The American Union.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD.

E. W. EMERSON.

TERMS.

$1 00 per annum, Invariably in Advance.

No subscription received for less than six months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XXV. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1885. NO. 34.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions -	$ 1.00
1 " "	1 month - -	1.50
1 " "	3 " - -	2.50
1 " "	6 " - -	5.00
" " "	12 " - - -	10.00
¼ column,	one year - - - - -	15.00
½ "	" - - - - - -	10.00
1 "	" - - - - - -	60.00

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CONTRASTS.

The gaunt lamps flare in the windy street—
Flare on her shivering, shrinking form;
Pelting, pitiless fingers of sleet
Shake her soul to an inward storm—
Wandering, wandering by.

A sweet child stands at a lighted pane,
Watching with innocent, love-lit eyes,
It smites like a blow! She has rallied again—
A poor hurt thing, with her smothered cries,
As memory wanders by.

Was she once fair, with a baby-face
That gazed from a sheltering, fire-lit home?
Measureless, chill in her deep disgrace,
The gulf between, as her tired feet roam,
With penitence wandering by.

The hours of the moaning night slip past,
Drearily counted, one by one;
Like pearls from a string, they are dropping fast
In the lap of dawn—while the swift sands run
Of the sad life wandering by.

Rest! And the grief-wrung hands are stilled.
Sleep! And the pain-bound forehead gleams.
Burning eyes, with your salt tears filled,
Close on life and its fevered dreams—
For peace goes wandering by.

—*Helen T. Clark.*

THE BEACON FIRE.

It was a wild and rocky coast, along which ran the path that led to the home of old Martin Frere. At ordinary times the cottage would have possessed but little attraction for a bold sterling youth like Owen Glenn. But a visitor had of late brightened up its precincts—a young girl named Annie, named after the aged grandmother who dozed by the hearth through the long evenings, content to watch the bright flames as they shot up from the broad fireplace, and perhaps to see visions of the past with her dim eyes.

Dame Frere was a sharp voiced, bustling woman, long past middle age, and not having the name of possessing a very sweet temper, but she had a soft place in her heart for granny, and it was to please her that she had invited her pretty namesake to come and visit them for a few months.

Annis was a tall, slight girl, as straight as a pine tree, and as graceful as a fawn. Her yellow hair hung in a perfect maze of shining curls all about her shoulders and far down below her waist. Imagine a sweet innocent face lighted with great lustrous dark eyes, and a red mouth almost always curving into smiles, and you have some idea of Annis.

Most of the young girls in the vicinity were buxom, merry lasses, with hair and eyes to match—both of intense blackness—and with more or less of the hoyden in them. Their laughter was loud and hearty, and their ways more frolicsome than refined. So that it is not strange that when this graceful, quiet stranger came among them, with her shy ways and blonde coloring, her swift changes of expression and native ease of manner, she was at once taken into the hearts of all the young people in the neighborhood.

Owen Glenn had fallen head over heels in love at his first meeting with Annis, and had not missed an opportunity of meeting her at the various rustic gatherings to which she had been invited, and to-night he was going to seal his fate by telling Annis that he loved her, and ask if he could hope for a response to the ardent feeling with which he had been inspired by her.

Owen was not at all certain as to the success of his suit, for there was another who admired Annis, and who was far above him in worldly station and wealth, and as Owen, in his freedom from vanity, also thought, in good looks and in other qualities calculated to win a girl's heart.

Annis had received the pleasant little courtesies and attentions of both in a way calculated to wound neither; though, as to that, it would have been an impossibility for her to be other than so sweet and gracious as not to enkindle hope in each passionate young heart.

Thus matters stood as Owen started from his home to take the long and tedious walk over the cliffs, which must be traversed before he could reach the cottage which sheltered the object of his love.

It had been raining steadily all day long, and as night came on the wind had risen to a gale.

But, wrapped in his waterproof cloak and lighted on his way by a lantern, Owen cared nothing for the threatening elements, and walked along, whistling softly, now and then pausing to shake himself, after the fashion of some huge water dog.

Then he would trudge on again, thinking what a terrible night it must be at sea, and breathing a prayer for the wave-tossed mariners far from home.

Suddenly a dull, booming sound reached his ear.

It came from a seaward direction, but at first he kept on his way thinking:

"This is not the harbor, and every one who has the slightest knowedge of the locality will be sure to avoid such a dangerous coast; so it's no business of mine."

Again the sound came. This time Owen stopped and listened.

A thought came into his mind as he did so, but it militated so directly against his inclinations to give heed to it that with an impatient "Pshaw!" he started on.

But he could not rid himself of it. It was this: "If a ship is in peril, and has lost her way, the only thing that could save her would be a huge beacon fire to cast a light upon her surroundings."

To build a fire would be a work of time and of hard labor.

To keep one up long enough to do any good would take hours of watchfulness, and he would have to abandon all hope of seeing Annis that evening.

It was a hard struggle, but inclination proved to be made of a material which could not hold its own against his own strong sense of duty.

He gave up all thought of the pleasant greeting he had been living upon in his heart all day long, and set himself to work to gather fuel for the beacon fire.

After several hurried journeys to the woodland, which lay a little distance away, he succeeded in accummulating a pile of branches and dry twigs, which he had raked out with his hands from a deserted hut, which stood on the confines of the thicket, and had evidently been gathered together for some purpose; but under the circumstances Owen felt himself justified in taking it, as it would have been almost impossible to have kindled a flame of green wood.

Just as he had succeeded in coaxing a splendid blaze into life, a voice cried:

"Hallo, Glenn, is that you? What in the name of wonder are you doing?"

"I am answering to a signal of distress. Hark!" as a dull sound came again from the sea.

"Well, old fellow, I wish you joy of your post, and hope it'll do the good you expect. For my part, I'm off to old Martin's. I hear little Annis is going away to-morrow, and I don't want to miss a sight of her beaming face to-night. It's bright and sweet enough to be a man's beacon light for all his life. Good-bye, and good fortune attend your work. It's lucky all are not such selfish fellows as I am."

It was as if a thousand fiends were tugging for the mastery of Owen Glenn's heart, as he listened to the rattling talk of the gay, light-hearted youth.

Should he give Robert this chance of seeing Annis, and of perhaps asking her to be his wife during this very night, while he stood and worked to do good, and in God's providence tried to be the means of saving the lives of people who were nothing to him?

Thus his thoughts ran over and over again, repeating themselves like the voices of mocking demons, while outwardly he labored on as unremittingly as though no influence of the kind were at work piling on fresh fuel for the flames, or pushing some burning log into a better position, and in that way won the victory.

Peace succeeded to the wild storm of agitation which had momentarily threatened to engulf him. Thus the night wore through.

With the morning came a great calm. One would not have thought that the sun-flecked waves which came leaping in, white-crested and tumultuous, to meet the stern barrier of rocks, and crawl up, up almost to their summits, could be aught but playful in their force. Ah, it is a treacherous beauty—that of the sea.

Too tired to notice the beauty of the transition from storm to sunshine, Owen walked slowly home. His work was done, and he must have rest.

Later in the day he started out for a walk. He was in that miserable state of mind which oftentimes follows some great exaltation of spirits. The thought that Annis had gone away without his seeing her again weighed upon his mind like an unwelcome incubus.

At the voice of Robert Hunter, who stopped to accost him, he shrank and trembled as though in pain, but he listened as intently as though his life depended upon what he was about to say. Had he proposed to Annis, and had been accepted?"

"Glenn," he began, "I wish you and I could change places about last night's work."

"It's rather late for that now," was the quiet answer.

"I'm fully aware of the fact, and that's what I regret about it. I'm afraid it's all up with me in a certain direction."

"What do you mean?" asked Owen, with sudden interest.

"Why, if you believe it, I might just as well have left my visit unpaid last night; indeed, had far better have done so. Annis was so interested at the chance of there being a ship outside in distress that it was all I could do to prevail upon her not to face the storm and 'come and help,' she said; and she gave me some pretty rubs, I can tell you, about my leaving you alone to do 'the good work,' as she called it. I don't believe that Annis will look at me again without a thought in her mind of what I ought to have done and didn't."

Such a tide of joy rushed through Owen Glenn's heart that he could hardly speak, and while he was struggling to hide his emotion Robert went on with his revelations, little realizing the effect of his words:

"She's not going home to-day just on that account. She told me to tell you to come up and see her and tell her all about it. I wish it had been my luck to make such a hit. Women are great on any one who touches their feelings. You ought to have seen her eyes snap and sparkle when she was lecturing me about not staying to help you. I never saw her look so pretty. But, hallo! what has come over you?" For Owen was hurrying off in the direction of the cliffs.

As he went Robert caught a look upon his face which told him more than Owen intended. He stood staring at him, thinking to himself:

"I see it all. My failure will be Owen's opportunity. Well; he's a good fellow and as long as I can't have her, what odds does it make? And I saw last night she cared no more for me than if I had been a stick."

When Annis caught sight of Owen approaching the cottage she ran out with an impulsive, "Oh, how glad I am to see you! I do not want to tell you what I think of you."

Then she stopped short. Something in Owen's face filled her with confusion. But outstreched hands were already within his clasp, and his low murmured words of love were sounding in her ears:

"I am as glad as you that I have done something to please you; for, oh, Annis, I love you so dearly that I would do or dare anything for your sake."

And then, she never knew how it came about, but his arms were about her and his kisses were upon her lips, and she found that she loved him so well she was willing to promise to be his wife, whenever he should be able to earn enough to make a home for her.

They were both young, and it would not be hard to wait, and they were so sure of one another's love.

The prospect was at first that several years must elapse before their marriage, but suddenly all was changed for them as if by magic.

A letter came from abroad within a twelve-month. It was addressed to the minister of the little seaside village, and asked for information as to the person or persons who had kindled a beacon light in answer to a signal of distress from a sailing vessel on the night of —, giving the correct date and time when Owen had sacrificed inclination to the dictates of duty and humanity.

That light had saved a valuable cargo from being lost, and the wrtier proposed to give a goodly sum to the parties who had been instrumental in the matter. Also, a medal was to be struck off commemorative of his gratitude that the lives of all on board had been thus preserved to their families.

Owen became at once the boast of the village. For when a man's fame has reached foreign countries his own townspeople are always sure to re-echo it.

The wedding day was set for the first anniversary of the evenings when his good fortune came to him in the guise of disappointment, and Robert Hunter was the first to congratulate the young couple.

"Who'd have thought," he whispered to Owen, "that the tables would have been so turned? Truly, 'There's a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,' and you took it, my boy."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Red Pepper Baths.

"Red pepper baths, that's the latest fashionable wrinkle, and it takes like hot cakes," remarked a professional man of West Forty-eighth street to a New York *Star* reporter.

"Have you many patients?"

"Quite a number, and the list is increasing. The remedy is not a new one by any means, but it seems to be getting popular, and that is the reason, I suppose, for the revival in the red pepper business."

"For what purpose are the baths applied?"

"Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia and similar ailments. In the hands of an ordinarily intelligent person these baths are quite simple, and when used with discretion are really efficacious."

"How are they applied?"

"The pepper is simply placed in hot water in certain proportions, and the parts of the body mostly affected are thoroughly well rubbed with a coarse Turkish towel. People who suffer from sluggish circulation have been greatly benefited."

"Is there no fear of inflammation?"

"None whatever, provided due precaution is taken against sudden exposure to the cold."

"Is the remedy unpleasant?"

"That depends a good deal upon the temperature of the patient's body. Upon some it has the effect of extreme irritation. The skin tingles for days after. On others it produces frequent coughing. These symptoms, however, soon pass away as the patient becomes used to the remedy. In cases, however, where it continues for an immoderate length of time it is better to discontinue them."

"What class of people use them chiefly?"

"Wealthy persons beyond middle age. There is always a certain kind of people who may be said to live chiefly by doctoring themselves—persons whose ailments are mostly those of the imagination. They are too weak-minded to discipline themselves, or too selfish, whichever you like to call it, and prefer trying some new remedy to striking at the cause of their supposed ills. For instance: Instead of regulating their systems upon a daily scale of dieting, they will entirely disregard their physician's instructions and then blame him because his treatment is not successful. There are hundreds of just such people in this world, and as they invariably try every new-fangled remedy that comes out—especially if it be fashionable—they become very profitable to people who give them baths for their relief."

The Right Sort of a Tenant.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman to a Chicago *Herald* reporter; "but one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and I did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" says I.

"'To live in,' he replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you.'

"The first month he brought $2, and the second month a little boy, who said he was this man's son, came with $3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes $2 and sometimes $3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father."

"'He's dead, sir,' was the reply.

"'Is that so?' said I. 'How long since?'

"'More'n a year,' he answered.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"'Where is she,' said I.

"'We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died and we've never seen her since.'

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"'My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you have begun and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of a tenant to have."

Happiness dotes on her work and is prodigal to her favorite. As one drop of water has an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities.

WITH A FLAVOR OF HUMOR.

SOME SKETCHES OF A COMICAL CHARACTER.

Why He Didn't Fall — He Only Wanted to See — Eat With Their Hands—An Iowa Invention.

Last spring an Indiana man started a bank in a town in Dakota, and about the 1st of October, having secured deposits to the extent of $23,000, a notice was one morning posted on the doors of the bank, reading:

"Temporarily closed—hope to pay the depositors in full."

The banker wanted to test the temper of the public previous to a big scoop. In the course of half an hour the doors were kicked in, the office gutted, the banker stepped on until he was seventeen feet long and only two inches thick, and the chap who had held a revolver to his ear jovially remarked:

"Now, then, my friend, we give you just five minutes to unlock that safe and count out the slugs to the depositors in full."

The depositors were paid in full, and the banker has come East in search of more civil people.—*Wall Street News.*

He Only Wanted to See.

Judge Gerald Cummings is a respected resident of Fort Worth, Texas, notwithstanding that he is immensely stout and a member of the legal profession. He tried many anti-fat remedies to reduce his weight, but without any satisfactory result. He finally went to the Hot Springs in Arkansas, and much to his joy he lost considerable adipose tissue, and returned to Fort Worth in a most happy frame of mind. He thought and talked of nothing else except his loss of flesh.

He went to market one morning recently, and said to the butcher:

"Cut me off twenty pounds of pork."

The request was complied with. The judge looked at the meat for some time, and then walked off.

"Shall I send the meat to your house, judge?" asked the butcher.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "I don't want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds, and I only wanted to see how much it was."—*Siftings.*

Eat With Their Hands.

A lady who had married a farmer returned to visit her friends in the city, and one lady was anxious to know about farm life.

"Don't you get lonesome away out in the country?" she asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "farmers' wives are always busy and don't have time to be lonesome."

"Is there anybody about the house?"

"Of course; we employ quite a number of people, especially in harvest, and I see them at meal time every day."

"You don't have to be very stylish, do you?"

"Oh, no; all of the people are just plain country folks, and you know farmers always eat with their hands."

"You don't say so; is that really true?"

"Certainly it is."

"What do they do that for? Can't they get knives and forks in the country?"

The farmer's wife gasped and choked and stopped talking.—*Merchant Traveler.*

An Iowa Invention.

A farmer from Iowa traveling toward Chicago was inquiring for the address of an electrical manufacturing concern in the city. "Have struck a big thing, and an going down to Chicago to have it developed."

"Electric light?"

"No."

"Telephone?"

"No, none of them things. My invention is agricultural, and will be a blessing to every farmer in the northwest. You see, years ago when we had no fences on our farms our hired men had no place to sit down and rest, there bein' no stuns or stumps. When the wire fences come in style we chuckled to ourselves and said the barbs on 'em was good not only to keep stock from scratchin' or rubbin' of 'em down, but to keep the hired men off. Well, the hired men have beat that all to pieces. They sew leather strips on their pants and seem to delight in sitting on the barb wire every time they come to the end of a row or furrow. They think they're so smart, you know. Now I calculate that the farmers of the northwest lose $700,000 every summer and fall by hired men wastin' time sittin' on the fence. But I've fixed 'em—my new invention will stop that."

"New kind of barb on the wire?"

"No. There hain't no barb-wire on earth that a hired man won't contrive to sit down on at least two hours a day. Just wait till next spring when I connect my ten-horse power electric battery with the wires on my fences. Won't it be fun? The wires will look nice and inviting as usual, but about two seconds after the hired man has sat down you'll see him jumpin' clean over the mules in his anxiety to get back to the plow. Whoop, but won't it be fun! County rights for sale."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Extra Day For Leap Year.

Smith & Jones are in the flour business. This is not their real firm name but it will serve the purpose in relating the predicament they have been in for something over a month—in fact ever since the trial balance was taken off for 1884. Over two years ago Smith & Jones got an order to supply five barrels of flour a day to one of the big hotels up-town. They thought their luck had really come, and celebrated it by a champagne lunch at Delmonico's. When they came to foot up their accounts and take account of stock for January 1, 1885, they found themselves five barrels of flour short. Smith looked at Jones, and Jones looked at Smith, when this fact was discovered, and they both looked at the bookkeeper. For over a month they have been trying to find out where that flour went. They suspected the bookkeeper, and came down to the office one night and looked over the books in his absence, but found everything straight so far as he was concerned. The warehouseman for Smith & Jones is a big, good-natured Irishman named Mike. It popped into Smith's head yesterday that Mike might know something about the flour, although he was not an expert in double-entry bookkeeping. They sent for Mike. Smith stated the case slowly, so as to let all the facts penetrate into the presumably thick skull. When the case was fully presented he said:

"Now, Mike, you have the situation. You put out five barrels of flour last year more than the year before—what became of them?"

Mike pulled an old pipe out of his mouth and replied:

"Wuz that fhat yez wuz looking so sober about? Wuz that fhat yez brought me oop from the warehouse about? Ax me somethin' aisy, why don't yez? Av coorse I know where that five barrels av flour wint. There's yer hofel contract, and there's yer extra day in February for lape year."

Smith looked at Jones, and Jones looked at Smith. Then Smith said:

"Mike, you can go. And, I say, Mike, you can send yourself home a barrel of our best flour. And, I say, Mike, you needn't mind saying anything about it, you know."

But it got out all the same.—*New York Tribune.*

Rat Riddance.

"Allow me," writes a correspondent, "to suggest a simple means of getting rid of those pests. In the year 1855 I was in command of the British vessel 'Tubal Cain,' lying alongside the wharf at Melbourne, embarking Chinese passengers for Hong Kong. The docks were so infested with rats that it was impossible to prevent their getting on board, and my vessel was well stocked with them. After being at sea a few days I mustered the passengers, with their effects, on deck, to give them an airing, and for the purpose of giving the passenger deck a good cleansing, and sprinkling some chloride of lime mixed with water. I also had a couple of buckets of the same mixture poured down the pumps. This I continued weekly, when, to my surprise, the rats made a raid on the cabin (poop) on deck, and became so troublesome that neither myself nor my officers cared about turning in at night. A happy thought struck me—that the chloride of lime had driven them from below deck; so I had everything cleared out of the cabin and the storerooms, and freely used the mixture. This had the desired effect, the rats taking shelter in every available place outside. This gave us some good sport, especially on a moonlight night, when all hands engaged in hunting rats and driving them overboard, so that by the time we arrived at Hong Kong not one was left on board. On my return to England I took a house and furnished it. After being in it a short time, I found that it was infested with rats. They would get through every part on the ground floor. On examination, I discovered that a drain ran under the house, emptying into the harbor. I here again used the chloride of lime freely, and in less than a week every rat had taken its departure. I have recommended this remedy to many shipmasters and friends on shore, and in all cases it has proved a success. I have occupied my present residence for five years, and we have neither rat nor mouse on the premises. I attribute this to the free use of the above mixture, which is also effective as a deodorizer and disinfectant."

The Donkey That Wouldn't Bray.

Once upon a time a donkey fell into a deep hole and, after nearly starving, caught sight of a passing fox, and implored the stranger to help him out.

"I am too small to aid you," said the fox, "but I will give you some good advice. Only a few rods away is a big, strong elephant. Call to him and he will get you out in a jiffy."

After the fox had gone the donkey thus reasoned: "I am very weak for want of nourishment. Every move I make is just so much additional loss of strength. If I raise my voice to call the elephant I shall be weaker yet. No, I will not waste my substance that way. It is the duty of the elephant to come without calling."

So the donkey settled himself back and eventually starved to death.

Long afterward the fox on passing the hole saw within it a whitened skeleton, and remarked: "If it be that the souls of animals are transmigrated into men, that donkey will become one of those merchants who can never afford to advertise."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Pine Wood Treatment.

At some of the watering places of Germany the very simple prescription of the physician is that the patient should spend several hours a day walking or riding through the pine wood. This simple treatment is said to be sometimes supplemented by the taking of pine baths, and in the case of kidney diseases, and for delicate children this is claimed to be highly beneficial. The bath is prepared by pouring into the water about half a tumblerful of an extract made from the fresh needles of the pine; this extract is dark in color and closely resembles treacle in consistency, and when poured into the bath gives the water a muddy appearance, with a slight foam on the surface. As an adjunct to the daily bath this infusion of pine extract is said to induce a most agreeable sensation; it gives the skin a deliciously soft and silky feeling, and the effect on the nerves is quieting.

Japanese Baths.

Attached to each hotel in Japan is a bath for the use of guests. The bath tub and the heater are combined so that the water, once heated, must furnish the bathing material for the whole house. Arriving at a Japanese hotel footsore and weary, you ask the landlady, "How many have used the bath?" She instantly replies, "Only eight." You forego the luxury of such a bath. Passing through a town just at nightfall you see a woman boiling her husband—at any rate the man is half immersed in the bath, while the dame is stoking the fire beneath with all her might. The flames pour forth from beneath while this contented Jap is being cooked. Perhaps, though, his was only a preliminary boiling. Such public boiling is now prohibited in the cities, but "far from the madding crowds ignoble strife" these simple people see no harm in public bathing if it suits their convenience.

If you keep all pleasure out of home when your children are young, they will [illegible] example when you

STUDENT LIFE AT YALE.

SOMETHING ABOUT A LEADING AMERICAN COLLEGE.

Situation of New Haven's Great University—A Yale "Freshman"—The Students' Daily Routine.

Walter Sqires writes in *Cassell's Family Magazine* about Yale College. We make the subjoined extracts:

The two great universities of the new world are Harvard and Yale. They are easily first in the work already accomplished in the efficiency of their instructors, the achievements of their alumni, and the prestige which attaches to acknowledged merit. If there is anything old in America it is these two seats of learning. Yale, as being more familiar to the writer of this sketch, has been chosen as a representative American college. It is situated in New Haven, a city of about fifty thousand souls, on the northern shore of Long Island Sound, in the State of Connecticut, about seventy-five miles east of New York. The City of Elms is one of the most beautiful in America. Its long avenues, lined on either side with the stately trees from which it takes its name, its splendid dwellings, surrounded by well-kept lawns, the air of age and dignity and repose about the place, all render it peculiarly attractive to the scholar and a fitting home for a great university. It has its factories, to be sure—what New England town has not?—but they are nearly all to be found at one end of the city, and do not disturb at all the quiet of the academic quarter. In the center of the city is an immense square, called "the green," on which stands the old state house, three churches, and a great number of magnificent elm trees. Upon the adjoining square, and facing the Green, is the long line of college buildings, the "Old Brick Row," dating from the year 1750, and resembling more a collection of rude barracks or poorer class of New England factories than the buildings of a great college. In front of the old "row" stretches the "campus," a fine lawn some 150 by 700 feet shaded by the ever-present ancient elms. At one end of the "row," and forming three sides of a quadrangle facing as many streets, stand the more recently erected college buildings, the two dormitories, Farnam and Durfee halls, the Battall chapel, Alumni hall and the library with the art school building at the opposite end, behind South college on Chapel street. The really fine buildings are too new, the old chapel buildings suggest too strongly the machinery, smoke and bustle of a great factory, to impress the mind with any idea of academic or cloistered seclusion. But such as it is, it is Yale college, the almamater of thousands of distinguished and successful men who have gone from her halls well equipped for the struggles of life, and have, by great and solid achievement, shed lustre and renown upon her ancient name.

The youth of eighteen, upon entrance into the Freshman class, finds himself into a veritable little world by itself, a world of a thousand souls, wrapped up in their own affairs and those of the college, oblivious to all that is passing without, and busy with the cares and anxieties, the ambitions and disappointments, the rivalries and bitternesses of the little world within. The Freshman class usually numbers about one hundred and seventy-five, and is known by the year of its graduation. For example, the class which entered college last autumn is called the class of '88. The freshmen are the traditional enemies of the sophomores, or second-year men. The "sophs" never permit "freshie" to wear a tall hat, carry a cane, or sit upon the fence which surrounds the campus, until he has reached the year of discretion—that is, has become a sophomore—when the honor is conferred upon him with much ceremony and witty speech-making. To sit on the fence is a great privilege, which the three upper classes alone enjoy. The "fence" is the daily meeting-place, the rendezvous after lectures, the delight of the lazy, the place par excellence for a chat with one's fellows and a social cigar. On fine summer evenings the throng of students is great, the songs really fine; and with the big elms overhead, through which twinkle the lights from the old "row" mingled with the pale light of the moon, the effect is simply unique, and one long to be cherished in the memory.

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The daily life of a student may be briefly stated. The great bell of the college arouses him from his slumbers at 7 o'clock. He makes a hasty toilet and repairs to his "club" for breakfast. By "club" is meant simply the dining-room in any boarding-house in the vicinity of the college where six or a dozen men take their meals. Conning his lesson and making his breakfast at the same time, he neither masters the one or enjoys the other. At eight the bell summons him to chapel, where the whole college assembles to profit by the reading of scripture and prayer by the venerable president and the singing of the student choir. At 8.30 he attends his first lecture or recitation, which lasts an hour. He is then free to do as he pleases until noon, when the bell rings for attendance on the second recitation. At one he dines, and the afternoon is his own until five o'clock, when another lecture or recitation is held. He is absolute master of all the rest of his time. The dormitories are never locked. He can stay out of college all night, if he pleases, and no one is the wiser. There is no surveillance, no stringent rules. The authorities expect all to act like gentlemen, and, as a rule, the liberty and privileges are not abused. For sports there are boating and foot-ball, tennis and base, and many others. The event of the junior year is the promenade concert or reception given in the Opera House in town by the class to their friends. It occurs in February and makes a pleasant break in the long winter term.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Big Horn (Montana) *Sentinel* illustrates in the annexed paragraph how the freedom of the press must be upheld occasionally in territorial sections: "Thomas Beecher, alias the 'Kid,' attempted last Saturday evening to suppress the freedom of the press by attacking our local scribe with a deadly weapon, which resulted in the 'Kid' finding himself laid out under one of the Star of the West billiard tables."

HAVE FAITH IN TIME.

There's a quaint and curious proverb,
The years have handed down,
You'll hear it in the village street,
You'll hear it in the town.
You read it in each blade of grass,
And in the river's chime.
All nature's works, with one accord,
Proclaim, "have faith in time."

"Have faith in time," impatient one,
Go watch the roses grow,
Silently, imperceptibly,
No change your eye can know.
But now there's borne upon the air
A cloud of perfume sweet,
A flush as of a sunset cloud,
A rose is at your feet!

"Have faith in time." Thy future life
Thou may'st not seek to know.
'Tis veiled from thy too curious eyes,
For God has willed it so,
Yet heed the moments as they go
Ere they are lost to thee.
For each one, as it passes by,
Is big with destiny.

—*Eliza M. Sherman.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Paris generally leads in the fashions, but Niagara cannot be equaled for fall style.—*Texas Siftings.*

Beginners with the roller skates usually complain that the wheels are too round.—*Buffalo Times.*

None but brides wear white gloves. The bride wears white gloves to conceal her nails.—*Courier-Journal.*

Somebody has noticed that a woman who shakes the door mat on the sidewalk "fills the public eye."—*Lynn Item.*

A policeman is a curious creature. He knows a rogue when he sees him, but very often he doesn't seize a rogue when he knows him.—*Judge.*

Oscar Wilde has been so toned down that he can fall off the hind end of a horse car in as plain a fashion as any other mortal.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Misfortunes never come singly," whined a man meeting his friend. "What's the matter now?" "Why, last year I got married, and last night my house burned down."

A Queen City girl, eating souse
Caught a glimpse of a beautiful mouse,
When the note that she reached,
As she stood up and screeched,
Would have drawn a $1,000 house.
—*Boston Fotio.*

"Yes," said the Scissors to the Paste Pot, "first there was the Golden Age, then came the Silver Age and the Brazen Age, and now comes the Mucil Age," whereat the Paste Pot went into convulsions.—*Boston Globe.*

"Did you enjoy the party, Emma?" "Ever so much, mamma." "I hope you were a good little girl and listened to what was said to you?" "I did, mamma, I listened all the evening to one person talk." "Who was talking?" "I was."

An exchange has an article on "Character in Walking." This just suits us. We can tell in two minutes by the character of a man's tracks in the mud whether he is bow-legged or has been out celebrating all night.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"How do you like your boarding-house, Crimsonbeak?" said a friend to that individual when they met on the street. "First rate!" answered Crimsonbeak. "Any life down there?" "Lots of it; but it's all confined to the cheese."—*Statesman.*

ODE TO A BLIZZARD.

Oh, thy breath is as bitter and biting
As the sting of a serpent's sharp tooth,
And fiercely thy force we are fighting,
For we reckon thee reckless of ruth!
Though sweet and serene is the summer
That borrows her breath from the rose,
Yet the coachman and cold-hearted plumber
Beam blithely when Boreas blows.
—*New York Journal.*

Lieutenant—There is nothing like presence of mind. One day in battle a soldier near me had four of his teeth knocked in by a rifle ball, which would have surely passed through his spinal column and killed him had he not with rare presence of mind quickly swallowed the ball.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"What's the reason you didn't speak to Jones when he passed us just now?" "He insulted me the other day." "What did he say to you?" "He called me an old ass." "Called you an old ass! How ridiculous! Why, you are not old; you are just in your prime. You will not be an old ass for ten or fifteen years yet."—*Siftings.*

There was a court martial held on a young officer who had gone on a spree and had a fight in a barroom. The bar proprietor was brought before the court and put in the witness box. The prisoner was placed in full view. "Witness, do you recognize the prisoner?" "Yes, your honor, and most of the court."—*San Francisco Chroniele.*

A Cat Mesmerizes a Mouse.

One of our well-known citizens is the possessor of a cat, which is a great pet in the family. Indeed, it is doubtful if the family could keep house without that cat. A few evenings ago the cat came into the house bringing a mouse, no uncommon thing for the cat to do, as it is a good mouser. But the cat played with the mouse for an hour and a half, then set it up by the wall and crept into bed and went to sleep. The mouse, though still alive and apparently uninjured, remained just where the cat put it for so long that the family became interested in the mouse, and the gentleman proceeded to stir it up. The little animal started to run, went a short distance and returned to the very spot where the cat had left it. Then the gentleman tried to entice the mouse away with a bit of cheese. This succeeded only so far that the mouse would leave its position, get the cheese and return. This was tried again and again, and always with the same result—the mouse returned to its former position as if under orders which it dared not disobey. Later the cat awoke and also the mouse.

Now the family are very much interested in the question: "What did the cat do to the mouse to make it so anxious to remain just where the cat left it until the former could look after it? Was it animal magnetism, or was there some subtle means of communication between them, and the cat told the mouse to remain there, and the mouse did as it was told, except when interfered with by more intelligent humanity?"—*Journal.*

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