J. HERMAN IRELAND'S

Insurance Agency,

Kennedyville, Maryland.

Fire! Lightning! Life!

INSURE YOUR HOMES!
INSURE YOUR STOCK!
INSURE YOUR LIVES!

I represent only first-class companies. My rates are low and all losses promptly paid. To all persons desiring insurance I ask them to write or call and see me.

J. H. IRELAND,
Kennedyville, Maryland

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS'

Annual Notice!

☞ 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, $239.90. 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
1814 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.,
Feb 25 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SUBSCRIBE for the TRANSCRIPT, subscription, *one dollar* per year.

The Harvest Queen

Deering & Junior

Steel Binder!

AND THE

NEW DEERING MOWER!

The only Machines that never fail.

THE DEERING BINDER TWINE is longer and smoother than other Twine, and runs *more feet to the pound.*

THOMAS ROYAL RAKE (Self-Dump).

Simply Perfection.

Hamilton Corn Planter,

With its adjustable Shoes, Clod Fenders and Covering Hoes and Wheels to run off or on the row. It stands without an equal. The Celebrated

BUFFALO PITTS FIELD ROLLER,

the most complete Roller on the market.

OLLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,

the best on earth. In use everywhere.

CLARK'S CUTAWAY DISK HARROW.

The Continental Disk Pulverizer

will reduce the heaviest land to a complete seed bed.

BUCKEYE SULKY CULTIVATORS AND DIAMOND WHEEL CULTIVATORS,

whereby one man can do the work of two. A complete line of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS; Repairs for Advance, South Bend, Syracuse and Ohio Chilled Plows.

☞ A complete line of HARNESS for the spring trade. Our stock is larger than ever. Whips, Lap Dusters and Horse Goods of every description.

Thankful for past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuation of the same.

SMITH & CLEMENTS.

Spring Opening.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

AND MILLINERY

AT R. BERGEN'S

HE CARRIES THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK IN KENT COUNTY, AND IS

—THE—

LEADER IN LOW PRICES

He has an immense stock of Goods to select from. Come and take a look at his New Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings of all kinds. An Immense Stock of White Goods, Hamburgs, Gloves and Hosiery. FRUIT OF THE LOOM MUSLIN, yard wide, 8½c.

—THE:—

Millinery + Department

is now open with a full line of the

Latest Style Spring Hats,
Flowers and Feathers.

☞ Take a look at this stock before buying.

R. BERGEN,
SMITH BUILDING, CHESTERTOWN.
April 7, 1892—2m.

We Are Leading in

Spring & Summer Goods

LOWEST PRICES.

DRESS GOODS in All Styles!

Also samples of every style, which will enable you to select a dress that no one else will have. This certainly should please ladies.

Outting Cloths, Dress Ginghams, Drapery

White Goods, Edges and Laces,

at prices that cannot be excelled. Muslin, one yard wide for 5 cents. First-Class line of Summer Underwear.

SHOES AND SLIPPERS!

Of every style. We claim them equal in quality and as Low in price as any store. Our celebrated line of Douglas Shoes needs no recommending, as they are of world wide fame. Call and price our shoes before buying.

Largest Line of Gents' Summer Shirts

ever seen here, and they are remarkably cheap.

MATTINGS IN ALL STYLES.

GROCERIES of Every Kind.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS!

We cannot be excelled in having on hand the R. J. R. best chew out for the money. Gravely's and other fine brands. A good one at 25 cents.

☞ Ladies, ask for our Boulevard Corset. Drs. Jackson and Warner's.

WESTCOTT & DODD.

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 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.

Rather Be Without Bread. XI

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 1890.

The Rev. J. Rossbiel, of above place, writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I now feel a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Better Than the Best Doctor.

MAHONOY CITY, Pa., December, 1890.

I deem it my duty to say that I was troubled for ten years by the best doctors in Pennsylvania, but never got any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I am cured of my nervous troubles; have never had the slightest symptoms of those spells since I commenced taking the first bottle.

MRS. SARAH McGUIRE.

In Baltimore, Md., by A. C. Hathwalker, 608 W. Saratoga St.

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

Women's Ways.

Women have their own ways of keeping their consciences clear and their minds freed from all uncharitableness. One woman when she encounters a disagreeable person goes off into a corner and counts off on her fingers the agreeable people she knows. This she does not in effect, but literally as she might tell her beads, and she keeps on doing it until the image of the disagreeable one is effaced.

Another woman in the presence of an unusually annoying circumstance was observed to unhook and rehook her gown. The rehooking miscarried several times to her great impatience. She was asked why then had she unhooked it. Her answer was that hooks and eyes were the most disagreeable things ever invented. One always began to hook them in the middle, and the chances were ten to one that you linked the wrong pair. But this you did not know until you were half through and one side came out ahead. So with that, and the strain upon your fingers, you were naturally exasperated, and as they were only hooks and eyes it didn't much matter what you said. With the chance to free your mind other disagreeable things seemed almost pleasant.

It will be observed that it occurred to neither of these women, who were both religious, to fall on their knees and ask in the old fashioned way to be delivered from anger and ill feeling. This was not because they distrusted the efficacy of this method, but simply because they hadn't at the moment, and seldom had, the time or place. Also, both being scientific minded the one knew that in thought as in physics two beings cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and so pried out one thought with another; while the other, by simply transmuting her angry force from an incorporeal offense to hooks and eyes, had the relief of its expenditure without its sin.—New York Evening Sun.

Such a Romantic Affair.

She was a convalescent from la grippe, and as she leaned back in the depths of her easy chair she played with the roses in her lap, which had been brought her by the first caller she had been able to receive, and smiled over some stories he was telling her of a summer at—well, we'll only say at a certain fashionable watering place on Narragansett bay. "One of the beauties whom I used to see at the casino," said he, "was a young married belle about twenty-three or four, I should think, and her husband was about sixty, and it was great fun watching them. There was such a good story, bona fide truth it was, too, about their engagement. He called at her home one evening and offered his heart, hand and fortune in correct style. Pretty Miss Bud said she 'must ask mamma,' and coyly tripped up stairs to mamma, who told her that every girl did not get such a chance as that, and of course she was to accept him.

"Down she went, picturing the ardent lover awaiting her return with anxious, throbbing heart and found the old gentleman comfortably asleep in the biggest armchair, while an occasional snore attested to the depth of his slumbers." "I hope she didn't wake the poor old thing up," said the convalescent, when she got her breath again after her laugh. "Oh, yes she did. Catch her losing that chance! She woke him up and told him it was all right and she'd have him."—Boston Saturday Gazette.

Thackeray's Realism.

Thackeray is verily as great a realist as a great artist can be. He prides himself on presenting life as it is, unseasoned by the hot spices of artificial romance. Nay, he employs devices to entrap the credulity of the reader—the device, for example, of making Arthur Pendennis, whom we know independently, tell the story of his young friend Clive Newcome, and the noble, meek hearted gentleman with whom he had seen the boy at the Cave of Harmony.

Yes, Thackeray is a great realist, if ever there was one. His characters are no decorative figments to amuse our fancy. They have become some of the men and women we know best—personal friends or foes of our own. It consoles us for living in these late days of a reformed parliament that we have lived late enough to have known Colonel Newcome. They were no tears of unreal sentiment that we wept over his martyrdom; it was a very genuine itch we felt to kick Barnes.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Necessity of the Times.

Inventive faculty will not have reached high tide until some one perfects an envelope flap warranted to stick. One of the considerable discomforts of life takes the form of a nonadhesive mucilage that allows the envelope upon which it is placed to peel open again and again as it is pressed down, until in a fine frenzy the letter writer is driven hither and yon for real mucilage. And the finer the quality of the stationery the more trials lie in the wake of the envelope.

If they are trusted to the mails without an extra dab of mucilage, they may be depended upon to arrive at their destination invitingly open—or accessible to the sneakish individual, who in spite of our civilization does exist, who is capable of going against all written and unwritten laws and tampering with a seal. A padlocked envelope is one of the necessities of the times.—Boston Commonwealth.

One Kind of Selfishness.

There are many phases of selfishness—and perhaps the most trying of the various manifestations of this fault of faults is not recognized under this name at all. What is called sensitiveness, however, is very often nothing but selfishness pure and simple—a morbid, miserable form, too—making the person herself and every one around her uncomfortable. A frank, generous, unselfish nature is not forever on the lookout for slights and unkindnesses on the part of others. What can be more trying than a person who is continually having her feelings hurt, who magnifies every hasty, unintentional word into a grievance, brooding thereon until it assumes exaggerated proportions?

What can be more distinctly, morbidly selfish and self seeking than such a disposition? Yet people of that temperament seldom if ever properly diagnose their troubles, but if they are honest they must acknowledge that they are continually thinking of themselves and of the relations of others to them. These people are generally well meaning and easy to please, not realizing that they are not living for others but only for themselves by thus indulging their "feelings" and hypersensitiveness.—New York Tribune.

Good Story About a Saco Lawyer.

A Saco lawyer lost his office key and with it, on the same bunch, the keys to his safe and house.

There is a spring lock on his office door, and he concluded that he must have left it in his office and have come out and locked the door. He accordingly borrowed a long ladder and crawled through the back window of his office.

No keys were to be seen, and after cogitating over the peculiar state of affairs he at last let himself out, and there on the outside of the lock were hanging the keys.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Beating the Earth.

The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is estimated at a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is a mile in 3.6 seconds. Therefore, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in his apparent journey around the earth.—New York Journal.

THE BIG BONANZA MINE.

A Smoking Hole in the Ground Out of Which Mackay Took $150,000,000.

I was strolling with Mackay some years ago in Virginia City, when we looked down a smoking cavity in the ground that was soon lost in the darkness, and at the mouth of which a windlass was slowly grinding. "Out of that hole," he said, "I took $150,000,000 in bullion." This was one of the famous Bonanza mines, whose history all men know. The Big Bonanza, as it was called, and as Mackay described it to me at the time, was a "kidney" or a "pocket" of crude ore, about as high as the steeple of Trinity and in area as large as the City Hall park of New York. This ore, shoveled out and reduced, gave the stupendous yield to which Mr. Mackay referred, and was the foundation of the Bonanza fortunes.

Associated with him were three other gentlemen, whose names were to win a worldwide mining fame—James G. Fair, afterward senator from Nevada, whose skill as a mining expert had attracted the attention of Mackay; William O'Brien, and James C. Flood. O'Brien and Flood had come to California as friends in the Argonaut days, and had like other men taken their humble parts in the creation of the Pacific states. In those times men who were to be major generals in the army drove drays for a living. Others who were to become luminous in statesmanship and jurisprudence joyfully mended their own trousers and washed their own linen.

They were "partners," a term that Bret Harte has pathetically explained in one of his exquisite stories. "Partners," that is to say, friends, with a friendship such as we who live outside of the atmosphere of adventure which infolded the Argonaut days cannot understand, and which would be but vaguely explained if we compared it to the love of man and woman.

"Billy was my partner once," as Mr. Flood said to me one day in Menlo, while we were looking at the portrait of O'Brien; "Billy was my partner once. He is my partner now, will be my partner forever"—a speech which made a deep impression, coming as it did from the lips of one of the most resolute, self-restrained and undemonstrative of men. Flood was the financial representative and the ally of the two young miners who were at work on the Bonanza; O'Brien, the "partner" in the firm, because Flood could have no interest he did not share.

O'Brien passed away in Bonanza times—Flood not many months since, in Germany. He was a brave, independent, reserved, conscientious man, especially charming and true in the higher relations of life—no better citizen, no truer friend—"in all that goes toward the true development of manhood, the best man I have ever known," as Mackay said to me when the hour of irrevocable silence had fallen. "I know only one man in the world that can break me, and that is Mackay." This Flood said to me and I note it as showing the strong links which in those days bound the Bonanza firm and gave it a strength and a confidence which were the basis of its power.—John Russell Young in Munsey's Magazine.

Beauty as a National Trait.

Is there any handsome people on the face of the globe? Now, we may set aside the black and yellow and polychrome races in general, many of whom are well shaped and like bronze statues to look upon, but who do not come up to the Aryan standard in features and color. Leaving these children of nature out of the question, it may be confessed that there is no race among whom beauty is common. If the ancient Greeks were like their statues, then there once was a beautiful race, but it is not so certain that they did not idealize themselves a good deal. There is the more reason to guess this, as when they have to represent a barbarian, say a Gaul or a German or a professional prize fighter, they make these people as handsome as themselves, though in a rougher way.

There is a famous bronze statue of a boxer, who might be taken for an orator or a poet were it not for his heavy metal studded gloves. Thus it may be deemed that there is a great proportion of the ideal in these statues, vases, coins and figures, where every one is so graceful and goodly. Every nation has a high opinion of its own charms. The French pride themselves on small feet, and it is certain that their women walk very little, and have cunning bootmakers.—London News.

Kept the Least for Himself.

Three ragged newsboys were trying to sell the earlier editions of the afternoon papers. A man carrying a large basket of fine looking oranges on his shoulder passed close by. The motion of his body loosened one of the biggest and ripest and it fell to the ground. The man kept on, not noticing or caring for the loss. The orange lay upon the pavement for about half a minute unseen. Then the largest of the three ragged urchins spied it, and with a cry of delight he ran over and picked it up. It was natural to suppose that he would proceed to eat it all himself, but instead of doing so he called his companions and exhibited his find. They eyed it greedily.

Without any request from them for a share in the coveted fruit the finder divided the orange into three parts and gave his fellow newsboys each a part. The smallest part he reserved for himself. It was only a small thing in itself, yet it proved, I thought, that there was something noble hidden under the ragged garments of that little urchin.—New York Recorder.

Wives of Some English Writers.

Beaconsfield married a lively young widow, who made him perfectly happy, and he never lost an occasion of singing her praises. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is cited as having an almost ideal home life, and also the late Dean Stanley. All the world knows how happy the Gladstones are in their family circle, and so it is with many others.—Writer.

A Departure in Telephony.

The manager of the telephone exchange in Lisbon achieved distinction some time since by connecting the royal palace with the opera house at a time when the king was in mourning. The telephone man also connected his own house with the transmitters on the stage of the opera, and had wires with receivers attached all around his drawing room. On opera nights he used to invite his friends to enjoy the performance at his house, and it was a curious sight when some ten or twelve people were sitting about the room in comfortable armchairs with receivers to their ears—head telephones were used, so that there was no necessity of holding up one's hands all the time—and listening attentively without uttering a sound beyond an occasional exclamation of delight or surprise.—Electricity.

The Value of Pearls.

Nothing varies so much in value as pearls. With them fashion affects the market constantly. Sometimes white ones are sought, while other tints at intervals are in demand. For some years past black pearls have been the rage. A fine specimen, worth $600, will fetch $1,000 perhaps if another can be got to match it perfectly.—Kansas City Times.

When to Buy Shoes.

A customer with tender feet should be fitted with shoes late in the afternoon. The feet are then at their utmost size, for activity enlarges them.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** Rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

DRIFTWOOD.

A driftwood fire when day is done!
If you have dreamed your dreams by one,
You know the sweetest thing there is
In fancy's maze of mysteries.

Pray light it in the twilight dim,
Just as the sun throws back of him
Soft shadows o'er the snowy fleece
Which wraps the buried earth in peace.

The mingling lights, within, without,
With playful beams will put to rout
The ghosts of memory, sad and chill,
And with bright forms your vision fill,

While dallying tongues of gold and blue,
Of scarlet, green and violet hue,
All blending into rainbow flame,
Fill you with wonder whence they came.

And oh! if ever in the night
Your eye hath watched the strange, weird light
That follows in a vessel's wake,
Winding along like starry snake—

A hint of beauty, ocean deep,
That to the surface fain would creep—
'Tis easy now for you to dream
The driftwood's iridescent gleam

Was caught and prisoned in each sheath
While plowing through it, far beneath:
A phantom presence! held there still,
To dance and glimmer at its will.

At length a stronger flame subdues
In one rich glow the varying hues,
While at its base (ah, legend old
Yet new!) we find—the "jar of gold."
—Margaret May in Cape Cod Times.

DEATH IS PAINLESS.

THE LAST SENSATIONS IN THIS WORLD ARE HAPPY ONES.

As the End of Life Approaches Nature Seems to Bring Her Peculiar Anæsthetic and the Sufferer Passes Away Without Half the Agony of Sickness.

A human being's death was formerly considered a great struggle, and vivid, almost shocking, descriptions of the phenomena of dying were given in such exaggerated forms that none cared to think of the supreme moment when death should come to them. Euthanasia, or the pleasure of dying, takes the very opposite view and proclaims death to be easy and almost painless.

As the end of life approaches nature often brings her peculiar anæsthetic and the person passes off without suffering half the agony which the sickness causing the death brought to the patient. Even men meeting a violent death in the jaws of wild beasts have a few seconds of calm preparation before dying, which brings relief and a certain degree of pleasure. The great trouble in death is the sickness and pain which carries one to the door of death, and it is at such moments that one suffers all the torment and agony of a dozen deaths.

The pleasures of dying can only be likened to those of the dreamy morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semiconscious state where everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet and unexcited.

The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is of pleasurable exaltation. The drowning man experiences the same relief and pleasure when the struggles are over and the cold limbs grow stiff and numb.

BLISS BEFORE THE END.

Persons frozen in blinding snowstorms have reported their sensations accurately, and they all agree that after a certain amount of suffering which every one feels at first in extreme cold they enter into a blissful state from which they do not wish to be roused.

Morphine, cocaine, ether and laudanum bring to the patient this same mental and nervous condition, and patients resent any attempt to rouse them from their dreamy state. Nature supplies her own anæsthetic before the important moment has arrived.

Before the death rattle is heard the convulsed frame relaxes, the signs of pain and suffering on the frame disappear, and often a smile partly opens the lips. The whole body shows signs of a painless moment, and if the mind wanders and the tongue utters words they are all of pleasure and joy.

Those who have watched at hundreds of deathbeds have noted that death was easy, and officers in battle have testified that the last moments of dying soldiers were painless. People who have been in the jaws of wild beasts in India and have been rescued at the last moment, testify that a numbing calmness was experienced after the first sharp, painful snap of the teeth upon them. In fact the approach of every creature's fate brings with it a kindly preparation when life is blissful and full of pleasure. The last sensation in this world is then one of joy and not excruciating pain.

The real knowledge of euthanasia certainly diminishes if it does not entirely relieve the dread of many of the last struggle, which has been made so horrible by descriptions of its agony.

PLEASURES OF DYING.

The pleasures of dying may remove a great burden from the minds of hundreds who are inevitably approaching death. The old fashioned notion that death would be terrible had a baleful influence upon those who were fighting insidious diseases, and many aggravated their complaints by feverishly dreading the pain of the last struggle. In this way a great deal of harm was done, and many sufferers hastened their own end.

Even in the case of poisoning, the pain suffered is only when the system combats against the desire to yield to the influence of the drug. Sleep generally steals over the person, and only the dreamy pleasures caused by the poison and of dying are again experienced in this world. The greatest pain felt is that of the stomach pump, which may be applied in time to recall the suicide to life, and in every case they rebel against this most emphatically. That the suffering is not so terrible may be surmised from the fact that persons who have once attempted suicide frequently make the second or third attempt.

It is a fact that the pain of death is frequently far less than the pain that accompanies many diseases that are not fatal. The pain of rheumatism, for instance, is probably more severe than the usual pain of dying. So is the pain of neuralgia or the pain of the toothache.

Death often, indeed, comes as silently and painlessly as sleep. Those at the bedside cannot see exactly when the vital spark of life gives out with any more certainty than you can tell when a drowsy person passes from semiconsciousness to actual sleep. If we were not all familiar with the phenomenon of sleep how we should fear that sweet oblivion; how we should stand affrighted on the brink before yielding our brain and body to the absolute unconsciousness of healthy sleep.—Dr. W. B. Atkinson.

Superstitious Wearers of Rings.

The use of amulets for disease seems to belong to a past age, yet, in truth, superstition is almost as rife today as in the romantic times when people discovered fairy rings in the meadows and, by every wandering stream, the footprints of the water sprites. It hardly seems possible that copper rings or inlaid rings of iron or other base metal should be worn today to ward off disease. Yet there are wise people, men of affairs, who would scorn to show superstition in greater things, who are firmly convinced that they owe immunity from disease to some such token.—Exchange.

Who knows that the time may not yet come when small boys in this country will gobble sunflower seeds at the circus just as they now consume the festive and odoriferous goober?

There are people who claim to love the Lord who would apologize to the devil if they thought they were in his way.

VULGARITY IN DESIGN.

Jewelry, Furniture and Bric-a-Brac That Shock the Æsthete.

There is nothing in modern life more discouraging to the person of taste than the deliberate vulgarity in design which is so conspicuous in modern manufactures, and this is especially true in those matters of adornment or luxury where it would be supposed that if anywhere would be found the evidences of refinement and cultivation. If in the articles with which the dwellings and the persons of the rich are adorned one does not find evidences of good taste it is indeed a discouraging outlook for the seeker, and yet it is in precisely in these things that the most flagrant violations of all æsthetic canons are encouraged.

One has but to consider the tricks of the makers of jewelry to understand the extent to which this evil has gone. The last whim of the makers of slang is to be seen in the windows of the jeweler wrought out in precious stones. Now the art of the cunning goldsmith is devoted to the making of pigs in gold and gems, now it is some other beast equally inartistic, again it is some idiotic pun, which is enshrined in costly stones or rich enamel, and yet again the paraphernalia of the turf, the gaming table, or what not, absorbs the best skill which the modern world can show in this line. Even worse are the coarse and vulgar designs which are to be seen in the cases of respectable jewelers of the feminine leg or foot, the suggestive and semi-indecent ornaments which appeal to the taste of certain classes, not only of men, but of women, who are apparently perfectly proper members of society.

The designs of furniture and bric-a-brac are, if anything, worse. It is true that there are good designs to be found, but it is no less true that the reign of cheap vulgarity is at its triumphant height. The hard and unsympathetic execution of mechanical means which would be tolerable only when directed by the most delicate and sympathetic taste is made the more detestable by the coarse and forced manner in which it is used. When the designer goes to the past to purloin a design, if he wishes to hit the popular taste he selects some rococo motive of the worst period, and as a rule it is popular in direct proportion to its worthlessness.

When one compares the ornaments of today with those of the times of our grandfathers he may well ask whether our grandchildren will have as much reason to respect their heirlooms as we have to look with pride upon ours. If one takes the so called souvenir spoons with which the shop windows have been filled, how many of them are even tolerable in design?

It is always easier to find fault than to find out a remedy, and it is undoubtedly true that in the present case the matter is largely the result of the increase of material prosperity among those classes where neither taste nor intelligence has had time to be developed. The markets are controlled to a great extent by the new rich, and it is not unnatural that the impress of their vulgarity should be left in a broad mark upon the arts of the time. It is no less true abroad, however, than it is in this country that the designers have apparently degenerated, and the explanation given does not so well apply abroad as in this country.

No doubt the taste of the world is being educated, but the problem today is to educate the taste of the many instead of the taste of the few, and it is far more difficult than any which has ever been presented to the devotees of the æsthetic in the history of civilization before.—Boston Courier.

A Snap Shot at Albuquerque.

We were driven through the streets (if they may be called such) of Albuquerque. Past the wretched mud hovels of the stooped and wrinkled Mexicans, who opened their weak eyes in indolent curiosity which scarcely tempted them to turn their heads for a further view. They seemed to have nothing to do but sun themselves in the doorways and on long board benches by the side of their mud walls. The only ones we saw engaged in any occupation were those who sat combing out their long, black hair, and these were the women kind. If there is a spot on the face of the earth without a hint of home or cheer, it is this mudbuilt town of winds and sands and flat topped roofs of Mexicans, Spaniards, Indians and cowboys.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Mirrors made of Wood.

In Germany wood with a mirror polish is coming into use as a substitute for metal in the finishing of ornamental work. In order to make the wood susceptible to a polish of this order it must first be submitted to a bath of caustic alkali for two days, the bath being kept at a temperature of 175 degs. Fahr. all the while. Next it is soaked in a solution of hydrosulphate of calcium for from twenty-four to thirty-nine hours. The third dip is into a bath of concentrated solution of sulphur. The final dip is into a solution of acetate of lead at a temperature of 100 degs.

After being thoroughly dried the wood is ready to have the metallic surface imparted to it, which is done by giving it a rubbing with finely powdered lead, tin or zinc. Wood treated in the above manner, it is said, will take a polish almost equal to that so often imparted to steel, silver or nickel.—St. Louis Republic.

Culture in Boston.

"Is it," wondered a New York woman just returned from Boston, "because of the use of the sounds of 'a' and 'o' which we are accustomed to associate with cultivated speech that Boston saleswomen seem such refined and attractive persons? They seem a race of gentlewomen, and it was a positive pleasure to be served by them. I noticed also that their hands and nails were beautifully kept, and many of them really did wear eyeglasses. As to that, however, I got in two different horse cars whose drivers had a very scholarly look from the same cause, and a sign posted conspicuously on Boston Common read, 'Professor Brown, Artistic Bootblack.' I begin to believe the stories of the culture of the masses in Boston."—New York Times.

Character Shown in Thumbs.

There is as much character in the thumbs of people as in their faces. A long first joint of the thumb indicates will power; a long second joint indicates strong logical or reasoning power; a wide, thick thumb indicates strong individuality, while a broad nob at the end of the thumb is a sure indication of obstinacy. The thumb is the characteristic feature of the human hand, a characteristic in which it differs from the hand of the monkey, and of all parts of the hand no one is so strongly individual or telltale as the thumb.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Arabs, when they wish to pronounce their most forcible malediction, say, "May thy soul know no more rest than the hat on the head of a European!" The hats of kings and emperors must have been specially in their minds when they framed this curse.

William Kinstone, an Englishman, kept his own accounts, shaved and dressed himself, saddled and bridled his horse, threw sledge hammers and did other seemingly impossible things with his toes.

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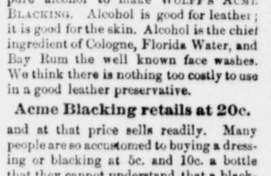

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