THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD
Office on Spring Avenue, next Door to Main St.

S. E. SULLIVAN, . . . EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, two dollars may be charged.

Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XVII. CHESTERTOWN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1878. NO. 23.

THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

Advertising Rates.

EIGHT LINES BREVIER (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar; Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

One square, three months, three dollars; six months, five dollars; one year, eight dollars.

Fractions of a square will be charged as a square.

Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly.

Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

"THANKS TO YOU"

Every day for a month of Sundays,
Saturdays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Mondays,
Jack had pondered the various means
And methods pertaining to grinding machines,
Until he was sure he could build a wheel
That, given the sort of dam that's proper,
Would only need some corn in the hopper
To turn out very respectable meal.

Jerry and Jane and Jo, and the others,
Jack's incredulous sisters and brothers,
Gave him credit for good intentions,
But took no stock in the boy's inventions.
In fact they laughed them quite to scorn;
Instead of wasting his time, they said,
He would be more likely to earn his bread
Planting potatoes or hoeing corn!

Bessie alone, when all the rest
Crushed his spirit with gibe and jest,
Whispered softly, "Whatever they say,
I know you will build the wheel some day!"
Chirping crickets and singing birds
Were not so sweet as her heartsome words;
Straight he answered, "If ever I do,
I know it will only be thanks to you!"

Many a time sore heart and brain
Leap at a word, grown strong again,
Thanks to her, as the story goes,
Hope and courage in Jack arose;
Till one bright day in the meadow-brook
There was heard a sound as of water plashing,
And Bessie watched with her happy look
The little wheel in the sunlight flashing.

By and by as the years were fraught
With fruit of his earnest toil and thought,
Brothers and sisters changed their tune:—
"Our Jack," they cried, will be famous soon!"
Which was nothing more than Bessie knew,
She said, and had known it all the while!
But Jack replied with a kiss and a smile,
"If ever I am, it is thanks to you!"

—*Mary E. Bradley, St. Nicholas for September.*

SUMMER'S DONE.

Thinner the leaves of the larches show,
Motionless held in the languid air;
Fainter by waysides the sweet briars grow,
Wide bloom laying their gold hearts bare,
Languishing one by one:
Summer is almost done.

Deeper-hued roses have long since died;
Silent the birds through the white mist fly;
Down of the thistles, by hot suns dried,
Covers with pale fleece vines growing nigh:
Little brooks calmer run:
Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunrise sweeps,
Shortening the reign of the slow-coming day;
Earlier shade of the twilight creeps
Over the swallows skimming away:
Crickets their notes have begun:
Summer is almost done.

Darkened to mourning the sad-colored beech;
Empty the nests in its purple boughs lie;
Something elusive we never can reach
Deepens the glory of day's going by;
Aftermath lies in the sun:
Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go?
Sweet lies the aftermath left in the sun;
Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow
Out of a childhood in beauty begun:
Harvests of gold can be won
Only—*when summer is done?*

—*Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in Wide Awake.*

BOTH LOST AND FOUND.

"Joshua," said Farmer Easton's wife, looking up from her knitting, "hadn't you better fix up the fire a little? It's getting low, and we ought to keep it warm for Nellie: she'll be well nigh froze agin she gets home."

"I tell you, mother," said the old man, laying aside his weekly paper, over which he had been nodding for some time, and beginning to rake out the bed of red-hot coals, preparatory to putting on a log; "I don't much like the idea of our Nell a galavanting around the country with that young city chap. It must be nigh on to ten o'clock and they not come from singing-school yet."

"Hark Joshua, I believe I hear 'em a coming now," said the wife, inclining her head forward, and listening intently while the silvery chime of the sleigh-bells, ringing out upon the still night air, came nearer and nearer, and stopped at last in front of the house.

"Yes, that's them; go unbar the door, father, and let 'em in."

Nellie Easton was the only child of these plain but well-to-do people. They had given her every advantage, and she was now an accomplished, fascinating girl. She was of medium height, inclined to be petite in form, had an alluring face, with a low, broad brow, from which were pushed back clustering masses of nut-brown hair. Her eyes were gray, and possessed the power of showing to a wonderful extent the feelings of the owner.

The "city chap" was Lloyd Whitlow, who was a model of masculine beauty, was thoroughly educated, and passed among those who knew him as "a very good sort of a fellow." He had come in the early summer-time to fish and hunt in that wild and quiet country place; he had met sweet Nellie Easton, won her heart, and had given her the keeping of his own. His home was in a distant city, with an aged, eccentric uncle, who had made him heir to his vast estates; threatening, however, to change the will if he heard of Lloyd's attempting to marry before he, the uncle, died.

Nellie was one of those kind of women who would be true to the death to the man she loved; so, for fear of ruining Lloyd's prospects, she would not even let her parents know how affairs stood between them. The moon was shining brightly, and Mr. Easton opened the door in time to see Nellie's lover kiss her good-night, jump in his sleigh and drive off. The girl stood and watched him down the lane, out into the high-road, up the little hill and out of sight.

"My goodness! Nellie, do come in," called the father, impatiently. "You'll freeze to death out there."

The girl turned and walked slowly down the narrow, snowy path to the house, went in, sat down before the blazing fire in a listless sort of a way, so unnatural to her that the mother asked:

"What's the matter, Nellie?"

"Nothing, mother," with an attempt to smile, and added, in the next breath:

"Mr. Whitlow is going home to-morrow."

"Hope he'll stay there," growled the old farmer. "This thing of having a beau," he went on, viciously poking the fire, "that can't never marry yer till he steps in a dead man's shoes, don't suit me. You'd enough sight better take Hez Sambatch. He'll do a good part by yer."

"Father," said Nellie, going behind the old man's chair, and putting her arms about his neck, "I'll never marry Hez. Why need I marry any one? Can't I stay here with mother and you?"

"You needn't talk that way, little girl," said the father, kissing the face so close to his; "you'll never end yer days on the farm. But go to bed now; it's getting on toward midnight."

So Nellie went; went and dreamed of the letter which she was to get from Lloyd next mail-day; of the letter which did not come. The lonely hours of many long and bitter days slowly faded away, and the shadows of many evenings gathered about Nellie, until the days and evenings formed weeks, and the weeks changed into months; and still waiting was poor Nellie Easton to hear from her absent lover. Time after time had she written to him, and only ceased to write when she learned by inquiry that he had crossed the ocean with his uncle.

In the little world about the Eastons affairs went on about the same as ever; a heart was breaking in their midst, but so quietly did the operation proceed that very few took note of it. There were the usual amount of quilting-bees, wool-pickings and apple-cuttings.

At all these Nellie had before been the reigning belle. Good Mrs. Easton was at loss to know why her neighbors of late so often forgot to include her daughter's name in their invitations to her.

"It's sheer envy, I believe," she would say to Nellie, "because that young Whitlow picked you out above 'em all to wait on."

"I wish to mercy," she would add to herself, "that she'd a never set eyes on him, though; for I never did see such a change in a girl. She's a mourning herself in the grave after him."

Mrs. Easton decided to go to a quilting and log-rolling one day, to which her daughter had not been invited, in order that she might tell her friends what she thought of their conduct. She could not get the chance she wanted until they sat down to supper.

"Have a piece of cake, Miss Simpkins?" she said, passing a loaf to her neighbor. "It looks enough like the kind Nellie bakes to be good. Taint many that can beat my girl, if I do say it myself, about doing most anything."

The mother looked up and down the table, expecting to see shame depicted on her friends' faces for having slighted her daughter; instead she read only looks of pity from some, and of confusion from the rest. Their looks provoked the mother still more

"And I tell you, one and all," she continued, wrathfully, "if I do say it myself agin, that Nellie Easton is jest as good as any of yer girls, if yer did forgit to invite her to-day."

"There, there, mother Easton," said Mrs. Simpkins in a soothing tone, "I wouldn't say any more about it. We all liked Nellie, and used to think well of her."

"And why don't yer now?" She asked, shoving back from the table. "Is it because yer all envy her so?"

"Come here a minute, Mrs. Easton," called the hostess, getting up and going into the next room.

The woman whispered a few words in the mother's ear, which sent her staggering across the room like one drunken. Not one word did she utter, but went to the door, beckoned out her husband, and hurried on out of the house ahead of him. When he caught up to her and asked what was wrong, he scarcely recognized the voice that answered:

"Our Nellie has gone astray!"

"It's a lie!" thundered the old man.

The mother was silent. Incident after incident came thronging back to her, which, put together, made an unbroken chain of evidence against her daughter.

Farmer Easton went up alone to his child; she was lying on the lounge asleep. A picture of Lloyd Whitlow was on the floor beside her, where it had fallen out of her hand.

"Nellie!" called the father, shaking her; "Nellie, wake up!"

She opened her eyes, and looked around bewildered.

"Say, Nell," said the old man, in a high, harsh voice, "do you know what people are saying about you?"

An ashy pallor crept over her face, but she made no answer.

"They say, Nell, that you are to become a mother to Lloyd Whitlow's child. It's not so, is it, Nell?"

There was a chord of grief in the old man's voice that did not escape Nellie's notice. It added to her unutterable anguish. With a moan of pain, like a wounded animal at bay, she threw herself upon the floor, hiding her face over the picture of the man that had brought all this upon her.

"Why don't you speak, girl? Is this thing true?"

Still no answer.

"You needn't lie groveling there, if it is. This house can't shelter such as that," said the old man, white with rage.

The words reached the poor, half-stunned creature, who arose and passed from her father's presence out into the darkness, out into the raging storm and piercing cold, alone and unprotected.

Mrs. Easton heard the loud tones of her husband, and, determined to shield her daughter, hurried to her room. The father was alone.

"Where's Nellie?"

Mr. Easton pointed out of the open door.

"Oh, father, how could you turn our child out on such a night as this? You and I could scarcely make it home, and we came such a little way. And she will seek no shelter. She will be dead before morning. Oh, my child! my child!"

"Nellie!" she shrieked, running out of the house, down the lane to the highway; "Nellie, come back."

In vain the mother called and called. Hurrying back to the house, she grasped her husband by the arm and said, in a voice that he felt compelled to obey:

"We must go back to the house we just came from and get the men to search for her. She can't get very far away in this storm."

And so, within two hours, she was found; found on the road-side, insensible, and found not many minutes too soon, either. Most of those who saw her when she was brought to the house where the gathering had been that day—it being the nearest shelter—thought her dead. There was not one in all that crowd whose heart did not ache over the sufferings of the poor girl and the agony of the parents.

Nellie's eyelids, pressed down so heavily upon the white cheeks that Death himself might have laid his eternal seal on, were raised at last, and the gray eyes, with their untold depths of sorrow, rested upon the crowd of faces about her. She turned her head away, and reaching toward her mother, sobbed: "I have suffered so much, Oh, mother, mother, why didn't you let me die?"

And then, after a little pause, she added:

"I will tell you now. It seemed such a shallow story that I could not tell you before, not even to-night, when father was so angry. And I knew that you would all say such hard things about Lloyd; and I felt as though I could not bear it; so I have kept putting it off until now. Early last fall Lloyd took me to the city, and we were married by a friend of his, whose name I do not remember. We both decided to keep our marriage a secret as long as we could. When we found it must be told Lloyd said he would go first and confess it to his uncle, hoping thus to be forgiven, and he would return for me. If his uncle cast him off we were to tell you then and ask for a home on the farm. He has never come back; never answered one of my letters. On inquiry I learned he was travelling in Europe. Where he is now I cannot tell."

"Lloyd! Oh, Lloyd!" the poor thing sobbed, "you have forsaken me, but I cannot hate you. You have made my name a by-word among my friends, but I love you still; and, father and mother, forgive me, but I would leave you both to-night and follow him to the uttermost part of the earth to hear him say once more, as he used to, 'Nellie, little wife, I love you.' But I shall never see him again. I gave that up long ago. If I could only give up this terrible heartache. But it will stay with me till I die. And oh! father, mother, how I wish I were dead now."

Several months afterward, at Nellie's urgent appeals, Farmer Easton decided to sell out and take his daughter and her child from the place where she had been so unhappy. So they found a home in the West. There the old man met loss after loss until Nellie began to realize that she would have to support the family with her own earnings. She tried sewing, and failed at it; gave music lessons and failed at that.

"Try the stage," a friend advised one day.

"Don't laugh at me," said Nellie.

"I am in earnest," urged the friend. "I discovered long ago that you possessed rare natural gifts as an impersonator; your voice is of remarkable compass and flexibility; your play of features is something wonderful. You are young, have a fine figure, and a bewilderingly pretty face."

"Anything more?"

"Yes, plenty; but that is enough for this time. I know a friend that can get you in. You'll be apt to be at the bottom round, but you'll climb."

She got an engagement, and—she climbed. A year after she burst upon the theatrical world in a distant city as a star, and a brilliant one it was, too. She was praised and feted; received offers for her heart and hand, and offers for her heart without her hand. Through all of which she remained a good daughter, a devoted mother and a pure woman; and—still loved Lloyd Whitlow. One night there was a crowded house to see her play a part in which she was perfect. She was to personify a "Forsaken Wife."

Before it was time for her to appear in her part, she recognized in one of the boxes the face of Lloyd Whitlow—the husband whom she had not seen for nearly three years. She did not shriek or faint; she was too good an adept at controlling her feelings to do either. Her first sensation was unutterable joy. Not once did she think of the years of suffering he had meted out to her. She only thought: "Will he know me in my new position and name? Will he love me and come back to me?" And then she remembered what a penchant he had for actresses in the old times, and then she thought, with a thrill of pleasure, "I believe he will be proud of me."

A friend at her elbow looked to see who it was that had attracted Nellie to such an unusual degree. Seeing who it was, she put up her hands playfully before her face, saying:

"No use in looking that way; he's bound fast. That is Mr. Whitlow, and the lady with him is his wife. Is she not a beauty?"

Nellie looked, and saw now what she had not seen before, a woman, ravishingly beautiful and magnificently dressed, sitting by his side. She turned fiercely to her informant, and asked:

"How do you know she is that man's wife?"

"Because I was introduced to Mrs. Whitlow to-day at a friend's house. She was married to him abroad, after the death of his uncle, who left him a large fortune. I did not see her husband, but I take it for granted the gentleman with her is Mr. Whitlow."

"Yes," hissed Nellie, "it is Mr. Whitlow."

"Look," said the friend, "he is leaving her already; not very devoted, is he?"

"Thank God," whispered the poor woman. "Oh, if he would only stay away. How can I act before him? And fail? Heavens! I would rather die than fail to-night!"

The curtain fell on the first act; she had made herself *en rapport* with the audience.

The curtain fell on the second. She had made in this such a finished piece of acting that she had completely won the hearts of her audience, who were enthusiastic over her.

The one all-absorbing thought with Nellie, between acts, was: "If he will only stay away!"

At the close of the third act Lloyd re-entered the box. Nellie knew it without looking at him. She felt his presence. The curtain fell. She never knew whether she was applauded or not. If she was, she did not hear it. She had not got off the stage when she realized that she was being clasped by a pair of strong arms.

Lloyd Whitlow's face was above hers, kissing her lips, her brow, her eyes, over and over again. Unmindful of the lookers on, behind the curtain, he called her by all the endearing, pet names that she remembered in the olden times.

A shiver of exquisite joy ran through poor Nellie's frame. She was delirious with rapture. What happiness to know that the arms encircling her were Lloyd's arms; that his breath was on her cheeks, his dear eyes looking down with the old look of love into hers. But it must not last. Heavens! could she tear herself away from this man, whom she had so long idolized? From this man who was the father of her boy? And then she thought of his beautiful wife sitting within a few feet of them, but out of sight and the thought maddened her.

"Unhand me, sir!" she hissed, "or I will scream aloud for help;" she sprang away from him like an enraged tigress, to appear the next second on the stage to go through the last act of the wife's desertion. And didn't she act it gloriously? She was not off the stage until just before the close of the act, and then only for a minute.

The friend that she had been talking with before the play commenced came running up to her and asked:

"Why didn't you tell me, Nellie, that Mr. Whitlow was your friend. I have found out all about them now. That lady was Mrs. Whitlow, but her husband is cousin to your friend, the one accompanying her. Your friend was disinherited for some cause, and his cousin got all his fortune, but, like a good fellow, divided with him, and they are both rich and travelling together."

Nellie went back to take up her part. Her dramatic husband was to appear at a distance. She was to stretch out her arms to him, and by the silent eloquence of the act was to invite him back to her.

She could not help what she did instead. Her arms would reach out toward that private box, and her lips would murmur, "Lloyd, my husband, come back to me." There was a world of exquisite eloquence in the action. Lloyd Whitlow had the beautiful actress in his arms once more in less time than I can tell it, and that curtain never fell on a prettier tableau. Storm after storm of applause awakened every echo in the building. The denouement of the play puzzled the crowd, but they enjoyed it all the same.

Within an hour, Lloyd Whitlow had his boy in his arms, and Nellie was at his feet, holding tight one hand, listening to his explanations.

It took a couple that loved each other as well as Lloyd and Nellie did, several hours to go over it all. There were ejaculations and self-condemnations and "Oh, how I love you's," and rapturous kisses and "sich" without end.

All that we need to know is, that when Lloyd left Nellie to get absolution the crafty uncle promised him, on condition that he would go with him as travelling companion for six months. Lloyd wrote to Nellie explaining and telling her to publish their marriage, and that whenever she wanted him to return he would leave. That letter and all the letters written by these two were intercepted by a hired agent. Lloyd not being able to endure his wife's long silence, forfeited his fortune and came home. The uncle's excuse was that he had suffered on account of them; now let them suffer a while on account of him.

Lloyd found his wife gone. None could tell him where. His cousin, as we know, divided a fortune with him, and a good part of it Lloyd had spent seeking his wife. He found her by accident or Providence, and intends to keep her.

"You have been playing a sad drama," said Lloyd, "off the stage and on."

"Yes," said Nellie, "Lost and Found."

"Thank God it is over, little wife."

Nellie left the stage. The world "lost" a star, and Lloyd Whitlow "found" a wife.

EDISON, THE INVENTOR OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

The inventor of the phonograph, Thomas Alva Edison, was born in Ohio thirty-one years ago. He commenced his enterprising career as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. Very soon he had obtained a monopoly for the sale of papers over the line, and employed four boy-assistants. By and by he conceived the idea of publishing for himself. There was an old, springless car, with a smoking-room attached to the train, on which he sold his papers; and as no one would travel in it, Edison got leave to use it. He bought an old press and a quantity of type, fitted it up in the smoking-room, and regularly issued a small weekly print called the *Grand Trunk Herald*, price three cents, containing gossip of the neighborhood, accidents, and other matter. George Stephenson, at work on the Montreal tubular bridge, found Edison engaged on his paper, and was so pleased with the boy's earnestness that he ordered an extra edition for himself. This connection with the press introduced him to the telegraph, which he straightway determined to master. Having learned how to send and receive messages, at the age of seventeen he obtained a situation as telegraph operator in Stratford, Canada. Thence he went from city to city of the States—west, south, and east—Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, New Orleans, Boston, and New York, leading an unsettled operator's life; now being discharged, now leaving of his own accord. All his spare cash and time were spent in providing experimental electrical apparatus to illustrate his studies or to try some of the original ideas which thronged his brain. At Indianapolis he produced his first inventive success, an automatic signaling instrument, and at Cincinnati in 1865 he perfected a duplex system for sending two messages in contrary directions over one wire at once. He was pooh-poohed and ridiculed until he went to Boston in 1868, where an appreciative superintendent of the office recognized in him the fire of suppressed genius. It happened that eight years ago there was unusual excitement in the gold market, and at the climax of the hurry the company's indicating instrument broke down. The superintendent was out, and no one could set it right. In the midst of the confusion Edison stepped up and volunteered to do it. The manager looked somewhat dubiously at the new-comer; but the emergency was great, and Edison's offer was accepted. In a few moments the instrument was working as before, and Edison was forthwith engaged at a good salary in the service of the company. From this time his career is that of an electrician and inventor. He soon patented several valuable inventions, and became well known, was appointed Inventor-in-Chief to the Western Union, the colossal telegraph monopoly of America, and to other companies. Two years ago he retired to Menlo Park, a sequestered spot on the Pennsylvania Railway, twenty-four miles from New York. His establishment here consists of his laboratory, dwelling-house, and the cottages of his workmen, including a restaurant started by a smart Yankee for the convenience of Edison's visitors. The laboratory is a plain wooden building, two stories high, isolated on an eminence. The lower part is occupied by Edison's office and library, and a mechanics' shop, where a dozen fitters are forging and shaping his ideas into iron and wood. Upstairs is the laboratory proper, a long room lined from end to end with an array of chemicals. On tables and in show-cases about the room are lying all manner of telegraphic apparatus, lenses, crucibles, and pieces of his own instruments—telephones, phonographs, and aerophones. A perfect tangle of telegraph wires from all parts of the Union is focused at one end of the room. An ash-covered forge, a cabinet organ, a rusty stove, with an old pivot-chair, a table well stained with oils and acids, complete the furniture of this curious den, into which the sunlight filters through the chemical jars, and falls in parti-colored patches on the dusty floor. The moving spirit of this place by day and night is best described as an overgrown schoolboy. His face is pale and beardless. His nose and chin are well shaped and prominent; his mouth thin; his forehead full and expansive, but not high; his hair is dark chestnut brown, and silvered with gray. The most striking feature of his face are his eyes, which are blue-gray, deep-set, intense, and penetrating. His smile is boyish and pleasant, and his manner somewhat shy. Edison is an inventor by sheer dint of native genius. His scientific knowledge of electricity is by no means thorough; mathematics are repulsive to him. As soon as his mind lights upon any new or peculiar fact, at once he conceives an application of it. The phonograph was discovered in the following manner: He had invented an apparatus for recording ordinary telegraph signals by a stylus on yielding material, so that the record could serve to retransmit the message automatically. One day, while experimenting with a vibrating telephone diaphragm to which a pricker was fixed, the pricker pierced his finger by the force of the vibrations, and drew blood. In an instant there flashed into his mind the idea of the phonograph. He saw that the voice had power to cause a similar pricker to indent its vibrations in a sheet of tin foil, so that they could be automatically reproduced. As proof of his power of work, it may be further said that the idea of the phonograph occurred to him one Wednesday afternoon, and he worked on all Wednesday night, Thursday, Thursday night, Friday, and Friday night, till Saturday morning. By that time he had constructed a completely successful phonograph; then he went to bed, and slept with hardly a break till Monday morning.

Edison has been described by the United States Commissioner of Patents as the young man who has kept the path to the Patent-Office hot with his foot-steps. During the last ten years he has taken out 157 patents, and applied for seventy-seven more. Of these, however, only fifteen or twenty are important inventions, the rest being obtained to fence them round. His yearly income from his patents is now over $50,000, and he has realized in all over $400,000 from them. This sum has been sunk, as soon as it was earned on books and experiments. As for the phonograph, his faith in it is boundless. In future, he believes, letters will be talked, books read, sermons preached, languages and music taught, parlor operas played, announcements made, and reporting done by phonograph. Voice-albums will become the fashion, and the memorable words of great men will be treasured in museums. "There was a fortune in the Pope's last blessing," says Edison, somewhat irreverently; "the phonograph record of it, multiplied by electrotyping, would have sold for five dollars a piece easily." It is said that Doré gets suggestions for profiles from the shadow of a piece of crumpled tissue-paper thrown on the sunlit ground; and so will the phonograph, driven backward, hint all manner of new musical combinations to the musician. Edison is now making one with a sapphire point, which will record even a whisper, and contain a complete novel of Dickens's—50,000 words—on a sheet of tinfoil 10 inches square. There are other marvels yet to come. By the aerophone he hopes to make ships converse at sea, though several miles apart; and his boast is that he will make the statue of Liberty, to be set up in New York harbor, read the Declaration of Independence so loud that all Manhattan Island shall hear it. Another new thing is the "mega-phone," a kind of small ear-trumpet, doing for the ear what the opera-glass does for the eye; and slightly deaf as he inclines to be, Edison declares that by its aid he can hear a cow chew her cud an eighth of a mile distant. These are things of the future. Meanwhile it is enough that his actual achievements stamp him as a prodigy in mechanical invention.—*World.*

BELLS IN THE FIDGI ISLANDS.

A few words respecting the Tongian, or rather Fidgian bell; for it is manufactured in the Fidgi Islands (South Pacific). The Tongians like our bells very well, on account of their strong and melodious vibration; but for range of sound, their *lali* is far superior. Imagine the trunk of a tree, three or four feet long, slightly bevelled at each end, and hollowed out in the form of a trough. It is placed on the ground upon some elastic body, generally upon a coil of rope; and to protect it from the rain, covered by a sort of roof. When they want to give the signal for divine service, they strike the mouth of the *lali* with a mallet, which produces a sort of stifled roar. I should have thought that it could only be heard to a short distance; my mistake was great. There are *lali*, the distinct sound of which may be heard to a distance of twelve miles when the air is calm. And yet when you are near it, the sound is not sufficiently loud to startle you in the least; but as you recede it becomes clearer, more mild, and harmonious. When you go to a village and hear its *lali*, do not judge from the distinctness of the sound that strikes your ear that you are approaching the place, for you may be mistaken. The *lali* is, therefore, the favorite instrument at Tonga, and deservedly so. It is named in the same manner as we give names to our bells. On feast days the Tongian artists perform on the *lali* peals that are not wanting in harmony. They rival each other in ability and skill, and are doubtless no less proud of their performance than our bell-ringers in France.—*French Missions.*

A HEROIC WOMAN.

The Paris *Journal Officiel* records that in accordance with a decree of the President of the French Republic, Mademoiselle Dodu, directress of the telegraph station at Montreuil-sous-Bois, has been nominated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The dignity is conferred upon the lady in recognition of an act of coolness and intrepidity performed at the imminent risk of her life during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. The particular privileges attaching to the Chevalliership of the Legion includes the right to a salute from the sentries on guard at the various military stations. In the year 1870, Mademoiselle Dodu, then a very young woman, held the appointment of the telegraph station at Pithiviers. War broke out between France and Germany, and the charge of the telegraph became an important and resposible duty. The district surrounding Pithivers was occupied by the invaders, and a large force of Bavarians encamped near the town itself, which was completely at their mercy.

The German strategic arrangements depended largely upon the perfection of their system of telegraphy, the slightest hitch or the least disarrangement of which might not alone cause the annihilation of a regiment but adversely influence the result of a battle. The penalty incurred by cutting or otherwise injuring the lines, was immediate death—a penalty frequently enforced by the Germans throughout the campaign.

When the Bavarians surrounded Pithiviers, and subsequently entered the town, they proceeded to the telegraph office, of which Mademoiselle Dodu was the mistress. She left the office in the hands of the corps of the Uhlans who entered the town. But before abandoning the place to the enemy, she took away the operating instruments, and carefully hid them in the vicinity of the office itself where she might readily find them again. This she knew would cost the penalty of her life if discovered. Her official duties had taught her to perfection the details of telegraphy, and she knew how to make the wires reveal the secrets with which the enemy might seek to entrust it. With rare courage and self-devotion, and notwithstanding that the office was in possession of the enemy, the arose at night and deliberately sought the operating room with her instruments.

At the risk of being momentarily discovered by the soldiers holding the station, she entered, tapped the lines for information, and actually intercepted a most important dispatch from the German commander. Then readjusting her instruments she re-established communication with the French headquarters for nearly an hour, telegraphed to the general commanding there the nature and contents of the message intercepted, and thus saved from destruction thousands of valuable lives whom the successful execution of the German orders would have doomed to death and destruction.

Mademoiselle Dodu only escaped the punishment of death herself owing to the cessation of hostilities. The records of female heroism contain few actions, either as regards the courage implied in its conception or the determined and effective manner in which it was executed in the face of probable death, more signal than this of Mademoiselle Dodu.

COAL IN CHINA.

It may surprise the general reader to learn that the coal production of China has already reached 3,000,000 tons annually, and is rapidly increasing. Of this production about 1,000,000 tons represent the output of the anthracite beds of the province of Shan-si. Speaking of this, the most extensive deposit of the empire, Baron Richthofen affirms that its area vastly exceeds that of the anthracite region of this country, and that no other coal-field in the world can be compared with it in the union of the most favorable conditions as regards position, quantity and quality. He pronounces the opinion, that, in the near future, these deposits will rise immensely in importance.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—"A bird in the hand," etc. An inveterate chewer in Providence, who invariably throws away an old quid whenever he sees a neighbor take out a tobacco box, waited in vain one morning for an extension of hospitalities. "Aren't you going to give me a chew?" he inquired. "Didn't you have one in your mouth?" asked the market-man. "Yes," said the other. "Well," replied the market-man, "you must learn never to throw away a certainty for an uncertainty."—*New York Tribune.*

—A joint roasted by the heat of the sun is one of the attractions of the grounds of the Paris Exhibition, where M. Mouchot, a Tours professor, when the clouds permit, daily cooks a portion of meat by means of a strong reflector. On a recent Saturday he succeeded in boiling sufficient water for three cups of coffee in three-quarters of an hour. In Algeria, where the sun possesses great power, Professor Mouchot has roasted quails in twenty minutes.

HIS FUNERAL.—The Virginian who blew himself up by means of a keg of powder, didn't leave any pieces behind to hold a funeral over. A three days' hunt discovered nothing but one boot heel.—*Free Press.* But with only this fragment, his friends gave him a gent-heel funeral.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.*

—When a young man in Patagonia wants a wife, he rides out and lassoes one, and in the more civilized United States of America, when a young man wants a wife, but does not come to time, she lassoes him for a breach of promise.

Varieties.

—Four men now living at Castleton, Vt., have had between them twenty wives.

—M. Léon Say has been in London studying the English telegraph and postal systems.

—An eighty-year-old woman at Sharon, Vt., is suffering from her second attack of whooping cough.

—Of the one hundred and sixty-seven Congregational churches in Vermont only sixty have regular pastors.

—Of every thousand men, twenty die annually. The population of a city or country is renewed once in thirty years.

—A woman in Herkimer county, Mo., recently set foot upon a snake, and her glossy black hair turned white in a few hours.

—A decree has been signed prohibiting the manufacture in Paris of any kind of fulminating device intended as a toy for children.

—On the 31st of July there were 3,155 postal savings banks in Italy.—They were first established in 1876, and the number of deposits since is 473,901, amounting to about 20,000,000 francs.

—A London firm advertised recently for a collector, work hard and wages low, and received over eighteen hundred replies, nearly all from men of apparently good education and character, many of them from gentlemen.

—Two robins in Westchester, recently, fed their offspring on poison vine, because the children had caged them. It is characteristic of these birds to poison their caged young when no hope of their liberty is offered.

—At a recent soldiers' reunion at Tuscola, Ill., after feeding 2,000 persons, there remained over for distribution among the poor 700 loaves of bread, an ox and a half, and seven barrels of smaller cooked meats, hams, fowls, etc.

—At a recent discussion of the subject of corporal punishment by the School Board of Sheerness, two of the members got so excited that one of them broke his umbrella over the other's head, and was in turn kicked down stairs.

—A priest at Lawrence, Mass., reached the church where he had to perform the marriage ceremony a little late, and in his haste ordered a couple of the guests down to the altar and had begun to marry them ere they could explain matters.

—A Chinese child's magazine, containing sixteen pages and published monthly, has been started in Shanghai. It contains a variety of amusing and instructive matter, with well-executed illustrations, and the subscription is 15 cents a year.

—A convict in the Joliet (Ill.) prison hanged himself in the solitary cell in which he had been kept several days for writing letters without permission. He had served several terms of ordinary imprisonment, but utter loneliness drove him crazy.

—Peace promotes science, art, mechanism, and the accumulation of large fortunes; while the increased thrift which long peace gives any community affords the members of it more time for reflection, and for the contemplation of the highest truths which can engage the human mind.—*Dr. Hall.*

—Frank Polk felt resentful because the Mayor of Pisgah, Texas, fined him for drunkenness. He got a rifle and rode up and down in front of the Mayor's office, daring him to come out. The Chief of Police drew a revolver and ordered him to throw down his gun.—Polk fired, hitting the officer, who, in falling, shot Polk in the body. The Mayor ran out and shot three balls into the desperado. The latter fired several shots at the Mayor, but he escaped unhurt. Polk and Powers, the Chief, died.

—A woman died recently in France at the age of 90, who was a cantinière in the Army of the First Empire. Having been received in 1804 in an artillery regiment at the camp of Boulogne, in which her husband served as a Sergeant, she became an eye-witness of the great battles at Austerlitz, Eylau, Friedland, Iena, Wagram, and Tilsit. Her certificates attested the good services which she had rendered to the wounded of all nations with whom she had come in contact.

—Confinement in a well-kept prison is said to be beneficial to health. The *Sanitary Inquirer* says that the records of the best English penitentiaries show that a person's chances of life in them are nearly double what they would be in freedom. Notwithstanding two-thirds of the inmates enter such institutions with disease on them, yet, as a result of pure air, cleanliness and a well-regulated diet, prisons are made seats of health. In those of Scotland, which are models of good management, the death rate is only 3 in 1,000. Contrast this with the death rate of 17 in 1,000 in the British army, or with the average of 20 per 1,000 in other occupations, and it will be seen what results may be obtained by proper sanitary regulation.

—One of the large monkeys in the Alexandra Palace, London, had been suffering from a decayed tooth, and an abscess, forming a large protuberance on the jaw, resulted. The pain seemed so great it was decided to consult a dentist, and as the creature was very savage, it was thought that if the tooth had to be extracted, the gas should be used for the safety of the operator.—The monkey struggled against being put into a sack, prepared with a hole cut for his head, snapped and screamed, and gave promise of being very troublesome; but as soon as the dentist managed to get his hand on the abscess and gave relief, the monkey's demeanor changed entirely. He laid his head down quietly, and, without the use of the gas submitted to the removal of the tooth.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0634