COUNTY COMMISSIONERS'

Annual Notice!

The County Commissioners of Kent County will meet at their office in Chestertown, on

Tuesday, 1st Day of March, 1892,

AT 10½ O'CLOCK A. M.,

and will continue to meet at the same place and hour

EVERY TUESDAY

Until the 3d Day of May next,

for the purpose of noting transfers and correcting assessments.

All persons who have sold or transferred any assessable property since their last sitting for said purpose, are particularly requested to attend at an early day to have their assessments corrected and adjusted.

Persons making application for transfers of property will be required to comply with the following sections of the Code, Article 81.

SEC. 18. Whenever any person shall make application for any allowance or deduction on account of the sale, transfer, alienation, loss or removal of any property, or the collection or payment of any public or private security for money, the County Commissioners or Appeal Tax Court shall interrogate him on oath in reference thereto and the disposal of the same, and especially inquire of him to whom the same has been sold or transferred, and the amount of the purchase money, or the money collected, and how the same has been invested.

SEC. 19. They shall also interrogate said person on oath in reference to any acquisition or investment made by him and not already assessed, and the amount of all such acquisitions and investments shall be added to the assessable property, and if he refuses to answer, no allowance or deduction shall be made on his assessment.

After Tuesday, 3d day of May next,

No ALTERATIONS or CORRECTIONS in the assessments will be made for the present year.

A KEEPER OF THE STANDARDS of WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

will be appointed on Tuesday, the

26TH DAY OF APRIL NEXT.

☞ All persons having ACCOUNTS against the county are requested to present the same on or before

Tuesday, 31st day of May Next,

otherwise they may be excluded from the levy this year. All accounts properly chargable to the county are required to be made out in a clear manner and itemized and rendered under oath.

All applications for pension must be made in writing, stating the condition and circumstances of the applicant and vouched for by three or more freeholders having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

N. B.—All persons neglecting to have their assessments corrected are hereby notified that no allowance for taxes paid in error in consequence of such neglect will be made.

T. J. SHALLCROSS, President;
R. C. MORGAN,
GEO. W. RODENHISER,
JOHN A. GROVES,
HORACE A. WILLSON,
COMMISSIONERS.

Attest—T. WATERS RUSSELL, CLERK.
Feb. 25, 1892.

Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Before assuring your life, or investing your money, examine the Twenty-Year Tontine Policies of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.

Policies maturing in 1891 realize cash returns to the owners, of amounts varying from 120 to 176% of the money paid in, besides the advantage of the Assurance during the whole period of twenty years.

The following is one of many actual cases maturing this year:

Endowment Policy No. 64,925.
Issued in 1871, at age 27. Amount, $5,000.
Premium, $259.90. Total Prems. Paid $4,798.

RESULTS

at End of Tontine Period in 1891:

Cash Surrender Value, $8,449.45

(Equal to $176.10 for each $100 paid in premiums, which is equivalent to a return of all premiums paid, with interest at 7¼ per cent. per annum.)

Or, in lieu of cash,

A Paid-up Life Policy for $19,470

(Equal to $405.80 for each $100 paid in premiums.)

Or,

A Life Annuity of $633.55

One fact is worth a thousand theories. There is no assurance extant in any company which compares with this. The Equitable is the strongest company in the world and transacts the largest business.

BOWERS & HALL, Managers,
217 E. Baltimore St., Balt., Md
W. H. McFEELY,
SPECIAL AGENT
m14 y. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Welcome Springtime!

ONCE MORE WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES WITH

PLOWS,

Rope and Chain Traces,

BACKBANDS, FARM BELLS,
GRUB HOES, VICES, FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, GRINDSTONES, AXES,

FARM and GARDEN BARROWS,
WAGON HAMES, PLOW HAMES,
HATCHETS, GATE HINGES, Etc.

Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

Northern Early Rose Seed Potatoes. Northern Beauty of Hebron Seed Potatoes.

☞ Don't buy FENCE WIRE until you get our prices.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
25, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

"TOWN TALK!"

Moody's well-selected line of Spring Suitings seem to be the centre of attraction. Justly so, for we have the most beautiful array ever exhibited in Chestertown, and marvelously cheap, too. Everything new direct from manufacturers.

NO OCCASION TO VISIT THE CITY NOW.

No Old Stock! Everything New!

HONEST DEALING WITH ALL.

Prices Marked in Plain Figures!

BEST MADE GARMENTS IN KENT.

Our trade say best-fitting they ever saw, for less money than the poor-made bad-fitting stock they have been buying.

MEN, BOYS & CHILDREN

can now find what they want in

CLOTHING, HATS and FURNISHING GOODS

at the Leading Clothing Establishment of, yours respectfully,

WM. E. MOODY.

Few doors below postoffice.

☞ And remember, above all, I am in a position to sell goods closer than the majority, and intend to hang this card up preeminently to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties, and by square and honest representations, hope to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage extended me in the past. I am, respectfully, W. E. MOODY.

Few doors below postoffice.

☞ Best Made and Trimmed, Nicest Fitting and Cheapest line of Suits in the county.

Our CORN Phosphate.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

IF NOT, THEN GIVE IT A TRIAL.

TRADE MARK

UNDOUBTEDLY IT IS

The leading Corn Fertilizer on the Peninsula. Our sales this Spring on this goods are already larger than every before. For several weeks we have been shipping carload after carload, with the orders still coming in. Fertilizer men generally, we have found, would make a good Fertilizer for truck, wheat, etc. But when it comes to a Corn Fertilizer, would either make a goods composed of South Carolina and Kainit, which under unfavorable circumstances, would injure the germ of the corn; or, if it was ammoniated, would use something of a volatile nature, which would burn the corn. This, in our opinion, has given rise to the general expression of farmers: "No; fertilizer on corn wont pay, for I have tried it." When the facts of the business was, they had not tried a goods particularly adapted to that crop. We do not claim, however, that our goods have no S. C. in it, for it has, but not to a large degree. Hence, our combination of Animal Bone S. C. Potash and the Ammonia being derived from animal matter, which is not natural or volatile ammonia, but ammonia from decomposition, is why our goods act so well.

It will not fire your corn even during a drought. It will prevent your corn from frenching, and will cost you less than $2 per acre to hill dress.

MR. J. CORDRAY LOUD says: "The two tons of Corn Phosphate I got last year, I used in planting corn on Frog Pond, which was planted between June the 6th and 10th, and notwithstanding the fact of its being planted so late my crop exceeded my expectations. I have used it for a number of years, and expect to use it again this spring."

MR. A. J. HYNSON says it certainly made good corn for him.

MR. THOS. C PARSONS says: He has used Hubbard's Special Corn Phosphate for several years, and is going to do so again this time.

MR. T. H. RICHARDSON, of Snow Hill, says: I had heard so much talk of your Phosphate on Corn, that I got a ton last year determined to test it in connection with Humphreys & Tilghman's, B. & Lister's, the former costing $30 and the latter $28, and in addition to having them alongside, I took enough your goods to put 12 rows through the middle of each the others, and when the corn was grown there was apparently no difference in the height of any, notwithstanding the others cost $5 and $8 more, but when I came to husk it, could tell to the very row where Hubbard's went, as the corn was best.

MR. ROBT. J. CATLIN uses it year after year.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

MAN'FR'S OF STANDARD FERTILIZERS, CHESTERTOWN, MD

Farmers, Mechanics and the Public at Large!

DO NOT FORGET WHAT IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO REMEMBER—THAT IS BEFORE BUYING YOUR SPRINGS GOOD GO TO

J. LLOYD McFEELY & Co.'S

FIRST-CLASS HARDWARE STORE,

and get their Prices on Building and Farmers' Hardware, Rope Traces, Chain Traces, Hames, Back Bands, Hame Straps, Plow Lines, Forks, Shovels, Rakes, Hoes, Spades, Barb Wire, etc. We are agents for the

SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW!

and the only ones that sell the

GENUINE SOUTH BEND CASTINGS.

We also sell Castings for the Remington Plow. A large assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery always on hand. Roofing, Spouting and all kinds of Tin-work done at short notice at Rock Bottom Prices. A full line of Cook Stoves on hand.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.
March 10, 1892. Adjoining the Old Bank.

1831 THE CULTIVATOR 1892
—AND—
COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE BEST OF THE

AGRICULTURAL WEEKLIES.

DEVOTED TO

FARM CROPS AND PROCESSES,
HORTICULTURE & FRUIT-GROWING,
LIVE STOCK AND DAIRYING,

While it also includes all minor departments of Rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee-Keeping, Greenhouse and Grapery, Veterinary Replies, Farm Questions and Answers, Fireside Reading, Domestic Economy and a summary of the News of the Week. Its Market Reports are unusually complete, and much attention is paid to the Prospects of the Crops as throwing light upon one of the most important of all questions—When to Buy and When to Sell. It is liberally illustrated, and by Recent Enlargement, contains more reading matter than ever before. The subscription Price is $2.50 per year, but we offer a Special in our

CLUB RATES FOR 1892:

Two Subscriptions,	in one remittance.....	$4
Six Subscriptions,	do do	10
Twelve Subscriptions,	do do	18

☞ Specimen Copies Free. Address
LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers,
Albany, N. Y.

Paper - Hanging

And Painting.

NEW GOODS

—AND—

Lower Prices

AT A NEW STAND.

BLAKENEY

Has a Magnificent Stock of Beautiful WALL PAPER, a Full Line of OILS and PAINTS, and is offering a run in prices.

HIS ONE-COAT CARRIAGE PAINT

is the newest and best-known on the market.

☞ UPHOLSTERING neatly done by competent workmen.

W. H. BLAKENEY.

WAGNER'S

Green House Restaurant

W. Pratt Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

J. & B. L. WAGNER, - Proprietors.

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

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS.

GEORGIA SILLS

6x8, 6x6, 4x6 up to 35 feet.

VIRGINIA

6x6, 4x6, 4x4, 3x4, 2x4, 3x5, 2x6, 2x8, 2½x8, 2½x10, 12 to 32 ft.

VIRGINIA No. 1 BOARDS, SIDING, etc.

FLORIDA CYPRESS 6x18 SHINGLES.

North Carolina Cypress 6x20 Shingles.

NORTH CAROLINA CYPRESS

SIDING AND FENCING!

WHITE PINE,

ALL KINDS AND SIZES.

TENNESSEE YELLOW POPLAR,

6x6, 5x5, 8-4, 6-4, 5-4 and 4-4.

HOUSE FINISHINGS—Growing more popular daily.

☞ White Ash, Oak, Cherry and Walnut STAIR WORK.

JOSEPH TURNER,
Oct. 8, 1891. SCOTT'S POINT.

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.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Physicians Couldn't Cure. X

SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889. One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried in vain unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. BUENNEFELD.

DELBI, Ont., Jan. 14, 1891. My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.

BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890. About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies. THOS. O'REILLY.

In Baltimore, Md., by A. C. Hathwalker, 508 W. Saratoga St.

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

THE ROMANCE OF DEATH.

How the Grim Monster Comes to the Earthly Tenement of Great Souls.

They tell us that as Solomon was one day walking with a person in Palestine, his companion said to him with some horror, "What ugly Being is that which approaches us? I do not like his visage. Send me, I pray thee, to the remotest mountain of India." Solomon complied, and the very moment he was sent off, the ugly Being arrived. "Solomon," said the Being, "how came that fellow here? I was to have fetched him from the remotest mountain of India." Solomon answered, "Angel of Death, thou wilt find him there." So runs a grim and striking Eastern apologue. There is, indeed, no escape from Destiny, but we are as ignorant of the way in which we shall quit the world's vast stage as we were of the way in which we entered upon it.

Of the truth of this, biography and tradition have combined to supply us with very various and very ample illustrations. Singular, indeed, are the legends which have gathered about the deaths of some of the most distinguished men who have figured in the world's history. It would be absurd to suppose that these legends are in all cases true. Some of them are obviously fabrications; some, having a groundwork of truth, were in all likelihood distorted and exaggerated; and some may, in spite of their intrinsic improbability, be literally true. All of them, we may add, rest on authority as valid and respectable as that on which far more important events have been based.

We will deal first with the Greeks, and it is not a little singular that they have scarcely ever failed to make the deaths of there literary heroes as marvellous as their lives. Homer, they tell us, died of a broken heart, because he could not guess a riddle. Seeing, or rather hearing, for the tradition of his blindness is too universal to be discredited, some young fishermen in a boat, he unfortunately asked them what sport they had had. To which they replied, "As many as we caught we left; as many as we could not catch we carry with us." This was too much for the author of the Iliad; he guessed and guessed, till he could guess no longer, and finally died of sheer vexation. Aristotle went off in precisely the same way, because he could not understand a more interesting riddle set by Nature; namely, the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the Euripus. He indignantly exclaimed, "Since I cannot conceive the Euripus, let the Euripus receive me." Some one wrote, speaking of Charles the Second's death, "Kings should disdain to die, and only disappear"—that is, abscond into the other world. Now, as Charles died in his bed, and was a most unconscionable time about doing so, as he remarked apologetically to his attendants he can scarely be said to have illustrated the remark, but if we are to believe Athenæus Ælian, Philetas, though not a king, but a poor poet, actually did. He had reduced himself to such a pitch of tenuity by reflection and study, that he was obliged to wear lead soles to his boots, to keep himself from being blown away, or possibly from rising like a balloon into the celestial sphere. However, the end of Philetas was, as Athenæus gravely assures us, evaporation.—he positively evaporated.

Anacreon was choked with a grapestone. Sophocles is said by some to have come to the same end, though according to others he died of joy at being victor in his last tragic contest. Euripides was torn in pieces by dogs hounded on by some women in revenge for his misogynism. Alexis, according to Plutarch, fell dead on the stage while they were crowning him with laurel. Æschylus was killed by an eagle dropping a tortoise on his bald head, mistaking, it is supposed, the shining poll of the poet for a stone. Ibycus, one of the most passionate and brilliant of Hellenic lyrists, was murdered by some robbers in a desert, and revenged by crows which were flying overhead when the bloody deed was done. Honest Hesiod also came to a melancholy end, though he "got his grave" for his corpse having been thrown into the sea, it was solemnly brought to shore on the backs of some dolphins. Eupolis, the great comic poet, was, they say, thrown into the sea by Alcibiades in revenge for the poet's libels on him, without Hesiod's good fortune. Cleanthes, the Stoic, suffering from an ulcer in his mouth, and having been advised by his physician to abstain from food for two days, calmly observed at the end of the second day that as he had now advanced so far on the road to death, he did not think it worth while retracing his steps, persisted in abstinence and died of starvation. The prince of grammarians, Aristarchus, terminated a life of unbroken study in the same extraordinary way. Perhaps death was never approached so merrily as by Chrysippus. That venerable philosopher, if we are to believe a statement quoted by Diogenes Lærtius, died from a fit of laughter brought on by seeing an ass eating figs. Tertullian, a grave father of the church, be it remembered, tells us that the efforts of the same poor innocent in trying to get down some thistles, had a similar effect on Licinus Crassus—made him, in fact, laugh himself into his grave. Amusement was no joke in those days.

One of the most extraordinary deaths, or rather suicides, on record is that of Peregrinus Proteus. This man, modifying the ambition of Empedocles, who jumped into the crater of Mount Etna, betook himself to the olympic games. He then ordered a funeral pyre to be laid in a conspicuous place, and having succeeded in attracting the attention of the mob, proceeded to mount the pyre, set fire to it, and deliberately burnt himself to death before the eyes of the astonished spectators. A deep mystery hangs over the fate of the great Demosthenes, though it is pretty clear that he poisoned himself. History contains few sadder stories than the story of Isocrates' latter end. Unable to survive the independence of the country he loved so well, he terminated a life of incessant toil by his own hand. Perhaps a memory of the "old man eloquent" may have steeled Brutus in his stern purpose under similar circumstances after Philippi's fatal day.

Though the extrordinary legends which have gathered round the deaths of so many distinguished Greeks have not repeated themselves to the same extent in Roman biography, still a very large proportion of Rome's literary heroes died not like other men. Terence, like his model and master Wenander, was probably drowned, though according to other accounts he pined away with grief, because his transcripts from Menander had been lost at sea. Lucretius perished by his own hand in consequence of his having been driven mad by a love philtre. We may mention in passing that the powerful arguments for suicide advanced by Lucretius, in the third book of his great poem on Nature, made a convert of one of his first English translators—the Rev. Thomas Creech. That eccentric gentleman is said to have noted on a page of his Lucretius, "Mem. Next Friday I hang myself," and added to our list of strange deaths by doing so.

Among other eminent Romans who quitted the world in uncommon ways, was Sicilius Italicus, who, suffering from a sort of cancer, starved himself to death. Gallus, the elegant and accomplished poet, the friend of Virgil, threw himself on his sword. Macer committed suicide. Cicero and Botheius were assassinated. Lucan, the author of "Pharsalia," which is with all its faults one of the most characteristic expressions of Roman genius, and if we consider the age of the author, twenty-five, a prodigy of precocious power, evinced extraordinary firmness in meeting death. The emperor had issued a proclaimed for his execution. The young poet entered a warm bath, opened one of his veins, and while expiring faltered out some lines from his own poem in which he had described a soldier dying under similar circumstance. His uncle, the philosopher Seneca, perished in the same way.

The fate of the elder Pliny must give him a place among the martyrs of science. Wishing to get a near view of the extraordinary phenomena which preceeded the great eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, he ordered his servants to prepare a vessel to make for its neighborhood. There, note-book in hand, the greatest naturalist of antiquity perished, stifled it is supposed, by the noxious vapors which came welling up from the ground.

In modern times' Duns Scotus—the subtle doctor—the appaling author of thirteen folio volumes before he was thirty-three, was buried alive. He had fallen down in a fit, was taken for dead and hurried into his coffin. After a while poor Duns, it appears, recovered, beat, tore, and scratched; but all in vain, he became in good earnest a denizen of his horrible prison. Whether Moliere, the French poet, actually expired while supporting the character of a sick man who pretends to be dead, is doubtful. A Latin epitaph, written at the time, asserts it as a certain fact.

'Twas a curious coincidence that Falconer, the author of that fine descriptive poem, "The Shipwreck," should have perished in the casualty he so nobly describes, and that Shelley should have anticipated so accurately in poetical description his own fate.

The impious and profligate Pietro Aretino, who boasted that he had libelled everybody dead or alive, with the exception of the almighty, whom he had spared because he knew nothing about Him, terminated his existence characteristically. He was drinking and enjoying himself with certain other ecclesiastics, and one of them, telling a story of Aretino's sisters, little enough to their credit, the wit leaned his chair back to laugh with full freedom, slipped, and dashed out his brains on the marble floor. Edger Allen Poe gasped out a life the world could ill spare in the agonies of a drunken debauch. And who has not cursed the fatal brawl which robbed us of Christopher Marlowe by murder at the age of twenty-nine.

It is curious to observe how many of our tragic writers have terminated their existence in a tragic manner—in a manner, we may add, which corresponded only too closely with the character of their lives. Robert Greene, worn with debauchery, was carried off, it is said, by a surfeit of red herring. There is no sadder book in literature than his dying homily, "A Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a million of Repentence." That Otway died miserably is clear, though it is not easy to learn the precise manner of his death. Johnson gives three accounts, either that he litterally starved to death, or that rushing out in the rage of hunger into the coffee-house, where, a gentleman giving him a guinea, he bought a roll and choked himself with the first mouthful, or, thirdly that he died of a fever caught by a violent pursuit of a theif who had robbed one of his friends. Poor Nat. Lee! his "Rival Queen" is certainly one of the gems of the later drama and his other plays with all their bombast are full of beauties. He had been, it is said, carousing with a party of friends, none of whom had the grace to see him home. In the morning he was found dead in the streets, which were covered with snow.

A dray had passed over the body, whether before or after death was uncertain.

Who has ever penetrated the mystery that wraps the last hour of the gentle poetess L. E. L.? Was it accident or was it choice that guided the deadly phial to her lips on that lonely night? Poison rent the veil of the future for Condorcet, who was found lying lifeless in his dungeon, with his finger pointing to a passage in Horace. Winkelmann, and Davila, John Hampden's favorite author fell under the assasin's blow. There is something which strikes us as peculiarly terrible about the fate of Sir John Suckling one of the most charming of our minor lyric poets. He had been robbed by his valet, the fellow fled, and, knowing that his master would persue him as soon as the theft was discovered, stuck the blade of a penknife into one of Suckling's boots. Suckling, perceiving that he had been robbed, acted as the fellow anticipated, and, plunging his foot impetuously into his boot, ran the penknife into his flesh, and died of the consequences. Lord Brooke, one of the profoundest and most original thinkers who ever expressed himself in verse, met with a terrible fate. He had a favorite servant who had attended him faithfully for many years. The man, it seems, was dissatisfied with the remuneration he was receiving, and on expostulating with his master was severely reprimanded. In a paroxysm of fury he seized a knife and stabbed Brooke in the back mortally. Immediately afterward the fellow committed suicide with the knife which was still reeking with his master's life blood.

Death can never be made cheerful, but as we have been dwelling so long on its more appalling phases, it may be well to vary the note and contemplate it, if not in pleasant, at least in curious forms. The amiable and saintly Berkeley was the innocent cause of the death of Malebranche. He went to pay Malebranche a visit, and, he found him suffering from an inflamation in the lung. The conversation turned upon the non-existence of matter, and it waxed so hot and loud that poor Malebranche increased his disorder to such an extent that he died soon after. Goldsmith and the poet Edmund Smith, whose life has been written by Johnson, fell victims to their own folly in prescribing for themselves in opposition to their medical advisers; perhaps Salmasius, and certainly Sir Robert Walpole, must be added to the list. Shadwell and the Abbe Bourdelot died from overdoses of opium, and Serjeant Talfound, it is said, narrowly escaped the same fate. The eminent scholar Kuster, a name which can never be mentioned without respect by philologists, brought about his death in a singular manner. It was his habit to study at a low table, surrounded with three or four circles of books placed on the floor. The continual stooping which was thus necessitated by the position of the books and the table caused an abscess in the pancreas, from which he died. A surfeit of melons brought another mighty scholar, Argyropulus to the grave.

Cowley died of a cold caught by sleeping in a field when intoxicated. The poet Shenstone died of a fever taken by sleeping in a cart to spite his mistress, with whom he had quarreled. Parnell, author of that beautiful poem, the "Hermit," drank himself into his grave in grief at his wife's death, and Bishop Gauden brought about his own end by personal pique acting on an oversensitive temperament. The poet Fletcher defied the London plague in order to get a new suit of clothes, and died.

Such are some of the forms which Death has assumed, but since he must come, it were better he should find all as he found Socrates; as he found La Place and Boyle and Arnauld, and Berkeley and Chalmers and Hunter—whose last words were, "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die!"

PERSIAN HERETICS.

A PERSECUTED SECT DRIVEN OUT BY THE PRESENT SHAH.

The Rise and Fall of Bab, the Mohammedan Reformer—His Brave Though Untimely Death—The Greater Beba, Who Is an Exile from His Native Land.

Professor Browne, lecturer in Persian at the University of Cambridge, has written a curious book, entitled "The Episode of the Bab." Probably a few people know who the Bab is, but Mr. Browne's researches are certain to awaken interest in the man who was the arch heretic of Persia in the early part of the reign of the present shah. He died a violent death at the hands of the government when it was learned that the heresy that he preached threatened the peace of the national church. His followers live and are faithful to his memory and teachings.

Their leaders are in exile, and Professor Browne's book tells of his extraordinary exertions to see them and get their story from their own lips. They are scattered far and wide. Some of them are in Cyprus; others are in Palestine, safe from the vengeance of the shah. All of them would expect to lose their heads if they showed themselves in Persia. Only the humble followers of the Bab live unmolested in their own country, holding their meetings secretly for fear of the persecution of the angry Mollahs.

The Bab was a Mohammedan reformer, who went to Mecca and came back with a new commentary on the Koran. He spoke of himself as superior to Mohammed and to all other great religious reformers, but he announced that a greater than he was coming. That greater one is Beha, who lives in an earthly paradise called Behje, near Tyre, where Professor Browne found him. The author says he feels quite unequal to the task of conveying a vivid impression of the faces and forms that surrounded him during his visit to this strange retreat. He almost runs short of adjectives when he describes the wondrous and venerable figure of the holy man. He says he beheld a face which he will never forget, although he cannot describe it. The piercing eyes seemed to read his very soul. "No need to ask in whose presence I stood as I bowed myself before one who is the object of a devotion and love which kings might envy and emperors sigh for in vain."

Beha's preaching is a prophecy of the "most great peace" and of the brotherhood and unity of man. The brotherhood of the entire race is coming, he predicts. Prof. Browne says Beha knows the exact position of European affairs and is sorry for the western nations. He sees kings and rulers lavishing their treasures in the purchase of means of destruction instead of procuring the means of happiness. Meekness, concord, obedience, submission are the essentials of his secret in the perfect way. He is loved and revered by all his followers wherever they may be, and many a message from him is read in the secret meetings in Persia of the humble followers of the Bab.

The Bab was not learned in the law like the great doctors of the church, and for that reason they held him in contempt. It was his habit to dispute with them in the temples, and although he was ignorant his wisdom put their knowledge to shame. They said he proved himself an impostor because he talked bad grammar. He showed them that his grammar was the grammar of the Koran, and asked them if it was not better to be wrong with the prophet than right with the rest of the world. Whenever he became too troublesome they beat him with rods. At last they had him shot. A company of infantry was drawn up, and the Bab and one of his followers were placed before it as targets. The first discharge killed the follower, but only broke the cords that bound the prophet. He might have converted his executioners then if he had had time to make the most of the situation. But before he could speak the second volley was fired and the Bab died of many wounds.

His followers were terribly incensed at the outrage, and tried to assassinate the shah. It is said that he fainted with terror at the sight of the conspirators, and was only saved by the timely arrival of his escort. For a time he made Persia very unsafe for the followers of the Bab. He killed their leaders, and to this day those who escaped from their native land have never dared to return. Among the victims was the one Salvation Lass of the movement, the beautiful Kurratu 'l-'Ayn, who, it is said, was a miracle of learning and of every feminine charm. She was killed by slow torture, and to the very last she declared her supreme faith in the teachings of the Bab. The Mollahs who slew her came near rebelling a few months ago when their lord and master threatened to interfere with the tobacco question in Persia. They made him tremble for his life and throne until the obnoxious measures he proposed were rescinded.

Meanwhile Beha is waiting patiently in exile, confident that the day will come when his teachings will triumph in Persia and the leaders of his faith can return to their land.—New York Sun.

A Coon Story.

Two men located a varmint in a tree and one scaled up for the prize. After an interval of several minutes, which were enlivened by skirmishing among the foliage, the man on the ground called out, "John, have you got him?"

"I have," came the decided response.

"Do you want me to climb up and help you hold him?"

"Thunder and lightning, no! I wish you'd come up and help me let loose!"—Nashville American.

Faults.

If I were as rich as my right hand neighbor, I should have his faults; if I were as poor as my left hand neighbor, I should have his. Being myself, I have mine.—Manley H. Pike in Century.

Songs Not Easy.

Beranger, the famous French poet, whose greatest gift lay in writing little poems which he called songs, was particularly dependent upon the chance visits of the muse.

He was once visited by the author and academician, Viennet, who said to him:

"You must have written several songs since I saw you last."

"I have only begun one," answered Beranger.

"Only one! I am astonished!" exclaimed Viennet.

Beranger became indignant.

"Humph!" he shouted. "Do you think one can turn off a song as one turns off a tragedy?"—Youth's Companion.

A race of wild dogs is said to exist in Newfoundland, keeping near the coast and subsisting on what the sea casts to the shore.

A white headed vulture which was caught in 1706 died in the aviary at Schonbrun, near Vienna, in 1824.

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Hips	57 in.	46 in.	9 in.

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

STEAMER GRATITUDE.

Beginning on Tuesday next, March 22, the steamer Gratitude will leave Centreville daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., for Baltimore. Returning, will leave