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mar-14-1y-2 JULIUS TRAUB.

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The Farmers' Fertilizer Company begs leave to say upon the opening of the Spring Season that it is again in the market to accommodate its large and rapidly increasing trade with the Best SELECTED STOCK of

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in the county. Its stock is Strictly Pure, for it keeps no other. For Spring Crops it has now on hand several qualities of Fertilizers adapted to character of soils for

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Farmers' Fertilizer Company,
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We will pay Seven Dollars ($7) Cash Per Ton of 2,000 Lbs.
FOR CHESTNUT OR SPANISH OAK BARK,
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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 19. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While, like winged spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows flickering go;
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from another room
Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And linger with a loved one there;
And as I hear my child's amen
My mother's face comes back to me:
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone,
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

Select Story.

KING GIACOMO'S BRIDE.

On the steps of a palace quite near the famous Rialto, or Grand Canal, now one of the most notable palaces in all Venice, listlessly stood a sad faced, shabby young man, while just overhead a little girl of some dozen years leaned across the gayly trimmed balcony, both watching the gondolas as they plied up and down the beautiful streets of the city.

It was the day of St. Mark's, one of the gayest holidays in Venice. The girl had but just emerged from the convent walls at Padua, and, like a bird let loose, was in her merriest mood. Amused at the unusual solemnity of the brown faced youth, who seemed to be solitary and alone in the midst of such festive cheer, and seeing him the butt of some disagreeable, teasing boys, she threw him a shower of bonbons, asking her brother, who stood by, how he thought the lads could so torment a stranger.

"Boys were very ill mannered," he said; "but see, sister, he is able to defend himself, for he gives taunt for taunt; so don't distress yourself. He is of age, and is capable of parrying attacks."

They little thought, as they talked, that this stranger youth was the representative of a lordly house, a young prince, and no beggar, who had been banished from his father's court at Cyprus—not only that, but persecuted by a cruel mother, and without money or friends, and in deep despondency had wandered to Venice, a very poor place for one who knew nothing of work even in prosperous days, and especially so for a royal prince who would not work!

Goaded to vengeance, after standing at bay for a while, and maddened by the restless throng of boys, the young man flourished a stiletto over his head, and at length it became fighting in real earnest.

In the very heat of the strife the door of the palace opened, and a sweet faced girl peered out defiantly, much surprising his tormentors.

"Boys of Venice, shame on you to treat a stranger so! The very fisher lads could show you better manners!"

Taken aback by these sharp words from the daughter of one so august and of such wealth as Marco Conaro, they quickly scattered, perhaps more quickly as they saw coming up the Grand Canal a gorgeous gondola filled with young men who had charge of all this brilliant display.

Prince Giacomo—for this was the name of the young man—as the piazza was speedily cleared, raised his hat to the girl, as if to offer his thanks, seeing for the first time the interest in her face, as well as the sweetness of it, and followed the multitude.

Time went on. It was but two years before the mother and the old king were gathered to their fathers, and the beggarly prince became king of Cyprus, then a much desirable possession, and one that Venice started back in surprise.

"Why is the face so familiar?" he asked. "Ah, I have it! I know her—I know that young girl!"

He had fallen desperately in love with the picture even before that discovery was made. "You know her, sire? I think not," answered Andrea, astonished.

"I do—by my honor, I do," said the king. "She is the brave maiden who, in my poverty and loneliness, when, like an imbecile, I was crushed by disaster, defended me on the Grand Canal at Venice, for which I owe her lasting gratitude," bowing and smiling at the picture as he spoke, as if he were really addressing the living Catarina.

Pleased with the recital, Andrea assured Giacomo of her great worth and cleverness.

"But there are many fair daughters in Venice, and Catarina is very young—only a child. You must seek other maidens, sire," he said, seeing the interest the king evinced.

But he did not hear the inward resolve which was something like this: "I am my own master. I must see Catarina and perchance I shall make her queen."

Full of this matrimonial project, an ambassador was dispatched to Venice, soliciting an alliance with the great republic, and asking the hand of some high born maiden for King Giacomo. But secret instructions, you may be sure, were given him whom to choose.

So the courier came to Venice, and it was decided that on a certain day one of the fairest daughters from each of the patrician families of the city should meet in the ducal palace, in order that the ambassador might select a wife fitting for his royal master.

The day came, and the great council hall was one mass of color. The splendid dresses of the ladies, the scarlet robes of the high officials of the republic, the vestments of the grand old doge as he sat in state upon his massive throne, and the gorgeous array of the 72 candidates for the king's choice, all puffed and powdered, and standing upon their high heeled shoes, tall and stately, made a grand picture. There was but one in that gay assembly who was simply dressed, and completely oblivious to all around her. Very young she was, and very beautiful as well, with her golden hair and queenly bearing. While all the others were anxious and expectant she was calm and unconcerned, as she remembered the poor young man of Saint Mark's Day, contrasting him with the present king hunting for a bride. And she smiled as she thought.

Well, the time had arrived for the ambassador to enter the hall. Grim and stately he came in with his attendant retinue. Kneeling before the doge, he presented the petition of his master, and asked friendship with Venice.

Waving his hand with the grave air of authority, the old man said:

"Here are the very fairest and noblest of our maidens. Make your choice, and it will be our pleasure to bestow the one you may select upon our good King of Cyprus as befits his station and the dignity of Venice."

So passing from one to another, with here a word and there a compliment for beauty of form or face, for elegance in dress, the ambassador suddenly stopped before the childlike figure, dressed in simplest white, perhaps the least attractive in all that youthful bevy, as far as elegance of attire went.

"Are you the daughter of Marco Cenaro, the princely merchant of Mercceria?" he asked.

"I am, my lord," the girl replied.

"My master, the king, greets you through me. He bids you know that he has never forgotten the day you defended so bravely his rights and he invites you to share with him the throne of Cyprus. Do you approve his wish?"

Bowing low, and blushing deeply, she replied:

"It will be as my father says; his will is mine."

Taking her hand he led her through that vast assembly and proudly presented her to the doge.

"If it please you and her father, Catarina, the daughter of Marco Conaro, is our future queen!"

The 72 defeated maidens stood abashed. "What a ridiculous choice for a king to make!" thought they. But they said not a word.

What a ceremonial it was when the gray haired old doge formally adopted her as a daughter of the republic, her marriage portion alone being 100,000 ducats!

Giacomo's representative stood before the altar as his personal friend, and he was married by proxy to the young Venetian girl, the doge giving her away. And amid shouts and music and flying banners Catarina was solemnly declared queen.

Grand were the pageants that followed. Everything was ablaze with color and decoration. Softest carpets covered the water steps, at the foot of which waited one of the most beautiful boats for their reception—the state gondola of Venice, a mass of golden decoration. Velvet hangings of crimson and purple hung from its sides, and banners gleamed everywhere. The oars were made of silver and gold, and the rowers were dressed in silver and blue. Upon the upper deck was arranged a velvet covered throne in blue, and a chair of state by its side in gold.

The doge himself led Catarina, in her bridal dress, covered with choicest pearls, to the boat, where they were seated amid music and banners. Thus the bridal train floated down the Grand Canal, to the quaint old town where King Giacomo met his bride.

For five happy years all went well; then the king, never strong, sickened and died. After her husband's death Catarina abdicated in favor of the republic, and went back to Venice, always retaining her title of Queen of Cyprus.

Her home was a noble domain, the home of poetry and of the arts, perhaps more refined and cultured than any in Venice.

The old palace where Catarina spent her childhood days and where Giacomo first met her, is now only a pawnbroker's shop.

So bright hearted a girl, you may be sure, became a strong, self reliant woman, and the story of her life has given to us a lesson of loyalty and charity which outlives all other tribute.

Plaster.

From the American Farmer.

Benjamin Franklin was a firm believer in the efficacy of plaster to stimulate the growth of crops and particularly that of clover. He was the first to introduce its use for this purpose into our country from France, where he had witnessed its marvelous effects on vegetation. In a clover field in the neighborhood of Philadelphia he caused to be traced out one springtime, with this substance in colossal letters the words, "This has been plastered," and so marked was the effect of the new fertilizer that the words, in the course of a few weeks, were plain not only in the darker color but in the larger growth of the clover, where the application had been made, causing great wonder in the minds of the passers on the highway. The result was so remarkable that "he who saw might read," and straightway plaster came into general use among the farmers of that time, and was continued with satisfaction for several generations after.

This writer remembers well, how, years ago, almost every farmer applied plaster to his clover, his corn and potatoes, deeming it almost indispensable for those crops. But in some way or other, it fell gradually into disuse, and now hardly one farmer in a hundred uses it. But why not go back to it and give it more trials. It is not a costly material. The price per ton is now about $7.00, and almost every farmer can afford to make experiments with it. It never did help crops on some lands and in some localities, but we believe there are lands and situations where great benefit might be derived from its use. Formerly it was sowed broadcast on clover at the rate of about a hundred pounds to the acre, and the time of sowing was early in May.

Pugnacious Spiders.

In the year 1709 it was discovered that a new and very beautiful kind of silk could be made from the webs of certain species of spiders. The threads were found to be easily separated, carded and spun, affording a much finer filament than that of the silk worm and equally susceptible of dyeing. Stockings and gloves were made from the material, naturally of a beautiful gray color, and great expectations of the usefulness of the invention were entertained. At the beginning a difficulty was found in the fact that it would require 663,522 spiders to furnish one pound of the thread and it was declared impossible to provide so many of the creatures with flies, their natural food. This obstacle was soon removed by finding that they would subsist very well upon chopped earth worms and the roots of feathers, but an insurmountable obstacle arose from their unsocial inclinations, inasmuch, as when they were put together, they soon began to quarrel, the strongest devouring the weakest until of several hundred in a box but three or four remained alive after a few days. Obviously it was impossible to keep and feed each one separately.

The man who loves his duty never slights it.

A man who is up to snuff isn't to be sneezed at.

A Woman's Odd Caprice.

From the NEW YORK SUN.

"My aunt, Mrs. O. P. Smith, of St. Louis, started east to visit relatives of her husband in Dutchess county," said one of those relatives, a well known railroad man. "Her direct route was by the New York Central's system to Fishkill, and that was the way the trip had been laid out. Half an hour before starting, however, Mrs. Smith surprised her husband by saying that she intended to go by the Erie route.

That would necessitate a roundabout way by New York city or by Newburg and across the Hudson, and her husband tried to argue her out of her sudden and unreasonable determination. She stoutly insisted, however, that she must go by the Erie.

"'I can't tell you why I have such an inclination to go that way,' she said; 'but I have that feeling, and I do not believe I could bring myself to go any other way.'

"Of course her husband gave in to her whim, and put it down to woman's caprice. My aunt is a native of Richmond, Va., and during the war, being about sixteen, her only sister died, and her brother was killed in the defence of Richmond. This left her without a known relative, unless the oldest one of the family, a brother, who had gone to California in 1855, was living.

"She found a home, however, with a Richmond family, who moved west after the war, where the orphan girl, whose name was Allison, subsequently met and married my Uncle Smith. She was ten years old when her brother went to California, and he was then twenty-five. She had never heard anything from him since the war broke out. Although her father died when she was but eight, she retained a vivid remembrance of his face and manner.

A STRANGE MEETING.

"At Meadville, Pa., the next morning after leaving St. Louis, aunt kept her berth. While she was making her toilet the porter had made up the section. When she returned and sat down a sprightly but elderly man sat down in the other seat of her section and said:

"'Excuse me, madam, but I'll just drop down here while the porter fixes up things in my section. I'm only going to the next station anyway.'

"My aunt opened her mouth to reply, but she didn't speak. She simply fastened her eyes on the old man's opposite. He was tall and bright eyed, with a silver gray mustache and goatee, the latter long and pointed. He wore a wide brimmed felt hat. My aunt's manner seemed to nettle him, and he exclaimed, rising:

"'If I annoy you, madam, I will go to some other seat.'

"My aunt managed to loosen her tongue then, and putting out her hand begged him to be seated. He sat down again, and my aunt looked out of the window, or at least she says she tried to, but she felt herself drawn irresistibly to look covertly at the gray bearded stranger. When the porter had arranged the stranger's section, and he arose and went to it, my aunt's eyes followed him. She tried to speak to him as he went from her seat, but she didn't seem to be able to get out the words she wanted to say.

The next station was Union City. It was only half an hour's ride from Meadville, and as the train drew nearer to it my aunt says she could hardly breathe, her heart beat so, and she felt as if she must speak to the old man or die. But somehow she could not. At last the train whistled for Union City. The gray bearded man took his valise and prepared to leave his seat. The train began to slow up. The old man walked toward the front end of the car. He was passing my aunt's section.

THE RECOGNITION.

"She pressed one hand on her thumping heart and, almost choking, she touched the stranger's arm and gasped:

"'Sir, isn't your name Allison?'

"The man looked surprised and said, 'Why, yes; my name's Allison.'

"'Charles Jasper Allison?'

"'Yes,' said the stranger, looking still more surprised.

"'Didn't your sister Carrie used to call you Jass?'

"'She did!' he exclaimed. 'But why——'

"'Oh, Jass! I'm your sister Carrie!' exclaimed my aunt, and her arms were around the old man's neck and he was holding her to his breast, while both of them sobbed like a couple of children.

"The long lost brother did not get off at Union City. He was the very image of her father when he died, my aunt said, and that is why she felt from the very first that he was her brother Jass. The brother is still a Californian, an extensive vineyardist, and while in Chicago he suddenly remembered that an old friend of his was in or near Union City, and he resolved to visit him before returning to the coast. This had occurred about half an hour before the train he was to take left Chicago, and he was just able to catch it by an extra effort.

"Suppose my aunt hadn't suddenly taken that whim to travel by the Erie? Or suppose her brother hadn't suddenly bethought him of his old friend in Union City? And how do you account for it all, anyhow?"

Arizona Dick.

The San Francisco *Examiner* says: In Dr. Zeile's drug store on Pacific street there is a curious lizard-like, frog-like creature. It is an Arizona chameleon. It is not generally known that chameleons abound anywhere except in Africa and the Islands of the Indian Ocean and the South Pacific and Atlantic. This little creature, however, is as true a chameleon as anything that ever came from Madagascar.

Ever since his arrival from Kingman, Ariz., the chameleon has had the liberty of the show window. He clambers around over bottles, drags his absurdly long tail between the boxes and generally makes himself at home. Now he knows his name, Dick, and whenever the sun is hot and bright he comes out when called. If it is not warm he is in a kind of stupor and needs nothing.

When Dick first came here he showed only two colors—green a[nd] gray. Those are the prevailing tin[ts] of the country he hails from. Pe[r]haps those were all the colors he needed there. In the window was a piece of bright metal. He liked to get on this when the sun had made it warm, but his green and gray were a little conspicuous against the bright surface. For some time he showed no change, but one day he was found on the bright metal as silvery as smelt. Since then he has developed other colors, and continually changes from a dark brown to this silver color, going through a whole line of yellows, blues and pinks in the changes.

He likes to be stroked, and will [s]tand and blink as long as one will rub him. He has a fashion of running up one's arm that is startling to a stranger, but the main joy in the chameleon's life is to perch on Dr. Zeile's shoulder and puff himself out until he looks like a long-tailed toy balloon. Dick will eat flies but lives mainly on meal worms.

Air Currents Above Us.

Mr. F. Galton, in some recent remarks on the importance of observing the upper currents of the air, said that the great thing we now want to know is the state of the air above us; for we are at the bottom of an aerial ocean, and all we know is what takes place at the bottom. Imagine how little a marine animal that lived in the bottom of the sea, having the same intelligence as ourselves, would know of the currents above. That is precisely our position. We understand only one horizontal section of the superincumbent mass. Capt. H. Toynbee of England, commenting on Mr. Galton's remarks, observes that it seems possible that cheap balloons may be used to advantage where upper clouds are not seen. He thinks this is proved by the adventure of an aeronaut who went to Madras a while ago and advertised an ascent, fixing an hour when the sea breeze had set in, with the object of being driven over the land. There were no upper clouds to show the motion of the upper current of the air. Mr. Bayley of the revenue board of Madras feared that there might be an upper current of the air which would take the man out to sea. He took his glass and watched the balloon from his office window. At first, in the lower stratum of air, the balloon drifted quickly to the westward over the land; but soon, giving a peculiar twist, it moved seaward so quickly that although the man pulled the string of the valve, allowing the gas to escape very freely, he fell into the sea two or three miles from the land. Boats in the harbor hurried out and saved him.

Carrot Salad: Carrots boiled and sliced help to make a very good salad if used with fresh, cooked veal. Put a cupful of chopped celery in the salad bowl with a little over half as much boiled sliced carrot and one pound of chopped veal; add a very little raw, finely chopped onion, season with salt and pepper and a very little melted butter, pour over half a cupful of good vinegar and mix well.

If your life is not a blessing to others it is not a blessing to you.

A Libby Prison Incident.

The following account of a Libby Prison incident was cut from a Richmond, Va., paper, the day after its occurrence, by Rev. Joseph Brown, Chaplain of the Sixth Maryland Regiment, who drew the lots for the two Federal officers doomed to death by the Confederate authorities. Mr. Brown returned to his home in Cecil county, after the war, and died a few years later. We are indebted to his son, Mr. T. Bond Brown, of Elkton, Md., for permission to copy the account from the original clipping, which he has kindly loaned us for the purpose:

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY—RETALIATION REGULARLY INAUGURATED.

On yesterday, at twelve o'clock, meridian, the central reception room of the Libby prison was the scene of a ceremony exceedingly interesting, though painful, yet no less painful than necessary. The Government having become thoroughly advised of the murder of two Confederate officers in Kentucky, Captains Corlan and McGraw, by General Burnside, for recruiting men for the Confederate army in that State, determined at once to take measures of retaliation.

On Sunday, Capt. Turner, commandant of the prison, received the order from General Winder to proceed with the drawing by lot of two officers, from among the three hundred held there in confinement, to suffer the death penalty in pursuance of this determination; and on yesterday, at the hour above mentioned, the officers were marched down from their apartments on the second floor [illegible] which awaited but two of their number. Mr. Brown stepped forward and drew in succession two lots. One bore the name of Capt. Henry W. Sawyer, of the 1st New Jersey Infantry, and Captain John Flynn, of the 51st Indiana regiment. A shade of relief came over the general appearance of the body, and settled into an expression of sorrow. The two doomed men did not speak, and all remained for a moment silent. They were ordered to step forward and the rest were marched back to their quarters.

Upon being taken into the Commandant's office, the two men evinced [illegible] taliation. The threat was effective and the two captains escaped the intended doom.

Some time ago a Frenchman who lives at Pasadena, Cal., was astonished to see one of his best cows lying apparently dying in front of his barn. The animal lay there with open eyes, oblivious of everything. The man called a veterinary surgeon, who could not diagnose the case, and a butcher was sent for to bleed the animal. He was some time in arriving, and when he did come the cow was found eating at a haystack, but with legs a little uncertain. An investigation followed, and it was found that the cow had eaten copiously of the refuse of a neighboring winery. This stuff, composed of grape skins and stems, had fermented and induced a state of intoxication.

The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of another country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a country.

Women seldom mean the pleasant things they say to women or the unpleasant things they say to men.

Educated Baboons.

Chamber's Journal says: The Hottentots say that baboons can talk, only they will not, for fear they should be made to work; and there certainly is but little work to be got out of those cunning hands. Nevertheless, we read of some baboons who have been taught to do useful work. There was an obituary notice a year or more ago in all the Cape papers of one of these trained baboons, well known in the colony, who used to act as signalman on the railway, in place of his master, who was lame. The story was doubted by the English papers, who copied it; but we have met with many people who had seen the animal at his work. Mrs. Carey Hobson, too, in one of her pleasant little "South African Stories," tells of a baboon who had come under her own notice who had been taught to ride after a Dutch Boer as groom, and to dismount and hold the horse by sitting on the bridle when his master went into a house; and we have seen a troupe of monkeys of various kinds taught to do a great many curious tricks; but in these, again, they have been rivaled by dogs.

Wire Finer Than Hair.

We are at work just now, says a manufacturer, on some pretty small wire. It is 1-500th of an inch in diameter—finer than the hair on your head a great deal. Ordinary fine wire is drawn through steel plates, but that wouldn't do for this work, because if the hole wore away ever so little it would make the wire larger, and that would spoil the job. Instead it is drawn through what is practically a hole in a diamond, to which there is of course no wear. These diamond plates are made by a woman in New York, who has a monopoly of the art in this country. The wire is then run through machinery, which winds it spirally with a layer of silk thread that is .0015 of an inch in thickness—even finer than the wire you see. This wire is used in making the receiving instruments of ocean cables and measuring insulation of covered wires.

"Ladies" Discounted by Cooks.

In the Manchester Guardian last week there appeared side by side an advertisment for "a thoroughly good Scotch or North Country cook," and another for "a lady by birth, as nurse," the lady by birth, to have entire charge of a baby of 18 months, and partial charge of "a delicate little girl of 7, requiring thoughtful care, as well as of two boys of 6 and 8 attending day school, and to be strong, healthy, experienced, patient with children, a good needle woman and a member of the Church of England." The thoroughly good cook was offered £45 a year, "all found;" the lady by birth was offered "about £20." The moral I take to be that ladies by birth who have to get their own living should qualify as thoroughly good cooks.

It scarcely seems credible, yet it is true that if a million dollars in $5 and $10 gold pieces were shipped to Europe to-morrow the mere rolling of the ship and the pulsations of its engines would wear off hundreds of dollars' worth of the soft and precious metal. We Americans use an alloy of one-tenth copper in making our coins—to harden them. The English use less—one-twelfth. Some time ago the English government filled two spinning cylinders with coin, one with ours and one with theirs, and set them both revolving. They acknowledged that theirs wore away much more under the shaking than ours did, but of course they were too conservative to change their standard.

A Yokohama, Japan, letter says: In the Province of Ise the most remarkable woman, as to size, has just come to the public notice. She is a trifle over eight feet in height, has a breadth of palm of hand of thirteen inches, a foot seventeen inches broad, a weight of 38,000 momme, and is only 16 years of age. She is so well proportioned that at a distance she has not the appearance of being overgrown, and she has regular features and a beautiful complexion. American tourists and Europeans are going miles to see her.

A marked improvement is at once noticeable in those who, having previously existed in small, air tight rooms, timely avail themselves of an abundance of nature's most generous gift. Pure air will not only prevent disease, but effectually overcome feelings of languor and faintness. It will brighten the intellect and make new creatures of the old wrecks who by their very presence will exalt, ennoble and glorify the general conditions of mankind.

Meaning of the Word Nee.

The misuse of the word "nee" is a source of perpetual tribulation to copy editors, provincial "society reporters" especially being prone to a mournful disregard of its real meaning. They have a hazy but nevertheless strong impression that it is equivalent to the expression "whose former name was," and they rarely fail to use the full name in all its aristocratic completeness. Now, the fact is that "nee" is simply French for "born," and although the charming Mrs. De Lancey Jones may have been "born" an Edwards, she certainly was not born "Miss Jemima Edwards." Little things of that sort don't always turn out just as might be desired, you know. Perhaps no fault will ever be found, says the Albany *Press and Knickerbocker*, with the fit of those cunning little garments that were so carefully fabricated, but it is not always safe to select a name for the baby before it arrives. The doting father-to-be may decide that his offspring shall be known as Aristides Ponsonby Jones, but he may afterward be induced to select Susan instead from circumstances entirely beyond his control. It might be really too plebeian for the provincial "society reporter" to refer to "Mrs. Jones, nee Edwards," but he might try. And he certainly should avoid the error of a rural contemporary, which recently praised the diamonds of "Mrs. De Lancey Jones, nee Mrs. William Smith." How poor Mrs. Jones ever came to be born to a state of widowhood the reporter neglects to explain.

The Colors of Eels.

The eel is very unpopular with many people, but like many unpopular things he improves with acquaintance. In form he is long, slender and graceful. In color, dark green above and yellowish white below. Many believe that there are two distinct varieties, the salt and the fresh water eel, but I am inclined to think that like all other fishes the eel partakes much of the nature of his surroundings. A long summer vacation in a pond or brook renders him darker in color, and daily feasting on landlocked delicacies renders him more corpulent.

Just so codfish take on the color of their habitat—gray when on muddy bottom, bright red when living among kelps and gay colored marine plants. I believe, too, that the eel often forgets to return to salt water, but never breeds elsewhere, for I have never seen baby ells in brooks or ponds. I have known them to be taken every month in the year in the same localities. Some say that half the eels spend the winter in fresh water, coming down in spring, and that the other half go up for the summer.

Nothing is softer than water, yet nothing is more powerful, when properly applied. It is only by practical experiment that some people can be convinced of its potent force. At a recent entertainment in Leavenworth a wager was made that the strongest man present could not stand a quart of water, dropped into his open hand, drop by drop, from a height of three feet. A strong, manly fellow eagerly accepted the bet, thinking that to stand the force of such a small quantity of water would be mere child's play. Before five hundred drops had fallen into his hand he almost cried with pain and said he had enough. After a little water had fallen, each drop seemed to crush his hand and a blister in the centre of it was the result. This is a very practical illustration of the old adage that constant dropping wears away stones.

In every case of injury, in cuts, stabs and gun-shot wounds, in contusions, sprains, dislocations and fractures, in burns, frostbites and frozen members, the first measure to be adopted is the application of cold in the form of ice, snow or cold water. These substances are best applied in an animal bladder or a rubber bag. When towels wet in cold water are used, they require to be renewed every minute, for, unless frequently changed, they really act as poultices to the part, inviting what we wish to prevent. Cold not only stanches any bleeding that may occur, unless the hemmorrhage is altogether too severe, but also moderates the ensuing inflammation.

Coffee cream will furnish something new in way of a dainty dessert. It is made as follows: Make a teacupful of the strongest and clearest coffee. Put the coffee, when made, with two yolks of eggs and one ounce of sugar, into a double boiler or a saucepan set into boiling water, and stir over the fire till the mixture thickens; then let it get cold. Whip a pint of good cream quite stiff, and then add the coffee to it by degrees, so that it is smooth and thick. Serve in pretty cups or glasses. It may be frozen if preferred.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Given a few chemicals, a counterfeiter can always raise a dollar.

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