SALT PANS OF THE INDIANS.

THE PURPOSES FOR WHICH THEY WERE INTENDED.

The Largest One Ever Discovered Now in the Possession of the Peabody Museum at Harvard—Aboriginal Substitute for the Modern Oven.

That the aboriginal Indian of North America did considerable cooking in their time has been made evident by the discovery in various parts of the United States of numbers of the earthenware vessels known as "salt pans," but whose chief use was apparently the perparations of food, writes a Cambridge (Mass.) corresponded of the New York Post. These vessels—called salt pans by the archæologist because their main purpose seemed at first to have been the evaporation of salt from the salt springs near which the Indians established so many of their villages—are the largest known specimens of native North American pottery. The largest one ever found has recently come into the possession of the Peabody Museum at Harvard. It measures some 31 inches in diameter by 11 inches deep. In appearance, therefore, it is very much like a big, shallow punch bowl. It was discovered not long ago by an archaeological expedition under the joint auspices of the Peabody Museum and the University of California, and is an important part of the instructive soil taken from what is now a farm near the meeting of the little Maramec and the big Mississippi Rivers in Jefferson County, Missouri—once the site of a small Indian village.

This big salt pan, in which the Indians not only evaporated salt from the water of salt licks which still exist in the immediate vicinity, but doubtless cooked their elk meat or venison, is only one of a goodly number of similar but smaller utensils found in the same locality. The larger pans were all sunk in the clay bottom upon which the encampment had rested, and were therefore as permanent as any modern stove or oven. The difference was that fire, instead of being built under or against the oven, was brought to it in the shape of heated stones, some of which, still showing evidence of the may heatings to which the Indians had subjected them, still remained in the salt pans recovered by the Harvard and California archaeologists.

Near the "salt pans," or native cooking apparatus, still remained portions of the ancient fireplaces in which the stones had been heated, together with the bones of several kinds of animals which formed part of the Indian bill of fare of about 200 years ago. These remains included elk, beaver, deer, fox and turkey; but there were no traces of the buffalo, although buffalo remains are often found among the relics of the Indians who once roamed the more western prairies.

The big salt pan and its smaller companion pieces of aboriginal kitchen and dining room economy were naturally not the only evidence of early Indian life found in the old village so long hidden under the ploughed furrows of modern agriculture. The excavation, not yet fully completed, has already revealed a cemetery as well as a village, the cemetery differing from most of the Indian burial places already found and opened in various parts of the United States, in that it was very much smaller than was usually the case. Although occasional isolated graves have been discovered, the experience of previous archaeological investigations would have led naturally to the expectation of finding either a very small group of graves, each containing one skeleton or several skeletons, or a very large one embracing hundreds of burials. In this case only twenty-seven graves were discovered, although this number represented the burial of several times as many Indians. In the graves, which were probably not earlier than the seventeenth century, were found many smaller specimens of pottery, chiefly earthenware bowls in which the friends and relatives of the departed warriors had placed what they considered would be food enough to last them during their journey to the happy hunting grounds—one bowl in some cases having evidently been considered sufficient for two warriors, while in other cases a single warrior, perhaps a very hungry one during his lifetime, had been supplied with several. These bowls, in interesting contrast with a somewhat similar custom that existed among the European nations of antiquity, in which the buried food vessels were almost always broken in pieces before burial, were nearly all unbroken. Like the larger cooking pans, they were made of clay—in many cases, perhaps, the clay taken from the banks of the small creek that still connects the site of the village with the Mississippi River, about one and a half miles distant—mixed with finely broken shells and modelled by hand. But whether the Indians actually made their pottery is one of the debated questions of archaeology, and it has been argued, especially in the cases of the larger and more difficult cooking pans, that it may have been an inheritance from more civilized ancestors.

The bowls, whether inherited or made by the owners by some now unkown process, were common and were found abundantly in the old village. With them were also many of the shells that archaeology supposes once served the Indian as spoons, all of them chipped in such fashion as to lead to the belief that they were once furnished with handles. With these culinary articles were found many of the stone implements with which the earlier Americans roughly fashioned their arrow heads, chipped places in their spoon shells for the insertion of handles, or performed other primitive manual operations. Other shells, perforated and doubtless used as jewelry to adorn long ago "braves," for their places at the council fire, were found in the village, some of which were identified as having come from the little nearby creek, while others came from the Mississippi River, and a very few from as far away as the Gulf of Mexico.

One of the interesting things about the excavations as so far conducted is that nothing has been found that suggests intercourse with the whites—such, for example, as beads of European manufacture or the little silver crosses frequently found in regions penetrated by the early Jesuit missionaries or by the equally adventurous early French traders. It is known historically that the French were operating lead mines not so very far from the site of the village early in the eighteenth century, and the village therefore undoubtedly antedates this period. In fact, the whole region belongs to various degrees of the past, for it contains, near the site of these recent explorations, the famous mastodon bed from which was excavated one of the first mastodon skeletons dug up in America. Northeast of the village, moreover, is the great Cahokia mound, the largest survival of the mound builders, although it has not yet had the good fortune that has befallen the many other similar monuments of prehistoric America that have been preserved from impending utilitarian destruction by being made State or National parks.

A WEIRD RELIC.

History of the Skull Used by Edwin Booth in "Hamlet."

On a bracket in Edwin Booth's bedroom at The Players—the apartment remains as he left that solemn April day ten years ago—stands a sadly dilapidated skull which the elder Booth, and afterwards his son Edwin used to soliloquize over in the grave yard at Elsinore in the fifth act of "Hamlet."

In the early forties, while playing an engagement somewhere in the wild West, James Brutus Booth did a series of kindnesses to a particularly undeserving fellow, the name of him unknown to us. The man, as it seemed, was a combination of gambler horse stealer and highwayman—in brief, a miscellaneous desperado, and precisely the melodramatic sort of person likely to touch the sympathies of the half-mad player. In the course of nature or the law, presumably the law, the adventurer bodily disappeared one day, and in time ceased to exist even as a reminiscence in the florid mind of his sometime benefactor.

As the elder Booth was seated at breakfast one morning in a hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, a negro boy entered the room bearing a small osier basket neatly covered with a snowy napkin. It had the general aspect of a basket of fruit or flowers sent by some admirer, and as such it figured for a moment in Mr. Booth's conjecture. On lifting the cloth the actor started from the chair with a genuine expression on his features of that terror which he was used so marvellously to simulate in "Richard III." in the midnight tent scene or in "Macbeth" when the ghost of Banquo usurped his seat at table.

In the pretty willow-woven basket lay the head of Booth's old pensioner, which head the old pensioner had bequeathed in due legal form to the tragedian, begging him henceforth to adopt it as one of the necessary stage properties in the fifth act of Mr. Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet." "Take it away, you black imp!" thundered the actor to the equally aghast negro boy, whose curiously had happily not prompted him to investigate the dark nature of his burden.

Shortly afterward, however the horse-stealer's residuary legatee, recovering from the first shock of his surprise, fell into the grim humor of the situation and proceeded to carry out to the letter the testator's whimsical request. Thus it was that the skull came to secure an engagement to play the role of poor Yorick in J. B. Booth's company of strolling players, and to continue awhile longer to glimmer behind the footlights in the hands of his famous son.—From Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Poor Yorick" in the Century.

The Idea of Culture.

The idea of culture has always included a quick and wide sympathy with men; it should hereafter include sympathy with nature, and particularly with its living forms—a sympathy based on some accurate observation of nature. The bookworm, the monk, the isolated student, has never been the type of the cultivated man. Society has seemed the natural setting for the cultivated person, man or woman; but the present conception of real culture contains not only a large development of this social element, but also an animate creation and to those immense forces that set the earthly stage for man and all related beings.—President C. W. Eliot, in the World's Work.

Cheerfulness.

By Harley Harker.

CHEERFULNESS is an amulet, a charm to make for us friends and to render us permanently contented and happy. Let nothing deprive us of this spirit. A cheerful man feels well, does well, and loves those things which are good, while he who is always sad doth ill in the very sorrow he evinces. Long-faced, sanctimonious people are generally avoided, and very justly so, for who wishes to partake of their malady? while those who are accustomed to look on the sunny side of life are courted for the genial spirit which they impart to all about them. Undoubtedly the keenest weapon against misfortune is a bold and cheerful spirit.

It was good old Izaak Walton who said: "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy"—a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that evils come to us on wings, but retire with a limping pace, and yet most people are ready to meet calamities halfway, and thus to indirectly welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it. A scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death by the brooding apprehension of the sick; while, on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things will repel the dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it—like a sunny landscape. The morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, and thus life, like the chameleon, takes its hue of light or shade from the object upon which it rests.

The world is almost universally a mirror, which reflects back to us the picture of the substance we present to its surface, showing us the aspect of our own breasts, either tranquil or troubled, as the case may be. If the eye is jaundiced, the landscape will be robbed of its beauty, and our own morbid spirit will turn fertile fields into sterile plains. One of the grand secrets of this life, as it regards our own happiness, is to learn to accommodate ourselves to circumstances, not grumbling at every mischance, but pleasantly putting the best aspect up, whatever may happen.

Open, unrestrained merriment is a safety-valve to the heart, carrying off the noxious vapors of care and unhappiness. It is the part of the true philosopher to jest as well as to preach, and, indeed, he will be found enforcing some of his most valuable truths by appealing to our natural sense of the humorous. We don't like to see people going through life ever with a frown upon their faces and a sigh on their lips. Such persons do not realize that there is to this life of ours a sunny side.

* * *

In the Matter of Boot Buttons

By Kate Thorn.

WHY will not some of the numerous inventive geniuses in the world, with the good of the public (especially the feminine public) at heart, invent something to banish boot buttons from the face of the earth?

Somebody says there are elastic gore boots, and laced boots and suggests that there is no law to compel us to wear buttoned boots.

Very true, but congress boots are an abomination in the sight of man, and as for laced ones, why, who can wear a pair of them a week before the eyelets will come out and the ragged edgs make their appearance, and the lacings wear rough and "fraggy," and then they are continually untying, and streaming out their dirty tin-tipped length from under our ruffles and flutings, and making us a spectacle.

Poets and novelists have said so much about our feet that we must be dunces if we did not know that our feet are a very important item in our general make-up.

Shoemakers, urged by the dictates of Fashion, have given us narrow soles, which pinch us almost beyond endurance, and high heels which make us walk upon our toes like a barnyard fowl on an icy morning, and we submit gracefully; but boot buttons are to us a source of never-ceasing annoyance.

Whenever anybody tries to dress in a hurry, then the boot buttons fly. Who can dress without losing one or more of these necessary little pests? It is impossible to be calm and use the buttonhook properly, when one expects every moment to hear the whistle of the approaching train which is to take her to town after fresh ribbons and other things.

Who can button her boots with a hairpin, on a cold morning with the mercury below zero, and her buttonhook mislaid as it has the happy habit of being on just such mornings?

Half the ladies whose feet we have inspected have buttons missing from their boots, and one-third of the others have their boots buttoned wrong, and the buttonholes fringed and ragged.

Gentlemen of inventive talents, to you we appeal, Give us something pretty, and durable, and convenient in the way of boot fastenings, and we will support you for Congress in the election next November, and will bear you in mind at the presidential election in 1904.

* * *

The Quaker of To-Day.

He Has Gone Through a Tremendous Transformation.

By Edward Gardner.

FOR a century or more Friends were known by their peculiar dress At length it was discovered that simplicity of dress did not mean uniformity, and that the cut of the coat or the shape of the bonnet did not add to the spiritual life of the wearer. The Quaker of today is not known by his dress; if he dresses with taste, but not with extravagance, he is, no doubt, conforming more nearly to the spirit of early Quakerism than did his predecessor of 100 years ago. George Fox himself, it is said, bought his wife a red mantle, and William Penn's dress did not at all conform to the Quaker ideal of a later period.

Music, painting and literature are now taking their rightful place among Friends. Congregational singing is recognized as being a part of true worship, and in many places instrumental music is also made a part of the devotional service.

In the Quaker home of a century ago the sweet influence of song was unknown. The Bible and the writings of early Friends were the only books; no pictures adorned the walls, and Puritan austerity was the rule of life. In the Quaker home of today we find music, paintings and an abundance of books; means of recreation abound, and a daily paper has become almost a necessity.

Closer interdenominational fellowship has become very prominent within the last few years. It is very gratifying to know that the Friends have entered heartily into the spirit of it. This agreement on the essentials of Christianity and hearty co-operation in active work gives great encouragement for the future. The sharp contrast between the bitterness of the church members of one denomination toward those of other denominations in the time of George Fox and the kindly spirit shown at this time is evidence that Christianity is doing more for the world now than it did then.

The total membership of Orthodox Friends in America at present is 93,204; in the world, 113,930. Notwithstanding there has been a slight decrease in membership during the last year, the society seems to be on solid ground with no serious dissensions likely to mar it.

* * *

Ugliness and Genius.

In Any Collection of Clever Men the Majority are Homely:

By Harry Furness.

IT is a curious subject for reflection that in any collection of clever men the majority are ugly. Ireland has produced, for its size, a remarkable number of great men—soldiers, lawyers, scientists, clerics and orators—a number of handsome men and a remarkable number of ugly ones.

Baron Dowse was perhaps the ugliest. The day his caricature by Pellegrini appeared in Vanity Fair he ran out of the House of Commons and left London the same night—to remain away until it was forgotten. But it never can be forgotten, for it was true to the life

Another Irishman, Most Reverend Dr. William Connor Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, afterward Archbishop of York, known as the Chrysostom of the House of Lords, was one of the most eloquent preachers of the Victoria era, a fine debater and one of the most effective platform speakers of his day. Like the majority of eloquent men, he was ugly. His heavy eyebrows, small eyes, short nose, long upper lip, large mouth, massive jowl and shaggy side whiskers, when represented in repose, produced the portrait of a gargoylish head.

We shall probably have as many anecdotes of Tyndall as we had of Jowett; but I dare say the following is not generally known, and it shows the straining for theatrical effect which was characteristic of the Professor. He was experimenting at the Royal Institution in preparation for a coming lecture, when a beautiful instrument he was using fell off the table. He vaulted over the table and caught the instrument before it reached the ground, and was so delighted with his agility that he practiced that acrobatic feat all the afternoon, and "brought down the house" with it in the evening, everybody naturally enough thinking it was a pure accident.

Tyndall may well be included in this gallery to show that I am right in saying that ugly men are often the cleverest. Professors, being, as a rule, clever men, are naturally not handsome men. Huxley, for instance, had the very opposite kind of face to that of Tyndall, and yet, in his way, could boast of being nearly as plain.

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DAILY.

4.30 A. M.—Fast Mail, Main Line, Hagerstown, N. & W. R. R. and the South, and except Sunday P. V. R. R., Chambersburg, Martinsburg, Winchester and points on Chesapeake and Western R. R.
9.15 A. M.—Pen-Mar Express (Pen-Mar Only.)
10.55 P. M.—Accom. for Union Bridge.

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7:25 A. M.—York, B. & H. Div. and Main Line east of Emory Grove, Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.
8:15 A. M.—Main Line, Hagerstown, Shippensburg, Frederick, Emmitsburg, and N. & W. R. R. to Shenandoah.
10:12 A. M.—Accom. For Union Bridge, York, and Gettysb'g.
12:30 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove.
2:25 P. M.—Accommodation for Emory Grove
‡3:22 P. M, Blue Mountain Express, (Parlor Car) also Frederick.
3:32 P. M.—Exp. for York and B. & H. Div
4:03 P. M.—Ex. Main Line Points, Hagerstown, also Frederick, Emmittsburg and Shippensburg.
5.00 P. M.—Exp. to Glyndon. Accom. beyond to Union Bridge.
5:25 P. M—Accom for Alesia.
6:16 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge.

SUNDAYS ONLY.

9:35 A. M.—Accom for Union Bridge and Hanov'r
2.35 P. M.—Accommodation for Union Bridge,
4:23 P. M.—Accom for Alesia.

Ticket and Baggage Office, 215E. Baltimore St Trains stop at Union, Penna. Ave., Fulton and Walbrook (North avenue) Stations

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Trains Leave North Ave. and Oak St Station daily for York, 7.30 a. m., 3 05 p m. For Delta. 7.30 a. m., 3.05, 4.30 p m For Belair, 7 30, 9 50 a. m., 3.05 4 30, 6.00 p. m. Sundays—For Delta 8 30 a. m., 4 00 p. m. For Belair, 8.30 a. m., 4.00, 10 00 p. m.

Baltimore & Ohio R. R

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday only

Westward.	Lv. Mt. Royal	Lv Camden
CHICAGO via Pitts	*9.08 a. m.	*9.47 a. m.
CHIC'GO via Newark	*5.08 p. m.	*5.20 p. m.
CIN'I.LOUISV. & St.L	*8.50 a. m.	*9.00 a. m.
CIN'I.LOUISV. & St.L.	*2.50 p. m.	*3.10 p. m
CIN'I.LOUISV. & St.L.	*11.46 p. m	*12.00 Nt.
PITTSBURG,	*9.38 a. m.	*9.47 a. m.
PITTBG. & CLEVE	....	*7.20 p. m
PITTSBURG	*11.46 p. m.	*12.00 Nt
COLUM. US&Wh'eling	*5.06 p. m.	*5.20 p. m.
WASHINGTON Local..	....	†6.00 a. m.
" Express	*3.05 a m.	*3.20 a. m.
" Local	....	†6.35 a. m
" Express	†7.05 a. m.	†7.20 a. m.
" Express	†7.50 a. m.	†8.00 a. m.
" Local...	....	*8.35 a. m.
" Express	*8.50 a. m.	*9.00 a m.
" Express	*9.33 a m.	*9.47 a. m.
" 45 min Express	....	†11.00 a. m
" Local	....	†12.15 p. m.
" Express	†1.11 p. m.	†1.50 p. m
" Express	*2.56 p. m.	*3.10 p. m.
" Local	....	†3.15 p. m.
" 45 min Express	*3.36 p. m.	*3.45 p. m.
" Express	....	†4.15 p. m.
" Express	*5.06 p. m.	*5.20 p. m
" Local	....	†5.25 p. m.
" Local	....	†6.18 p. m
" Express	†6.50 p. m.	†7.00 p. m
" Express	....	*7.30 p. m.
" Royal L'td 45 min	*7.46 p. m.	*7.55 p. m
" Express	*9.46 p m	*9.55 p m
" Local	....	*11 20 p m
" Express	*11.46 p.m.	*12.00 Nt
" Express, Sunday....		‡12.15 p m
" Local,	"	‡ 1.05 p m
" Local,	"	‡ 5.40 p m

For ANNAPOLIS, Mt. Royal Station, †7.50, †8.50 a m, Camden Station, †8.00, ‡9.00 a. m., †12.15, †4.15 p.m., ‡5.40 p m

Leave Camden Station for Frederick, †7.25 a m., †9.15 a m, †1.25, †4.20 and *5.35 p. m.

For Winchester, †7.20 a m, †3.10, †4.30 p m

For Hagerstown, †9:00 a m, †4:15 †4:30 p m.

For Ellicott City and Mt. Airy, Local, †7:35, †9:15 a m, †1:25, †4:30, *5:35, *6:30, *11:30 p. m.

For Curtis Bay, †6.28 a. m.

For Luray, Mt. Royal Station, *2:56 p m. Camden Station, *3.10 p. m.

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Eastward.	Lv. Camden.	Lv. Mt. Roya	
Sleeper...... ..	*3.51 a. m.	*3:55 a m.	
Draw. Rm. & Diner,	*7.55 a. m A	*8.00 a m	C
Buffet Parlor......	†9:19 a m	†9:24 a m	C
Parlor, Diner......	‡9:52 a m	‡9:57 a m	C
Parlor, Diner......	†10:50 a m A	†10:54 a m	
Parlor, Diner.....	*1:17 p m A	*1:25 p m	

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Parlor, Diner,........	*6:00 p m.	*6:05	C
Coaches to Phila......	* 9:00 p m.	*9:05	C
Sleepers...............	*12:39 a m.	*12:44 a m	

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	Lv. Camden.	Lv. Mt Royal
Phila. Accom	*8:05 a m	*8:10 a m
Phila Exp.	†12:30 p m	†12:35 p m
Phila. Exp.	†4:55 p m	5:00 p m
Aberdeen Accom	†5:25 p m	†5:30 p m
Phila Accom	‡6:10 p m	‡6:15 p m

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RAILWAY DIVISION (Pier 4).—4.10 P. M. daily, except Saturday and Sunday. Saturday only 5.00 P. M., for Claiborne and intermediate stations to Ocean City.

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CHOPTANK RIVER LINE 6 P.M. daily, except Sunday, for Easton, Oxford, Cambridge and landings to Denton.

WICOMICO RIVER LINE—5 P. M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Wingates Point, Deals Island and landings to Salisbury.

NANTICOKE RIVER LINE—5 P. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Deals Island and landings to Seaford, Del.

GREAT WICOMICO RIVER LINE (Pier No. 3).—5.00 P. M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for landing on the Great Wicomico River Dividing, Dymers, Indian & Antipoison Creeks to Eubanks, Va. Saturday trip extends to Milford Haven.

PIANKATANK RIVER LINE (Pier 3) 5 P. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday for landings on Milford Haven and Piankatank River to Freeport, Va.

STEAMERS FROM SOUTH ST. WHARF.

POCOMOKE RIVER LINE.—5 P. M Tuesday and Friday for Crisfield Tangier Island, Onancock and landings to Pocomoke City and Snow Hill

MESSONGO RIVER LINE—5 P. M Monday and Tuesday for Fords, Crisfield, Finneys, Onancock, Chesconessex, Hunting Creek and Messongo

OCCOHANNOCK RIVER LINE—5 P. M. every Wednesday and Sunday for Crisfield, Pongoteague, Nandua, and Occohannoc River.

Tickets on sale at 111 E. Balto. St., and on steamers.

A. J. BENJAMIN, Supt. Ry. Division.
T. A. JOYNES, General Superintendent.
Wm. T. MURDOCH, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BALTIMORE AND ANNAPOLIS SHORT LINE R. R.

Trains leave Camden Station for Annapolis and way Stations, week days, 6.38, & 8.55, A. M., 1.30, & 6.25, P. M. Express, 4.05 P. M. Sundays, 8.00, 10.55 A. M., 4.30 5.00 P M.