

BRANDS OF OYSTERS.

They Require Both Salt and Fresh Water—How They Live.

Oysters and their differences are matters of familiar knowledge probably to very few people. In the Boston market there are two distinct classes of oysters—native oysters and southern oysters. The native or northern oysters are those that grow north of New York, while the southern oysters grow for the most part in Chesapeake and Delaware bays. Chesapeake bay supplies Boston, New York and Baltimore, and Delaware bay supplies Philadelphia. It is perhaps not generally known that oysters require both salt and fresh water, and therefore have their beds in bays and the mouths of rivers that run into the sea. It takes an oyster about three years to become large enough for market purposes. Most of the oysters that are used are three, four or possibly five years old.

Just when the idea as to the seasons when oysters can be eaten originated is now difficult to say; but there seems to be no doubt that it was long ago. Whatever the age of this belief that oysters may be eaten only in the months that contain the letter "T," it is, nevertheless, a mistaken one. The truth is that in summer people have little appetite for this kind of food, and out of this fact may have grown the belief that oysters are not good at that time.

The story of the oyster and its seasons is this: It spawns in July; in August it throws off the spawn and is left thin and watery. Then slowly it begins to fatten and grow fine in flavor. In September, when most people begin to eat them, after the summer, oysters are by no means in good condition. Even in November they are still somewhat thin, and not until December do they reach perfection. Then in January and February, when the thaws set in, the constant draining of the fresh water from the melting ice weakens the shells of the oysters, and again makes the oyster thin. In May, when the public will no longer eat them, oysters are again the finest in flavor and condition.

There is really no reason why oysters should not be eaten in June and July, if the taste of the roe is not considered unpleasant. In fish this is often thought a delicacy. It seems likely, however, that oysters will still be avoided in May, for prejudice in the public mind is hard to uproot.

The spawn of the oyster is curiously sticky. When thrown off by the oyster it will catch anything in its way and fasten to it. Rocks and wooden piles are often encrusted with tiny oysters, and recently an old shoe was shown, taken from one of the oyster beds on the cape, that had no less than 20 oysters clinging to it, and not one of them was as large as an oyster cracker. If this shoe had remained in the bed for three years longer the oysters would have grown to the ordinary size that are seen in the market.—Boston Transcript.

SMOKELESS FIRES.

German Inventor Would Feed the Grate with Powdered Coal.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times has given some particulars of a new invention by one Carl Wegener, which has for its object the elimination of smoke from a furnace, accompanied by a notable saving in the consumption of coal.

The success of the system depends upon feeding the furnace with powdered coal, instead of the "well-screened" lumps which have hitherto been regarded as the most advantageous form of such fuel. The coal dust is fed into the fire from a container in front by means of a tube which terminates in a revolving sieve. This sieve is kept in motion by the draft, and has the effect of scattering the fuel over the furnace in such a way that it is at once inflamed without smoke and with very little ash.

Coal of comparatively low quality can be economically used in this powdered form, and the only drawback to the process seems to be the necessity for using a separate machine for the grinding of the coal to powder. On the other hand, the slack or dust which forms a necessary by-product of the coal industry will find here a field for employment which will be much appreciated by owners of mines and merchants generally.

Foreordination in Court.

As judges and lawyers are fond of citing precedents, here is one from the judicial annals of the English commonwealth in Cromwell's time, when everybody of high or low degree was steeped to the lips in religious controversy. A fellow was up for sheep stealing.

"Judge," said he, "it was ordained before the foundation of the world that I should steal that sheep."

"Exactly," said the judge; "and it was ordained before the foundation of the world that you should receive 30 lashes for doing it."—The Green Bag.

Laws for Motor Vehicles.

England is said to have 83 acts of parliament regulating the use of motor vehicles, and France "270 pages of ordinances" on the subject.

AGE OF MAN.

Meeting of Modern and Prehistoric Man at America's Discovery.

The peculiar interest attaching to the meeting between the European navigators and the western barbarians is that—putting aside the discoveries of the Northmen in the tenth and eleventh centuries—it is the first meeting between modern and prehistoric man of which we have any account. Till the beginning of the nineteenth century the civilized world knew little or nothing of prehistoric man, and prehistoric anthropology was an unknown science. To have stated that man had existed on earth more than 4,000 years B. C. would have been regarded as heresy, and to have held that he had roamed over Europe when the mammoth crashed through its forests, and when the stately megaceros and reindeer browsed on its bogs, would have been considered the wildest folly. The stronger light that is being thrown on those times of long ago first shone in Denmark, where the study of runic stones and characters led to the disclosure of evidences of human occupation of that country far earlier than had ever heretofore been suspected. Subsequently, the finds at Aboville, the discovery of the lake dwellings in Switzerland, the investigations in the caves of Kirkdale and Kent's Hole in England, with others too numerous to mention, awoke widespread interest in the newly arisen branch of investigation; learned men began to compare the remains and relics of the aborigines of America with those of Europe, and at length began to recognize that when Columbus landed on Guanahani, and was met by its painted and trembling inhabitants, the people of the old world, instead of finding men of a new kind, were really standing face to face with men such as in Europe had been extinct for nigh 2,000 years.—Lady Edith Blake, in Popular Science Monthly.

THE MOSQUITO.

One Term Applied to Several Varieties of Related Small Flies.

There is not one kind of gnat, or one kind of mosquito, but several kinds of them; and both names are loosely applied in conversation to cover a large variety of related small flies, almost all of them members of the genus *Culex*. The one point of similarity between the whole lot lies in the fact that they suck blood; whenever we light upon a blood-sucking culex in England we say it is a gnat; while whenever we light upon one in any other part of Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, we say it is a mosquito. That is just a piece of our well-known British arrogance; we will not admit that there are such venomous beasts as mosquitoes in England, and therefore, when we find them, we call them by another name, and fancy we have got rid of them. As a matter of fact, mosquitoes of one sort or another occur in most countries, if not in all the world; they are most numerous, it is true, in the tropics and in warm districts generally; but they also abound in Canada, Siberia, Russia and Lapland. Even in the arctic regions, they come out in swarms during the short summer; and wherever there is a cornbread was served upon nearly all tables in the south and west at least twice a day. Sometimes it appeared in the form of "hoeecake" or "batter bread," and again in "pones." It was par excellence the bread of the negro, and every man who served in the confederate army was also a full graduate in the use of it. Now the darkies eschew it where wheat bread is to be obtained, and upon tables of thousands of southern and western whites it never appears at all, while others continue to use it only for dinner.

Now, why is this? Surely corn meal is as it ever was. Those who sincerely, but probably mistakenly, believe that "water-ground" meal is better than the product of mills turned by steam can always find a supply of that in most cities, and it is common enough in the country. There is no trouble about the meal but we doubt whether the art of cooking it has been preserved. The high-toned colored damsels who are turned out by our public schools are not the adepts that our old Aunt Peggs were. No self-respecting pan of dough would be conjured into shape by such unskilled hands. And then we may seriously doubt whether corn bread can be cooked in a stove as well as in an open fireplace.

Saleis d'après l'affaire ci-dessous.

ALMOST OBSOLETE.

The Hoeecake Is Fast Disappearing from Southern Tables.

Most middle-aged persons remember well when corn bread was served upon nearly all tables in the south and west at least twice a day. Sometimes it appeared in the form of "hoeecake" or "batter bread," and again in "pones." It was par excellence the bread of the negro, and every man who served in the confederate army was also a full graduate in the use of it. Now the darkies eschew it where wheat bread is to be obtained, and upon tables of thousands of southern and western whites it never appears at all, while others continue to use it only for dinner.

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The Indians laid their doughcakes between layers of forest leaves or upon the hard ground, and cooked them in the hot ashes. Hence "ash cake," a very luscious product, indeed, when one has whetted his appetite for it by a long day's hunting. The hoecake was so-called because it was originally baked upon a hoe—that every-ready and useful instrument of agriculture which is to be found upon every plantation. But later on cooking utensils were manufactured which took the place of the humble hoe. So, too, shingles were used whereupon to place the dough while it went through the process of becoming a well-done ash cake.—Richmond Dispatch.

HE TURNED THE WHEEL.

The Professor Mistook the Fire Hydrant for a New-Fashioned Filter.

A certain eminent professor who had spent nearly the whole of his life in the classic shades of learning, and was about a century behind the times in every-day matters, came up to London last summer to attend some royal society or other, and put up at a well-known hotel not far from Charing Cross.

In the night he was taken with a violent thirst. He would have made a raid on the water supplied in his bedroom decanter, but his knowledge on such matters warned him that it was dangerous to touch water that had been standing in a room.

Therefore he slipped on his trousers and started out on a memorable expedition to find some water in a filter.

In the hall opposite the top of the stairs, he found a filter, a new-fashioned filter, though, such as he had never seen before. Instead of a glass or cup, there was a neat little rubber hose with a nicely polished nozzle.

"There," said the professor to himself, "now that's what I call a really sensible idea. I had no notion that anything so delightfully simple existed. I'll have one of these fixed at home. Get the water direct without disarranging one's mustache, too. I wonder how the thing works."

Presently his eye rested on the printed directions, which told him to turn the wheel on top as far as it would go.

"Ah, that's it," said the professor, and he placed the nozzle in his mouth and turned the wheel.

When the professor came to him he found himself one stage lower on the stairs. At least his head was there, and his feet were one or two steps higher. The professor sat up.

"Did that on my back," he muttered, rubbing vigorously in several places.

Through the balustrading he saw a crowd of boys, porters, housemaids and half-dressed visitors standing around the "filter." The professor heard the manager call from his room:

"What's the matter there?"
"Oh, some idiot has turned on the fire hydrant."

Then the professor scrambled to his feet and crept up to his room, without participating in the general inquiry as to who that idiot might be. —London Answers.

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A Homesick Cat.

"What is?" he asked.

"Why, here is the story of a man who went to the Klondike, leaving his wife in San Francisco," she exclaimed, picking up the paper again. "He had a little money and built two houses, one of which he rented, and he was getting along famously until his wife started to join him. She took everything that they had in San Francisco with her, and was wrecked and lost it all. And she never would have started if it hadn't been for him."

"He wrote for her to come?"

"He wrote her not to come," she answered, with the accent on the "not." "He told her that it was no place for woman, and that she'd better stay where she was. That's what started her, of course, and that's why I have no sympathy for him whatever. He ought to have known better. But I shouldn't wonder if the designing wretch did that just because he wanted to see her."—Philadelphia Item.

The Oldest Street.

The oldest street of which the world has knowledge is that referred to in Acts 9:2, when the Lord said unto Ananias: "Arise and go into the street, which is called Straight." At that time Saul's house was in Straight street, Damascus, and Ananias was directed to seek him there.

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ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES

VENTE PAR LE SHERIFF.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente d'une Grande Propriété et Résidence de Valeur dans le Siècle District.

Formant le coin des rues Chestnut et Foucher, dans l'île borné par lesdites rues et les rues Aline et Collée.

Alden McLellan vs Fred K. Odenthal.

Alfred Jardet vs Wm F. Piper.