispers of cheer that might save
Hearts drifting, weary and broken,
Down to the night of the grave.
Silence more deadly than passion,
Glances that slander can send,
Fram'd in the world's devilish fashion
To murder the heart of a friend.

Looks, spotless virtue impeaching,
Souls lying crush'd on the plain,
With tear frozen eyelids beseeching
The touch of love's sunlight again.
Burdens to bear for the weaker,
Jewels to dig from God's mine;
And gems, fairer still, to the seeker
In the angels' tiara that shine.

Within us the soul's silent treasure
Waiting the kiss of the light;
Sweet scented blossoms of pleasure
Our fingers may cull from the night.
Fruit shining ripe on toil's mountains,
Pearls that sleep under life's sea;
Music in God's laughing fountains
Undream'd of by you or by me.

Larks singing down in love's meadow,
Throstles that pipe by the hill;
Out of time's darkness and shadow,
Whispers that comfort and thrill.
Voices within ever singing,
Melody soften'd by tears,
The phœnix of hope at last springing
Serene from the ashes of years.
—J. R. Parke in Detroit Free Press.

Greeley Before the Camera.

Horace Greeley dreaded the camera more than any man I ever saw. He was brought to my studio by Whitelaw Reid and Sam Sinclair, famous in his day as one of the great workers on The Tribune. The great editor had just been nominated for the presidency of the United States. He came into my studio with an armful of papers, threw himself carelessly in the chair, adjusted his glasses, turned to the editorial page of The Tribune, began reading one of his own articles, and, without raising his eyes to me, said, "Fire away!" He had a great armful of papers, which he threw on the floor at his feet. When I was ready to take the picture I posed him properly and made a very good impression. I took him in several positions, and I noticed that every time there was a moment's delay with the camera he picked up his papers and began reading with avidity.

At the same time I took a group portrait of Greeley, with Whitelaw Reid on one side and Sinclair on the other. I doubt if any of those pictures are in existence. But the photograph then made at the first sitting of Greeley alone is the one generally accepted as the best likeness. I have in my possession a letter from him acknowledging the receipt of the pictures—at least I suppose that is what it does, for it has taxed the ability of experts in chirography to decipher it. I regard it, however, as a pleasant memento of the great journalist and statesman.—A. Bogardus in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Prince of Wales' Debts.

The exact financial position of the Prince of Wales is not known. There have been rumors that he is greatly in debt, but I question their correctness. When the prince came of age he became possessed of the accumulations realized during his minority from the Duchy of Cornwall. A portion of them was expended in the purchase of the Sandringham estate, and the remainder became his. With this nest egg, with an income of £110,000 pounds per annum, one of £10,000 for his wife, a separate provision for his children, and with Marlborough House kept up for him at the public cost there seems no reason why his expenditure should outrun his means. His hospitalities are not greater than those of the French president, who, with less than half his income, does not get into debt.—Henry Labouchere in Forum.

An Approach to Aerial Navigation.

Of course I hope to succeed, and from the data obtained from experiments, and from the information I have obtained from other sources, it seems almost certain that I shall do so. Still I may not. It may, however, be remarked that for many years engineers and scientists have admitted that the navigation of the air is certain to come so soon as a motor could be discovered which had sufficient energy in proportion to its weight.

This motor has been found, its power has been tested and its weight is known. It would therefore appear that we are within measurable distance of a successful machine for navigating the air, and I believe it is certain to come within the next ten years, whether I succeed or not.—Hiram S. Maxim in Century.

A Queer Sect.

M. Souckeliff is the leader of a sect in Russia which preaches suicide as an absolute necessity for salvation. At one of his great "revivals" in Kief he preached so hard in favor of murder and suicide that several of his followers cut one another's throats. There are dozens of other fanatical religious bodies in the empire of the czar, many of whom practice blood curdling sacrificial ceremonies.—St. Louis Republic.

His Protest was Effective.

A citizen of Paris, Ky., who was fined seven dollars for allowing his own cat on his own premises to kill his own chickens, protested so vehemently against this interference with a man's enjoyment of an inalienable right that the judge, per force, remitted the penalty.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Water, it should be known, can easily be kept cool without ice by infolding the earthen pitcher or jar which receives it in three folds of cotton or linen cloth kept constantly wet.

To Tell Pure Silk.

If you wish to purchase by sample and to test the quality of silk take ten fibers of the filling of any silk, and if on breaking they show a feathery dry and lackluster condition, and discolor the fingers in handling, you may at once be sure of the presence of dye and of artificial weighting.

Or take a small portion of the fibers between the thumb and forefinger and gently roll them over and over, and you will soon detect the gum, mineral, soap, etc., should their be any, or their absence.

Another simple but effective way to test the purity of silk is to burn a small quantity of the fibers. Pure silk will instantly crisp, leaving only a pure charcoal. Heavily dyed silk will smoulder, leaving a greasy yellow ash.

If you cannot break the ten strands, and if they do not discolor the fingers at the point of contract, you may be well assured that you have pure silk, that is honest in its make and durable in the wear.—Detroit Free Press.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsburg, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—St. Louis Republic.

You've No Idea.

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes a positive delight. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

SLICK PATENT FAKIRS.

THE HARM THEY DO AND THE DECEIT THEY USE.

Ambitious, Hardworking Inventors Are Their Victims—They Generally Operate by Publishing a Paper—What They Promise and How They Avoid the Law.

Of the making of patents there is no end, like the making of books. The bookmaker and the patentee are half brothers, the one making machines for the convenience of the mind, and the other making things for the convenience of hand. Both see through the same glass, and both see the illusive vision of wealth and fame. The distinction is that bookmaking and patentmaking, which are failures, produce an army of desperate cranks, whose persistence of purpose is equaled only by the uselessness or impracticability of the book or patent. This age of invention has, however, produced one class of inventors called "fakirs," which derives a livelihood by its schemes to draw the coins from the pockets of the better class of inventors.

The patent fakir in some cities is becoming numerous, prosperous and bold. It is only a question of time until congress will have to suppress him.

The "patent fakir," as distinguished from the legitimate agent, is so called because he runs an agency that is a pure fake. Any one can become a fakir, and he doesn't need much knowledge of either patent laws or mechanical laws. The legitimate patent agent is a man of wide knowledge, easily commanded. The fakir simply rents a suite of rooms and puts up his sign. Then he frequently begins the publication of a patent paper.

It isn't necessary for the paper to have any circulation, but is a good idea to send out several hundred sample copies to known inventors. Then he watches legitimate patent journals closely, and the publications and reports of the patent office, and when an invention is found that it is possible, he thinks, to induce its originator to back it up to the bottom of his purse, he writes him a ticklish letter.

HOW THE FAKIR WORKS.

He says something of this sort: That he "has regarded with deep interest your valuable invention." Continuing, he may state that he will be glad to put the article on sale, and a model will help him greatly. The last paragraph of the letter is to the effect that "the agency is publishing a paper of general circulation, and that a description of the patent will be printed for ten dollars; for a like amount the reading matter will be adorned with a cut of the invention, which is the property of the inventor after used once, but to properly and cheaply advertise the invention it is necessary to purchase 6,000 circulars at two dollars per 1,000, which the "agency" will mail to interested capitalists.

Here is a bonanza for the inventor for only thirty-two dollars! Publication in an illustrated journal and introduction to the wealth necessary to make his invention marketable. So he replies to the circular and incloses the necessary amount.

This is how the "agency" plays its part. When the thirty-two dollars is received a cheap cut is made and about two "sticks" of descriptive matter printed. About three thousand circulars are printed, a bundle of which is sent to the inventor, and the remainder fed to old Boreas from the housetops. The paper may have little or no circulation, but still its circulation is "general."

The model of the patent which is forwarded is placed on "exhibition" for sale, and thus the agreement is nominally kept and no law is violated. Thus the "agency" is about twenty dollars better off without much hard work. When one stops to consider the enormous number of inventors who accept these proffers of help it can be seen how prosperous the business may be.

GULLIBLE INVENTORS.

It is said that one man who has been in this "fake" business in a city down east for many years has secured a vast fortune, and that he occupies several floors of a building with his offices. "No persons are more gullible than inventors," is the belief upon which the fakir works.

But there are other schemes to interest inventors. Another agency method is to organize an "association" for inventors, the membership in which is all the way from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars. The inventor is not required to pay his membership fee until his patent has passed the "test" of the "examining board." Be that test successful or unsuccessful, the inventor receives a highly illuminated picture of an examining board examining inventions and passing judgments thereon. If his was successful he is eligible to membership, and if unsuccessful he must go elsewhere. There is no violation of the letter of the agreement which induces the inventor to join the association. The latter does all it promises, but all it promises can benefit him little.

Recently there came under the ban of the French government an academy of invention. The plan of this institution was to have a gradual system of investigation of the patents submitted, and each stage cost a few dollars additional. When the last one was reached medals were awarded at different prices, but the inventor seldom got off for less than fifty or seventy-five dollars. The "academy" was opened by an astute Parisian, who, while he had violated no law, was morally guilty of working a confidence game upon thousands of his countrymen.—Indianapolis News.

An Agreeable Dentifrice.

One of the most agreeable of dentifrices is to be found in a few drops of tincture of myrrh in half a glass of water. It not only cleanses the mouth, making it fresh and sweet, but it is an excellent tonic for the gums and arrests decay. It also has the merit of being very inexpensive, as ten cents will buy enough to last a year or more.—New York Tribune.

When a Man Is Thirty Years of Age.

All men who employ animals in work know how their speed falls off with increasing age. Race horses are withdrawn from the track shortly after they have arrived at the full possession of their force; they are still good for competitions in bottom, and are capable for many years yet of doing excellent trotting service, but they cannot run in trials of speed.

Man's capacity to run likewise decreases after he has passed thirty years; and the professional couriers who are still seen in Tunis, running over large distances in an incredibly short time, are obliged to retire while still young. Those who continue to run after they are forty years old all finally succumb with grave heart affections.—Popular Science Monthly.

Pawned a Five Dollar Bill.

A man who possessed a five dollar bill, and wanted to blow it in badly, hit upon a novel plan the other day by which to save and spend it both. The bill was given to him by a friend, and he was determined not to part with it. After a lengthy debate with himself he evolved the brilliant scheme of pawning the note. He paid a visit to his uncle, raised $4.62 on the bill, and spent it according to his tastes. When further funds came in he redeemed the original note.—Philadelphia Record.

Cloth and Paper Made from One Tree.

The paper tree of the South seas is a species of the mulberry. Its inner bark is so delicate that a soft and pleasant feeling cloth is made from it, which the natives use in making their "best suits." It is also used in the manufacture of a very fine grade of paper.—Philadelphia

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

FLOORING AND SHINGLES.

BUILDING LUMBER GENERALLY.

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

—GET OUR—

VERY LOW PRICES

BEFORE BUYING.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

414 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore, Md

MEN TO TAKE ORDES. No delivering or collecting. No Experience. Steady Work. Best Terms. Best Specialties. Samples Free. GLEN BROS., Rochester, N. Y.

PIANOES $175. Organs $15. Want agts. Cat'lg Free. Address Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies Fail. Ills. book & proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York.

BOILING WATER OR MILK
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
LABELLED 1-2 LB. TINS ONLY.

MANHOOD!
How Lost! How Regained!
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
KNOW THYSELF.
OR SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, ERRORS of YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE, and all DISEASES and WEAKNESSES of MAN. 300 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only $1.00 by mail, double sealed. Descriptive Prospectus with endorsements of the Press and voluntary testimonials of the cured. FREE! SEND NOW. Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVIOLABLE SECRECY and CERTAIN CURE. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal.—*Herald.*
The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG.—*Medical Review.* (Copyrighted.)

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain. Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE
It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

We use Alcohol
pure alcohol to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING. Alcohol is good for leather; it is good for the skin. Alcohol is the chief ingredient of Cologne, Florida Water, and Bay Rum the well known face washes. We think there is nothing too costly to use in a good leather preservative.
Acme Blacking retails at 20c.
and at that price sells readily. Many people are so accustomed to buying a dressing or blacking at 5c. and 10c. a bottle that they cannot understand that a blacking can be cheap at 20c. We want to meet them with cheapness if we can, and to accomplish this we offer a reward of
$10,000
for a recipe which will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. We hold this offer open until Jan. 1st, 1893.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Had the Desired Effect! II.
MANVILLE, R. I., March 8, 1891.
I, the undersigned, suffered from epilepsy for 3 years, had no appetite and could do no work whatever; consulted a number of doctors, but all said there was no remedy for my disease. I then took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and am now in perfect health, and work all the time. Thousand thanks to your remedy.
PHILIP MONGEON,
95 PROSPECT ST., NEWARK, N. J., March 2, 1891.
I got some of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness and sleeplessness and it helped me; the first time I took it I had the best sleep I had had for several months. I also know friends of mine who used it and say it is the best nerve tonic they ever used. I write this that some sufferer may use your medicine and be helped by it.
MRS. J. MURPHY.
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.
In Baltimore, Md., by A. C. Hathwalker, 908 W. Saratoga St.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is a infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

1892.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
ILLUSTRATED.

The Magazine will celebrate the fourth Centenary of the Discovery of America by its DISCOVERY, through articles giving a more thorough exposition than has hitherto been made of the Recent Unprecedented Development of Our Country, and especially in the Great West. Particular attention will also be given to Dramatic Episodes of American History.

The Field of the Next European War will be described in a Series of Papers on the Danube "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," by Poultney Bigelow and F. D. Millet, illustrated by Mr. Millet and Alfred Parsons. Articles also will be given on the German, Austrian and Italian Armies, illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.

Mr. W. D. Howells will contribute a new novel, "A World of Chance," characteristically American. Especial prominence will be given to Short Stories, which will be contributed by T. B. Aldrich, R. H. Davis, A. Conan Doyle, Margaret Deland, Miss Woolson and other popular writers.

Among the literary features will be Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by his college class-mate and life-long friend, Horatio Bridge, and a Personal Memoir of the Brownings, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	Per Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,	"	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The Volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Bound Volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $3 00 per volume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, post-paid.

Remittances should be made by Postoffice Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK
Weekly World!

One Dollar a Year.

Contains the best features of any Weekly printed. M. QUAD, late of the Detroit Free Press, writes a page of matter every week.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

WEEKLY WORLD, NEW YORK CITY

NO OTHER MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD
so fully and fairly presents the opinions of the leading writers and thinkers on all questions of public interest as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—Boston Journal.

—THE—
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
is essential to every American reader who wishes to keep up with the times. The New York Sun says of it: "The North American Review constantly offers to the public a programme of writers and topics that excite the reader and gratify the intellectual appetite. In this respect there is no other magazine that approaches the North American Review."

It is neither a partisan nor a sectarian publication, but
ALL SIDES OF ALL QUESTIONS
in which intelligent readers are interested are promptly discussed in its pages, and facts and arguments are presented with all the ability and logical force of the most eminent writers in the world.

Among contributors to early numbers will be
THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE,
His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Hon. David B. Hill, Hon. Thos. B. Reed, Hon. R. Q. Mills, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Archdeacon Farrar, Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani, and other distinguished writers.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.
During the coming year, the Review will be of special interest and value to every American voter, as it will lay before its readers discussions of the important issues of the Presidential campaign by the recognized leaders in the several political parties.

50 CENTS A NUMBER; $5.00 A YEAR.
Now Is the Time to Subscribe.
THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
3 East 14th St., New York.

WAGNER'S
Green House Restaurant
W. Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
J. & B. L. WAGNER, - Proprietors.

This Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city. [n5-y.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE TRANSCRIPT 1.00 per year.

THE SUN
HAS SECURED DURING 1892:

W. D. Howells,	H. Rider Haggard,
George Meredith,	Norman Lockyear,
Andrew Lang,	Conan Doyle,
St. George Mivart,	Mark Twain,
Rudyard Kipling,	J. Chandler Harris,
R. Louis Stevenson,	William Black,
W. Clark Russell,	Mary E. Wilkins,

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

and many other distinguished Writers.

The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.
PRICE 5C. A COPY. BY MAIL $2 A YEAR
Address THE SUN, New York.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.
AN EXCEPTIONAL YEAR.
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.
A full prospectus appears in the Holiday Number, now ready.
PRICE, 25 CENTS. $3.00 A YEAR.
Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, 743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

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.
The United States Express Company service on Both steamers affording patrons an opportunity of making through shipments of