AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 28. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE RUINED CITY.

BY C. L. HILDRETH.

Love found me where amid my wasted years
I sat and gazed with cold, unheeding sight
On fair shafts fallen and scarred with time and tears—
Palace and temple prone in pallid blight,
Whose gilded peaks once caught the sun's first gleams,
When youth and I dwelt in the land of dreams.

I sat within the shattered porch of Fame,
Whose glittering pinnacles rose highest there,
Upon whose shrines hope fed the rainbow flame,
Till hope lay dead beneath the feet of care;
Now through the mouldering roof frost, wind and rain
Blur its dark courts with many a blistering stain.

And here fair Friendship had a royal dome;
Pride, Pomp and Pleasure each a house of gold;
And, oh, more sweet than all, I built a Home
Wherein my days might ripen and grow old:
Lo, through their hollow chambers wheel and fly
The owl and bat with melancholy cry.

So on the lifeless ruins of the past,
While, like pale leaves of autumn, on my head
The dust of wan decay fell thick and fast,
I sat among my dying hopes and dead,
Alone and silent in the spectral gloom,
Crouched like a ghost upon a broken tomb;

Till Love, for which I built no sculptured shrine,
Nor knew in youthful, dream-deluded years,
Sought me with brow unveiled and eyes divine,
And led me from that place of dust and tears,
Far, far away, o'er bright seas blowing balm,
To isles of ease in ultimate pure calm.

—*Belford's Magazine.*

Select Stories.

A TRICYCLE STORY.

ALICE BROWN, in YOUTH'S COMPANION.

It was a most exciting letter. Mamma read it aloud to Daphne and me at the breakfast-table, and we looked at one another in amazement over its most important part, the postscript.

"You know my girls have been riding a tricycle for some time," Aunt Margaret had written. "They have had one with an attachment, so that it can be used by one person or as a tandem—that is, used by two riders. Lately, however, they have been teasing for a new tandem, with certain improvements—about which I don't in the least understand—and I have bought it on condition that they give the old one to your girls. As you have no horse I know they will enjoy it exceedingly."

"Did you ever hear of anything so charming!" cried Daphne, clasping her hands.

"I don t know, dears," said mamma, more doubtfully. "I should be sorry to have you undertake anything that might be considered peculiar or unladylike."

"Aunt Margaret lets her girls ride!"

"Yes, but they are near the city, where the fashion is beginning to spread. I don't see, for my own part, why you shouldn't do it, even if you are hooted; but, girls, I can't help thinking of Uncle Melcher."

So did we think of him; we thought and spoke of him too often for our peace of mind. Uncle Mel was rich, and we were very poor. Moreover, the time had come when we needed to go away to school. Mamma had always taught us that it was a mistake to suppose the world owed us a living.

"You have no right to your uncle's money simply because he has a great deal and you have none," she said. "But if he would lend you a small sum for a beginning, I think you could work you way at Ellsworth seminary. You would pledge yourselves to repay it, with interest, when you are old enough to support yourselves; and though he would be taking a risk, we should all try to make that risk as small as possible."

But when the scheme was proposed to Uncle Mel, he vetoed it at once and with the utmost vigor.

"Go away to school!" cried he. "What for? My mother never studied beyond long division, nor yet my grandmother, and they were good housekeepers and excellent women. You be good, sensible girls and learn to make bread and darn stockings, and when I'm done with my money, you shall have it all."

Mamma, after a night's consideration, gave her formal sanction to the tricycle, which arrived a day or two later.

"But I do hope," she said, doubtfully, as she examined its shining wheels and springy seats, "I do hope you won't try to ride fast. Perhaps you can be more ladylike about it if you do it slowly."

Such a time as we had in getting started to ride at all! First we made over some old dresses, lengthening the skirts and relieving them of superfluous tags of trimming which might get caught in the wheels. Then we learned to oil the machine, and finally to manage it. The cousins had written that, with its fourth wheel behind, it was a clumsy affair compared with their new three-wheeler; but we who were used to no lighter means of transportation than the family wheelbarrow, were more than satisfied with our new steed.

One June afternoon, after a longer ride than usual, we found ourselves near the little crossroad where Uncle Melcher lived. A year before, after quarreling with the village authorities, he had bought a small cottage eight miles from church and store, and had taken up his abode in it, with the pleasing consciousness that he had withdrawn as far as possible from the local civilization. It was a dreary place, but Uncle Mel liked it, and Mrs. Simmons, his old housekeeper, tolerated what he chose.

"Madge," said Daphne, putting on the brake as we reached the crossroad, "let's go and call on Uncle Mel. It's only two miles farther."

"I wouldn't for worlds!" said I. "He is sure to scold us for riding Peggy."

"Well, we can't help that. He knows by this time that we have the machine, and he might as well see it. Come, and have it over. O, Madge, before I'd be afraid!"

For an answer I put my feet down hard on the pedals, and started Peggy onward. Girls don't like to be dared any more than boys do.

"I'll go," said I, "but we must hurry, for its getting late."

We turned into the narrow road, and in due time reached the house. Uncle Mel was sitting on the piazza reading a newspaper, but after one long, steady look at us he got up and went [redacted] the table. That was a signal we knew well; it meant "Danger!"

"What do you mean by comin' here on that thing?" he inquired.

"We were riding near here, and so—so we thought we'd call," said Daphne, faintly.

"I've heard all about it," went on Uncle Mel. "Deacon Tolman says you're the talk of the town, ridin' round on that new fangled steam engine. If you blow up with it it's all you deserve."

"It doesn't go by steam, uncle," I ventured.

"Don't tell me what it goes by! I don't want to know anything about it. The least I expect is you'll break your mother's heart and go to ruin, circus ridin' round the country."

Just then dear, comforting Mrs. Simmons reappeared. "There's some bread and milk on the kitchen table," she said, in her mildest tone, and strove to draw us out of the room without attracting his attention. That was impossible.

"You're welcome to the bread and milk," he said, "but you ain't welcome to make my house a rendyvoo for such goin's on. Now you hear to me, once for all: don't you bring that thing within a mile of me again while you have it."

"No, sir," said I, meekly, and we hastened out after Mrs. Simmons.

Even she had a word of disapproval. "Seems if you might ha' known how he'd take it," she remarked, as we began to drown care in the flowing bowl of milk.

"Don't you get lonesome here?" I inquired. It had become desirable to change the subject of conversation.

"Lonesome! I guess I do. Your uncle seems possessed to get away from folks. Now, we ain't got no neighbors, except them shiftless Burrages, a mile away, an' they ain't no use to us. We're both on us too old to walk a mile, if 'twas to see the president."

"Why don't uncle keep a horse?" said Daphne.

It ain't likely he could do that 'thout a hired man to harness up," said Mrs. Simmons. "Even the cow's too much for him sometimes. It beats me to think what he'd do if one or both on us should be sick at night, with no hoss an' no man, and the doctor eight mile away."

At that moment we started and looked at one another. Apparently we had all heard the same thing, a faint "Hallo! hallo!" Again it was repeated, and then Mrs. Simmons started to her feet.

"You mark my words, your uncle's clim' the mow for eggs and fell!" she cried, as she hurried to the door. "Run, girls, run to the barn! You're spryer'n I be."

We gathered up our long skirts and ran. As we neared the barn the cries grew more distinct, and when we entered the great door, there lay Uncle Mel on his back, trying in vain to raise himself from the pile of rubbish on which he had fallen.

"Are you all deaf?" he asked, as we hurried up to him. "I've hollered myself hoarse. Now don't go to actin' like a hen with her head cut off," he added, as Mrs. Simmons appeared on the scene. "I've broke every bone in my body, and if you women go to draggin' me round, you'll break the rest. Girls, you jest run down to Burrage's an' tell Eph an' Sam to come an' lift me up. Tell 'em to send somebody else for the doctor. I've got to lay here."

"Come, Madge!" said Daphne, taking me by the arm. "I know where the Burrages live. Hurry!" She ran into the house for our hats and gloves, and by the time I reached her was wheeling Peggy out from the syringa bush. "Jump on!" she cried. "Never mind your gloves. Put your best foot foremost."

We rolled out of the yard and down the dusty road.

We found that Mrs. Simmons' mile was a long one, but not many minutes had passed when, dry lipped and panting, we rode into the Burrages' yard, where a man was pumping water.

"Uncle Melcher has fallen in the barn and hurt himself," began Daphne. "Will you and your brother go and help him up? And will you please give us some water?"

He slowly filled the rusty dipper and passed it to us.

"Sho!" said he. "Jest what I expected! What's the old coon want to go climbin' round for, anyway?"

"Will you go now?" insisted Daphne. "He may be dying."

"Oh, yes, I'll call Eph, and we'll fetch up there in the course of fifteen minutes. But what under the canopy do you call that thing you're ridin' on?"

"It's a tricycle," said I. "Have you a horse to go for the doctor?"

"No, I ain't, but—"

The pedals began to turn, and so did Peggy. I knew what Daphne had decided, and I was ready to do my part. Out of the yard we went, and on until we reached a trim little cottage near the road.

"Has your father a horse?" called Daphne to a bareheaded and barefooted boy who sat on the fence, gazing at us in what we hoped was admiring awe.

"Yup."

"Is he at home—the horse, I mean?"

"No, he ain't"

On we went without another word. At the next house there was a horse, feeding in a neighboring orchard. Daphne gave it one glance.

"Madge," said she, "I could run faster than that barebones. Are you good for six miles more?"

"For twenty!" I cried, with more zeal than accuracy.

As to the work that followed, I can still declare that I never knew anything so wildly exhilarating. Our breath came fast, and our cheeks were burning; but we gained on time, and annihilated distance.

Two more triumphant girls could scarcely have been found that day than we, as we rode up to Dr. Miller's house—and certainly no hearts ever sank lower than ours when we were told that the doctor had driven away five minutes before.

"He took the road to Greensboro'," said pretty Mrs. Miller, "but I am almost sure he meant to stop at Mrs. Moore's cottage, about a mile and a half from here." Away we toiled, working almost against hope, for the Greensboro' road was terribly sandy. I heard nothing and saw nothing; I only breathed and struggled.

"Hurrah!" cried Daphne, at last. "There's the house, and there's the doctor!" But alas for us! He had just put the weight in the carriage and was preparing to step in after it. Foot power was no longer of use, and we lifted up our voices and shrieked:

"Doctor!" we called. "Doctor! Wait! wait!"

He paused, he looked, and the day was won.

"Well, if you're not two crazy girls!" he began, as we rode up to him; but a glance at our faces must have shown him that no spirit of fun had prompted our chase.

"Can you go to Uncle Melcher's?" I asked, with what breath I had left. "He's broken every bone in his body."

Then Daphne took up the tale, and after a brief explanation the doctor turned his horse about.

"Now, you girls have had exercise enough for one day," said he, "and I shall stop and tell my wife that you'll spend the night with us. Then, after I've seen your uncle, I'll drive round and explain everything to your mother. Good-by."

"Shall we?" asked Daphne, when he had gone.

"We must—or lie down and cover ourselves with leaves. I don't believe I could ride five miles more to save the nation."

Then we toiled back through the sand to the doctor's house, and sweet Mrs. Miller gave us a royal welcome. When the doctor came home he brought the news that Uncle Mel had broken a leg, and that mamma had been sent for to nurse him.

"And you are to pack up your clothes and ask one of the neighbors to take you over there, also," he said, adding with a demure twinkle of the eye, "Though what your mother wants you for I can't imagine, unless its to ride on errands and chase inoffensive doctors about town."

Uncle Mel was ill for many a long week, and we had a dull and quiet time in taking care of him. One day in August, as mamma was sitting with him, he said, suddenly, "Call in them girls!"

We appeared, a little doubtful of our reception.

"The doctor says if it hadn't ha been for your ridin' on that thing I should ha' been wuss off 'n I was," he began, abruptly. "Where is it?"

"At home, uncle," said I. "You told us it wasn't to come within a mile—"

"There, there, don't twit!" said he. "Do you want to go to school?"

"O, uncle!"

"Now, don't 'O uncle' me! I'm goin' to turn your mother out of her house and live there myself. I'm too old to be so far away from neighbors."

This looked serious. Poor as the house was we had, as yet, no other shelter.

"I've took a place in Ellsworth," he went on, "and I'm goin' to let your mother live there and board you while you go to the seminary. Now, don't act so shaller. You tire me all out!"

For Daphne had dared what no one else had probably done during the last fifty years; she had kissed Uncle Melcher; and Uncle Melcher looked as if he actually liked it.

BLENDA.

FROM LONDON SOCIETY.

"The woman has behaved so badly, so shiftily; those green-eyed women are always shifty."

The speaker was a tall, fair, florid youth of some twenty-four years of age; the locality was a smoking-room in the house of Mr. Horace Ashton, the well-know surgeon, and the hour, to be precise, was five o'clock on a dull November evening.

"You see, she first of all encouraged it, and led me to believe that she and her husband would be very glad to see Tina married to me (she is only Tina's step-mother, you know), and then, when my big brother came on the scene and began making up to my little girl—as he does every heiress—why, then Mrs. Fowler cooled off, like the snob that she is, and told Tina that she wasn't to dance so much with me, and that—in short, it wasn't to be. It was a horrid shame, don't you think so, Horace?"

"It sounds rather unfair. But perhaps Challoner doesn't really want to marry Miss Fowler."

"Oh, yes, he does. He admires her immensely, to begin with, and then she'll have five thousand a year. He'd marry a witch for two more. You know what he is; he doesn't care for Tina; he doesn't care for anyone, but himself, while I—"

"But I don't quite see what I am to do, what part I am to play, or how I can serve you by coming to this supper party to-night," interrupted Horace, sharply. He did not mean to be unsympathetic, but he was very tired, and he had heard so often how much, how very much, his young friend, Hon. Humphrey Challoner, cared for the beautiful Miss Fowler.

"Well, I want your opinion and your advice, which you cannot give until your have seen the family. I want you to take particular notice of Mrs. Fowler, and to tell me what you think of her. She is years and years younger than her husband; and some people admire her immensely. She is awfully vain, I should add, and more accessible to flattery than any one I've ever met, and I believe that you might talk her over, Horace, if you only take the trouble. You see, you are clever and I'm not, and Challoner is an older son and a Viscount, and I'm a younger son with nothing; and Tina is only eighteen, and does not come of age until she is twenty-five, and she says it'll kill her to wait so long, and—and altogether we haven't a hundred-to-one chance of getting married unless somebody or [redacted] at the door of Captain Fowler's residence, a small house on the east side of Davies street, Berkeley Square. He did not look forward with much pleasure to the evening's entertainment, for he disliked strangers, and he hated supper parties, but he was glad to oblige Humphrey Challoner, of whom he was very fond. Upon entering the dining room Mr. Ashton found himself in the midst of a very lively party that numbered among its members to pretty Americans, two wealthy young Guardsmen—to whom the Americans were laying siege—the Fowler family, and Captain Challoner, whose account of the family Mr. Ashton soon pronounced to be correct.

Mrs. Fowler was a distinctly pretty woman, but not a pleasing one. Her expression lacked frankness and her manner suggested an almost morbid vanity. She had a little air of making a speech every time she opened her thin lips. Miss Fowler was simply lovely, and far too charming to be married for her money. Captain Fowler was palpably under his wife's thumb—a chinless being whose fluid character evidently took the impress of the strongest hand that grasped it.

"A hopeless case," thought Horace, after the first few minutes' talk with his hostess. "This woman is an arrant snob, and the bare idea of becoming mother-in-law to a viscount has turned her weak brain; she won't give in."

Presently the conversation, which was somewhat general, turned upon defective postal arrangements. One of the American ladies had lately posted, with her own fair hand, a letter to a friend in Regent's Park that had never reached its destination. "Think how many an important communication may have been lost!" she exclaimed,

"Letters are never lost," said Captain Fowler, speaking with all the assertive temerity of the weak. "If a letter is rightly addressed and posted, it is delivered."

"Not always," interpolated Horace. "I could tell a curious story—"

"Oh, do," interrupted a chorus of female voices.

"Ashton tells a story awfully well," exclaimed Humphrey Challoner.

"Please tell us your story, Mr. Ashton," murmured Mr. Fowler in a patronizing tone.

"It is an incident, an episode, rather than a story," said Horace. "A story, we are told, demands three things—a beginning, a middle and an ending. My tale has only a beginning. And now to begin; and I must make it short, for the hour is late.

"One November day, five years ago, I happened to come in earlier than usual, at about 4 P. M., feeling very tired and desperately sleepy. I ordered tea to be brought up at once, but before I had finished my second cup I fell fast asleep, with a newspaper and some letters that my servant had just handed me lying in my lap unopened, and my fox-terrier, Nell, dozing at my feet. I must have slept, I suppose, for nearly an hour, when I suddenly woke with a violent start that sent both newspaper and letters flying on to the rug, the former bursting its cover in the fall.

"When I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of this rude awakening to make any move, I stooped down and picked up the letter that was nearest to me, and which happened to be lying seal uppermost, and without even glancing at the address tore open the envelope and proceeded to read its contents. They were startling, I must admit.

"Was the letter from a lady or a gentleman, Mr. Ashton?" asked one of the Americans.

"From the former, and it stated that being weary of life and unable to submit any longer to paternal tyranny, she intended to avail herself of her darling's oft-repeated request that she should fly with him, and that she, therefore, requested him to meet her 'at the terminus here' (where 'here' might be I know not, for there was neither date or address affixed) on Tuesday next at 4.15. I had scarcely had time to finish the letter, or to wonder who could have written it to me, when my servant entered with a telegram demanding an immediate answer. While I was framing my reply Cuthbert busied himself with making up the fire, and in so doing came into active collision with Nell, whom he never could manage—and who at once began to bark in a way that drove me nearly wild. As soon as my telegram was dispatched I looked around for the cover of the mysterious epistle, which I had decided by that time ought never to have fallen into my hands; but it was nowhere to be seen. I asked Cuthbert if he had noticed it—a long, white envelope.

"'I suppose, sir,' he answered in an agrieved tone, for he and I were often at issue where Nell was concerned, 'that that was what the dog had got hold of just now. I did try to take it from her, but I know you don't like to hear her bark. She dropped it at last, and I threw it into the fire, but it was just a mere pulp then. You couldn't have read what was written on it.'

"So the envelope was destroyed, and with it had gone every chance of my ever being able to restore its contents to their destined recipient. Cuthbert then proceeded to inform me that he had only brought in two letters—blue ones—with the newspaper, and there they both were, on the table, still unopened. So this third epistle, which was, unquestionably, never intended for me, had evidently arrived between the leaves of the *Field*, and had slipped out when the latter burst its cover in falling from my lap. During the following Tuesday afternoon, which was an awful one, I often thought of the unhappy young victim to paternal tyranny and hoped that she came to no serious harm."

"But her name, Mr. Ashton," exclaimed the American, "we're all dying to hear her name. Was there no signature?"

"There was, but—good heavens! you'll be burnt!" The last remark was addressed to Mrs. Fowler, who, in stretching across the table to reach some bontons, had nearly set fire to her lace sleeve.

With great presence of mind Horace seized her arm with one hand, whilst with other he drew back the candle, but only just in time to avert a catastrophe; and then, as his eyes met those of his hostess, it occurred to him, in a flash of revelation, that this diversion had not been wholly unpremeditated. "Her name," he continued, after a moment's pause, "was ——. But, no! it is not fair to give up the name; it was such an uncommon one, too."

Oh, the look of relief that came into those light green eyes! If Horace had doubted for one moment the truth of his suspicions, he was quite sure now that they were correct.

"It could not have been a more uncommon name than my wife's," said Captain Fowler proudly, as if his wife's uncommon Christian name reflected luster upon the whole household. "I should think, dear, that you were the only Blenda in all England."

"Very possibly," said Horace dryly.

The following day Mr. Ashton, who received patients at home throughout the morning, was honored by a visit from Mrs. Fowler. She had hurt her wrist in that little encounter with the candle, and had deemed it wiser to consult a surgeon. After giving the case his careful consideration, Horace hastened to assure his fair patient that there was nothing amiss; she had only been frightened, not hurt.

"That was a very interesting story you were telling us last night, Mr. Ashton," said Mrs. Fowler in a low, nervous tone, as she was leaving the room. "Have you kept that wonderful letter?"

"I have. I thought I had destroyed it, but I came across it the other day in turning out the contents of an old dispatch box. But I mean to burn it."

"When?"

"Oh, before long. I cannot do it now, for the letter is at the top of the house, and I have at least a dozen patients waiting to see me. But as you are so much interested in the story, Mrs. Fowler, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll burn the letter in your presence; I'll bring it up to Davies street——"

"Yes, yes! But when?" very impatiently.

"Must I fix a date? Shall we say, then, when I come up to pay my visit of congratulation? Your step-daughter's engagement to my old friend Humphrey Challoner is an open secret."

Mrs. Fowler turned crimson with anger, and for a moment made no reply; then, as Horace was opening the door, she paused for a second time:

"Mr. Ashton, don't judge me too harshly. I was young at the time—only eighteen; and I was very miserable. You don't know, perhaps, the evil of an over-repressive system of education. But, believe me, I thank God every hour of the day that I was saved from eloping with that—scamp. The miscarriage of that letter saved me. I went up to the terminus (at Portsmouth), caught a severe chill dawdling about in the cold, and was in bed for weeks afterward. When I recovered my father was—gone."

"I do not judge you harshly, Mrs. Fowler. I do not judge you at all. It is not my place—and I need not add that you may consider my silence a point of honor. But you'll plead Humphrey's cause with your husband; won't you? Ah! I know you will. Good-bye."

"So my story has an ending after all," thought Horace as he rang for his next patient to be shown in, "but it might have had a very different one if I had only glanced at the address of that letter before breaking its seal. It is strange how the little thing and the great thing—that which is forgotten as soon as ended and that which is never forgotten—to our lives' end hang together."

INSECT PESTS.

The caterpillars, which are making their tents earlier this year than usual, owing to the warm spring weather, should be looked after at once. The simplest and perhaps, on the whole, the best way of getting rid of them is to brush off the nests from the trees as fast as they appear, with a long-handled, conical-shaped brush. Early morning or evening is the time when the entire family may be found at home, so that is the best time to destroy the nest.

The codling worm, which infests fruit trees throughout the land, should be looked after at once. There are many ways of getting rid of the pests, but none is believed to be better than spraying the trees frequently with a solution of Paris green.

Of the fly species, the *Country Gentleman* says the horse-fly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. When not in use they are nicely folded away in a sucker. He makes his appearance in June, and may often be seen in the vicinity of small streams of water. He is said to subsist in part upon an airy diet, and to pass his life harmlessly. Not so the female, for she is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings. She lays her eggs in moist places, and, after they are hatched into footless maggots, they make all necessary journeys by stretching and closing the segments of their bodies, their heads being supplied by two hooks, by which they get their food. In process of time this maggot goes down into moist earth, where it reposes for some weeks, after which it bursts the pupa case, and comes forth a large black fly, armed and equipped like its predecessors.

Rice is, no doubt, the most extensively used article of food the world over. Hundreds of millions of people chiefly subsist on it, and its consumption is constantly increasing. It is the principal diet of at least one-third of the human race, forming the chief food of the native populations of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and in fact of almost all Eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumers of it. A Malay laborer gets through fifty-six pounds monthly; a Burmese or Siamese forty-six pounds in the same period. The Eastern nations also chiefly obtain their beverages from rice, which is the principal grain distilled in Siam, Japan and China. Saki, or rice beer, is produced in Japan to the extent of 150,000,000 gallons annually. Although rice is such a universal article of food, it is not so nourishing as wheat or some other grains. More than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water; consequently it forms more fat than muscle.

A bass weighing one pound in 1880 was returned to the Potomac with a small sleigh bell attached to its tail with a wire. A few days ago it was caught with the bell still attached, the fish weighing six pounds. This may seem like a fish story, but some of our readers will rememember that a one pound bass caught in the eastern branch five years ago was returned to the water with a penny tin whistle attached to its tail. Three years later the bass was caught near the same spot. It still weighed a pound, but the whistle had grown into a fog horn.

The unsafest railroads in the world are those of Spain, where land slides and inundations wreck a train every few weeks, not to mention the risks from bandits and insurgents. The safest are those of Western Germany and England. Statistics prove that in 1888 and 1889 only one out of 62,000,000 passengers lost his life by causes which in any way could be ascribed to the neglect of precautions on the part of the railroad officials. In 1862 the ratio was one in 18,000,000.

If the weather is dry keep the cultivator going in the corn. Weeds will draw moisture that ought to go to the corn.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN'S FIRST BILL.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln likes to tell the story of his first fee as an attorney. Old Judge Logan, under whom he read law, had always told him not to be afraid to charge big fees for his services. "People don't respect a cheap lawyer," said the Judge.

One day, soon after Mr. Lincoln had been admitted to practice, he sat alone in his office when a messenger brought a note from the Chicago agent of one of the wealthiest insurance companies in America, asking to have the title to a certain piece of property looked up. The young lawyer spent about half an hour looking into the title and then sent his report to the insurance office. Pretty soon the messenger came with another note. This one requested Mr. Lincoln to send his bill by the bearer. The young lawyer had no idea what to charge. At first he thought it would be good policy not to charge anything, "for," said he to himself, "I should like to get that company's work regularly." But he knew Judge Logan would not approve that sort of thing, and he didn't want the Judge to think that he was heedless of his advice. So he figured it that, since he had worked only half an hour, $10 would be a good stiff price, for it would be at the rate of $200 for a day of ten hours. The words of Judge Logan, however, rang in his ears, and with a stroke of audacity that almost frightened him, Mr. Lincoln finally made the bill for $25. He felt that this was an outrageously high fee, and was hesitating as to whether he would give it to the boy or make out another for $10, when Judge Logan chanced to come in.

"You are just the man I want to see," said Mr. Lincoln, and he told him of his dilemma.

Judge Logan took the bill and tore it up.

"I knew it was outrageously high," said Mr. Lincoln, "but, Judge, you always told me to make big bills, and I did this more to please you than myself."

"Nonsense," said the Judge; "give me a pen." He sat down, wrote another bill, and gave it to the boy.

In a few minutes the boy returned with the insurance agent's check for $250, and a little note to Mr. Lincoln thanking him for his promptness, and saying the company's other work of this character would be sent to him.

"Great Scott!" said the young lawyer to the old one; "did you make out a bill for $250?"

"Of course I did," answered the old Judge; "You don't want to be an eleemosynary institution for insurance companies, do you?"

WHAT WILL THE END BE?

J. E. Thickston, a scientist and astronomer, living at Metuchen, N. J., while alluding to the Johnstown horror, said to a *Herald* correspondent that the dreadful catastrophe was as nothing compared to what might have occurred.

"The news from Central Pennsylvania is awful," he said, "but this may be a very little thing compared with what may yet occur. Near and west of the Alleghanies a great opening within the earth's crust must be made somewhere by the escape of natural gas. Will the earth settle and fill the empty places, or will air pass in and thereby make it possible for the immense reservoirs of gas, stored away, no one knows how far, to explode and make an upheaval? Many people believe there is gas enough under Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio to blow the country from Erie to the Monongahela into promiscuous fragments. When oil was struck at Oil Creek in 1859, timid folks feared a collapse and a sinking of the oil field, but that danger was obviated by water running into the wells as the oil ran out. The drained vacuum never came, as water took the place of the removed oil. It is not so in this case. Water is not filling up the gas wells, except to a limited extent. What the outcome may be is not really a very enjoyable thing to revolve in our minds these pleasant July mornings. A submerged valley, lined with the bones of fifteen thousand men, women and children is a fearful thing in the history of the human race, but what of that compared with a wrecked continent! What of that compared with a world blown open or blown to fragments? I am not an alarmist or a sensational Wiggins. I do not believe that old Mother Earth is about to be shot into smithereens, but there may be danger ahead in this direction, and although we grieve over the Conemaugh catastrophe, let us be thankful that there has not been a natural gas explosion out West, and that there are not two rings instead of one set of asteroids in the material heavens."

BRAIN WORKERS.

The *Medical Age* says that the most frequent fault of the brain worker is excessive application to work. "The most intense and fatiguing of toils is pursued almost uninterruptedly, food is neglected, and the claims of exercise and sleep are but imperfectly admitted. Two hours' exercise in the open air, daily, is probably a minimum, and might prudently be exceeded. The brain worker must live sparingly rather than luxuriantly, he must prefer the lighter classes of food to the heavier, and he must be very prudent in the use of alcohol. Tobacco and tea are apt to be favorites with him, and their immoderate use may require to be guarded against. It is a nice question whether he needs more or less sleep than other men. Many men of genius are light sleepers, probably in some cases a misfortune, but there seems some ground for the notion that more than a moderate indulgence in sleep is unfavorable to successful mental effort."

A commentator upon the above remarks says that he cannot fully agree with them. Mental effort, he says, and the Cincinnati *Medical News* agrees with him, causes waste of tissue elements quite as much as bodily exertion, and this demands a full supply of food. What with dyspepsia and absence of appetite, the results of deficient exercise, and the influence of preconceived ideas as to the use or disuse of special articles of food, the brain worker is very apt to receive too little nutriment to make up for the waste. Especially is this the case when he, unconsciously, perhaps, replaces food by the use of tobacco, tea, alcohol, or opium.

Some advise to go supperless to bed. This most medical authorities of the day think is a wrong notion. It is a fruitful source of insomnia and neurasthenia. The brain becomes exhausted by its evening work, and demands rest and refreshment of its wasted tissues, not by indigestible salads and "fried abominations," but by some nutritious, easily digested and assimilated articles. A bowl of stale bread and milk, of rice, or some other farinaceous food, with milk or hot soup, would be more to the purpose. Any of these would insure a sound night's sleep, from which the man would awaken refreshed.

HOLY LAND RAILWAY.

Application has been made by Jos. Elias, formerly government engineer of the Lebanon, for a concession for a railway from Haifa, on the Mediterranean, about midway between Tyre and Cæsarea, by way of Lake Galilee, over the river Jordan to Damascus. Authority for the navigation of the lake and a priority of right for the extension of a line over any other applicant for three years is asked for. The line is to follow the river Kifhon for six miles, going within three and three-quarters miles of Nazareth, and then ascending the valley to the watersheds of the Jordan. The line will proceed along the northwest of the lake close to the plain of Genesaret, up the Jordan, crossing it about two miles below Merim. From that point the line turns toward the east to Damascus, a distance of one hundred miles from the coast. A branch line will go to Naova, the capital of the Hauran, with an option to continue on to Bosra, the ancient capital of Bashan.

The practical part of Mr. Elias' application is interesting. He estimates the population to be served at 500,000, or about 5,000 to the mile. Damascus has about 200,000 inhabitants and there are ten towns with from 1,000 to 10,000 inhabitants and about 5,040 villages. Although the district is very fertile, only one-sixth of the arable land is under cultivation. There is an abundance of streams, however, so that the country could be easily irrigated.

MOST FAMOUS EVANGELIST.

Almost every noon the crowd of young and old men who hurry into Kingsley's, Chicago, for a rapid lunch is joined by a short, stout man with a stubby beard, short little nose and small twinkling eyes. He invariably wears a soft felt hat pushed well forward over his eyes, and he has the general appearance of a shrewd and prosperous salesman in some wholesale jobbing house. He used to be this, and was in the boot and shoe line until he became converted. Now he is known far and wide as Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. No one who did not know the man would suspect him of being an evangelist on seeing him about town. It is on the rostrum where his force, fire and magnetism crop out. But he always appears dreadfully in earnest, whether ordering a plate of corned-beef or appealing to sinners for repentance. His earnestness is his success. The other day he stood in the hallway and chatted earnestly for several minutes with a well-known business man. A day or two later it was announced that Moody had purchased the site for a school, and the well-known business man's name was mentioned among those who contributed the necessary funds. Moody did it with his little earnestness.

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