The American Union.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD

JAMES N. TODD.

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. XXVI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1885. NO. 16.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

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 "	2.20
1 " "	6 "	5.00
1 " "	12 "	10.00
¼ column, one year,		15.00
½ " "		30.00
1 " "		60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable o first insertion.

Song of the South Wind.

Through fragrant pines I sweep along,
And chant for them a lighty song,
Grand and triumphant, sweet and strong,

Like organ notes heard far away,
In some cathedral old and gray,
When vespers tells the close of day.

I stir the ripples on the lake:
The dancing wavelets softly break
Against the cool white sand, and make

A broken melody that seems
Like birdlings, chirping in their dreams,
Ere lights the east with dawn's faint gleams.

I bring the rain clouds from the sea—
The shadows fall on lake and lea;
The thirsty plants nod thanks to me,

And yield me treasures of perfume,
The sweet mementos of their bloom,
To bear away to climes of gloom,

To tell the Northland's prisoned flowers—
Biding the slow, dark winter hours,
While chill and gray the dull sky lowers:

"Long though your time of waiting be,
And firm the chains that fetter ye,
Lose not your hope—ye shall be free!"

—*Augusta D. Dunn.*

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE.

When General Meade fell back from Mine Run, in the fall of 1863, he went into winter quarters between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, on his old grounds. This was about December 1. On the 15th of the month I received orders to cross the river, penetrate his camp and pick up all possible information.

It was understood that he was sending troops off west, and I was particularly charged to discover if there was any foundation in the report.

I left the rebel cavalry outpost at 10 o'clock one night, being on foot and wearing a blue uniform throughout. There was about a mile of neutral ground between outposts, and when I had crept down the highway almost to the Union videttes I took to the fields and flanked 'em. I knew every rod of that country, and passing the vidette was a matter of no trouble.

It was when I reached the first line of sentinels that I had to go keerful. It was now midnight, and winter had set in. There was no snow, but the wind was cold and the ground frozen. It so happened that I struck a part of French's corps. Knowing that Lee was going into winter quarters, and knowing that a strong picket was out, the sentinels were not over watchful. I crept up until I located two, and both were muffled up against the cold and thinking more of keeping warm than of looking for spies. While I was waiting for a chance to skulk in, the two came together and stood talking, and this gin me the show I wanted. I riz up from the cold ground, bore off a little to the right, and entered the gap without being seen. In ten minutes more I was among the tents and shanties.

I must find a place to pass the night. It was too cold to go prowling 'round, saying nothing of the danger to be incurred. I walked up one street and down another, looking for a place to stow myself away; and by and by I saw a soldier come out of a tent and go off. I reasoned that he was on guard, and had come to his tent on some errand, and I was probably right.

It was half-tent, half-shanty, with a fire place in it. I crept in at the door and found a fire going, and there three men asleep under the blanket. There was a heap of wood at hand, and the best I could do was to stir up the fire and hover over it. I didn't mean to fall asleep; that is I was bound and determined to keep awake, but I had no sooner got fairly warmed through than I went off to the land o' Nod, and the next thing I knew it was daylight.

None o' the chaps under the blankets were awake, and I slipped out without disturbing 'em. Everything would have been all right 'cept for a man in a tent across the street. He had come out after wood, and was standing there as I appeared. As both tents belonged to same company, and as all the men in each company knew each other, it was only natural that I, a perfect stranger, should attract his attention. Further it was jest as natural that he should suspect me of being a thief. He was a sour-faced, beetle-browed chap, and the minit I looked into his eyes I knew we should have a row.

"Ah! I caught you!" he growled as I faced him."

"At what?" I coolly axed.

"Stealing, of course!"

"You are wrong. I went in there to get warm."

"Who be you?"

"George Smith."

"What regiment?"

"Sixth Maine."

I wasn't answering at random. I knew that the Sixth Maine was in the fight at Rappahannock Station, about a month before, because I had talked with some prisoners.

"Wher's your regiment?" he asked.

"That's what I'm looking for," I replied. "I was took by the rebs fifteen days ago, and have just escaped and come in."

I answered him so promptly, and told such a straight story, that he could have no suspicions, and I might have got away but for an accident. He had brought out his coffee-pot, and in moving away I fell over it. He was aching for a fuss with somebody, and that was a good excuse. He jumped for me without a word. I returned the blow, and then we clinched and fought up and down the street.

I was getting the best of him, when we fell upon and wrecked a tent and began to draw a crowd. In five minutes there were fifty men around us, and pretty soon an officer comes up, and separates us and asks:

"What is this row about?"

"I caught that chap stealing," sings out my opponent.

"He lies!"

"Who are you?" asks the officer.

"Private George Smith, of the Sixth Maine."

"Where's your regiment?"

"Don't know, sir. I was captured by the rebs,' got away and am looking for my regiment."

"When did you come in?"

"Last night."

"How did you pass all the outposts and sentinels?"

He had me there. I had as good as betrayed myself by that one answer.

"I'll see to your case!" he growled, and he called the guard and had me marched off. The guard-house was a log stable, and as soon as he reached it I was stripped and searched. The next move was to hunt up the Sixth Maine and discover that I did not belong to that regiment. I was then taken to corps headquarters and questioned.

I changed my line of defense, claiming to be a deserter from the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York, who was voluntarily coming back to his regiment, but the next day the Colonel of that regiment came to look at me, and pronounced me a liar and an impostor.

Next day, when a court martial was convened, I had no defense to offer. They tried me as a spy, and while nothing could be proved, I was condemned and sentenced to be shot. I was given to understand that, but I reckoned that some of the officers were not quite satisfied. Instead of carrying out the sentence right away, the findings were sent to a higher court for approval.

What I am telling you in a minute consumed about two weeks. I was pretty comfortably fixed in the barn, but so zealously guarded that there was no possible show for escape. The papers had been sent off, and I was daily expecting to hear their approval, when, one night just before dusk, the chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment came in to console me. He was about my size and age with the same colored hair, and the minit I saw him I grasped at a plan. When we had talked a little I asked him:

"How did you get in?"

"Why, I showed my pass to the guard," he answered.

That was all I desired to know. He talked for about an hour, and I made him promise to come and see me the next evening at the same hour. He advised me to give up all hope and make my peace with God, and I gave him to understand that I might be more contrite on his next visit.

I tell you, that next day seemed a week long. I had a plan, and it promised success. When the day did begin to fade away I was so nervous and excited that I could not keep still. The chaplain came in just at dark, and, as he grasped my hand, he said:

"The papers have come back, and you must prepare to die!"

"Pray for me!" says I.

He knelt right down, and he had skeercely uttered a word when I had him by the throat. It was so sudden, and I had sich a grip on him, that he skeercely kicked. I didn't want to kill him, but I choked him until he was like a rag. Then I off with his coat, vest and pants, and was into 'em before he showed signs of coming to. It was too soon to go out, and I choked him some more.

Poor man! I felt sorry to do him sich injury, but my life was at stake. In about twenty minutes I felt it was safe to go out. I dragged him into a corner, sat him up on end, and then knocked on the door. It was opened at once, and as I squeezed out the guard shut it without even glancing in.

"How is he, chaplain?" asks the guard as he locks the door.

"Resigned, poor man," I answers, and off I goes.

As I afterwards learned, I had a good hour's start. I didn't head for the river, as might be expected, but for the north, and it was over a month before I saw Lee's lines again. A Washington paper had a long story about my escape, and it said I would have bin shot next day, and that the chaplain would be laid up for a month.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Sort of a Doctor.

"George, who is your family physician?"

"Dr. Smoothman."

"What, that numbskull? How does it happen you employ him?"

"Oh, it's some of my wife's doings. She went to see him about a cold in her head, and he recommended that she wear another style of bonnet. Since then she won't have any other doctor."—*Chicago News.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

To Take the Heat Out of Burns.

Carron oil has been found very much better for this purpose than any other application. It is made of equal parts olive oil and lime water. A bottle of it should be kept, ready for use, in every kitchen. To make the lime water, put one gill of good lime in a quart of water, in a tall bottle and let it stand where it will not be jarred. The lime should be slaked before putting it into the bottle. When the lime settles use the clear water above it. The water will hold only a certain quantity of the lime in solution, and as it is used fresh water may be poured in on the lime until the latter is nearly used up.—*Cook.*

Clean Heads.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely ever took contagious diseases, but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly able to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in case of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and avoid draughts of air for a little while.

Hope as a Remedial Measure.

It is perfectly useless for us to attempt to portray the influence that "hope" exerts upon mankind. It is a proverbial fact that a man without hope in the fight for life is already half whipped. The sick man without hope is desperately ill indeed, however slight his physical ailment may be. It is equally as true that there is a very slight chance for the undertaker to be benefitted in the case of a patient who has no disposition or idea of dying. The whole system—digestive, circulatory, and nervous—is directly under the influence of the mind; and if we will ever bear this in mind in treating our cases, we will often have a more potent remedy, easy of administration and more pleasant to give and take, than anything found in the country doctor's saddle-bags, or upon the shelves of our metropolitan pharmacists. Bad news, grief, or sudden disappointment has been known to reduce the circulation to a minimum, to cause a strong man to become as helpless as a child, and to arrest the process of digestion and assimilation as suddenly as if the patient's throat had been cut. Just the reverse of this may be observed under the influence of pleasant emotions and the life-giving power of bright, heaven-born hope.—*Southern Clinic.*

Peculiar Monuments.

There are a great number of monuments of a kind peculiar to China, and which alone would suffice to distinguish this country from all others—namely, triumphal arches erected to widowhood or virginity.

When a girl will not marry, in order that she may better devote herself to the service of her parents, or if a widow refuses to enter the marriage state a second time, out of respect to the memory of her deceased husband, she is honored after death with especial pomp. Subscriptions are raised for the erection of a monument to her virtue, to which all the relations, and even sometimes the inhabitants of the village or district where the heroine has dwelt, contribute. These arches are of wood or stone, covered with sculptures, sometimes very well executed, of flowers, birds and fabulous animals. On the front is usually an inscription in honor of virginity or widowhood, as the case may be; and on the two sides are engraved in small letters the virtue of the heroine in question. These arches, which have a very fine effect, are frequent along the roads, and even in the towns. At Ning-Po, a celebrated seaport in the province of Tche-Kiang, there is a large street entirely composed of such monuments, all of stone, and of a most rich and majestic architecture.

Houses in the National Capital.

It is easy to obtain a home in Washington, because most of the real estate agents will take a small cash payment and arrange the remainder of the debt at a low rate of interest—in some cases as low as five per cent. Certain lot holders have a very great advantage. Scattered throughout Washington there is a very large number of little plots of ground which belong to the public reservations. These bits of parking are given up rent free to the lot-owners, who build up close to them. They have the practical use of them for nothing. They can fence them in, ornament them as they please, and enjoy everything about them except building on them. In many instances these little public strips are the only yards that certain house owners have.—*New York World.*

A subscriber asks: "When is the best time to marry?" Mr. Enpeque says the best time for such a ceremony is the 31st of February.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Three million pupils now attend the free schools in the Southern States, and over $10,000,000 is annually raised to support them.

The Duke of Devonshire has at Holker Hall a notable herd of shorthorn cattle. He has paid for the stock, in all, since 1851, the sum of $107,245, and the gross receipts from sales in the same time amount to $464,665. Out of the difference between these sums he has paid all expenses of management, feeding, etc., and laid away a handsome net profit.

A Belgian has invented a coffin that makes it impossible for any one to be buried alive. The pressure of the earth thrown upon the lid of the coffin liberates a sort of stiletto, which is so placed that on being disengaged it pierces the heart of the occupant. On the whole, this new invention is not calculated to reassure those who fear that they may be buried alive.

Some interesting statements and statistics are to be found in the Florida census returns. In Orange one farmer claims to have obtained 2,000 dozen of eggs from twenty-five chickens in one year, and another 800 dozen from ten chickens. Every resident of one district in Jackson is set down as blind, deaf, dumb and uneducated. In Jefferson County one man is put down as having died of prolapsus uteri.

"Why not eat insects?" is the title of a recent English book. The writer thinks that such a diet would have certain advantages for poor people, and he insists that an "appetizing relish" is to be found in "boiled caterpillars, fried grasshoppers, and grilled cockchafers." His argument rests mainly on the descriptions of half-starved travellers concerning their personal enjoyment of cooked insects, and the fact that certain savages thrive on such diet.

Careful investigation and estimates show a production this year of 1,990,000,000 bushels of corn in the United States and Territories, a gain of eleven per cent. in quantity over 1884. Of this yield, 280,000,000 bushels will come from Illinois, 265,000,000 bushels from Iowa, 210,000,000 bushels from Missouri, and some 356,000,000 bushels from twelve Southern States. The area of the corn crop is 73,860,000 acres, as against 69,683,780 acres last year, the gain being almost entirely in the Western States.

The Indians of Alaska are said to be fine silversmiths, and their silver bracelets in particular are in great demand. A lame workman has an extensive repute, and he sells dozens of bracelets, upon the arrival of each steamer, at $3 per pair. Some specimens he get $25 a pair for. The lame Indian artificer is a very rapid workman, and will from a piece of coin make a beautifully chased ring in an hour or so with his rude tools. The heads of animals and Indian characters are included in his designs.

There is a restaurant in London, and a very popular and wealthy institution it is, where the customers walk right in, eat what they want, tell the cashier what they have had and pay for it without the intervention of checks. The proprietor relies upon the honesty of his patrons to pay for what they have eaten and not cheat him, and he says this confidence encourages customers and his losses are smaller than most other restaurants where dishonest waiters are employed. One or two restaurants in this city have tried to save something in this way by doing away with waiters entirely and letting their customers help themselves. They kept two or three spies walking about, however, suspiciously eyeing everybody, a system of espionage the customers evidently did not like, for they went to other places where they wouldn't be taken for thieves.

The New York *World* remarks that "the old reproach that we are a nation of pie-eaters will have to give way to the new one that we are a people of pickles. A competent authority on this subject stated the other day, before a congress of pickle merchants, that a billion of the acidulous luxuries are grown annually in this country. Whole tracts of land in the East formerly given up to prosaic wheat and the humble potato are now devoted to the crescent cucumber, and we hear eloquent picklers in council talking of a falling off of millions in the crop this season. In 1884 there were 200,000,000 pickles raised and salted in the North. That is four pickles to every man, woman and child in the United States; and we are gravely assured that this season 75,000,000 are needed from abroad to make up the deficit of an extra demand. This extraordinary exhibit must dispose forever of the popular notion that only the young ladies of America eat pickles late at night. There is a fearful suspicion here that young and old and middle-aged of both sexes eat them morning, noon and night."

The "Bunco" Game.

A "bunco steerer" has been telling a *World* reporter how thieves take in unwary strangers in New York. He said:

"First of all, you must know that there are no dens in the business. The boys hire a furnished room on the first floor of a building in any quiet side street, telling the lanlord that they are agents for some company or other. The hand-shaker grabs a prosperous-looking stranger and sings out: 'How are you Mr. Green? How are my friends in Brownville?' The chump generally replies: 'Why you've made a mistake I'm Mr. Brown, from Greenville. Then the 'shaker' apologizes, hurries off and reports to the steerer, who pulls a book out of his pocket and hunts up Greenville. The book by the way, is what is know as a bank-note reporter, and gives a complete list of all the banks in the country. From the list the steerer finds that Mr. Jones is President of the Greenville Bank and that Messss. Smith and Gray are among its directors. Off he goes to the chump, shakes hands with him, calls him by name and saying he is Mr. Jones's nephew asks for the health of the Smiths, Grays and other prominent people. See? The chump is flattered by the attentions of the bank president stylish nephew, and it does not take long to steer him into the room where the boss bunco man is waiting to play his part. There is the usual story about the painting drawn as in the lottery prize, then the cash prize and the rest of it. Usually the chump bites in a few minutes; he is anxious to get $500 for $100, he puts up his wad of bills, the boys get it, and he walks out in a brown study, not knowing exactly how he was done up, but quite sure he has been swindled.

"Complain to the police? Not much. The bunco men leave their office a minute or two after he does, and no one could find them; besides, the man is ashamed to tell how green he was. Even if the boys are arrested you can't find one man in a hundred who will go to a police court and give himself away for a sucker.

"Then there's a very pretty scheme of Grand Central Pete's. You'd laugh to see the dozens of farmers he gets to lend him $50 on a worthless check so that he can pay a man the balance due for an imaginary horse. That's a dandy scheme, and its perfectly safe. It generally takes the haybag about an hour to tumble after he's been left standing outside a store where Pete has to go in for a minute on important business."

Norse Music.

A characteristic vein of musical endowment runs through the Norwegian nature. The folk songs and national dances of the peasants are very remarkable. They are the invention for the most part, of nameless "spillemænd," handed down from generation to generation of the local fiddlers, without whom no peasant marriage or other merrymaking can possibly be carried on. Halfdan Kierulf and Edvard Grieg have arranged some interesting collections of these quaint and plaintive airs, and in their own compositions an unmistakable national strain is always traceable. The name of Johan Svenasen is now known along with that of Grieg throughout the musical world, but Kierulf's exquisite songs deserve a wider popularity than they have attained outside of Norway and Nordraak, a composer who unfortunately died very young, claims mention by reason of his masterly setting of Bjornson's finest lyrics. The great name in record of Norwegian music, however, is that of Ole Bull, who died in 1880. He was in his way a tone poet of the most original, but remained to the end simply an upland "spillemand" raised to the highest power. Both as a composer and virtuoso, he was a Norwegian of the Norwegians, and his name is justly held in reverence by the country which his art may be said to have interpreted to the whole world.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Electric Signalling by Balloons.

The idea of signalling by balloons has been worked out by Mr. Eric Stuart Bruce, son of the late Gen. Michael Bruce, and has been exhibited in operation every evening at the Albert Palace, London. About 9 o'clock a balloon twenty feet in diameter, and containing 4,000 cubic feet of gas, is allowed to ascend to a height of 500 feet and is rendered visible by six incandescent lamps of twenty-candle power, fed from a battery on the ground. The material of the balloon is translucent cambric, and when the lamps are in action the whole glows with a soft light which is very noticeable, and in a clear atmosphere can be seen for miles. In the conductors from the batteries to the balloon there is inserted a Morse key, by which the circuit can be made and broken, and the lamps be caused to give long and short flashes corresponding to the dash and dot of the telegraph code. It can be used in a flat country, or between valleys separated by low hills, instead of being confined to elevated positions like the heliograph; the balloon also shows a large illuminated disk in place of a small mirror, and can be packed, together with its batteries, in a tool compass for transport.—*Scientific American.*

GIANTS OF THE FOREST.

Something About the California Redwood Tree.

Twenty-Five Thousand Feet of Lumber from a Single Specimen.

The Redwood of California is the second largest and the third loftiest tree of the known world. It reaches its greatest perfection upon the seaward slopes and along the transverse ravines of the Coast Mountains of the northern and central parts of the State. It is occasionally found scattered or clumped among other growths, but is generally massed in dense forests. It grows so high, branches so thickly and stands so close as to darken even noonday brightness into shadowy evening twilights among the huge, monumental trunks below.

Fog seems its favorite food. The lofty, thick and spreading tops form vast and swift condensers of the heavy fogs which descend in local daily rains, forming pools which often remain till high noon even in hottest days of the dryest season. Where the trees have been cut away, with no provision for regrowth, springs have dried up and streams have failed.

The name is one of those simple, obvious, Saxon christenings which every spectator understands the moment he sees the color of the wood. Its hues show all varieties of red, from the most delicate pink of the finest cedar to the deepest and darkest shades of the richest mahogany. In some cases its reddish-browns rival those of black walnut, while under long exposure to the weather it takes on a blackness equal to that of ebony. In texture and appearance the wood is occasionally waved, curled, flecked, veined, mottled, twisted and interwoven in the most varied, intricate and beautiful manner. Indeed, some specimens show all these varieties of formation combined. Its knots, roots and burls furnish veneers as exquisitely beautiful as those of the most costly imported woods. If they came from some distant foreign land, fairly staggering under some polysyllabic, unpronounceable name, our cabinet-makers, artists in carving, and their wealthy patrons would esteem them almost priceless. Its grain and density vary from those of the softest pine to those of the densest beech. When wet or unseasoned the wood is often enormously heavy. Specimens have been known to sink instantly. The thickness of the bark varies from four to twelve inches. Its texture resembles that of the famous Sequoias, or big trees, which are but a gigantic species of the Redwood.

In height the California Redwood allows but two other vegetable growths to look down upon it. Those are its lofty relative above alluded to and the Australian Eucalyptus. It has been known to reach 320 feet; quite often 250; very commonly 200 to 225. In diameter specimens reaching twenty feet have been authentically measured. Thousands of trees now standing in the newly opened Loma Prieta and others districts girt from thirty to forty feet. The logs from these trees are often so large that they have to be blasted into halves and even quarters before the wood-teams and sawmills can handle them. One tree yielded seventeen logs each twelve feet long, and the upper one six feet through at the smaller end. It is true that these stories may seem incredibly "big" to the Eastern reader, but the trees themselves are very much bigger, as the incredulous may easily satisfy themselves by visiting the localities already named.

Twenty-five thousand feet of lumber from a single tree is very common. In the foggier and moister northern counties the average from each tree is fully one half greater.

For posts, sills, ties, flumes, aqueducts and sewers the wood is the best known. It is also admirably adapted to the inside finish of halls, dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, music-rooms, libraries, churches, cars and steamships, as well as for many forms of cabinet-making.

When exposed to the weather without paint or oil, it turns nearly black. It has also the remarkable quality of shrinking endwise, and, what is still more remarkable in the same log different year's growths sometimes shrink un-equally. Sparks and cinders of burning redwood, falling upon flat or sloping surfaces, even shingle roofs, go out at once. Shingles of it ignite with great difficulty from sparks of other wood. It seems to be naturally fireproof in the midst of exposure which would quickly kindle other woods.

The beautiful redwood is already annually supplying a constantly increasing demand in our Eastern cities, while a new and wealthy syndicate is exporting millions of feet to Europe. To her already vast income from the great staples, wheat, wine and wool, the Golden State now adds a new source of wealth in the regular and increasing export of the valuable and beautiful timber and lumber of this queen of the vegetable kingdom, the California Redwood.—*San Francisco Call.*

A bad jury—perjury.

Eggs in Ireland.

Seeing that some three-fourths of the whole population of Ireland are more or less connected with or engaged in agricultural pursuits, there is probably no question more often asked daily by at least 1,000,000 of the population of Ireland than, "What is the price of eggs?" From the moment the well-known "Cluck, cluck," is heard from the hen announcing the production of an egg there is a rush made for it, which never ceases until the empty shell is thrown into the ash bin. That egg is bartered and rebartered, sold and sold again, many times before it is introduced to the breakfast-table. Many lies are told about its age, some about its size, many more about its price. Eggs are bought by the dozen and by the hundred of six score. In some parts of Ireland, notably in Dublin market, the hundred counts one hundred and twenty-four. The trade is divided mainly into two classes—buyers and shippers or exporters. The former are again subdivided into two other classes—dealers and shopkeepers. Buyers sell direct to the shippers; shippers export direct either to customers in Scotland, England, or Wales, or to an agent or broker there, who sells for him on commission. The buyer is a man or woman owning, or in many cases hiring, a donkey, mule, or horse, and going from one farmer's house to another buying their eggs for money; or, in many cases, giving goods, such as groceries, needles, thread, and other like useful articles, in barter for eggs. Dealers are a smaller class of buyers. They are mostly old women who have what is called a "dealing," that is, a small shop, which from ten to thirty shillings would stock, their husbands or children being of the laboring class. These poor dealers buy up from 300 to 400 eggs weekly, mostly obtaining the same by barter. These they usually send in by a donkey cart in a basket resembling a fish-woman's creel, once a week, to the town where the nearest shipper resides; or sometimes, if needy, will sell for a less price than would be had from the shipper to a well-to-do buyer. Even in the humblest walks of life there is pride, and the poorest dealers will not sell to any one but a shipper, unless they are very badly off for ready money.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A New Narcotic.

Something worse than opium or chloral is reported to the New York Medical Society. Several city practitioners found out that a few persons were using hyoscine to produce a sort of intoxication that resulted in profound slumber. The drug is a hydrobromate, and has to a limited extent been used in medicine in lieu of atrophine for relief in epilepsy and other diseases of the nerves. It is obtained from a German plant, and is usually on sale by German apothecaries in this city. The supply has been small, and the price about seventy-five cents a grain; but a suddenly increased demand nearly exhausted the stocks and sent the price to a dollar. The doses must be infinitesimal in order not to be dangerous, and the peril of self-dosing lies in the liability to kill by carelessly swallowing or hypodermically injecting too much. The experimenters with it proved chiefly to be medical students, drug clerks and others acquainted with its soporific qualities. Hard drinkers employed it to force sleep, and very nervous persons drove off insomnia with it. In order to test its effects, it has been systematically administered to thirty-six insane patients in the State Hospital for the Insane, by Drs. Langdon and Peterson, who say that the effects prove the very great danger of hyoscine eating. They found that it would indeed compel sleep in most cases, but that its habitual use would surely bring muscular paralysis and delirium of a particularly violent sort. The society will ask the Legislature to forbid the sale except on prescription.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Bathing in India.

The gospel of cleanliness is not for India. Do I begin to argue? I am told that "a virtue of Gautama Buddha was his dirty face!" And yet a bath is a Hindoo's frequent practice. But the use of mustard oil overbalances all ablutions. A native always polishes his skin with mustard oil before bathing. "It prevents the water from entering the blood through the skin," Gauga tells me. It makes the presence of a native anything but agreeable, for the anointing having greatly diminished the power of the water, the sun's action upon the cutaneous surface is such that the smell has actually the effect of ruining the health of Europeans who have to inhale it for many hours daily in the katcherries and courts of law.

If you say to one of these objectionable smelling parties: "You would do well to take a bath!" he will answer, spitefully: "I am a Hindoo!" This, being interpreted, means that the man scrupulously observes the many washings that the law enjoins. But those washings are something like the

Good Night.

Good night? I have to say good night!
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings.
Good night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there!
The snowy hand detains me—then
I'll have to say good night again.

But there will come a time, my love!
When, if I Read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. 'Till then, good night!
You wish the time were now? And I,
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What! both these snowy hands? Ah! then
I'll have to say good night again.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

HUMOROUS.

A call of duty—To visit a custom house official.

The man who sets out to be the champion draught player enters upon a checkered career.

A French doctor boasts that he can change the shape of a man's nose. So can a pugilist.

An Omaha man advertises for a buggy horse. What strange tastes some people have.

Waiter—"Will you have some salt with your eggs?" Guest—No, thanks; they ain't at all fresh."

German photographers are now making photographs of lightning. They are said to be striking likenesses.

A philosopher who had married an ignorant girl used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said, she was sweet and unrefined.

Girls in search of material for crazy quilts should apply to the railroad companies. They throw away thousands of old ties every year.

It's many years ago since the poet wrote that "beauty draws us with a single hair." It generally takes a forty-five-dollar switch to do it now.

Civilization is making gratifying progress in the Congo country. A few years ago the inhabitants ate white persons raw; now they roast them.

The opinion now held by physicians that "raw cow's milk, is better for children than boiled" is very gratifying, as a raw cow gives much more milk than a boiled one.

A writer has discovered that persons in captivity live a very short time. This may be a rule, but we know of some married men who have attained a remarkable age.

Little Tommy was having his hair combed, and grumbled. "Why, Tommy, you oughtn't to make such a fuss. I don't when my hair is combed." "Yes, but your hair ain't hitched to your head."

An exchange asks, "What are saucers made of?" That depends upon circumstances. If you break one you will find it is made of very thin china, but if you try to buy one to replace it you will find it is made of solid gold.

HER CRUEL PA.

"I've bought a bonnet, papa, dear;
My beau declares 'tis trimmed with skill;
I have no funds, and I've come here
To see if you will foot the bill."
"Your beau! and what may he his name?"
The father roughly questioned her;
She hung her head, with cheeks aflame,
She softly answered, "William, sir."
His eyes shone with a dangerous light—
"Hum! So he says 'tis trimmed with skill?
Well, bring him to the house to-night,
And I will gladly foot your Bill."

Eclipses of the Sun.

The eclipses of the sun, says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, are caused by the moon's passing between the earth and the sun. If the two bodies followed the same track in the heavens there would be an eclipse every new moon, but as the orbits are inclined, the moon generally passes above or below the sun, and there is no eclipse. Occasionally the sun is near one of the moon's nodes—the points where the planes of the orbits intersect—when it passes, and then an eclipse occurs. If the sun and the moon were always at the same position with regard to the earth, and always the same distance from it, the eclipses would always be of the same size. But as these conditions vary, so do the appearances of the eclipse. For instance, let us suppose that at the time of an eclipse the center of the moon happens to pass direct over the center of the sun. If the moon is near the point in the orbit which is at the least distance from the earth her apparent diameter will exceed that of the sun, and the latter will be quite hidden from view, and we have what is known as a total eclipse. Of course, even in this case, the eclipse will only appear total to the observers near the line joining the centers of the sun and moon. If, however, the three bodies occupy similar positions, but the distance between the earth and moon is greater, the whole of the sun is not covered by the moon, and the eclipse is annular. If the moon, however, does not pass centrally over the sun, it can only hide a part of the latter on one side or the other, and the eclipse is said to be partial. As the moon's orbit is quite elliptical, the distance of that body from the earth varies greatly. Its least distar
1,000 miles,

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3532-0191.jpg