The American Union.

PURLISHED 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 payer from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XXV. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1885. NO. 39.

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 " "	-	-	30.00
1 " "	-	-	60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

HOPE AND FAITH.

Hope is the scented flower
Which, in the breast implanted,
Whe winds have swept the bosom's bower
Still blossoms like a thing enchanted—
Life's sweet inheritance and dower.

Faith is the steady spark
For journeying mortals lighted,
Still beaming starlike through the dark
On high where erst by sorrow lighted—
And still where lifted eyes may mark.

—*Alfred W. Harris, in the Current.*

THE MAJOR'S STRATAGEM.

Major John Brindon, a member of the Arkansaw Historical society, was requested to read a paper relative to the days of the code within the memory of men now living. The major cheerfully responded in the following:

Arkansas had been a State some ten years when I became one of her citizens. I was a very ambitious young man. Devoted study had failed to win for me a name of any distinction in the East, so, in this wild country, I was determined to get a living if nothing else. Knowing nothing of the State, I had no particular point in view, but mounted on a good horse, I struck out for some place to suit my fancy. One evening, when the winter's sun, losing his glare just above the tree tops, sank down like a ball of dull fire, I stopped at a large double log house. The surroundings spoke of refinement. The yard was a perfect wilderness of shrubs and flowers, and the fields lying adjacent bore evidence of a fine state of cultivation.

"Get down, sir; get down," said a polite old gentleman, coming out to the fence. "Here, Abram, take the gentleman's horse. Come in and have a seat."

The room into which he ushered me was large and comfortable. The furniture was old fashioned, and as I held out my hand to the blaze, I wondered how the great old brass andirons had escaped the cannon molder in the early days of the American revolution. My host, I soon learned, was Judge Blake, an eminent jurist of that day. When I told him I had come to practice law, his face beamed with pleasure.

"Young and ambitious, of course," said he. Well, I shall not discourage you. We have need of youth and ambition in a country like this. The ability that would often go unrecognized in an older State, many times meets with brilliant success in a country where oratory has a peculiar charm and where logic, although an audience may be uneducated, finds an appreciative conviction. Let me introduce my wife and daughter."

I arose and bowed to a pleasant middle-aged lady and a girl of surprising loveliness.

"Mr. Brindon will remain over night with us," said the judge. "Houses are scarce in this section. My dear sir," turning to me, "my wife brings me the welcome news that supper is ready—welcome news indeed to me, for I have, as no doubt has been the case with you, ridden several miles to-day. Come."

At the table, the young lady whom they called Jassamine, sat opposite me. I had ample opportunity for studying her face, at first a pleasure and then a fascination. She would occasionally steal a glance at me, and my eyes, falling, would rest on the cold roast of a bear into which my appetite, despite my admiration, was making something of an incision. After supper we sat around the log fire. I found Jassamine to be proud and well educated, though she did not affect that super-refinement which prompts so many young people to despise their surroundings.

"If you are going to practice law," said the judge, "I don't know of a better place than this. Our county seat is about four miles from here. It is not much of a village, but its legal business is large. The letters of recommendation which you have shown me"—which I had shown, too, rather proudly—"will admit you into the best society. The one from Judge King should be treasured as a precious document. I am going to town to-morrow, and if you desire it, will assist you in locating."

I thanked him warmly. I fancied Jassamine's eyes rested on me in approval.

* * * * * *

The village was indeed small, but, as the judge said, there was a future before it. There was evidently not much of a past behind it. The court house and jail were log structures, very much alike in appearance, I thought. The business houses were small, and seemed to be filled up with the skins of animals. I decided to locate. Offices were few, but after much persuasion, I found room with the county clerk. A boarding house was the next question. This was even more difficult than finding an office.

"Young man," said the judge, "if you don't mind the distance, you can board at my house and ride in every day."

I was delighted, and shook the judge's hand with a tight grasp of gratitude.

I was anxious to know what Jassamine would think, whether or not she would like the idea of admitting a boarder, and especially if she would like the thought of my being the boarder. That evening I found her alone in the sitting-room. Her face showed no surprise when I told her.

"I hope you have no objections," said I, disappointed.

"I? Why should I have? Whatever father does is right."

"Don't you get very tired of living here in the woods?"

"Oh, I suppose we all get tired living anywhere. It is the mind rather than the abode that makes life agreeable."

"Then," said I, in an attempt at compliment, "life should be agreeable to you for you have more mind—than—more mind than—"

"Abode?" she immediately suggested.

Finding that I could not finish the sentence as I had intended, I dropped it; and catching up a handful of little nothings, discussed them. While we were talking, a footstep aroused Jassamine, and I fancied she changed color. She went to the door and said "good evening," in a cordial voice. A man entered. She introduced him as Dr. Gray. I did not like him. I thought that he rather overdid the work of smiling. Every time Jassamine said a word, he would turn to her and smile. He did not smile [illegible] but two or three times, for I frowned at him. After this he grinned at me in a cold, merciless way.

"Have you been here long?" he asked of me when Jassamine had left the room.

"No."

"Sort of a lawyer, eh?"

"I am a student of the law."

"I am a kind of a doctor," said he. "If you ever need my services, call on me."

"I hope that I shall never need you."

"Probably not, but in a country town like this a smart young chap never knows how soon he may need a physician."

"Sir!" said I, arising.

"Be seated. Supper is not ready. No, he dosen't know how soon he may need a doctor. Such a peculiar atmosphere in this country," and turning his face full upon me he grinned like a 'possum.

"The other day," he continued, "I had to fill a smart young man full of stitches. Lawyer, too, I believe. Kept fooling around a knife. Yes, sir, they need a doctor every now and then. Don't forget me, sir; in case you should get hurt."

"Sir, I am not a ruffian."

"Oh, no, of course not. The ruffians don't get hurt. Only the smart men—lawyers, mainly. Strange, isn't it?"

"I do not care to talk to you, sir."

"It's only through politeness that I am talking to you. The physician's business is to carve rather than to court a fool."

I sprang to my feet in a rage. Just then Jassamine entered.

"What is the matter, gentlemen!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, nothing," replied the doctor. "This young Bacon wants to fight. I have not thought much of the subject, but I will consider it. Chancellor," turning to me, "my friend will call on you."

"For what purpose?"

"To make suitable arrangements, my dear Chancellor."

"To fight a duel?"

"Yes to arrange a mild encounter."

"I will not accept," I exclaimed. "I am no shot, while you doubtless are."

"I will give you time to practice—or, perhaps you prefer the sword. The choice of weapons, you know, my dear chief justice, will be left entirely with yourself."

"I will not accept. I was taught to look upon the code as an arrangement of murder."

"Then it will be my painful duty to post you as a coward."

"You are right. It will be a painful duty."

"What will the jurist do?"

"If you refer to me, I can tell you. He will beat you with his fist—beat you within an inch of your life."

"That is the way cowards fight."

"It is the way cowards meet with just punishment."

Jassamine, without excitement, stood regarding us. "You certainly do not refuse to fight him?" she said, turning to me.

"I will fight him in a civilized way," I replied.

"Yes," he suggested, "and with the weapons of a brute."

I could no longer stand his taunts. With a blow which he did not expect I knocked him down. Jassamine screamed, but by the time the judge and his wife had run into the room, I had given the doctor what the men in the east would have called a sound thrashing.

* * * *

I soon learned that the doctor bore the name or a desperate character. He had fought several duels. I expected that he would post me as a coward, and he did so, but he kept out of my way. The people, I saw, attached great importance to what they termed the defense of honor. No matter how promptly a man resented an insult and knocked the other down, he was not to be taken into the fold of brave men until he had shown his willingness to burn dangerous powder. When anyone reproached me for not fighting the doctor, I attempted to laugh it off, but to my sorrow I found it was a serious matter.

"He would have killed me," I said one day to an acquaintance who sat in my office.

"Presumably," he replied.

"Well, then, do you suppose I want to be killed?"

"Of course not, but what is life unless it is honorable?"

"Do you mean that since I have refused to fight a duel with that desperate man, my life is no longer honorable?"

"The fact that people do think you have acted dishonorably, you cannot deny."

"I don't believe that Judge Blake thinks so."

"But I warrant you that Miss Jassamine does."

My blood tingled; my face burned. "Why should she pay any attentions to the unfortunate affair?"

"I don't suppose she pays any more attention to it than she can help. Gray loves her, and regards you as a rival."

"But she cannot love him?"

"I don't know. Stranger surmises have proved to be true. Miss Jassamine is rather a peculiar girl. You cannot tell her by her actions. Once, I thought I could. I thought she loved me. When I asked her, though, she told me confidentially that she did not. As I rode home, I tried to recall Jassamine's looks and expressions since the doctor had challenged me, but comparing them with her previous actions, I could detect no change. I could disguise it from myself no longer. I loved the girl. As I neared the house, I saw her walking along the path toward a large spring that flowed from the foot of the hill. I tied my horse and joined her. I shall never forget the golden light of that evening, falling on her hair, I made numerous experiments in trying to work myself to a point where I could suddenly break off and make a declaration of my love, but my tongue was not eloquent. My mind was afire, but its flues were choked. Finally, with a desperate effort I said:

"Miss Jassamine, I love you!"

She stopped, looked at me calmly and replied: "You have made a mistake, haven't you?"

"Oh, no, how could I make a mistake? How could anyone make a mistake in loving you?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I did make a mistake in loving you. Keep away from me. No, you shall not take my hand. I loved you once because I thought you were brave and chivalrous. I suppose if Gray had insulted me you would have refused his challenge?"

"I would have killed him on the spot."

"Very likely. No, Mr. Brindon, it is useless to talk to me of love. I cannot marry a man who refuses a challenge."

"How can one so fair be so blood-thirsty?"

"It is not blood-thirstiness. It is love of chivalry."

"You are a curious girl. Good evening."

* * * * * *

Late one evening Jassamine and I were strolling in the woods not far from her father's house. I had not spoken to her of love since the time of her refusal. I knew that she would never alter her decision, for I could read determination in every expression of her face.

"Let us return. We have walked far enough."

"No, let us go to the brow of the hill and look down on the river.

I had scarcely finished the remark when four men sprang from behind an enormous log. Each man wore a mask. Jassamine tremblingly grasped my arm.

"What do you want?" I demanded, drawing a brace of pistols.

"We have come after that woman?" replied one of the men.

Raising both pistols I fired in rapid succession. The rascals fired at me, but luckily their shots took no effect. Jassamine fainted just as the ruffians closed upon me in a hand-to-hand encounter. When she regained consciousness the ruffians had gone. She looked up gratefully, and when I supported her in my arms she placed her head on my breast. Ah, delightful moment of love.

"I have judged you hastily," she said, as we drew near the house. "Your bravery surpasses anything I had ever hoped to see."

I kissed her.

* * * * * *

The entire country rang with my praises. There were no sensational daily papers in those days, or I would have been indeed a far-famed hero. The judge took me warmly by the hand when I told him how I loved Jassamine, and said:

"You have made a noble fight, my boy. When you presented those letters of recommendation, I knew that you were generous and brave, even though others thought differently. I have for some time known that Jassamine loved you, but I knew that with her foolish ideas of chivalry, she would not marry you after your refusal of the challenge unless you could do something to redeem yourself."

Jassamine and I were married with great ceremony. All the neighbors were invited. Whole calves were barbecued; and it seemed whole distilleries were turned loose. Shortly after our marriage we moved to Little Rock, then a flourishing town. My business prospered, and within a year I owned a well furnished house.

One day, about six years after our removal to Little Rock, Jasper Patterson, with whom I had been intimate during the days of my courtship, paid me a visit. I was delighted to see him, and late at night he and I sat in the library talking over old times, as we termed the first days of our acquaintance. The lamp was burning low. We sat by the fireplace. My wife had gone to bed, I thought, but I afterward discovered that she was dozing on the sofa.

"I never saw anything work so well," said Jasper. "You not only secured a wife, but it made you a hero. Your wife has never suspected anything, has she?"

"No, not a thing. The boys played their parts well. I was afraid that Nick Jones would ruin everything, for after Jassamine fainted he snorted. He was so full of laugh that he could hardly run away. I—"

Bip! Something struck me on the head. The room swam. I saw Jasper getting out of the way; I saw my wife standing near me, and then I sank to the floor. When I recovered I was lying on the sofa. Ja samine was bending over me.

"Oh, don't die," she was saying. "Dont die, for I didn't mean it. I found the paper weight in my hand and I threw before I knew it. But it was cruel to treat me that way."

"Yes," I replied, "but it was because I loved you."

"Yes, I know, dear," slipping her hands under my head. "There, now, it's all right."

As I lay there in a semi doze I thought I heard Jasper lean against the house and laugh.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Battle of Flowers.

A Paris letter says that among the features of the carnival at Nice this year was the battle of flowers. Precisely at 2 o'clock the gun at the chateau gave the signal for beginning the hostilities and by 3 o'clock the battle had really begun. Vehicles richly decorated with flowers, fruits, ribbons, straw and other decorative material paraded the Corso and bouquets fell thick as hail upon the crowds, which extended in a thick mass from one end of the course to the other. The people on foot responded with vigor to the attacks of the riders, many of them having provided themselves with large baskets full of small bouquets, in the manufacture of which a whole army of florists had been engaged during the preceding day and night. There was a constant shower of violets, mimosas, lilacs, pinks, anemones, roses, and, in fact, every flower to be found in bloom at the season in that portion of France.

Some of the vehicles were remarkably pretty, and among the most noticeable was a victoria entirely hidden with scarlet pinks, even the wheels being covered with these flowers. Another vehicle was a cart covered with verdure and vegetables and occupied by three pretty peasant girls, who threw leeks, carrots, cauliflowers, and even large cabbages as well as flowers among the people. There was, of course, a great variety of costumes and the battle was a scene of animation and beauty.

No machine of travel that man ever invented can equal the speed of wild fowl. The canvas-back duck flies two miles a minute. The broad-bill goes slightly slower. Teal can fly at the rate of 100 miles an hour, the wild goose about ninety.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

When a Bedouin lady marries her husband tattoes her chin.

By the Venetian law, giving love potions was held highly criminal.

The Romans believed that the genius of death announced his approach by some supernatural warning.

The smallpox was such a terrible plague in old times that its name was used as an imprecation.

When the thermometer is fifty-eight degrees below zero cats' ears become very brittle, and are often broken off.

Invalids are now fed on baked milk. The milk is put in a glass jar, covered with paper on top, and baked ten hours in the oven.

A large amount of oil exists in the stormy petrel, and when fat, according to the Brunnich, the inhabitants of the Faroe islands use it as a lamp, obtaining their light from a wick drawn through the bird's body.

Some teachers of penmanship now teach their pupils to write with both hands. The method of instruction is to make the pupil write his name in pencil, and then go over it with a pen held in his left hand. Constant practice gives proficiency.

Oliver Cromwell prohibited all persons called fiddlers or minstrels from playing, fiddling or making music in any inn, alehouse or tavern. If they proffered themselves or offered to make music, they were adjudged to be rogues and vagabonds, and were to be proceeded against.

The heathens regarded the number seven of great efficacy in religious ceremonies. An ancient writer says: "Desirous of purifying myself, I wash in the sea and dip my head in the waves seven times, Pythagoras having thought that this number is, above all others, most proper in the concerns of religion."

A writer in the *Atlantic* for March, speaking of the maliciousness of the mocking bird, states that if young birds are placed in cages where the parent birds can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then as if in despair, will poison them, giving them the berry of the black ash.

Some years ago travelers in Dalmatia noticed large tracts of land covered by a wild flower near which not a sign of insect life was visible. The bloom was the pyrethrum, whose odor deals death to the lower forms of life, and whose powdered leaves form the basis of "insect powders." The seed of this flower was distributed in the United States, and a Dalmatian has been growing it with great success in Stockton, Cal.

In 1695 a brigantine from Madagascar came to anchor off Sullivan's Island, in Charleston harbor. The governor went on board at the invitation of the captain, and received from the latter a bag of rice, with information of the methods of its cultivation in Eastern countries, and of its suitableness for food. The governor divided the grain among his friends, who made experiments with it in different soils. From this small beginning arose the cultivation of this staple of South Carolina and Georgia.

A Night in a German Inn.

On a large deserted square a large rambling inn threw open its hospitable doors, and welcomed us as if we were the one party in the world the host had been looking for since the inn was opened. The storm was not so severe but we could straggle around the town in the evening, and explore the dimly lighted streets. The sultry air, scarcely cooled by the rain, made the interior oppressive, so we wandered around as long as we could, and then sought our quarters. We found that the rooms had been prepared for us with careful attention. Everything was neat and fresh and comfortable. In about five minutes after retiring to our respective chambers we all appeared in the hallway again, in various stages of undress, clamoring for the servant. A blushing chambermaid soon appeared, and was shown in turn the three couches, each with a mountainous feather bed as a coverlet incased in a sack of white linen. Explanations and expostulations were of no avail. She could not understand the cause of our complaint, but insisted on the purity of the home-spun linen and the softness and lightness of the feather bed coverlet. At last the whole household was aroused, and after great difficulty the proprietor was made to conceive the fact that we could not sleep that sultry August night under a feather bed which would have suffocated us in midwinter. After earnest declarations that all Ribnitz people slept under one feather bed in summer and under two in winter, he was obliged to confess that there had never been a call for upper sheets and blankets in his house, and he had none. We as a last resort severally emptied the feather bed out of its sack, and used this as a sheet. But for the perambulating watchmen, who made night noisy with their unintelligible hourly cries, we would have slept soundly.—*F. D. Millet, in Harper's.*

Modes of Courtship.

The tailor presses his suit.

The shoemaker lays his awl at her feet.

The blacksmith strikes the iron when it is hot.

The carpenter says her society adz joy to his existence.

The woodchopper offers himself as her feller.

The mason believes his chances rest on a good foundation when he informs her that her refusal would be mortar-fying to him.

The sailor first ascertains how the land lies, then approaches her when she's in stays, and informs her that he is in need of a first mate.

The dairyman declares that he is bound to heifer and can love no udder.

The furniture dealer is so much in love with her that he is willing to accept her affection on instalments, one-tenth down.

The poet woes her with a sonnet, and her big brother starts out in search of him with a shotgun.

The "funny man" approaches her with jokes and puns, and has the dog set on him and loses the skirts of his swallow-tail coat.

Finally, the champion roller-skater rolls into her good graces, and she elopes with and marries him.—*Boston Courier.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Under the name of bengaline, Irish poplins are revived.

The new spring hats are very high in the crown and narrow in the brim.

A Kentucky belle glories in a head of hair which is five feet ten inches long.

Yellow plays an important part in millinery and toilet accessories this spring.

The queen of Greece is said to be the most beautiful woman now on a throne.

Lace bonnets will be much worn as soon as the weather will permit their use.

Ribbons striped in canvas gauze and watered silk come for bonnet trimmings.

The new capote bonnets are of medium size and are very quiet and modest in effect.

The duchess of Norfolk has the finest rubies in the world, exclusive of crown jewels.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, it is said, boasts of having the smallest foot of any lady in the United States.

Mrs. W. E. Dodge, of New York, is worth $4,000,000. She spends her money in missionary work.

Stockings are in black and plain dark colors, and are ribbed. Few cloakings or stripes will be worn.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, has been granted a medal by the Toulouse academy for literary merit.

Narrow linen collars with fine embroidered or hemstitched borders are much worn with house and street dresses.

Among the novelties in colors are vervine, a delicate lilac; pactole, a yellow brown, and griotte, a light garnet.

The Eton is a new cutaway jacket pointed at the back and very short at the side, where it barely reaches the waist line.

Bonnets made of small white natural flowers, and "good for one occasion only," are in high vogue for bridesmaids' wear.

Refined and dainty designs are to be had in prints for dresses. Some have the effect of corded bands in pink and crimson.

Some of the new cashmere gloves have the long wrists embroidered in chain stitch on the closed tops, with silk of a paler shade.

For full dress many sashes are lace-edged, and in one instance the sash itself, over a surah toilet, was made wholly of lace.

A Corean woman has no name. She is always somebody's daughter, sister, wife, mother. Their individual existence is not recognized even by name.

Among the splendid novelties sent over from Paris are dress trimmings and embroideries of gold and silver appliques on shaded chenille, and imitation jewel incrustations in relief upon velvet, satin and brocade.

Mrs. Johnson, the once radiant Harriet Lane of White House memory, now a widow, is described as "still a glorious-looking woman, despite the sorrow expressed in the stricken face and the drooping figure."

A pretty collaretto for the neck is a straight band of velvet with the ends crossed at the front and finished with a wide frill of lace. A ruching of lace is inserted round the neck and a fancy clasp holds the crossed ends in place at the front.

Crepe de Chine, grenadine and lace promise to become the favorite fabrics for summer. In the first named are shown some really artistic designs—beautiful delicate leaves and flowers in pale, faded colors on cream, light blue, rose or lavender grounds.

A rich visiting toilet is of garnet cloth. Around the skirt, which is quite plain, is a deep band representing tapestry-work, with Louis XIII. designs embroidered in faded colors. The polonaise is trimmed with a narrow band of the same embroidery.

Tricotine satin is one of the new fabrics of the season. It is closely woven and the slight ribbed effect familiar in jersey cloths, and in more marked weaving suggests knitted stuffs. It is all silk with a lustre like satin, and may be had of a single color or of two changeable colors.

The ex-khedive of Egypt, while in the height of his power, was visited by the ex-Empress Eugenie. He showed her all the sights, but there was one sight she wanted to see, namely, an Arab marriage. "You shall see it, madam," he said, and forthwith directed one of the ladies of his harem to be brought out, and to be presented to his aide-de-camp. This unfortunate officer, who was as much an Englishman as an Egyptian, and whose dream had been to marry a European, had no escape.

The royal seraglio of Persia contains no European or male persons over the age of eleven. Each royal favorite has her separate pavilion and her staff of servants, her equipages, her jewels, and her revenue. The principal favorite generally has some high-sounding title conferred upon her, such as "The Delight of the State." The ladies are never seen abroad unveiled, save one or two of the handsomer or more flighty of their number, who sometimes, when driving in their glass coaches, purposely give a rather liberal display of florid charms to passers by in carriages or on horseback. It is quite certain that no man save the king enters the royal harem, or, having done so, leaves it alive.

How the Sultan Looks.

"The day before the one appointed for our leaving Constantinople," said Senator Stanford, "I was much surprised at receiving, through a court official, an invitation for the following afternoon to a private audience with the sultan, during which he wished to question me concerning material developments of Turkey. There was nothing remarkable about the room, except, perhaps, the fact that it was furnished in French style, nor was there much of Oriental splendor in the dress of the sultan. He wore a blue undress uniform of European cut, the only traces of Eastern costume being a plain fez, and a magnificently mounted scimeter. He appeared to be a rather slight man, some thirty-five years of age, with an intelligent face that showed a somewhat timid character, I should judge, and a decidedly Jewish cast of features."—*San Francisco Call.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

General Borden patented the process for condensing milk. The royalty on this patent has produced an immense fortune and now yields an income of about $40,000 a year. The Bordens, nephews, perhaps of the dead inventor, are large cattle owners in Texas.

M. Fordoz gives in *Cosmos* a very simple and useful method of detecting lead in the tinning of cullinary utensils. The vessel being carefully cleaned to remove grease, a drop of nitric acid is applied to any part, and a gentle heat is used to dry the spot. A drop of solution of iodide of potassium is applied to the spot, and if lead be present a yellow iodide of lead is formed.

A material possessing the properties of celluloid is now made from potatoes, and is being used in France for imitation meerschaum pipes, and for billiard balls. The substance is prepared by boiling the peeled potatoes in dilute sulphuric acid—eight parts of acid to one hundred parts of water—for thirty-six hours, and then drying between blotting paper by pressure.

It has been found by Dr. Lawson Tait that as a rule, the ear in women can perceive higher notes, that is, sounds with a greater number of vibrations per second—than the ear in men. The highest limit of an ability for the human ear is somewhere between 41,000 and 42,000 vibrations. The ears of most persons seem to be unequally sensitive to accute sounds, the right ear usually hearing a higher note than the left. To show the ear's range, it may be added that very low notes of about fifteen vibrations per second may be perceived, but when the vibrations become a little slower they cease to produce the effect of a continuous sound, and each gives a separate impression upon the ear.

Immense quantities of woods are annually sent from India to England, to be manufactured into furniture. One of the most highly valued of these, and universally used, is the toon wood, which is light, soft and red, having no heartwood; is not eaten by ants, and is adapted not only for furniture, but for door panels and carving. Chickerasi or chikrassi wood is another sort of great industrial value. It is a large tree, with bark of reddish brown and deeply cracked, the heartwood hard, varying from yellowish to reddish brown, with a beautiful satin lustre, seasons and works well, and is employed for furniture and carving. Nagasar wood has dark red heartwood, extremely hard; it is used for building, for bridges, for gun stocks and tool handles, but its more general use is prevented by its great hardness, weight and the consequent difficulty of working it. Kandelwood is light red, shining, cross-grained, and moderately hard.

Founding an Asylum for "Freaks."

Madame Marietta Orloff, better known in European cities as "the woman with the red beard," died not long ago in Berlin. She was married some fifteen yars since to Julius Odoff, a Polish showman, who exhibited her at all the great fairs in Italy, Spain, Germany and France for ten years. He was in the habit of improvising verses about his wife and the visitors she received, and singing them to the accompaniment of a guitar, on which instrument he was an excellent performer. They came to the United States in 1878, but did not like the country, and returned to Europe a few months later. When Orloff died in November, 1879, his widow went to live at Berlin, and there opened a beer saloon and hotel, which has ever since been the favorite resort of showmen and freaks in that city.

Mrs. Orloff was well known to be in comfortable circumstances, but the extent of her wealth as disclosed when her will was proved astonished even her most intimate friends. By will she leaves $25,000 to be used for the purpose of building and maintaining a home for aged, infirm and impecunious human freaks of nature.

Madame Orloff is not the only freak that has died wealthy or who left behind her munificent remembrances of her abnormal colleagues. Constentenus, the tattooed Greek nobleman," the first of his kind, was knocked down and run over by a hackney cab in London some eighteen months ago. He was picked up insensible and taken to St. Thomas' hospital, where he lay at the point of death for thirteen weeks. During a period of partial convalescence he made his will. By it he left his money, amounting to some £8,000 English, to be divided equally, one-half to go to the Greek church in London, the rest to be devoted to the maintenance of twenty freaks whose waning popularity had placed them beyond the power of earning a livelihood. Constentenus did not die, but his will stands good and he says he will not alter it.

Villages on the Afghan Frontier.

Villages in the Herat valley are carefully protected by a mud wall enclosure, often strengtened by bricks, with a line of defences in addition, and a mud built fort, tower shaped and loop holed, where the chief of the village usually dwells. The principal houses are dome shaped, and surrounded by flat roofed buildings for the animals. A low opening admits to the enclosure, too low indeed to allow a rider to pass, so that the horses are led out to be mounted. The animals are sometimes housed on the ground floor and their owners above, but generally beasts and their masters inhabit separate dwellings. The Heratis are very hospitable, and when inviting the geologist attached to the British commission to visit one of their villages, they began to break down the wall at the opening, that their guest might enter mounted. They are much less reticent and solemn than the pure Afghans, with merrier expressions of countenance and more exuberant spirits. The Herati horseman is a rollicking free lance, a gallant sportsman, and particularly fond of boar hunting. The Turkestan boars are splendid animals, and at a short distance look as big as the country black cattle; while they are so bold as to enter the encampments by night, in spite of the lights. One breed of boar in the Khosk Rud valley is said to have two humps.

It is reported that silver taken [illegible] could lead a

PPYLLIS AND HER PASTRY.

Fair Phyllis made a pretty cake
To please her papa's palate;
Her parents put it on a stake
And used it for a mallet.

—*Philadelphia News.*

And then she got him up a pie;
He thought 'twas made of leather,
And kindly asked her if the crusts
Were pegged or sewed together.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

And then she made a big mince pie
In manner new and novel;
Her father seized it with a sigh
And used it for a shovel.

—*New York Journal.*

At last the gentle pastry cook
Composed some taffy-candy,
A club of which her father took
And used it playing bandy.

—*Hatchet.*

And then she stirred a pan of dough,
And made a mess of biscuit
And passed them to her sweetheart, though
He thought he wouldn't risk it.

—*Marble Folio.*

She took some yeast and flour and lard,
And true to duty's call,
She baked them in a lump so hard
It made a good baseball.

—*Richmond Baton.*

Some cookies next she deftly made,
All sugared round the edges:
Her pop (in the wood-splitting business)
Found they made stunning wedges.

—*Fall River Advance.*

But when she called her pa to eat
Some just-constructed biscuit,
The old man said his life was sweet—
He didn't dare to risk it.

—*Somerville Journal.*

Then next she made a concrete bun,
Molded with greatest care;
Her father rammed it in his gun
And was loaded then for bear.

—*Brooklyn Times.*

And then she made some nice doughnuts
And fried them well in fat;
Her father used them in the night
To plug the old Tomcat.

—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

She made a darling sponge-cake next,
And said no one could beat it;
A tough old goat got very vexed
Because he could not eat it.

—*Hatchet.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Agricultural reports—The corn popping.

Like the worm, the roller skate will turn when trod on.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Bakers are generous. They never keep all the bread they knead.—*Siftings.*

The business man who's truly wise
Is always sure to advertise

—*Chicago Sun.*

Mule jokes, like a tramp's shoes, are always out at the heels.—*New York Journal.*

Speaking of spreading one's self, the skating rink seems to be the place of all others to do it successfully.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The Wisconsin hog which ate two quarts of nitro-glycerine is the American animal which Bismarck should be invited to kick.—*Baltimore American.*

The thief who steals a dollar
Can never rest content,
And enjoy the blissful peace
Of him who earns a cent.

—*Whitehall Times.*

It is said that a bee can draw twenty times the weight of its body. But it is not by a pull that a bee gets the best of his victim; it's by his push.—*New York Journal.*

You may have youth, beauty, health, spirits, everything that can gladden the soul and charm the senses, and yet feel like an ordinary human being when you find a hair in the butter. — *Chicago Ledger.*

According to a Chicago paper, "An Illinois doctor has discovered a sure cure for rheumatism in geranium-leaves." This will be welcome news to geranium-leaves afflicted with that distressing trouble.—*Puck.*

NOT QUITE RELENTLESS.

"Give you a kiss," indeed, said she,
"Give you a kiss! my goodness!
'Tis strange that you should be so free,
I wonder at your rudeness.
I could not such a thing endure;"
And then with manner nervous
She added, "For I'm very sure
That some one would observe us."

—*Boston Courier.*

Lady (to small boy, to whom she has given a sixpence to console him for the loss of one he has dropped): "Why do you still cry, little boy? There is nothing to cry about now." Boy: "Why, a-cause if I hadn't dropped the other sixpence I should have had a shilling now." [Sobs bitterly.]—*Judy.*

Now the maiden is returning
From her trip across the sea,
And she wants to air her learning
In the language of Paree.
Now, of course, it is improper,
So they told her over there,
To say either "pa" or "popper,"
And she greets him with "mon pere."
Then she turns toward the other,
Who can naught but stand and stare,
As she hears no longer "mother,"
But a far-away "ma mere."

—*Puck.*

"Jimmy, my child," the fond mother exclaimed, "don't eat so much of that lobster salad. You'll be ill to-night, dear; I know you will." "Well, ma," said Jimmy, as he helped himself to another plateful, "if I am you'll know what's the matter with me, anyhow."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Well, how did you succeed?" asked Slim of O'Dude, when the latter returned from making a matrimonial proposition. "Oh, I'm all right, I guess. She said she had a great many offe's, but she gave me the refusal." "For how long?" "Oh, well, the time wasn't mentioned, you know."—*Boston Times.*

ROLLER POETRY.

Glide,
Slide.

Glode,
Slode.

Glud,
Thud.

MORAL.

Arnica,
—*Merch*

Now Y

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3532-0068.jpg