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Because only absolutely pure material is used, and the Company, besides, guarantees the same class of goods to stockholders and the trade alike.

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mr-23

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We certainly have the finest line of

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cannot be surpassed outside of the city. We have the finest line of Fancy Wool Shirts ever seen in this city; just received some of the most beautiful styles. Our line of White Shirts will compare with any in the State and at bottom prices. Ask for the Scratch Pocket, as we are sole agents for it; it will make you happy. Our

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We extend our thanks to former patrons and ask a continuance of their favors for the new firm.

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may-8

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 33. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

"BEYOND THE HILL."

BY NELLIE W. M'VEY.

Long, long ago, when life was sweet,
And days with love and hope replete,
I lived where shade and sunshine meet,
Beside a rill.
I used to gaze, with wondering eyes,
Away to where the hill-tops rise—
Where, bending low, the purple skies
Caressed the hill.

The blue rim of the horizon,
The vaulted skies at rest thereon,
And over all, the yellow sun
Poured mellow light.
My fancy, with a strange unrest,
Went often to the far-off crest
Of hills low-lying toward the west,
With eager flight.

What strange new things beyond might hide!
My world so narrow—that, how wide!
What was it on the other side?
I questioned still.
Till one sad day, my restless feet
Went out across the meadow—sweet—
Went gayly out, the world to greet,
Beyond the hill.

How long I journeyed—where I left
The blue hills which the distance cleft,
Or how, or when, of hope bereft,
I do not know.
The way led through a weary night,
And o'er my spirits fell a blight;
The path grew rough and chill and white
With frost and snow.

It seemed the time was years and years,
The way, through leagues and leagues of tears,
And I, beset with doubts and fears
And longings vain.
The world I found was wide and cold,
And hard and selfish; fame nor gold
Could comfort me; and I grew old
Through grief and pain.

But sometimes through my tears would rise
Strange visions of those purple skies
And wooded hills and golden dyes
That knew no chill;
And comforting my wild despair,
A low voice whispers: "Over there
Is life and love, and rest from care—
Beyond the Hill."

Select Story.

A MODERN ROMEO.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

From FRANK LESLIE.

The ball at the Villa Borghese was over, and Philip Leighton, one of the guests who felt the evening well spent, was going leisurely homeward on foot. It was a clear, moonlight night in the bonny month of May, and such a night in Florence, with its violet sky sown with golden stars, is a blessing not to be wasted under the roof of a cab.

The young man crossed the Pia[zza] del Duomo and turned into [the] sleepy Via Ricasoli, which seem[ed] quiet as the aisle of an empty chur[ch]. Presently, out of the shadow, Ph[ilip] saw two women approaching, b[oth] evidently frightened at finding th[em]selves alone in the street at so l[ate] an hour. At seeing the young [man] they stopped, hesitated, and then [ad]vanced again, apparently reassu[red] by a glimpse of his honest, com[ely] face, revealed in the moonlight.

"A thousand pardons, signor[e]," began a sweet voice in Italian, "[but] I and my maid are not able to op[en] our door; possibly your stron[g] hand might make it yield."

The house indicated was a g[rand] old palace, many stories high, b[uilt] of heavy blocks of stone, like a [for]tress. Statues looked down f[rom] many a niche, and the lower windo[ws] were guarded with the "kneeli[ng]" gratings invented by Michel Ang[elo].

Philip threw himself upon [the] heavy wrought-iron fastenings of [the] door, but they refused to give [way] even under his vigorous shaking.

"The door closes with a latch [on] side; a sharp blow will sometim[es] open it without the key, which G[ian]cinta has unluckily lost. There is [no] one inside the house to come to [our] rescue; we are really in a very aw[k]ward plight."

The white lace *fichu* had fallen back over the shoulders of the gentle-voiced stranger, and Philip saw that she was exquisitely pretty, with the pensive, dark eyes of her race, and a tender, sensitive mouth. Her lips quivered, and there was a hint of tears in the liquid eyes.

This was too much for Philip, who, instead of acknowledging himself baffled by the door and resuming his homeward route, vowed within himself to see these fair dames safe under the shelter of their own roof, or perish in the attempt. Poor old Giacinta was, strictly speaking, not fair, but the *aureola* of beauty emanating from her young mistress seemed, to Philip, to encompass the faithful attendant with its benign influence.

Across the street was a ladder leaning against a house in process of repair, at sight of which Philip's look of perplexity vanished.

"Does the open window in the second story lead to signora's rooms?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes; those are our rooms. The rest of the house is unoccupied, or we could hope to wake up somebody to let us in."

"If it is not too audacious a proposition," continued Philip, "I will climb up to your balcony, Romeo fashion, with that ladder, descend the stairs, and open your refractory door from the inside."

"The same thought had occurred to me, but I did not like to express it. It is a dangerous height; you might fall, and it is an unreasonable service to ask of a stranger."

"Pray do not think of any inconvenience it might be to me; your confidence is quite reward enough. May I make the attempt?"

"I should be only too thankful."

"I have plenty of wax matches in my pocket. Am I likely to find any obstacles to my progress between the window and hall door?"

"No; you have only to cross one large room and an ante-room before finding yourself at the stairs."

With surprising dispatch Philip tilted the swaying ladder into place beneath the balcony of the only *palazzo*, and began the ascent.

"I beg of you, sir, be careful!" said the girl, lightly touching his arm for a moment with her slender white hand.

Philip looked down into her face with one brief, soulful glance that seemed to say, "For you I would risk my life gladly."

Inspired by those caressing eyes following him so intently, Philip mastered the difficulties and gained the ledge of the window without more serious mishaps than a cut on his wrist.

"What will Uncle Gino think of this adventure, Giacinta?" said the young lady, as their knight-errant disappeared within the window.

"We ought to be thankful we were not obliged to finish the night in the street."

"It is indiscreet and imprudent, doubtless, to allow a perfect stranger to enter our rooms alone, but I'm sure he is a gentleman whom we can trust. Do you not agree with me, Giacinta?"

"There couldn't be a dishonest soul behind a face like that, signorina mia. Trust an old woman's eyes for telling good from bad."

"A queerish sort of an errand for a fellow to be bound on," thought Philip, as he scrambled over the balcony, "dropping himself through the dark maw of a window into what may be the bottomless pit or a den of thieves, for ought he knows. More likely to

[redacted]

regardless of order.

Philip would have gladly taken a more lingering look at the old portraits peering down at him from the walls some of them with dark, searching eyes so like those of his lovely *protege*, but a feeling of delicacy prompted him to make his way through her rooms as quickly as possible.

He hastened down the stairs, lifted the latch, and admitted the two women.

"I can never sufficiently express my thanks, signore," said the young girl holding out her hand. "You have spared us more annoyance than you can realize. May I know the name of our benefactor?"

Philip, overjoyed at what seemed the overture to a more intimate acquaintance, searched in his pocket for his card-case, but, to his perplexity and annoyance, failed to find it.

"Might I have the pleasure of calling to-morrow to bring the card I seem stupidly to have mislaid!" he asked, with some hesitation.

"I certainly wish to know to whom we are indebted for so great a service. My friend, Madame de Carolat, is coming to tea to-morrow at four. Will you come then? But I must introduce myself. I am the Countess Rosselli. Now as it is so shockingly late, I must bid you good night. Thank you a thousand times, and do not disappoint us to-morrow."

"Not for anything under heaven," Philip murmured, half audibly, as the heavy door shut away from him the gaze of the girl's star-like eyes.

Like culprits the two belated women stole up the stairs to their rooms. Giacinta lighted the old Roman lamp, and by its soft, steady flame of olive-oil the familar old portraits looked down as if welcoming them home.

"Why, Giacinta! what does this mean? My desk wide open, and all the papers scattered about. Oh, madonnamia! the money from the Libro Aperto vineyard was there—fifteen hundred francs!" The young girl flew to the desk and plunged her hand into a drawer at the side. "Gone! Giacinta, we are robbed!" and she buried her face despairingly in the cushions of the nearest sofa.

"Heaven grant you are mistaken, carina!"

"I am not mistaken, alas! In that drawer I put the money while Paolo waited for the receipt. I remember doing so with painful distinctness. Paolo sat there in the blue ottoman. I let him sit down because of his lame foot. He went quietly away after getting his receipt, and I locked the money in the drawer as usual."

Giacinta fumbled wildly about among the papers, but all to no avail. The money was certainly gone.

"And he with a face like the blessed San Michele," she moaned.

"No, no; you are mistaken, amica, mia," cried the contessa, reading the suspicion in the old woman's eyes. "I would as soon accuse you of robbing me, you faithful old granny. Our rooms must have been entered earlier in the evening. The window was open, and the ladder conveniently near. Many rough men were abroad to-night, owing to the *festa* at Cajano. No, you need not lose faith in [your] San Michele, as you call him. So[me]thing impels me to trust to the h[on]esty of that young stranger who he[lped] us, as I would trust my brother [now] in heaven."

"I, too, have faith in the young [sig]norio; but, ah, me! it's hard lo[sing] all that money!"

"The worst will be telling U[ncle] Gino. He will be furious. Wh[at a] night of misfortune this has be[en]!"

And yet, in spite of the great [fear] she had sustained, Countess Nat[alia] Roselli, as she drifted into dreaml[and] for a few hours, felt that this spe[ll] night had been fraught with a r[are] rare happiness for her.

She awakened to a stormy, painful scene. Ill news travel quickly. Gerino Roselli, Natalia's uncle, had heard of the robbery, and had come for full particulars.

"What is this wild story of Giacinta's?" he began, angrily. "You have had the colossal folly to let a street-vagrant loose in your rooms. Of course he improved his opportunity and took your money."

"Uncle, I'm fully convinced the money was stolen before this gentleman came to our assistance. The window was open; the ladder carelessly left near by the workmen. Paolo saw me put the money in the desk: possibly he succumbed to the temptation."

"What preposterous nonsense! You would throw suspicion on an honest *contadino*, who grew old in your father's service, to screen a well dressed, soft-spoken blackleg! Who is this fine gentleman, pray? Where does he live? Of course, if he was honorable, he has told you all this."

"He wished to give me his card, but had none with him; he is coming this afternoon to present himself in due form."

"A-likely story! And you, you confiding innocent, do you realize that the loss of this money leaves you next to nothing to live upon till the Rovezzano rents are due? What do you mean to do?"

"Certainly not ask charity from you, Uncle Gino. Giacinta and I have already learned what sharp poverty means, and we can bear this misfortune as we have borne others." A proud fire burned in the young contessa's eyes as she spoke.

"What's this?" said Roselli, as he turned on his heel to leave the room. His foot had struck against a small object lying on the floor in the shadow of a table. It was Philip's card-case. Roselli opened it and read on the first card, "'Mr. Philip Leighton, Via Palestro, No. 23.' This is probably the name of your gallant rescuer," Roselli added sarcastically. "Rather a suspicious circumstance to find his card-case lying so near the plundered desk."

"I will keep it for him till he comes," said Natalia, holding out her hand with quiet dignity.

"By all means, my dear, keep it till he comes. I hope your confiding patience will not be put to too severe a strain."

Roselli took one long, searching look at the card, and resigned the pretty leather toy to his niece's keeping.

For Philip, also, there was a rude awakening that morning. A furious Italian gentleman demanded to see him; asked an account of the last night's proceedings, and accused him of stealing fifteen hundred francs from the Countess Roselli. A policeman and cab were at the door, and before he fairly realized what was occurring the bewildered Philip found himself in a cell at the Bargello. A sad contrast to his dreams of imbibing draughts of tea and enchantment with his fair *inamorata*. He had no friends in Florence of whom he cared to borrow money, and he was not in funds to bail himself out to keep his appointment for four o'clock.

Count Roselli kept his own counsel as to the summary measures he had taken, and withdrew for a few days to his *podere* at Feltro.

As the day wore away with no signs of Philip, Natalia said to her handmaiden:

"Giacinta, I'm haunted with the fear that Uncle Gino has done something desperate about this miserable money. I wish you would go to the Via Palestro and ask for Mr. Leighton."

Giacinta went, and returned in floods of tears. Mr. Leighton had been arrested that morning. The *padrona* said he was such a nice, open-handed gentleman; there must be some monstrous mistake about it all.

Natalia seized pen and paper, and sent Giacinta to the Bargello with a tear stained note declaring her belief in his, Philip's entire innocence, and her shame at her uncle's conduct.

Philip, in durance vile, poured out as much of his soul as the back of an old play-bill would hold, in reply.

Thus these two lovers—for the

[redacted]

"What did you see? Tell me everything!" cried Natalia, eagerly.

"I'm chambermaid in the house across the street. A bad headache was on me on Thursday night; I couldn't sleep, and came to the window for fresh air. I saw two men prop a ladder against your window. One man was a big, brawny, evil-looking fellow; the other was lame."

"This lame man, was he old or young?"

"Old, signorina, with one shoulder higher than the other.

"Paolo!" said Natalia, under her breath; "my intuition was right. Go on—what happened then?"

"The big man began climbing the ladder. I thought it all looked suspicious, and I slipped out of my room to give an alarm. It was dark as pitch in the corridor, and I fell down stairs, giving my head a furious blow on the stone stairs. I was wild and wandering-like till yesterday, because of this wound on my head. To-day I remember everything, and thought it right to tell the signorina contessa."

* * * *

With all possible haste Natalia dispatched a man of the law to Libro Aperto, to question Paolo, the farm-servant. Paolo was accused of the theft, frightened into a full confession of his guilt, and the greater portion of the money was recovered.

Philip, upon his release from prison, learned from Italian friends the history of the Roselli family.

The young contessa was considered little less than an angel by those who knew her well.

"Poor child!" continued Philip's informant, "she hasn't a friend or protector on earth but that faithful old nurse, Giacinta. Her uncle is a hard, cruel man, and the rest of the family are all gone. There is barely enough money left to keep this young contessa, the last of a long and noble line, from actual want. The big *palazzo* has the name of being haunted, and they can't get a tenant for any of the scores of rooms. I wish some prince would fall in love with the contessa and give her the surroundings she deserves."

"I wonder if a poor artist would do instead," thought Philip, as he betook himself to the Palazzo Roselli.

* * * *

A week later the poor artist, poorer in his own estimation than in reality, offered himself heart and soul to the beautiful patrician.

"My darling Romeo, I could not live without you," was her shy response to his pleading.

Remarkable Discoveries in Egypt.

From BALTIMORE SUN.

The results of clearance of the Pyramid of Amenemhat III by Mr. Flinders Petrie were detailed in the *Sun* last spring, and it was then stated that Mr. Petrie would next attack the brick Pyramid of Illahun, which enjoys the reputation of having never been opened. As the pyramid in question incloses the tomb of a Pharoah of the twelfth dynasty, Mr. Petrie went to Illahun last February with every prospect of interesting discoveries. Interesting discoveries were made, but the explorer left Illahun at the end of May without having found the entrance to the pyramid. The site of the pyramid chapel and the remains of an adjacent shrine yielded many fragments of the cartouches of Usertesen II, thus proving these buildings to have been the work of the grandfather of Amenemhat III, but the secret of the interior of the main structure will not be revealed till next year. The pyramid chapel stands at the edge of the desert, half a mile distant from the east face of the pyramid. Its boundary walls are still traceable and its position is defined by a square area containing a deep bed of lime-stone chips. Founded by Usertesen II about 2960 years B. C., and razed to the ground by Rameses II some 1500 years later, it was the fortune of this ancient site to be used for a Christian cemetery during the fifth and sixth centuries of our era. In excavating the bed of chips Mr. Petrie came upon bodies clad in garments, which, owing to the dryness of the spot, are admirably preserved. Some of these garments were of fine material, trimmed and embroidered in a most tasteful manner. Below the Christian graves Mr. Petrie discovered the foundation deposits of Usertesen II in a square hole sunk in the bed-rock of the desert. The hole was covered with a square block, which attracted the explorer's attention. There was a second block, in fact, beneath the first. When both were removed there were found the deposits made by the builders at the corner-stonelaying—as we would say—4,848 years ago. Besides some pieces of pottery there were four pairs of sandstone corn rubbers, eight bronze knives with pointed blades, eight with ordinary blades, four small chisels, four large chisels, four bar chisels, four axe-heads, three pieces of copper ore, one piece of zinc or tin ore, and twelve strings of exquisite carnelian beads, uniform in size and color and of the richest translucent red. The beads were placed there, in Mr. Petrie's opinion, probably as specimens of the currency of the time, and he calls attention to the fact that beads are still a well-recognized article of barter throughout Africa. The tools are samples of those in use in Usertesen's time. The ore—probably a tin ore—will perhaps on analysis enable us to identify the country from which the Egyptians got their tin at that early date.

Near the chapel are the remains of a town of the same period. The place is symmetrically laid out and was all built at one time, probably for the architects, artists, officials and workmen employed in the construction of the pyramid and chapel. In the ruins of the town, which has been cleared from end to end, Mr. Petrie found the domestic utensils and furniture of persons who lived, labored and died over 4,800 years ago. He has come upon curious traces of their manners and customs. Dozens of invaluable papyri have been found, some of them rolled up and sealed. In one house a rubbish heap of papyri was found, consisting, apparently, of accounts in ruled columns and lines, and all in an exquisitely neat, clear hand. The quality of some of this early papyri is marvelous. It is formed of two layers of crossing fibres, but is as thin as foreign note paper. Other finds were flint flakes, basket-work pottery, ivory castenets, bronze mirrors, knives, chisels and cups, wooden boxes, combs, boomerangs, spoons and bowls, spindles and thread in abundance, the stocks of bow-drills, beads, peg-tops and other toys, several draught boards and a beautiful alabaster cup. Beneath the floors of the chambers the remains of many new-born infants were found buried, usually in boxes not intended for burial purposes—a revelation not very creditable to the customs of the civil servants of the twelfth dynasty. With some of these unfortunate babies were found traces of affection, such as necklaces of garnets and green-glazed beads, with pendants of silver fishes. One box contained the remains of three infants and necklaces made from cylinders of Usertesen III. The most interesting, however, of Mr. Petrie's discoveries is the pottery with incised patterns, in imitation of basket-work, and with inscriptions neither hieroglyphic nor hieratic, but early Cypriote or Greek. The letters on the pottery of Illahun are distinctly Cypriote. At Tell Gurob, a town some five miles distant, founded during the eighteenth dynasty, and in decay in the time of Menepthah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, Mr. Petrie later found pottery partly of the Cypriote and partly of the Mycenæan types, with Cypriote and Phœnician inscriptions. These facts will somewhat astonish Greek scholars, as they indicate the presence in Egypt as far back as 2960 B. C. of Ægean Greeks, who brought with them the rudiments of the Cypriote, and perhaps also of the Phœnician alphabets. It has been believed that Homer, living about 1000 years B. C., was unacquainted with the art of writing, and that his Iliad existed for hundreds of years in the memories only of rhapsodists, who earned a living by wandering through the countries that constituted the old Greek world and reciting his verses to popular audiences. This may be said to be the accepted belief, the earliest date assigned by scholars for the introduction of a knowledge of letters in Greece not going further back than 850 B. C. Mr. Petrie's discovery, however, shows that the beginnings of the alphabet were already in existence some 2000 years B. C., and that the Iliad might, after all, have been committed to writing in Homer's lifetime.

Immense Spiders.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright, yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining around your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs, that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer in *Rare Bits* says he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers.

Is Ice Water a Healthy Drink?

In the opinion of the editor of the *Sanitary Volunteer*, the official organ of the New Hampshire board of health, there is a great deal of sentiment and many opinions regarding the use of ice water that vanish when the light of reason and experience is turned upon them. The fact is that ice water, drank slowly and in moderate quantities, constitutes a healthful and invigorating drink. There is no doubt that ice is a great sanitary agent, and every family ought to be provided with it during the warmer months of the year. It is true that the inordinate use of ice water, or its use under some special conditions and circumstances, is attended with great danger; so is the improper use of any other drink or food. The assumption that iced water is dangerous, and that iced tea, or iced coffee, or iced lemonade is a harmless substitute, is simply a delusion. As the source of danger feared by some is the degree of cold, we fail to see clearly how flavor modifies the effect of temperature. There are individuals, undoubtedly, who cannot drink ice water without injury, and who ought never to use it, but to a great majority of persons it is refreshing and healthful. Its use, temperate and discreet, is in no way to be condemned, which cannot be said of some of its substitutes.

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Why, yes, to be sure, who doesn't?"

The Aluminum Age.

From N. Y. JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

The world has had its ages of stone and bronze. We are now passing through the iron age. Will this be succeeded by an age of aluminum? We believe that it will. It taxes one's imagination a little, we confess, but not one's credulity to see in the mind's eye the bright and beautiful aluminum replacing black and ugly iron in most of the latter's uses.

Fancy houses made of aluminum instead of iron. The weight of the new metal is only a third as much as iron, with equal or greater tensile strength. The girders and the plates could be cast and readily handled in sizes far larger than those to which architectural iron is now confined. Perhaps whole fronts of modern-sized houses could be moulded in a single piece. This would greatly facilitate building operations which are now slow.

Aluminum is as fireproof as iron. The larger the plates of the metal composing the side of the house the less liable they are to be warped and curled by intense heat. A building with aluminum walls, such as we have described, would survive a great conflagration in which iron structures of existing patterns would wither and crumble to the ground. As aluminum never rusts, a house constructed of it would always exhibit a silvery, glistening surface. It would require no cleaning, except as smoke or dust might gradually dim its native beauty. A sponge and water would bring all that back. Whenever aluminum is cheap enough for house building, steamships will be made of it. This will be a revolution in ocean commerce. Hulls of aluminum ships will weigh only a third as much as iron ones of equal tonnage. They will be as strong and secure against damage from collision as iron vessels now are. Their far greater buoyancy will be to that extent an increase of safety.

Passenger cars made of aluminum in light and graceful patterns—including wheels of the same metal—need weigh no more than wooden cars of our day, and they would be incombustible, and would not be readily crumpled up or smashed into splinters by collisions. The perils of railroad traveling in the age of aluminum will be much less than now.

The ductility of aluminum will render it the best of all possible materials for bridges. The weight of the wire ropes, as also of the bridge itself, for a given span, being but one-third that of iron, engineers will perform feats of bridge building now wholly beyond their powers. The age of aluminum will be the age of bridges. They will probably be thrown over the East and North rivers at intervals of every few blocks.

With the sufficient cheapening of aluminum may come the realization of the flying machine. One great obstacle to the success of aerial navigation is the difficulty of supplying a practical motor either to propel or to steer the balloon. The want is still more seriously felt if the design is to dispense with gas and imitate merely the movement of a bird's wing or a fish's tail in cleaving the air.

The small weight of an aluminum engine, driven by compressed air, gas or electricity, compared with its iron equivalent, undoubtedly makes the ultimate success of air ships more probable than before.

The sources of supply are inexhaustible. Iron, copper, silver, gold are found in localities geographically small. But one of the most universally distributed materials of the earth beneath our feet is clay, the metallic base of which is aluminum. Having boundless faith in the ingenuity of man to overcome difficulties, we confidently expect him to wrest this now stubborn metal from its superabundant combinations, and enable the world soon to enter on an age of aluminum.

Artificial, or rather cultivated, musk, if we may believe what seems to be a very well-authenticated statement, appears to be a thing of the near future. The announcement is made that at the laboratory of the Gesundheitsamt in Berlin a Japanese physician named Kitisato, a pupil of Koch, has isolated a microbe from an infusion of hay which has the property of producing a powerful odor of musk. The microbe can be cultivated in any of the nutrient media, but thieves on the potato and rice preparation. The cultures are at first red-dish in color, afterward becoming rust or tile-colored. When the cultures are exhausted with alcohol, the latter possesses the odor of tincture of musk.

There may be too much of a good thing—of salt in the soup, for instance.

Regularity of Habit.

One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire, says an able writer, is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put it off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. We know persons who have a multitude of duties, and who perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties, and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is in hand. This done, and other engagements are met, each in order, and a vast deal accomplished, not by strained exertion, but by regularity. The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful, when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mixed, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive, and the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush, and attempt to do several things at once and accomplish little, while another will quietly proceed from one duty to another, and easily accomplish a vast amount of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one, as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.

To Restore the Freshness of Worn Clothing.

The mystery to many people how the scourers of old clothes can make them almost as good as new is explained in the *American Analyst* as follows: Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest, or pair of pants of broadcloth, cassimere, or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds, and plunges the garment into it, souses it up and down, rubs the dirty places, if necessary puts it through a second suds, then rinses it through several waters, and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry, he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat, and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them, and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while the full cloud of steam rises, and brings the nap up with it. Cloth should always have a suds made specially for it, as if that which has been used for white cotton or woolen clothes, lint will be left in the water, and cling to the cloth. In this manner we have known the same coat and pantaloons to be renewed time and again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them.

Removing Paint.

The ordinary process of scraping old paint, or burning it off, is hardly expeditious enough for general purposes, and is also laborious. Soda and quicklime are far more thorough, and the paint is more quickly removed. The solution of half soda and half quicklime is thus made. The soda is dissolved in water, the lime is then added, and the solution can be applied with a brush to the old paint. A few minutes is sufficient to remove the coats of paint, which may be washed off with hot water. Many preparations are sold for the removal of paint, all of them having some basis of alkali. A paste of potash and strong lime is far more effectual in operation, and the oldest paint can be removed by it. Afterward a coating of vinegar or acid should be used to cleanse the surface before repainting. One authority on the subject recommends the gasoline lamp, a quart of oil being sufficient to last 3½ hours. The method is considered superior to gas, as the flame is stronger and costs less, besides which the lamp can be carried to any part, which cannot be done conveniently with a gas jet. But the use of flame of either is dangerous and to be avoided when possible. Many a house has been burnt to the ground from using jets of flame. For removing varnish, spirits of ammonia is used, but it is a slow process, and several applications are necessary. Scraping and sandpapering can be employed; but it must be done carefully by experienced hands, or the surface of wood will be injured. The chemical process of removal has the advantage of leaving the surface in a better condition than burning off or scraping, and for large surfaces of paintwork is to be preferred.

A soft yet persistent answer turneth away a borrowing neighbor.

Let me make the bread of a nation and I care not who makes its pies.

You cannot measure a man's daily walk by the thickness of his carpet.

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