

Chestertown Transcript Daily.

CHESTERTOWN, MD. 1892.

NO. 3.

JOY FOR BALDHEADS.

An Invention That Promises to Make Life Worth Living for Many.

The wind has long been tempered to the shorn lamb, but the baldhead has had to take the blasts as they came. No special dispensations in the matter of weather have been made on his account. He has had to look out for himself, and the fact that he survives so numerous is perhaps better evidence of his hustling ability than of his innate godness. Why, no one appears able to tell, but certain it is that from time immemorial there has been none to do the baldhead reverence.

It will be remembered that when the original baldhead was making his way toward Bethel the children by the wayside requested him to "go up." This expression has no place in modern slang, but compliance with the order doubtless involved a journey to sections not down on our list of desirable habitations. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the caput destitute of hairy adornment has all along been the butt for universal ridicule.

But it is a long lane which has no turning, and the baldhead's turn has come at last. Some enterprising philanthropist has invented a polish for the hairless crown which is warranted to turn it into a thing of beauty and joy forever. This blessing comes in the shape of a polish, which is easily applied by a barber and imparts to the already shining crown a shine so brilliant that it dazzles the eyes and so smooth that upon it no fly can gain a foothold.

Those who have never experienced the joys and sorrows of baldness may not be able to appreciate the value of this discovery. The value is there just the same. With a little care the polish can be made windtight and mosquito proof, and the baldheaded man will no longer fall an easy prey to the influenza laden breezes, while he can lie down to dreams unbroken by the assaults of winged things. Surely the baldhead millennium is at hand.

The direct moral influence of this discovery cannot be overrated. With his sparsely thatched crown protected from the attacks of envious Cascas the baldhead will recover from his tendency toward the use of unauthorized expletives, and he may even rise to the point of taking a front seat in the sanctuary in fly time. Relieved of the necessity for turning his skull into a block upon which to butcher the musca domestica, etc., he will be able to turn his whole thought to the sermon, thus setting a worthy example to the congregation while absorbing truths of which he has long stood in need.

If there is justice in all things, the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one has grown before will have to take a back seat when the inventor of the polish for baldheads comes in for his reward.

Verily, these be glorious times, and the baldhead is one of the chief participants in them.—Troy Times.

When you send your check out of the city to pay bills, write the name and residence of your payee thus: "Pay to John Smith & Co., of Boston." This will put your bank on its guard if presented at the counter.

It is calculated that it would take a person over 300 years to read all the standard works that are published, and yet we seldom come across a man who will acknowledge that he has not read every one.

In spraying with arsenicals against the coating moth, the safe proportions are one pound of poison, either paris green or London purple, to 150 gallons of water. When this is properly done but little harm is possible.

Three Humorous Titles.

Among the whimsical titles which appear on the pages of national history, few are more apparently frivolous than the Duke of Marmalade, the Count of Lemonade and the Earl of Brandy. They are, or were, however, real titles, bestowed by a genuine monarch on three of the favorites, and that, too, during the present century. In 1811 a revolution occurred in Hayti, and Christophe, a negro, declared himself emperor. Through conspiracy and plot, his life often attempted, he retained power till 1820, preserving to the last the appearance of a royal court and creating a numerous ability.

Among them were the three already mentioned, and the oddity of the titles has suggested to many writers the frivolousness of the African character. In fact, however, all three names were those of places, the first two being originally plantations, but latterly towns of some importance. This fact not being generally known, a misapprehension has arisen with regard to the titles themselves, which, however absurd, are scarcely more so than some which were bestowed in France and Germany during the Middle Ages.—Boston Transcript.

English Rulers and the Language.

Unlike most other countries England has repeatedly been governed by foreigners, who thought so little of their people that they did not even take the trouble to learn the language of their subjects. Most of the Danish kings knew no English, and if William the Conqueror, William Rufus and others knew the language they kept the fact to themselves.

The early French kings, in fact, regarded England as a conquest and France as their home. Richard I, for instance, spent but a few months of the ten years of his reign on English soil. In modern times George I neither knew nor cared to learn English, and George II spoke it very imperfectly.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Intelligent Ants.

Several species of ants in South America make raids on the black ants, rob them of their larvae and compel the poor black ants to be their slaves. In the burying of their dead, ants show wonderful intelligence, having cemeteries, and even bury their slaves in a different place from their masters and are quite up in funeral pageantry. Much may be learned from ant life in their wonderful government, sanitary arrangement, common brotherhood, nursing and care of the young, temperance and love of fresh air.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

She Married a Lord.

"What has become of your niece?" asked Miss Donahue of Mrs. O'Rafferty. "Och, sure, an she's done well wid herself. She married a lord."

"Why, you don't tell me! An English lord?"

"No; I don't think he's an English lord. He's a landlord. He kapes a summer hotel."—Texas Siftings.

An Unlucky Number.

"I should think Pope Leo XIII would be a very unhappy man?" said Judge Pennybunker. "I should think he would be troubled with dreadful forebodings?"

"Why so?" asked Colonel Yerger.

"Because he can never sit down to the table without being the thirteenth—Leo XIII." replied Judge Pennybunker.—Texas Siftings.

Materials for Glass.

For making the best mirrors the necessary silica is obtained from ordinary white quartz, while common window panes are produced from sea sand to a large extent.—Washington Star.

THE ABSENTMINDED WOMAN.

Several Arguments to Prove That She Is Not, as She Feels, Insane.

A lady who hastened to explain that she is "not a drinking woman," that she is "not addicted to the use of drugs," in short that she has no habits that would tend to impair the intellect, cites an experience that has caused her much disquietude. Briefly told and in her own language, she "went down town and forgot to put on either hat or bonnet." This bit of mental aberration has so haunted, worried and generally upset her that she appeals for relief—something in the nature of citation of similar cases that may convince her that she is not a glaring exception to the world of sensible people and that her performance is not to be taken as an indication that she is losing her mind.

It ought to be the easiest thing in the world to convince this needlessly alarmed lady that in the light of the many and notable examples of mental lapses her experience is rather a pleasantly distinguishing characteristic and not a terrifying malady. If she has followed the daily papers or has read the floating bits of biography she must have noted the many strange stories of great men and women remarkable for their absent-mindedness. In fact, the preoccupation of the mind has led people into many absurd experiences and has made them the subjects of many oft told jests.

But nobody would think for a moment of accusing such people of a marked tendency toward insanity or of intimating that the brain was softening. The explanation would be that the mind is so concentrated on what happens to be occupying it at the moment that all other things are subordinated. For example, people wrapped in thought will be carried beyond their railway station, will walk several blocks out of their way, will even pass their own door.

A further interesting and consoling thought is the fact that the profoundest thinkers afford the most numerous illustrations of absentmindedness. Scientists, literary men, college professors, lawyers—in short, all classes of people who are of a studious profession—are noted for such eccentricities. The wise professor, with his head crammed full of the inspiration of the study, is the butt of the students and the practical folk that enjoy the bewilderment into which his preoccupation leads him. Professor Sophocles, of Harvard university, was a man of this kind. Professor Snell, of Amherst, was another. Professor Walter Houghton, the historian, is a third. It is related of Professor Houghton that in leaving his room to pass down a long corridor and thence to the street he invariably raised his umbrella unconscious of the smiles of the amused spectators.

Samuel T. Glover, for many years the bright ornament of the St. Louis bar, was notoriously absentminded. He would enter a restaurant, order a luncheon and fall into a brown study over a law case. After the luncheon had been served he would pick up the check, pay the cashier and walk out, leaving the food untouched, entirely unmindful of the fact that his stomach was still unsatisfied. Mr. Beecher has related stories in which thought preoccupation has played him pranks, and has laughed as heartily as anybody over the misfortunes.

In view of the thousands of experiences that might be cited in evidence of the extent of absentmindedness, it would appear that the lady who pranced down town bereft of her bonnet has no reason to fear that she is also to be bereft of her reason. A thousand Bloomingdales could not accommodate the lunatics in her stage of disease.—New York World.

The Hindoos and Ceylonese all believe that Adam was buried in a cave in the side of the mountain known as "Adam's peak," Island of Ceylon.

Picking Out Thieves by Their Eyes.

The eye always indicates the character of the man. This is particularly true of thieves, for the expert detective can tell in almost every case whether or not a man is a thief by simply looking him squarely in the eye. A well known detective in speaking of this matter, said:

"Yes, I can pick out a thief every time. I can't tell you what it is that gives the man away except that it is the expression of the eye. In the first place, there are few thieves that will look you squarely in the eye unless they are obliged to do so. They will avoid your glance as long as they can, and even when they do face you and gaze steadily at you it is always with the same expression. Although their eyes may be wide open and the gaze apparently steady you will see, if you look closely, that there is something away back through the corner trying to avoid you. I have picked out numbers of thieves by this little dodging movement. I never saw a thief who was free from it.

"Everybody has met that man who resolutely refuses to meet a steady gaze for more than three or four seconds at a time. It is not fair to say that all such persons are dishonest. In many cases this peculiarity is a direct result of bashfulness. A little close observation will enable the observer to put persons in the class to which they belong. The man whose eye is almond shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking."—Pittsburg Press.

Eugene Sue's Vanity.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary literary success which he enjoyed when his works were the vogue, Eugene Sue posed much more as a man of fashion than a man of letters. After his dinner at the Cafe de Paris he would gravely stand on the steps smoking his cigar and listening to the conversation with an air of superiority without attempting to take part in it. His mind was supposed to be far away, devising schemes for the social and moral improvement of his fellow creatures. These philanthropic musings did not prevent him from paying a great deal of attention—too much perhaps—to his personal appearance, for even in those days of beans, bucks and dandies, of Counts d'Orsay and others, men could not help thinking Eugene Sue overdressed.

He rarely appeared without spurs to his boots, and he would no more have done without a new pair of white kid gloves every evening than without his dinner. Other men, like Nestor de Roqueplan, Alfred de Musset and Major Fraser, did not mind having their gloves cleaned, though the process was not so perfect as it is now. Eugene Sue averred that the smell of cleaned gloves made him ill. The unhappy man finally fell into poverty, was quietly cashiered from his fashionable clubs and died in obscurity.—Chicago Post.

Curious South American Ants.

There is a species of ant in South America that plant and cultivate a kind of grass called ant rice, and are so advanced in civilization that malting is understood by them. Then there are mushroom growing ants, who cultivate fungus, and others again who use um-

Great Men Not Always Tall.

Louis the Great, less his high heeled shoes and towering wig, dwindles to about 5 feet 6, but even thus pared down to the inches nature gave him he was a giant compared with Sir Francis Drake and with Admiral Keppel—"Little Keppel," as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love and admiration.—Gentleman's Magazine.