IN ARISTOCRATIC BALTIMORE.

A City of Pride, Pedigree and Non-Progression.

As far as politics goes, you get more of it in Baltimore than in any other spot on this globe. You hear fellows chattering around the corners of Barnum's about the local politicians. You sit down at dinner among the slovenly-dressed men inside, and they are talking politics without the least grasp of principles—merely repeating some stuff they have picked up in local newspapers. There is not a railroad station in Baltimore city that is not a disgrace to a place of its population. I do not mean to say that there is not yet beauty in Baltimore, because it has a very large population; and there are some mixtures and tints of complexion in that place that are always attractive if they could only be illumined with the broad spirit of our times.

This is the most aristocratic town, I suppose, in the United States—that is to say, there is more talk in it about family, and marriage, and such things, and they all know their pedigrees, more or less. But the shadow on the town is its self-righteousness, its belief that it has the best, that it can not learn any thing from the present day. I will give a conversation that I had in Washington with a prosperous man on this subject. He was an intense southern man, and his father, I have understood, was the courier who brought the news of Nat Durner's insurrection fifty years ago from the governor of Virginia to the president. I have never talked to him about politics. I knew that a few years ago, when Wade Hampton made his first appearance at Washington, this gentleman sent him the most gorgeous carriage he had. I was therefore surprised to hear him say only yesterday:

"I went over to Baltimore to see Tom Winans' new house. From what the Baltimore people said, I thought it would be a wonderful thing. Why, my dear sir, we have got fifty houses in Washington, that we don't brag about, that put it in the background. Baltimore has got to be a very insipid place. The people come driving to Washington on all the railroads they can find, and I hardly see anybody who knows anything about Baltimore."

"What is the reason?" said I.

"A confounded want of liberality. Walking around in a circle, like a blind mule in a bark mill, believing that the bark they see and the circle they go in is this universe."

Howa Conscientious Conductor Got Promoted.

"How did I become superintendent?" answered the railroad official. "Why, it was this way: I was conductor of the morning passenger express, and one day as we were coming down by the junction we struck a misplaced switch and ran into a freight train that was standing on the siding. As we were running almost thirty-five miles an hour, of course it piled things up a good deal. Our engine was smashed all to pieces, the 'smoker' telescoped the baggage car, and the forward passenger coach ran up on the heap and rolled over. I was standing on the platform at the time the thing happened, and luckily was slung off about thirty feet beside the track.

"When I picked myself up everything was confusion, the air was filled with clouds of escaping steam, and about fifty passengers were somewhere in the wreck. Of course, it was what you might call an 'emergency,' but there's no such word as that in the company's dictionary. I had my orders and knew what to do. The roof of the smoking car lay near me, and I heard a man crying out from underneath it. After about ten minutes' work I got the stuff all cleared away and reached him. He was very weak and groaning. 'Oh, heavens!' he said, 'this timber presses me so, I can't move. Both my legs are broken below the knee.' Think you'll be here till the next train?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he moaned. 'Then you'll need a stop-over check, sir,' I said, and I made out a pasteboard and gave it to him.

"'Young man,' he said, 'I observe that you have neglected to fill in the day of the month, but, under the circumstances your mission is excusable. I am a director of the company, and, if I survive, your attention to duty shall be rewarded.' The old gentleman pulled through, and is now vice president. That's how I'm superintendent, and—" he continued musingly, as he fingered his lantern watch-charm, "I believe in the old saying that the company has rights which the public is bound to respect, and rules which they must conform to."

Is There no Rule.

Even if we leave the high moral and mental ground, is it true that there is any dietetic certainty as to the purely physiological results with food or drink? I am not a man of science, but I have a dim memory of reading, I think in some papers by George Henry Lewes, that chemists utterly fail to predict or ascertain the exact operation of food or drugs in the living human body. They can say that according to chemical laws such and such substance ought to produce certain results, but again and again life baffles them, for the incalculable action of the living organism falsifies their forecasts. Does this account for the extraordinary manner in which doctors fail and doctors disagree? Some of the most eminent medical men have told me that occasionally they come across patients whose peculiarities of constitution upset all their calculations, and we have in every circle stories amply authenticated of cures by quacks where regular practitioners fail. Our grandfathers, who rarely went to bed sober, were hale and strong. Their steady grandsons and granddaughters, who are never even tipsy, have delicate organizations and sensitive nerves. The Americans take strong tea, and are restless; the Chinese take more, and are stolid. Coffee makes many Englishmen sleepless; the Turks take it to excess and are drowsy half the day. Must our rule be, "there is no rule;" or are the exceptions larger than the rule itself?

A Polite Pupil.

The Philadelphia youth is growing more and more precocious. An up town grammar-school boy became so obstreperous yesterday that his teacher, new in her vocation, young and pretty, determined to try the plan of keeping him in. After school she sat with grim determination until it became dark, and then she let him depart. What was her astonishment at the gate to find the youth awaiting her! He greeted her with: "It's too dark for a young lady to be alone on the streets. Will you allow me to accompany you home?"

LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet,
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and resume thy power?
Yet can'st thou, without thought or feeling be?
O, say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

SHIPPING DRESSED MEATS.

THE REFRIGERATOR WHICH IS IN USE—THE WORLD'S MARKET.

We learn from a foreign journal that the first consignment of dead meat to England from this country was made about October, 1875. Since that time the trade has steadily increased until now it reaches an aggregate value of more than $10,000,000 annually. At first the meat was preserved during the Atlantic voyage by a draught of cold air blown over blocks of ice. This system, however, made the meat moist, and it has been superceded by refrigerators, in which a draught of cold air keeps the meat at a temperature as little as possible below freezing point.

The Bell-Coleman refrigerator, which is in common use for this purpose, is based upon the principle of compressed air being thoroughly cooled and then allowed to expand. In the act of expansion it becomes cold enough to freeze water. To accomplish this the air is taken by air pumps from the meat chamber and then compressed, after which it is cooled by jets of water and passed through a system of tubes. After passing through the expanding apparatus the air is discharged at the rate of 40,000 cubic feet an hour into the meat chamber. The air is drier and this system works better than was common in the first experiments of preserving meat during a long voyage by means of blocks of ice. In this manner salmon has been kept frozen for six months, and tons of English fish have been conveyed to Australia in the same way. During the Egyptian campaign supplies of frozen meat were sent for the use of the British troops in Egypt, and that which was left in the cool chamber of the ship was returned to England and sold in the London markets.

The prejudice which for a long time existed with regard to frozen meats is wearing away. In many countries, notably in Russia and Canada, there are frozen meat markets during the cold season, the supply consisting of meat, fish and game from remote parts of the world. In Sydney, Australia, the entire meat supply is frozen in an immense refrigerating apparatus, the air sometimes falling to a temperature of 137 degrees below the freezing point. The general good health of the people who eat this frozen food attests the wholesomeness of such a diet. Meanwhile the exportation of frozen meat from the United States is increasing with every year, and the English hope to still further augment their supply by cargoes from Australia, New Z[illegible]land and Tasmania.

Cumulative Swearing.

In later years, after the discovery of the carbonates and the birth of Leadville, much of the freight of that famous city was carried up Ute pass. This was before the railways had pushed into the town, and the old settlers are ever ready to tell about the days when the mule teams struggled up the range and through the pass which is now so quiet and beautiful. From all accounts a Leadville teamster was anything but a mild-spoken man. His profanity was something wonderful, and his collection of oaths was inexhaustible. Some used to call the place "Hell pass," and it is said that some of the dead trees one sees scattered about were robbed of life by the sulphur smoke which arose when half a dozen teamers got into swearing trim and gave their oaths full fire. If a man driving the forward team got stuck he swore a little, and his successor also swore, with a little harder oath, just for companionship. And so on down the long line, each man getting out something slightly more profane than the man ahead of him; and when the last teamer swore, it is reported that his oath was something so new, original, and, withal, so startling in its wickedness that the leading team immediately started up, fully persuaded that the devil himself was not far away. Those days, however, are past now, and the traveler to the park will find the old pass pretty quiet.

Where He Made a Profit.

Twenty years ago there was an old farmer living about one hundred miles from New York who took forty pounds of dried apples to the village merchant and was told that the price was 4 cents per pound.

"I'll be hanged if I submit to this extortion any longer!" he exclaimed. "Why, they are quoted in Horace Greeley's paper at 7 cents!"

"Hadn't you better take 'em to New York?"

"I'll be kicked if I don't."

And he did. When he came home and figured up he said to his wife:

"Wall, Hanner, it cost me $8 to come and go, $2 tavern bill and may be a little extra for tobacco."

"Then you lost by the trip?"

"Yas, kinder lost in one way, but in another I got my tea for 4 cents a pound less than Jackson sells t, and I tell you 4 cents don't grow on every thistle!"

Wild Oats.

"Wild oats are never injured by the frost," says Pretzel's Weekly. But the frost of old age is often injured and made miserable by the wild oats sown in the spring time of life.

Beecher: Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

FASHIONS IN ALASKA.

WOMEN WITH BLACKED FACES—CHILDREN THIN-CLAD AND BAREFOOTED.

One Indian village wanders along the beach below the wharf and another settlement is hidden behind a knoll at the other side of town, and the natives came from these two places and huddled in groups on the wharf. Most of them were barefooted in this cold autumnal rain, but wrapped in blankets and in nearly every case carrying an umbrella. The women and children tripped down in their bare feet, and sat around on the dripping wharf with a recklessness that suggested pneumonia, consumption, rheumatism and all of those kindred ills from which they suffer so severely. Nearly all of the women had their faces blacked, and no one can imagine anything more frightful and sinister on a melancholy day than to be confronted by one of these silent, stealthy figures with the great circles of the whites of the eyes alone visible in the shadow of the blanket.

A dozen fictitious reasons are given for this face blacking. One Indian says that the widows and those who have suffered great sorrow wear the black in token thereof. Another native authority makes it a sign of happiness, while occasionally a giggling dame confesses that it is done to preserve the complexion. Ludicrous as this may seem to the bleached Caucasian and the ladies of rice-powdered and enameled countenances, the matrons of high fashion and the swell damsels of the Thlinket tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves well with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods, or with a paste of soot and seal oil. On sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from tan and sunburn by this same inky coating. On feast days and the great occasions, when they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as the palest of their Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan-colored and coffee-colored lords of their tribe.

The specimen woman at Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick blue blanket. Her feet were bare, but she was compensated for that loss of gear by the turkey-red parasol that she poised over her head with all the complacency of a Mount Deseret belle. She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the full parure of silver nose-ring, lip-ring and ear-rings, with five silver bracelets on each wrist and fifteen rings ornamenting her bronze fingers, and a more thoroughly proud and self-satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high fashion. The children pattered around barefooted and wearing but a single short garment, although the weather was as cold and drear as our November. Not one of these poor youngsters even ventured on the croopy cough that belongs to the civilized child that has only put its nose out or doors in such weather.

One can easily believe the records and the statements as to the terrible death rate among these people and marvel that any of them ever live beyond their infancy. So few old people are seen among them as to continually cause remark, but by their Spartan system only the strongest can possibly survive the exposure and hardships of such a life. Consumption is the common ailment and carries them away in numbers, yet they have no medicines or remedies of their own, trust only to the incantations and hocus-pocus of their medicine men, and have not the slightest care to protect themselves from exposure. Great epidemics have swept these islands at times and forty years ago the scourge of small-pox carried off half the natives of Alaska. The tribes have never regained their numbers since that terrible devastation, and since then black measles and other diseases have so reduced their people that another fifty years may see these tribes extinct.

ANCIENT JAMESTOWN.

Changes in the James river have made an island of Jamestown, completely separating it from the mainland, and about all that remains of the first English settlement of Virginia is the dismantled tower of the old church. It was here that Pocahontas embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. The fount used on that occasion now stands in the chancel of Christ Church, Williamsburg. Here also Pocahontas was married in 1613 to John Rolf. A low brick wall encloses the ground occupied by the ruined tower and foundation of the church; and tombstones, some broken and scattered, some leaning against the wall, and all with inscriptions nearly if not quite illegible, have long since ceased to indicate where lies the dust of those who bore their names. Two hundred yards below the ruins and one hundred from the river bank is the stately old mansion built by John Ambler over a hundred years ago. It is the only residence on the island, is in fine preservation, and occupied by Col. H. D. B. Clay, formerly of New York, who owns Jamestown, which consists of 1,700 acres, and is between two and three miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in width.

FLOWERS THIRTY-FIVE CENTURIES OLD.

A curious experiment has recently been tried with wreaths and votive offerings taken from the tomb of an Egyptian king, where they had been drying for 3,500 years. Under judicious manipulation in hot water the dry cells swelled into their original plumpness, and the leaves, attached to cardboard and treated like recent specimens, were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker, at Kew, and exhibited at a late soiree of the Royal society. Not only were the forms of the leaves so far restored that they could be botanically identified, but the intricate venation of the flower petals could be plainly traced, the coloring of lilies, larkspurs and other flowers were displayed, and even the distinctive orders of some specimens were preserved. In general these old leaves and grasses were the same as of similar species to day.

Beans for Mourning.

Boston always hangs one peg higher than the rest of the world. When a father dies in this modern Athens the family feed on black beans for a month out of respect to the deceased.

A Man There Is a Loud Call For.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly creates, calmly speaks, coolly answers and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

AN INCIDENT IN VIRGINIA.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland county, Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains.—Tappahannock (Va.) Tide Water Index.

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than bed ticking.

"We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house.

When a woman smiles from ear to ear, it's real mean to say her mouth goes back on her.

EPILEPSY (Fits)

Successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked, with a wry face, "'Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria,, and all nervous affections.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence.

MARTINE & Co.—I have used the Life Essence in my practice in the various forms of dyspepsia, resulting in impoverished blood and depraved nutrition. In convalescence from fevers, typhus, typhoid, diphtheria, small pox, scarlatina, measels, in nervous prostration from mental and physical exertion, dissipation and vicious habits, in malarial diseases (after a course of quinine), to restore nutrition, impotence and loss of sexual vigor, it is a combination of great efficacy, and being very acceptable to the most fastidious, may be taken for any time without being repugnant. JAMES L. LONGE, M. D.

Somebody has been bright enough to say: "Langtry and Gebhart—the Lily of the Valley and the Valet of the Lily."

The life-giving properties of impure blood are restored by using SAMARITAN NERVINE.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

Ammen's Cough Syrup never fails to cure if used in time and according to directions.

What will cure the worst case of dyspepsia? What will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion? What will cure general debility and give a new lease of life? What will dispel nervous depression and low spirits? What will restore exhausted mothers to full strength? What will strengthen nerves and muscles? What will enrich the blood? What will enable you to overcome weakness, wakefulness and lack of energy? What will prevent chills and fever and other effects of malarial poison? Brown's Iron Bitters. It is well to know this.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

Cannibals look upon the little son of a missionary as a broth of a boy.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, but in the bright lexicon of Webster there is.

Mrs. Orlena Marshall, of Granby, O., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured me of epilepsy."

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation tasteless. 25 cents.

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debillity, loss of memory.

Rev. W. J. Johnson, Woodberry, Md., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and they have proven a splendid health invigorator."

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy.

Never swear at cold weather. If you don't like it, you must blanket it.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, disorders and weaknesses that are perfectly cured by following the suggestions given in an illustrated treatise (with colored plates) sent for three letter postage stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Small boy—"Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?" Pa—"I didn't. I didn't know her till long after I married her."

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old feel young again.

Rev. T. Marshall, West Ellicott City, Md., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and debility and have been benefited."

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

HARKNESS FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

First premium Mechanics' Institute, 1883. D. S. Brown & Co., general agents for Pacific Coast, 36 California street, San Francisco. The following letter explains itself:

J. N. Andrews, dealer in General Merchandise; Postmaster and Agent Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.

ELK GROVE, Sacramento Co., Cal., December 8, 1883.

Messrs. D. S. Brown & Co.:

GENTLEMEN—Please send me another six-gallon Harkness Fire Extinguisher as soon as you can. I had occasion to use the one I bought of you a short time ago.

Last night the hotel adjoinining my store caught fire in the hallway to the second story from the explosion of a lamp and the building being cloth and paper was immediately on fire in several rooms, but in less than two minutes after getting the extinguisher to work the fire was out.

As soon as this one arrives I will send the other one down and have it replenished. Also please inform me if I cannot draw off the fluid remaining in the tank and save it for future use, or shall I send it as it is.

Yous, etc.. (Signed) J. N. ANDREWS.

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FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,
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BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.

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W. A. MCCURRDY,
Apothecary, cor. Main and Sutter st.

THE THROAT—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect on all disorders of the throat.

GIANT BAKING POWDER

The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

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We concur: Analytic Chemists.
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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

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☞ *If you don't want anything this year send for Price List and get posted for another season.*

E. MOODY & SONS, LOCKPORT, N.Y.
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

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This BELT or Regenerator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. There is no mistake about this instrument, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the ONE specific purpose. For circulars giving full information, address Cheever Electric Belt Co., 103 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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