

OYSTERS IN SEASON.

AN EXPERIENCED DEALER TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THEM.

The Universal Demand and How It Is Supplied—The Number Now York Devours in a Day—Oyster Planting.

(New York Mail and Express.) "There will be plenty of oysters this season," said a veteran oyster dealer of the North river, who has furnished me with the bivalves. From the fishery will be no scarcity. You will have to send farther for them than in years gone by.

"Where do you expect to get the oysters?" "A considerable number will be brought from the James river. The oyster promises to furnish a large quantity. Laitimore and the shores of eastern Virginia bid fair to add largely to the supply. Besides these there will be about the usual quantity from Prince's bay, the port, Chesham's river, East river, Rockaway, the sound and other places near home. There need be no fear of a famine in the oyster market.

"How many oysters will be required for the opening of the season?" "From the orders received by the different wholesale oyster dealers there was needed for the first day of September from 1,000 to 100,000 bushels for New York. A bushel contains from 10 to 200, according to size. That makes from 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 oysters."

"That seems a large number. Is each day's demand as great?" "Pretty nearly. I should say that during the whole season fully 100,000,000 oysters, reckoning at the average rate of bivalves to the bushel, will be required to supply the market each day. The consumption of oysters is very large. Some are eaten at the regular meals, others as a sort of luxury, like ice cream in summer. But oysters seem always to be in good demand during the season. When scarce, it is hard work to keep up the supply; but it has to be done somehow or another."

"You speak of the season. Are not oysters good all the year round?"

"Yes. But it would not do if the demand should be kept up all the summer as heavy as it is in the winter. Oysters would run out, and it would require game laws to protect them from entire destruction. As it is, many natural oyster beds have been annihilated through reckless fishing. The demand is rendered less by its being considered unhealthy to eat oysters when the letter 'F' does not appear in the name of the month. This allows the oyster time to spawn and to a great extent protects them without the exercises of the game laws. Besides which it helps the trade in clams. There are persons so much inclined to the use of shellfish that they feel they cannot live without eating something of the bivalve kind. Consequently, when oysters are 'out of season,' they consume clams, and thus give oysters a rest, as it were."

"The cultivation of the oyster is as much a business now as the raising of garden truck. You would be surprised, if the statist could be had, at the number of persons now engaged in the artificial production of oysters. The oyster was at one time the natural product of the American waters. Years ago it was only necessary to fish for them. Now, as much care has to be taken in planting them as in planting green stuff. To raise an oyster plantation is as much a crime as to rob a garden. And there are plenty of oyster thieves, too. Planting oysters has become quite a trade or profession, whichever you may like to call it, and the preparation of oysters for eating has also become an art. You would think by reading the signs on an oyster saloon that there are only a few ways of preparing oysters for use. But if you go to Delmonico's, or some of the first-class hotels, you will find there are as many ways of cooking oysters as there are varieties. I could not name all the ways that oysters are cooked. But still they do not seem to be sufficient to suit the demands of epicures, and more ways are being invented every season by the French and other foreign cooks. I remember the time when the people of New York were content with either a raw, a stew, a fry or a roll. But now oysters have to be done up in a something or other."

"Are oysters shipped largely into the interior where they are not produced?" "Yes. The quantities that go west are something enormous. They are opened near the place of production, and after being carefully packed are sent off by rail. Even with the cost of transportation they can be shipped so that they are supplied to actual consumers nearly as cheaply as in New York. The canning process has made them reach their destination in nearly as good a condition as when fresh opened. Of course there is a difference. But to those who cannot get the fresh oyster, those canned or barreled form a delicious substitute. I do not think much of the supply which comes to this market is thus disposed of. Those who come here are either actually consumed in the city or in the outlying towns and villages. You must recollect that there is a very large population residing within a short distance of New York. They get their supply of fresh oysters from or through this market. When this is taken into consideration it will easily be understood that a supply of 20,000,000 oysters every day cannot be too many."

Legend of the Fish Shooter. "The free shooter" is the name given to a hunter or marksman, who, by entering into a compact with the devil, procured balls, six of which infallibly hit, however great the distance while the seventh, or, according to some, one of the seven belonged to the devil, who directed it at his pleasure. Legends of this nature were rife among the troopers of Germany of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and during the thirty years' war. The story was adapted in 1833 to the opera composed by Weber in 1821, which has made it known in all civilized countries.

An Interesting Collection. (Chicago Times.) A Michigan girl outdid her companions in a craze for autograph albums by having about 100 letters from the same number of men bound in a volume for her parlor table. As the missives represented her extensive and unusual sentimental correspondence she had arrived at the age of thirty, the collection proved very interesting to callers.

Ireland's Post Box. Post boxes cover about one-seventh of the surface of Ireland. Some of these boxes are supposed to represent 20,000 years of growth.

Lord Bacon. Only they despise riches who despair of them.

OF FLOWERS.

(Maurice Egan in Town Topics.)

There were no roses till the first child died. No violet, no balmy-breathed heartsease, No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees, The honey-hearted woodbine, no gold-eyed And white-lashed daisy-flower, nor, stretching wide, Clover and cowslip-cups, like royal seas. Meeting and parting as the young Spring breeze.

Run; gaily races playing seek and hide; For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise. And all the world was flowerless awhile, Until a little child was laid in earth; Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes, And from its lips rose petals for its smile, And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

(Chronicle "Under the Tree.") They are busy training carrier pigeons in Europe for the coming war. They are experimenting with balloons and things. I have been requested on behalf of a friend of mine to publish his suggestion, which is worthy of the attention of military authorities. It is cats. My friend says that a cat will always go back to the place you take it from. I know myself that cats will always come back to a place a boot has dislodged them from. I know that a cat will never give up hunting a place where it has once been happy, however emphatic may be the remonstrances from the owner of the bedroom below or above. But the joke about cats is now exhausted. However, this friend of mine says he once took a cat in a closed bag from Los Gatos to San Francisco by train. Well, that cat walked quietly back to Los Gatos.

My friend pointed out the wonderful value of the peculiarity in cats to an army to carry dispatches and do all sorts of useful work. He suggests that every soldier should carry a cat in his kit. Some people have heard of kits in a cat, but that is no matter. There are several points, however, my friend has not considered. If the army were beleaguered the cats would have to be eaten. Well, that is, after all, an advantage for sometimes they do not eat. But cats have up the way of taking their time that would not suit a war. There would be constant trouble between the sexes, too, and after all, perhaps, carrier pigeons and balloons are better. He substantiates his position by another story of a cat, which, when the family moved in town, went back every night to the old place. The programme of the usual concert, I suppose, included that old-time favorite, "Home Again."

Persian Barber-Shops. (Foreign Correspondence.) In Persia the barber shops are entirely open. One of the common sights in the streets of Teheran is a man seated on the pavement against a wall, while a barber shaves the crown of his head. The barber's trade is among the most important in Persia. The customs enjoined by the Koran, or religious law, makes it indispensable that barbers should abound in the country. The Koran makes it honorable for a man to wear a beard, but commands the shaving of the head.

There are two great sects among those who accept the Mohammedan faith—the Shi'as and the Sunnees. The latter are all Turks and they shave the whole crown, excepting a tuft in the center, by which the archangel may draw them out of the grave. But the Shi'as are Persians, and they shave the center of the head from the forehead to the neck, leaving a long curl on each side. It is curious to see even little boys with their heads thus polished. The Persians consider it a great disgrace to lose their side curls. As they all wear turbans, or black conical caps of Astrakhan lambskin, no one would suspect the head to be shaven until the cap is taken off. Then, indeed, the appearance of the head is exceedingly grotesque.

It is evident that the care of the hair is a very important question in Persia. But this is not all. One rarely sees a gray beard or gray locks in Teheran. Even the most venerable men have dark or red hair. The reason is because all, from the highest to the lowest, dye their hair. This is done first with henna which gives it a reddish tint. Many prefer to leave it thus, but many add to the henna a second stain of indigo, and the combination of the two colors imparts to the hair a dark brown tint.

Czar Nicholas in Love. (Chicago Tribune.) How princes make love is told in the "Reminiscences of the Marquis Custine," which have just appeared in Paris. When the Czar Nicholas was 13 years old he spent two days in Berlin, where he saw the Princess Charlotte, two years younger, and of a delicate beauty which at once attracted him. She, however, showed no signs of reciprocating his affection.

The evening before his departure he sat next to the princess at dinner. "I shall leave to-morrow," he suddenly remarked. She did not show any surprise, but quickly answered, "We shall all be sorry that you leave so soon. Cannot your departure be delayed?" "That depends on you," "How so?" asked the princess. The prince now declared his love, somewhat to her embarrassment, as she thought they would be overheard. As a pledge of her love he asked for the ring she wore, suggesting that no one would notice it if she took it off, and pressing it into a piece of bread pushed it toward his plate. The ring, however, was not hers, but belonged to her governess, who saw And in taking it off to give it to the prince she read for the first time on the inside the inscription, "Empress of Russia."

T. Learn How. (Whitell's Times.) If you want to know what a sermon should be—ask some one who never wrote or preached one.

If you want to know how to keep a hotel, ask some one who never tried to keep one.

If you want to know how to run a dry goods store, ask some one who is unable to tell the difference between calico and satinnet.

If you want to know how to manage a steamboat, ask some one who can not tell you the difference between a gunwale and a rudder post.

If you wish to listen to an interesting agricultural address, engage a man to deliver it, who never planted his foot on a farm.

If you want to know how to edit a newspaper, ask the first man you meet; that is, if he never had any experience about a sanctum.

Foundation of Consumption. (Hall's Journal of Health.) The foundation of three-fourths of all cases of consumption is laid before the age of 25 years; in women, during their teens.

A Novel Arrangement. A new Presbyterian church in Carroll Iowa, has a novel arrangement for the accommodation of babies. The corners of the auditorium are curtained off, and behind each are cradles and rocking-chairs.

Imitations of English Swelldom.

(Cor. Kansas City Times.)

Newport is to the rest of America much what Louis XIV is to Benjamin Franklin! When one sees a fair lady driven about in a carriage with four horses, the leaders ridden by postillions, and with two footmen standing up behind, one rubs one's eyes and looks again to see if there are not somewhere else, anywhere else than in republican America. And when one bears a serant address a very commonplace-looking young man with "Yes, my lord," one hesitates to believe in the permanence of democratic institutions. Another is one thing, another, but Newport is the essence of all. Like the French cook who wanted fifty hands in order to get juice to make sauce enough for one salad dressing, so Newport takes many cities in order to get the essence of its summer frivolity.

I went to Newport with a man who was very much irritated by all he saw. The flunkeys and servants, the parade of wealth on every hand struck him as incongruous. The appearance of a young man at the Casino dressed in a beautiful fitting suit of white buck, with pink and light pink collar, a light pink neckcloth and a light pink ribbon around his hat and a pink flower in his button-hole, made my friend wretched. He wanted to throw water on him and did not cease his bitter speeches till the young man disappeared.

But why so? I had no more desire to spoil him than I should have to catch a butterfly and tear one of its wings. If a certain number of men and women are willing to go to Newport and bear great expenses to make the place beautiful for my amusement, why should I gibe at them? These people cannot do anything else. Why be angry at a lover because it cannot dig with a spade? It always seems to me that a man who is quite content with his own position, and the honesty and usefulness of his own work would not be irritated by the pretensions of other people. There is a taint of jealousy in this dislike of butterflies. What you are quite indifferent to you cannot dislike, and you cannot love.

It is those who neither hate us nor love us who torture us most successfully. And I fancy the ill-concealed indifference of these fashionable people is what most irritated my friend. He was nothing to them and he did not like it. He was nothing to the clerks and copyists who are envied of the clerk and copyist with their own talent for writing a clear and beautiful hand. As a nation, we have sadly degenerated in the art of using the pen. Comparing the beautiful and uniform handwriting of the last century with the skim-along, spider-track, rail-fence style of the present day, one almost regrets the fact that the goosequill has gone out of fashion and a stiff and awkward writing implement been substituted in its stead. A fortune awaits the man who will invent a flexible writing-stick—not a gold pen tipped with platinum—of some non-corrosive material. It is so hard to break in a pen; and having worn down the points to suit your style, they are likely to snap or splutter before you have tossed off a dozen pages of manuscript. Then there is the annoyance of getting a fiber between the nibs, analogous to that of getting a bit of meat between the biscuits at the dinner-table; and nine persons out of ten will wipe the pen frantically on the occult to rid it of the filament—and catch a hair! A new steel pen is as awkward as a phenomenally stiff collar, or a pair of new shoes, and, moreover, as the average penman is in continual danger of "impaling himself on his own pen-hooks," perhaps the only relief is found in the type-writer, which seldom betrays one into a loose and slovenly style of handwriting.

Bad Penmanship. (H. Van Santvoord in The Current.) In spite of the theory of a bad penman who wrote a sprawling hand (was it not the first Napoleon?) that the poorer a man's handwriting is the more character it has, the majority of letter-writers, authors, scholars, and journalists are envious of the clerk and copyist with their own talent for writing a clear and beautiful hand. As a nation, we have sadly degenerated in the art of using the pen.

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Sheridan and Sherman. (New York Cor. Chicago Herald.) Brevity of stature in Gen. Phil Sheridan, by the way, is caused by his legs alone, for he is about as big as Gen. Sherman from the hips up. I saw them sitting side by side, on a hotel veranda at Manhattan Beach, near their heads were on a level. The gallant hero is not superior on the subject. A girl came for his and Sherman's autographs in her album, and the generals wrote their names. She was not content, for she set her heart on a verse of "Sheridan's lide" in his own handwriting. This she declined to grant. Then she began to question him about that famous piece of equestrianism. His answers were polite but not reverentary.

"Now, Gen. Sherman," she at length asked, turning in pretty desperation to him, "what do you imagine Gen. Sheridan said on mounting his steed?" "Well, I really don't know," was the response, with a quizzical glance down at the legs of his fellow-officer, who had just got out of a chair. "But maybe he said to his orderly, 'Shorten these stirrup straps.'"

An English "Coper's" Success. (The Bita.) Jack Sparrow, the English "coper," is pretty well known in the trade, and many a dealer at his wits end to find a tag for a customer has been known to consult him—generally with success—though they do keep both eyes very wide open to avoid being done up. Matching pairs is his forte, and the secret of his success in this line is the wonderful way in which he can carry in his mind's eye the make, shape, size, and color of the horse to be matched, so that if, when driving about in his high break, or in the country, he sees a horse in a cab or elsewhere that he thinks likely to suit Mr. J's black bay or brown, which he has been commissioned to match, he never leaves it until a deal is struck, and in ninety-nine cases out of 100, when the two are put together, they are found to be as like as two peas, and Jack parts with his new purchase at a large profit.

Memorizing. (Chicago Herald.) A professor at the university in Berlin, having tried it, says that it takes ten times as long to commit to memory eighty meaningless syllables as it does to master eighty that have meaning.

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