Where Did the Oysters Go To?

An Annapolis oysterman who has had considerable experience says it has been a mystery to him and others in the business why a tonger can catch a boatload of oysters on an oyster rock one day, the next day catch nothing but shells and the following day on the same oyster ground gather a good supply of oysters. Continuing, he said: "After having taken with rakes 107 bushels in two days we returned to the same grounds, having 'buoyed' the exact place. Much to our surprise, we found nothing but shells, though the oysters were plentiful when we left. A day later we again visited our buoy, and with tongs caught nearly as many oysters as on the first day."—Baltimore Sun.

Switzerland has been obliged to take measures against illiterate immigrants, owing to the influx of Italians. The canton of Zurich has established compulsory evening schools for Italian workmen who settle in the canton.

The inhabitants of the Marquesas islands are among the most expert tattooers on earth.

According to Promise.

"Now that you've got your dog again," said the rough looking man, pocketing the reward, "you might ask me if I wouldn't like something to drink."

"You forgot, sir," sternly replied the owner of the animal, "that I said in my advertisement 'No questions asked.'" —Chicago Tribune.

A GERMAN BEER DUEL.

Etiquette by Which the Honor of Schulze and Muller Was Satisfied.

The etiquette and procedure in the bloodless German beer duel are described in a recent number of the Berlin Borsencourier. A fine song poured forth from strong lungs drives about violently the clouds of tobacco smoke lowering over the tables, but its harmonies cannot prevent discords among the guests. Two of these bring a long argument to a sudden end by the loud utterance of the words:

"Bierjunge."

"I take you up."

A long silence follows. The appointed referee arises. The barmaid or the waiter brings in two full beer mugs, and the cry resounds through the room:

"Silentium, for a beer contest between the beer honorable fellows Schulze and Muller."

The referee takes up the weapons brought in and by sipping carefully sees that the columns of beer are at the same level in each mug. He then announces:

"The weapons are good and equal. Silentium! The beer duel begins. My commands will be: 'Lift, clink, exchange arms, seize mugs, go!' The decisive word shall be, 'Hottentottenpotentatentantenmutterattentat.'"

The combatants seize the mugs. The orders are given and obeyed quickly. At the word "Go!" the mugs fly to the lips. Schulze pours his beer with evident satisfaction down his throat, but Muller prefers to spill the stuff with impartiality over his shirt front and waistcoat as well Schulze shouts in triumph:

"Hottentottenpatentottentantenmatterottentute!"

Whereupon the referee announces icily, "Muller has shed blood and must be considered second in the race."

Muller's defeat irritates him. He appeals instantly to a beer court, which, after consuming a number of eggnogs, rejects his appeal, condemns him to pay for the drinks and orders him to deliver within three beer minutes a beer speech on the text, "The immortality of June bugs and their importance in the outcome of the Greco-Turkish war."

AND GRANT WHITTLED ON.

He Felt Confident That the Report Would Prove Untrue.

It is the opinion of a veteran war correspondent that a good military commander never loses his head and has a very clear idea of how a battle should go because of the way in which it is being fought in accordance with prearranged plans. He relates numerous instances in support of his theory, and among them is this one:

"At the close of the first day's battle in the Wilderness Grant was sitting at his headquarters surrounded by his staff and several distinguished visitors. Suddenly there was a yell from the Sixth corps on the right, rapidly fired volleys were heard, and teams were seen hurrying to the rear An excited officer rode up and announced that the right flank had been turned, that the enemy had massed their whole force to crush Sedgwick and that Shaler's brigade had been captured. Grant, who sat with his back to a tree whittling, never changed countenance nor dropped a stroke with his keen edged knife.

"'Shall I order a division of the Ninth corps to support the Sixth?' asked Meade.

"'If you think best,' was Grant's reply.

"The order was sent, and after several minutes Grant turned to Congressman Washburne, who was his guest, and said: 'I don't believe that story. Warren has been fighting all day, and since midafternoon Hancock has been hammering away. Lee simply hasn't had time nor opportunity to mass his forces in front of Sedgwick. We shall hear a different report.

"Inside of half an hour an officer reported that the enemy had been repulsed on the right instead of having turned the flank, as at first reported. In all that time Grant had not changed his position or ceased to whittle. But he was keeping up the thinking of a brainy man who knows his business. He had simply reasoned unerringly from cause to effect, and ability to do this is absolutely requisite in every successful general."—Detroit Free Press.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Aim In Life.

Poultney Bigelow contributes to The Century an article on "Ten Years of Kaiser Wilhelm." Mr. Bigelow says:

I have known few men so free from brag or hypocrisy as was this German prince when he ascended the imperial throne. On the Christmas immediately preceding the death of his noble father he wrote a letter to a friend 3,000 miles away. I have no right to make this letter public, but shall be forgiven for this much: The writer dwelt earnestly upon the year that was closing, and particularly referred to the problems of the future, little dreaming that he was the one who would be called upon to assist in their solution. In this letter he confessed that the ambition of his life was to improve the condition of the working people, to reconcile the rasping conflict between those who have and those who have not, and, above all, to make the Christian religion a real thing. He went on jokingly to lament that some of our American millionaires did not see fit to leave him legacies for this purpose, for he was, he said, always hampered for want of necessary funds.

LEGEND OF THE ECHO

A QUAINT INDIAN STORY OF HOW IT ORIGINATED.

How the Red Skinned Dakota Huntsmen Accounted For the Mocking, Answering Voice That Grew Fainter and Fainter.

The whoop of the red skinned huntsmen was answered in ravines and canyons long ago, when the prairies of the west were dotted with buffalo herds, and when this broad country had no homes but wigwams, no people but Indians. The answering halloo grew fainter, and finally died away, leaving the hunters puzzled to account for it. They asked their chiefs, and this is the explanation as the generations of time have changed it.

Turtle Dove, who lived years ago in Bear's gulch, in the Black Hills of the Dakotas, had one little babe, a boy, whom she called Sage Cock, and a girl of 5 named Ohoteu. It was her custom when she daily gathered seeds in the valley to carry Sage Cock about on her back, as Indians do, but one day she grew so tired of her burden that she laid Sage Cock, who was fast asleep, under a sagebush and told Ohoteu to watch him. Turtle Dove went farther and farther down the gulch, and while she was away an old witch came hobbling up.

"Ohoteu, is the little boy your brother?" she asked. She knew without asking that it was Sage Cock, but Ohoteu, who had been taught that witches were more likely to carry off boys than girls, though frightened, answered quickly, "No, it is my sister." Then the witch, although bad enough herself, scolded the trembling little maiden for her lie and changed herself into so terrible a shape that Ohoteu was so frightened she could not interfere when the witch ran off with her little brother, taking him to her home on the side of a distant mountain.

This old witch was so ugly that no man would marry her. She had decided that her only course was to capture a husband, and this was her reason for wanting Sage Cock. When she reached her cave, she began transforming the baby into a full grown man. First she pulled at one limb, then another, until each was the size of a man's. Finally Sage Cock, of a man's size and with a man's strength, stood before her. She at last had a husband. But in spite of his size Sage Cock in his heart and brain was still a baby and apt to do the same foolish things a baby would do. The witch had to teach him to hunt and fish and to eat dried buffalo meat.

It was not long after the kidnaping of Sage Cock before Turtle Dove had all the seeds she could carry, and returning to the spot where she had left her children she met Ohoteu crying, and was told what had happened.

In great sorrow, the mother started immediately on the long, hopeless search for Sage Cock. Her brother, Eagle, because he was a great traveler, offered to aid her, and, by flying very swiftly and without rest, he visited a great deal of territory. But it was months before he spied the witch. He did not then know that the man with her was Sage Cock.

But when he told Turtle Dove of what he had seen she started at once with him for the witch's mountain, sure that if the man was her boy transformed by the wicked magic of the witch he would still recognize her voice. When the two finally reached the neighborhood where the witch had previously been seen Turtle Dove climbed into a tree and cried aloud most mournfully, while Eagle, from another tree, keenly watched the effect on Sage Cock, who immediately recognized the voice and cried repeatedly to the witch, "I hear my mother! I hear my mother!" But the witch only laughed and told him to hide in the stomach of a mountain sheep which was lying near, a trophy of the boy man's skill with the bow and arrow. Obedient, Sage Cock crawled into the sheep and the old witch followed him.

Turtle and Eagle were puzzled at the sudden disappearance of the two, but had no thought of investigating the interior workings of the dead mountain sheep. They wandered aimlessly about for several days, when Eagle decided that the missing pair, and particularly Sage Cock, who was half a baby, would soon be so hungry they would have to come out of their hiding for food. He killed a rabbit and hung it at the top of a small pine tree, peeled the tree of its bark and limbs that it might be next to impossible to climb it, and then from the branch of a great tamarack he watched developments.

It was but a few hours before the witch appeared, as Eagle had expected. And when she saw the rabbit, which was the nearest food at hand, she began awkwardly climbing the tree. So slow was she that Eagle, who had seen her emerge from the sheep, had time to pull Sage Cock out of the sheep's paunch and carry him off, while the witch was grunting and hugging the tree, her eyes fixed on the rabbit above. Eagle carried his prize to the same spot under the sagebush from which Sage Cock was stolen, and so soon as Sage Cock, now a man, touched the earth he was instantly transformed into the same baby he had been when he had disappeared. As Eagle's tracks were washed out by rainstorms, when the witch discovered her loss she was unable to trace him. But she saw some feathers which she knew were Eagle's, and at once divined what had happened.

She decided to go to her grandfather, a rattlesnake, for protection and for his aid in avenging herself. The venerable reptile, Rattlesnake, with whom she was by no means popular, was drowsing in a glare of sunshine on a big, flat rock, and, vexed that she had awakened him, he told her roughly, "Go away; I don't want to see you." But as she stood there pleading, Eagle appeared. She was badly frightened, but as she did not lose her wits when Rattlesnake cried, "Hide, hide!" she jumped right into the old fellow's mouth and slid down to his middle, which gave old Rattlesnake such a pain that he begged the witch to crawl out, and when she refused, in his paroxysms of anguish he slipped out of his skin, leaving the witch within it.

When Eagle called out, "Where are you, old witch?" in a threatening tone, she answered him derisively from her peculiar quarters, mocking what he had said. As she feared no disturbance in such an abode, she has lived there ever since, and, glorying in her seclusion, her voice is often heard, always deriding and mocking people.—Sioux City Journal.

The town of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, was named in 1741 by a party of Moravians, who assembled in a barn where the town is located to celebrate Christmas.

The first discoverer of gold in California made very little out of it. He insisted on keeping everybody out and claimed all, but got comparatively nothing.

ELECTRICITY FROM WIND.

Reasons Why This Method of Getting It Is Not More Generally Adopted.

If we mistake not, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, in his last attempt to reach the north pole, had the Fram equipped with a specially designed windmill, which when operating drove a dynamo and furnished the necessary current for lighting purposes. An aermotor erected on the roof of a building in Park place in this city has been for some time successfully driving a dynamo in connection with a storage battery plant, the current from which has been utilized for incandescent lighting. From this it will be seen that there is nothing very new in the application of windmills to the driving of dynamos.

There are probably several reasons why the windmill or aermotor has not been more universally adopted for the above purpose. In the first place such a motive power is always more or less uncertain and cannot always be depended upon. There may be a calm just at the time it is found necessary to recharge the batteries, or the batteries may be in use when a breeze springs up. This would necessitate having two sets of batteries at a considerable cost. Another reason why aermotors have not been more extensively adopted is probably due to the fact that current can now be generated with steam as a motive power very economically, especially in large quantities. The erecting of an aermotor and the installation of a number of storage batteries with a dynamo mean a considerable outlay of money, especially when the cost of maintenance and renewals is taken into account. In certain cases it may be found that the interest on the batteries, generator and windmill, with the labor item figured in, will cost as much in the long run as the current could be purchased for on the outside.

But probably the chief reason why the power of the wind is allowed to go to waste when it could be employed for generating electricity is the same as that which prevents the immense power derivable from the tides in both the Hudson and East rivers from being utilized—namely, conservatism, or, if not lack of progress, a slowness in availing ourselves of opportunities.—Electricity.

SENSIBLE SMOKING RULES.

Read Them, Ye Burners of the Cigarette, and Take Warning.

Generalarzt Dr. Scholer publishes in the Centralblatt zu Gesundheitspflege a collection of "Hints to Smokers," which are founded, as the doctor states, upon his professional observations for many years of mouth, teeth, stomach, lungs, heart and skin of the devotees of tobacco.

The first and foremost rule is never to smoke before breakfast, nor, as a rule, when the stomach is empty. This custom is the worst possible foe of digestion. Never smoke during any exertion of great physical energy, as dancing, running, cycling, mountain climbing or rowing, and especially if in a contest. Never follow "the bad custom of the French and the Russians" by allowing the smoke to pass through the nose. Never inhale it through the nose.

Keep the smoke as far as possible from the eyes and nose. The longer the pipe the better. The use of a short pipe during work is to be avoided. A pipe is the most wholesome form of smoking, a cigar the next, a cigarette the worst. Always throw away your cigar when you have smoked four-fifths of it. The last end of it is the most hurtful, in cauda venenum, the poison lurks in the tail.

All cigarettes are bad, but eastern cigarettes the worst, for they are always compounded with some degree of opium. The smoker ought to rinse out his mouth, not only before every meal and before going to bed, but several times during the day. The best rinse for the smoker is a glass of water in which a teaspoonful of table salt has been dissolved. It should be used as a gargle at night, and care should be taken that every cavity in the teeth is well washed with it. The pipe's proper place is in the hand and only occasionally in the lips or the mouth.

The latest cure for a rattlesnake bite is coal oil. When bitten upon the hand, place it in a vessel filled with oil, and the poison will come out and rise to the surface of the liquid.

According to the best authorities, there has never been a race of men that was ignorant of the use of fire.

THE STARS AND BARS.

Some Diverting History of the Flag of the Southern Confederacy.

The flag of the Confederacy, or rather the flags of the Confederacy, had some curious bits of history attached to their existence. On March 5, 1861, the provisional Confederate congress recommended that "the flag of the Confederate States of America shall consist of a red field, with a white space extending horizontally through the center and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag, the red spaces above and below to be of the same width as the white, the union, blue, extending down through the white spaces and stopping at the lower red space, in the center of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the states of the Confederacy." It was first displayed in public March 4, 1861, the day of the inauguration of Lincoln, and was unfurled over the statehouse at Montgomery, Ala.

On the battlefield the flag bore such a similarity to the Union flag that in September, 1861, for the Army of the Potomac, Generals Beauregard and Johnston created what afterward became known as the battle flag—a red ground with a blue diagonal cross emblazoned with white stars, one for each state. This form was adopted by all of the troops east of the Mississippi river. The first design, bearing the objection of resemblance to the stars and stripes, and the battleflag having no reverse, the Confederate senate in April, 1863, adopted a white flag, with a broad blue bar in its center, which was amended by inserting the battleflag design as the union, with a plain white ground for the field. This arrangement afterward proved faulty, as at a distance the large white field resembled a flag of truce, and also, as combined with the union, was similar to the English white ensign.

On Feb. 4, 1865, the Confederate senate adopted a third change: "The width, two-thirds of its length, with the union, now used as a battleflag, to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag, and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width below it; to have a ground of red and broad blue saltier thereon, bordered with white and emblazoned with mullets or five pointed stars corresponding in number to that of the Confederate states; the field to be white, except the outer half from the union, which shall be a red bar, extending the width of the flag."—Ohio Valley Manufacturer.

TIPS ON OCEAN STEAMERS.

Devices by Which They Are Wooed From the Unwary.

The steamship hands of the ocean liners have a systematic game for drawing tips from the pockets of unsuspecting passengers that rivals anything ever perpetrated by the most expert hotel employees. The game is called "sea draughts" or "sea checkers," and consist of a number of clever "moves" well known to every sailor, steward, cabin boy and deckhand.

Those who know these "moves" the best are, however, very reluctant to reveal just how they are practiced, and they would still be dark secrets but for the information gathered by Dr. O'Laughlin, senior physician of the White Star line.

"Sea draughts," says the doctor, "is briefly the game, or rather a game, by which our men add to their wages by wooing money out of our patrons' pockets. It took me years to become acquainted with even the rudiments of the game, and but for the information received from a smoking room steward whom I treated through a serious illness I should still be in ignorance on the subject.

"To the experienced deckhand there are, I believe, 254 'moves' in sea draughts. Move No. 1 consists in 'spotting'—i. e., in carefully watching—the passengers on the deck or as they come aboard, so as to select those with liberal, kindly faces and to avoid those who have been too openly taken in on previous voyages.

"Move No. 2 is to approach a passenger in need of a match and, as if on the spur of the moment, to offer him a light. If the smoker be at all free with his money, he is pretty sure to fish out some small reward for this attention. The smoking room steward has special facilities for playing move No. 2. It lies within his power to let the smoking room stock of matches run down and then to dispatch a confederate in search of would be smokers along the deck. The confederate appears in the nick of time.

"Move 22 begins with the sly addition of some chalk, or even paint, to the favorite seat of a liberal passenger. The passenger in question returns to his pet spot, and all unconsciously sits down Suddenly he is aroused by the exclamation of an apparently horrified deckhand: 'Lor', sir, you've been and sat in some paint. Never mind, though. I'll get it off for you. I never comes aboard without some benzine.' In the case of chalk a clothes brush is produced with equal readiness.

"Let the traveler ponder over his past experience upon the vast deep and recall whether he has ever yielded up his worldly wealth in response to some of the 254 'moves' of sea draughts."—New York Journal.

EARLY PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY.

The Imperious Madam Rush Materially Widened the Small Social Circle.

"In Philadelphia were certain streets or sections beyond which no man could take his family without danger of social exile," writes William Perrine of "The Most Aristocratic Social Event In America"—the Philadelphia "assembly"—in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Many a Philadelphian has been known to decline the comforts of a modern house and submit to the dreary inconvenience of an old one, rather than set up his household above Market street or below Pine street. In the code of the old 'assemblies,' 'nobody lived above Market street,' and Arch street was the dead line, the limit that looked far out on only the barbarians and rich plebeians of the modern Philadelphia. Within the boundaries of the 'assembly's' jurisdiction the mansions were long marked by a somber simplicity. After nightfall all external signs of occupancy or of cheerfulness vanished. The shutters were closed tight; no lights were to be seen, and it was not until foreign critics, as late as the centennial year, called attention to this nocturnal dismalness, that there began to be a change. As a rule, moderation in entertaining prevailed. It was seldom that there were lavish private functions outside of a very few families, and there was no disposition to enlarge the lines of society or to widen the doorway of admission until the imperious Madam Rush came upon the scene.

"'I am going,' said the madam to Mrs. George Harrison of the old regime, 'to have a party at my house, and I want you to be there. I shall have 350 guests.'

"'What!' exclaimed Mrs. Harrison. 'Impossible.'

"'No; I mean what I say.'

"'Well, then, my dear,' was the reply, 'I can only say that you must have a great many common people among your friends.'"

Gayest People In the World.

The population of Italy is 8,000,000 less than the population of France, but Italy has more theaters than France and twice as many as England, though the population of the United Kingdom is fully 5,000,000 larger than that of Italy. These figures, recently compiled, re-enforce the claim long ago made by Italian managers that there are more theaters in proportion to its population in Italy than elsewhere in the world. There are approximately 1,000 places of amusement in the United States. In Italy there are 448; in France, 437; in Germany, 390; in Great Britain, 352, and in Spain, 210.

One explanation which has been offered for the very large number of theaters in Italy is that many of them are small affairs and unworthy of recognition as such. This view of the case, however, is inaccurate, as in respect to the seating capacity Italian theaters are rather larger than those of other countries. One explanation of the large number of theaters in Italy is to be found in the fact that the cultivation and appreciation of music are perhaps more general in Italy than in any other country, and many of the playhouses therefore are devoted not to the theatrical but to musical entertainments. What are called concert halls in England are theaters in Italy

THOU SHALT NOT WALK ALONE.

Thou shalt not walk alone.
The shadows gather, and the weird winds moan,
The ghoul, grief, grinneth on the graven stone.
Wild is the way, but lone it shall not be
If I may share thy pilgrimage with thee.

As from a mystic scroll,
Which love and sympathy alone unroll,
I read the secrets of thy sorrowing soul
And with responsive sorrow take thy hand
To lead thee o'er the baleful borderland.

I know the torturer's tongue
In spiteful rage has racked thee and has wrung
The blood of suffering from the heart which stung
Presumption with defiance, yet the scar
Will but attest how firm thy virtues are.

Be cheerful, if I may cheer,
For thou, the dearest, shalt be doubly dear.
World wounded spirit, make thy heaven here.
Deep as the love thou wakenest in my breast
Shall be my rapture and thy perfect rest.
—Charles J. Bayne in Woman's Home Companion.

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