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TWO HISTORICAL RHYMES.

Here is a very good backbone to build American history upon :

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Father Washington left us united and free,
And John Adams repelled French aggression at sea :
Boundless Louisiana was Jefferson's crown,
And when Madison's war-ships won lasting renown,
And the steamboat was launched, then Monroe gave the world
His new doctrine; and Quincy his banner unfurled
For protection. Then Jackson, with railways and spoils,
Left Van Buren huge bankruptcies, panics and broils.
Losing Harrison, Tyler by telegraph spoke;
And the Mexican war brought accessions to Polk.
Taylor lived not to wear the reward of ambition,
And Fillmore's sad slave-law stirred up abolition;
So, compromise failing, Pierce witnessed the throes
Of the trouble in Kansas. Secession arose
Through the halting Buchanan. But Lincoln was sent
To extinguish rebellion. Then some years were spent
Reconstructing Johnson. Grant lessened our debt;
Hayes resumed specie-payments; and Garfield was set
On Reform, which, as Arthur soon found, came to stay.
Now for President Cleveland good citizens pray.

—*G Macloskee, in 'Letter-Box,' St. Nicholas for July.*

And here is another very good backbone for English history :

SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

First William, the Norman,
Then William, his son.
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard, then John,
Then Henry the third,
Edwards, one, two and three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see—
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Next Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles, too.
Then James the 2d ascended the throne,
And good William and Mary
Together came on;
Queen Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William, all past,
And next came Victoria
Who has long been the last.

Excavations at Pompeii.

A correspondent writes as follows to the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce:*

It seems odd to speak of a dead city as a growing one. But that is exactly the case with Pompeii. There are many cities in Italy that do not grow half as fast as the one buried by the ashes of Vesuvius 1,800 years ago. A person visiting it at intervals of a year notices a marked enlargement of its boundaries. The Italians, you know, are the champion diggers. They make the shovel fly when they attack the grave of Pompeii. We saw a gang of them at work there. A Government overseer watched them like a hawk. He wanted to be sure that they pocketed no jewelry, coins or objects of art or utility yielded by the excavations. The only produce of their toil in that line as we stood by was a bit of iron, which the guide called a hinge, and the fragment of a small marble column. The spades busily plied were gradually bringing to light a beautiful house. The floors were mosaic, with simple but graceful designs in scroll pattern—nearly as fresh of color as if laid yesterday. The walls bore frescoes of fainter tints—grinning masks, fawns, cupids, birds, fish and fruit. It had evidently been the home of a well-to-do citizen of Pompeii. The nervous movements of the workmen betrayed their anxiety. They were hoping at every moment to make a valuable "find." Perhaps they might hit upon a great round chest, studded with round knobs like a boiler, and full of gold, money or ornaments, or they might strike another wonder in marble or bronze, or they might be startled by coming suddenly upon a skull or other human remains. In the latter event the work is suspended until a careful inspection is made.

The responsible and intelligent person in charge proceeds to ascertain if the dead Pompeiian has left a mould of himself or herself in the plastic ashes. If so, he prepares a mixture of plaster of Paris, breaks a hole in the crust and slowly pours in the liquid till the mould is full. When it has hardened, the casting is tenderly removed. Lo! there is a rough image, showing some poor creature in the agonies of death, prone on the floor, face downward.

Thus, most usually, were the inhabitants of the doomed city caught by the destroying angel. The skull or leg or arm or whatever other part of the skeleton has not relapsed into its original dust may attach itself to the plaster cast in the proper place, or may require to be joined on by a pardonable "restoration." In either case, the effect is thrilling in its horrible reality. Nothing in painting or sculpture can shock the beholder more than these self produced and truthful statues exhibited in the museum, which is the first and most interesting thing shown to visitors. But, though neither gold nor silver, nor the minutest scrap of a skeleton, nor anything else of importance was unearthed for my benefit, I quitted the new excavations with reluctance to examine those parts of Pompeii with which the world is already familiar through the medium of books and pictures. I found myself quite at home in the bakery, the wine shop, at the oil merchant's, at the house of Pansa, of Sallust, of the "Tragic Poet" and the rest. The high stepping stones across the streets looked familiar, as if I had trodden them before. The deep ruts cut by the carts as they groaned up the hill, coming from the ancient Stabia, were like friendly landmarks. So fully have literature and art made us acquainted with this disinterred city.

The guide tells me that only about one-third of Pompeii has yet been uncovered. I take his word for it. He is also of the opinion that the best parts of the city have already been dug out. He evidently wishes that the work would stop. He is very human in this, for he finds it tiresome to show people about the present Pompeii. Treble its size, and his labor would be threefold. And he is forbidden to accept money. But I imagine that this very stern prohibition don't prevent persons from offering him (say) a couple of francs on "the sly," or him from accepting them.

It may be true, as our guide insists, that the temples, forums, baths, theatres and fine houses now above ground surpass anything of the kind that may hereafter be discovered at Pompeii. But the Italian Government is not disposed to take that for granted. Liberal sums are yearly appropriated to push on the work. It bears fruit. A new temple or amphitheatre may not be struck every year, but something is constantly being turned up to instruct the world in the manners and customs of the old Romans, so well reflected in the representative city of Pompeii. Of bronze or stone statues, household implements and tools of trades the yield is immense and steady. These may be counted by the thousand in the splendid museum at Naples. One can see so many articles of luxury and use exactly similar to those he buys nowadays, that he is fain to pause and try to remember what besides the steam engine, the phonograph and the electric telegraph we moderns have invented. There being no more room at Naples to store these treasures, the excess of them is huddled together in the courtyards and houses of Pompeii herself. It is estimated that at the present rate this mine of antiquities will not be worked out in fifty years.

CHRISTIAN TOMLING of Louisville owned a hen and a collie dog, which were great friends. The former recently hatched a fine brood of chickens, and the dog watched over the family with care. A few days ago the hen was killed accidentally, and Shep was much troubled. He at once assumed the charge of the motherless chicks, got them into his kennel at night, where they nestled close to his shaggy side, and has cared for them faithfully.

The Largest Telescope in the World.

From the Hartford Post.

Passengers out of Boston on the Boston and Albany Railroad may have noticed just across the Charles River, at the first bridge out of the city and opposite Cottage Farm Station, a handsome residence, and back of it a low, round-topped conservatory, and outside, near it, a long white model of a telescope, and in the same yard a two-story brick building. The building is the factory where the great Russian telescope was made, as well as many others also famous, and where work is now going on for the Lick telescope, which will be the largest in the world.

Of the two discs of glass, each one yard in diameter, for the Lick telescope, the flint glass has been made a long time, but the crown glass, although ordered five years ago, was only received by the Clarks in September last. It was made after repeated trials and failures, at an establishment near Paris, the only one that could get out such a piece of work. Each glass cost $25,000 in the rough, and they cannot be finished before fall.

At first machinery could do a little rough grinding, but for months the bare hand only has been used in applying the polishing substance, which is rough. The glasses have now reached a stage where the removal of a small portion of the surface in the wrong place would ruin them. They are frequently tested, set in a circular iron frame call a cell. No instruments can be used for the test, but the long experience of the Clarks has given them judgment which is unerring.

Very soon the tests will be made in the model of the telescope outside the building. This model is of the size of the proposed Lick telescope, and is fifty-seven feet long. These two lenses are set six inches apart in their iron frame, which has openings to allow of the glasses being properly cleaned on each side. Lenses and frame together weigh over seven hundred pounds.

While everything now appears to be perfect, some slight defect in the glass that has not yet appeared, or an accident, may render useless all the labor of months. When completed the great telescope will be placed in the observatory on Mt. Hamilton, in Santa Clara county, Cal Mr. James Lick left $700,000 in his will for the purpose of constructing the necessary buildings and "for a telescope superior to and more powerful than any yet made."

An astronomer has stated that this telescope will bring the moon, 240,000 miles distant, within, apparently, a hundred miles of the beholder. It will cost $60,000, and will be covered by a steel dome, seventy-five feet in diameter, weighing ninety-five tons. Besides the observatory are many other buildings, containing all the valuable instruments necessary for a complete establishment to carry out Mr. Lick's intentions. The citizens of Santa Clara county have built a road to the summit of the mountain at a cost of $78,000.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

All political parties are made up of foxes and geese—about five thousand geese to one fox.

The great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

I am an uncompromising Radical up to date, but when I reach the other world I can be a Conservaive, if it is the best thing to do.

Men of great genius should not forget that their failings, or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

All Conservatives have once been Radicals, and their virtue consists in having found out that half a loaf is better than no bread.

My friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

I know of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the Devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

My dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

Independence is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more independent than man

It isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

There are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

The great mass of mankind can only gaze and wonder; if they undertake to think, they grow listless, and soon tire out.—*The Century for July.*

Machinery and its Possibilities.

Those who entertain the opinion that the possibilities of labor saving machinery are nearly exhausted, and that the whole field of art industry in which it may be advantageously employed has been already covered by inventive genius, are greatly mistaken. That the achievements of human ingenuity have been wonderful goes without saying, and there are reasons to believe that future triumphs in this direction will be even greater and more fruitful. We are forced to this conclusion by reason and analogy. Who would have believed, only a few years ago, that the difficult and complicated processes which are now every day being wrought out by machinery in various branches of manufacture would have been possible?—Thus it is that the problems unsolved by one generation become accomplished facts by another. Who shall say that what now seems impossible and improbable may not be successfully attained by those who will come after us? In the hands of the modern scientific inventor, matter becomes almost miraculously endowed with life and intelligence, and with great accuracy performs those functions which the most skilled manual labor executes but slowly and imperfectly.—*Manufacturers' Gazette.*

A STUDENT in Michigan University wrote to a Kansas druggist about taking a place in his store as prescription clerk. This is what the druggist wrote back : "DEAR SIR yours Recd in Reply I will Give you a Brief Discription of our Business Perhaps you understand the nature of a Drug Store in kansas we Do Some liquor Business in a Back Room By the Drink our Prescription trade Runs from two to three thousand Pr year Some Clerks objects to the Back Room trade I Give you the facts in the case So that you will not be Disappointed your Bord By the week will cost you from $3.50 to $5.00 a week now if you except this Position answer by telegraph at once as I kneed a clerk very Bad & must have one as Soon as Possiable."

THE bad little boy of Rome, N. Y., has invented a machine for scaring timid persons that he says "knocks the window tick-tack silly." When night has come and everything is shrouded in gloom, he quietly inserts the hook of a common shoe buttoner under a clapboard of a neighbor's house, ties a strong cord to the handle of the buttoner, and then, drawing the string tight, rubs it with a piece of rosin. The horrible rumbling and shaking and groaning that follow scare the inmates of the house and delight the bad boy.

JEREMIAH LONG of Fairfax Court House, Va., wrote recently to J. T. Hill of Alexandria, calling his attention to the fact that in 1861, while Confederate troops were at Fairfax Court House, he (Long) mended two canteens and a candlestick for him (Hill). The bill, amounting to 60 cents, had never been paid, hence Mr. Long's letter. He said that though interest was due on the amount he would be satisfied with the 60 cents. Mr. Hill sent Mr. Long the 60 cents

CRANKY INVENTORS.

A LAWYER'S EXPERIENCE WITH MEN OF QUEER AND MIGHTY IDEAS.

A Decoction for the Purpose of Sprouting Wings—The Human Galvano-Solderometer—The Mysterious Ingredients—A Lunatic's Wart Cure.

"Tell me about queer ideas in patents."

"Queer is no name for some of them," replied the patent attorney to whom the request was addressed. "You can't have any notion of the phenomenally strange ideas that some people have that they want to put into the shape of patents. Sometimes I almost fall over in my chair, they are so queer."

"For instance?" interjected the reporter, who was in a hurry and who saw that the lawyer was about to branch off into a long dissertation about cranks.

"Well," said he, buckling down to the subject, "I'll give you some instances. One queer crank was Thomas Towles, who represented himself as being a native of the eastern shore. He had a recipe for what he called his 'Angels' Wings Elixir.' He usually carried a sample bottle around with him. The bottle was shaped like that in which the druggists sell soothing syrup, and it had a big red cork with a picture on it of a man with wings flying over the housetops. The angels' wings elixir was of a greenish color, with little white floats on its surface. Thomas said his elixir would make wings grow out on the human body in two months. The dose sufficient to accomplish this wonderful end was two teaspoonsful every third day, and four teaspoonsful at the end of each week as an extra does, 'to make it more binding,' he explained. He wanted to dispose of the recipe for $1,500, with a royalty of $50 on every pair of wings that grew out. The fellow was such a queer genius that I took quite an interest in him, and I tried to find out of what he made his 'elixir.' Finally I succeeded. He confided to me in the strictest confidence, that it was composed of three parts of dog-tail oil, three parts of the extract of boiled duck-feathers, three parts of fried pig's liver, and one part of 'moon juice.' The latter, he explained, he collected by brushing the surface of the full moon with a broom. 'The moon juice,' he said, 'infuses into the wings the essence of eternal life.' He gave me a bottle of his elixir, and I still have it in my office closet stowed away somewhere.

THE HUMAN GALVANO-SOLDEROMETER.

"One of the queerest cranks I ever met was in August of last year. I was sitting in my office one rainy day when there came a knock on the door. I said, 'Come in,' and in walked a fat, elderly man, with a red face, a yellow mustache, a goatee, cross-eyed, bow-legged, and leading a little dog by a string. The stranger seated himself in a chair by one of the windows and pulled out of his pocket a stick of what looked like ordinary solder. It was covered with a chamois-skin cover. Pull his chair close up to mine, he proceeded to unbosom himself.

"'Here is the greatest invention of the age,' he said, yanking the dog up into his lap and patting it on the head with one hand while he extended the solder to me with the other.

"'What is it?' I asked, spotting him for a crank right off.

"'The human galvano-solderometer,' he replied. 'It will solder on amputated limbs so that you can't tell they've been cut off. A teaspoonful poured on the neck of a decapitated criminal will cause his head to stick to the neck and grow there again as naturally as though it had never been cut off. I've tried it on several white men who had their heads cut off in France, and I restored every one of them to life in less than three days. I had an engagement to go to Persia and sell out my stock to his nibs the shah, but I thought I could make more by coming to America, and here I am. Do you want it? Can I get a patent on it?'

"I told him that in this country criminals were hung and not decapitated, and when people get their legs cut off they didn't usually want them back again.

"'It's a splendid thing in time of war,' he continued. "A general with a bucketful of this salve can restore all his wounded soldiers to life and strength in in twenty-four hours, and on the next day his army will be a good as it was on the day before.'

"I humored him by pretending to undertake his case, and I got him to give me the recipe of his salve.

A LIST OF INGREDIENTS.

"He told me it was made of two parts concentrated extract of civil service reform, two parts refined gingerbread, two parts of the essence of a comet's tail, and one part each of terrapin's toe nails, umbrella-handle soup, stewed type metal and pulverized cerebro-spinal meningitis.

"He told me that without a smile on his face, looking at me so solemnly and earnestly as though bluffing me with a small pair at poker. I wrote it all down just as he gave it to me, and I told him to come again in two years and I would have his patent ready for him. I expected he would get mad, but he didn't. He just smiled and bowed himself out, and he and his little dog disappeared in a gust of satisfaction.

"Perpetual motion is the will-of-the-wisp that draws a legion of cranks unceasingly. There are some very amusing attempts made to obtain this motion. One crank came to me not long ago and showed what he confidently assured me was a positively certain scheme for perpetual motion. He had soldered two Waterbury watches to a thermometer, and around them all he had wound a piece of India rubber string. One end of the string was fastened to the spring of one of the watches and the other end was tied to the spring of the other watch. He claimed that the combined action of the thermometer and the rubber string kept the watches in perpetual motion, and with a horseshoe magnet he proposed to concentrate what he called the 'spiral energy' of the two watches, thus producing power that could be transferred to any kind of machinery. It was a crazy notion. I afterward learned that the fellow was a watchmaker by trade, and that he had escaped from an insane asylum in Philadelphia.

"Another crank came to me with a box full of gray powder that he said would cure Bright's disease of the kidneys. The powder was nothing more nor less than the pulverized ashes made from burning old shoe soles.

"I was once visited by a lunatic who declared that he had discovered a certain and speedy cure for corns and bunions, warts, and all skin eruptions. He showed me a salve that he said was made by boiling 10,000 cockroaches in a quart of water. To this he had added some British oil and some extract of cologne. He offered to allow me to test his medicine, but I refused, and he went away disgusted.—Baltimore Herald.

Creole Remedy for Sore Throat.

The following is a curious Creole remedy for sore throat: In swefling of the glands of the throat the swollen gland should be well rubbed with tallow, and the tallow smeared on thoroughly melted by holding close to the skin without actually touching it, the blade of a knife heated in the flame of a lamp or candle. Some say the point of the heated blade only should approach the skin, and that point only should be moved so as to describe a cross immediately over the gland. The latter is a purely superstitious idea.—Chicago Herald.

Examples of Curious Mimicry.

During his expedition to Mount Kilimanjaro Mr. H. H. Johnson noticed 'a singular resemblance or "mimicry" between the appearance of the tall red-brown antelope and the mounds built by the white ants. The color being the same and the long grass hiding the animal's legs, it was really difficult to distinguish an antelope from an ant-hill. A more ludicrous exactness was sometimes given to the mimicry by the sharply pointly leaves of a kind of squill, which suggested the horns of the antelope.—Arkansaw Traveler.

How to Pass Through Smoke.

In the course of an inquest in London lately Mr. Wakely, the coroner, observed that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact that if persons in a house on fire had the presence of mind to apply a damp cloth or handkerchief to their mouth or nostrils they could a effect a passage through the deepest smoke; but the surest way would be to envelop the head and face completely in the damp cloth.—Exchange.

Seeds for Forty-Gallon Gourds.

A California farmer sent $5 to a man in the east in exchange for six gourd seeds warranted to produce gourds of a capacity of forty gallons. After waiting long for the seeds to sprout, he investigated and found that they were artistically carved out of basswood.—Exchange.

A RIVAL OF THE TELEPHONE.

Remarkable Discovery Made by Professor Bell and His Cousin.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell and his cousin, Dr. Chichester Bell, have recently made a very remarkable discovery, which they think is quite as important as the transmission of the tones of the human voice through the telephone. They have discovered that a falling jet of water or a flame of gas burning in a room reproduces every word spoken and every sound uttered within a given distance. When two people join in conversation in a room in the evening the gas which burns above their heads repeats every word they say, and sounds uttered in the vicinity of flowing water produces vibrations.

To a reporter of a local paper Professor Bell showed a glass disk, upon which appeared a spiral streak composed of tiny little shade lines, placed together or farther apart to make up the variation of intensity. The surface was one of depression and elevation. This, Professor Bell said, represented sound waves. When the plate was revolved upon a pivot and the depressions and elevations conveyed to the ear by a mirophone, there was a repetition of the conversation then recorded as distinct as when it was delivered. The undulate surface representing sound waves was produced by photogaphy. Professor Bell says that if any one will go to a water-pipe and turn on the faucet so that the water will fall in a stream to the ground, that water can be made to report the conversation taking place in its presence, and a stream register every sound within hearing of it.

The great object of the inventors was to record by photography or otherwise the vibrations in the jet of water which correspond to sound waves; the result of words spoken in the vicinity; to keep the voice [illegible] bottled up, as it were, for any length of time, and then, when called upon, to let the record speak. This, Mr. Bell says, has been accomplished. The water, or liquid of whatever kind it may be, is colored with bichromate of potash. If it were perfectly clear it would not answer, because the light used in photographing would pass through without resistance and no record would be made on the tablet. The water is colored for photographing, and the jet is made to fall obliquely on a glass plate. The water spreads itself on the glass plate and runs off. It is the water so spread out that is to be photographed as it passes. Words spoken cause the jet of water to vibrate, the vibrations in the jet cause corresponding vibrations in the film of water as it breaks and spreads on the glass plate and runs off. A ray of light is passed through that film and through the glass plate to a sensitive tablet behind. The sensitive tablet receives the impression of every vibration while the speaking continues, the jet keeps running, the film keeps passing over the plate, the recording tablet keeps moving, and the light passing through the film to the tablet makes a record of the speech far more accurate than any verbatim report. These scientists do not consider their invention perfect, but they are at work improving it.—Cor. New York Graphic.

A Mountain Path in Guatemala.

The path is very steep and gains its way with loops backward and forward on the face of the cliff. At the head of many of the turns the eye looks down sheer depths over which the head of your mule hangs with a sleepy indifference quite sufficient to shake one's nerves.

Coming up the path are Indians with heavy packs of vegetables, earthware and other goods, their almost naked bodies streaming with sweat, the beat of their hearts almost audible. The poor fellows bear their toil meekly, and take good care to be out of the way of descending riders. They say the reason Indians ride so little on horseback is an old decree of the Spaniards, which made it a capital offense for one to do so, and the fear lingers in their minds, though the edict has long since been revoked. But it is rare to see a mounted Indian on the highway, though he often drives before him pack mules or horses.—Guatemala Letter.

A Ship's Keel as a Rudder.

Mr. Joseph Leveille, superintendent of pilots at this port, has just completed a design for an additional or auxiliary ship's rudder. The invention, which will be patented, consists in converting a portion of the after-lower part of a ship's keel into an additional rudder, worked by the regular rudder lines. This, it is claimed, turns a ship much more readily than the present arrangement, and would be of great service in changing a vessel's course to avoid a collision or any other similar mishap. Mr. Leveille says that he was led to make this improvement by considering the fact that ship's rudders are at present so easily carried away, and are, moreover, no larger to-day than they were 200 years ago, when the vessels themselves were so very much smaller.—Montreal Witness.

NICE, BUT NOT PROFITABLE.

The Patronage of Ladies in the Restaurants—A Case in Point.

The tinkle of glass and the subdued clatter of dishes such as obtain in a well-conducted restaurant were keeping up a certain rhythmic movement yesterday in a fashionable lunching room of the shopping district, when a reporter stopped a moment at the desk.

"You seem to be doing a thriving business," he remarked, indicating as he spoke, the rows of occupied tables before him.

"H—m," replied the proprietor, letting his eye wander judiciously in the same direction; "do you know young man that I shan't take in enough off that crowd to buy one of Macy's little peachblow jugs? This is the time o' day when the ladies, God bless 'em, come to lunch with me, and except the pleasure of their pretty faces and soft speeches, my reward must be treasured up in heaven, for certain I don't get it here."

"Is this a straight tip?" queried the experienced reporter.

"I'm telling you sober truth," the restaurant man replied with much earnestness of manner. "Take that lady over there, for instance, pointing to one sitting about halfway down the room, "and she is only one of dozens like her every day. She came in here three-quarters of an hour ago by the clock, she and her little boy; she walked through until she found a table unoccupied and took possession. The table accomodates four, but Lord love you, it barely holds one like her, comfortably. She had the waiter bring a high chair for young chub, took off his hat and coat, used one big dinner napkin to pin around his neck and another to lay over his lap, filled the other two chairs with her bundles, cloak, etc., then picked up the menu card and began to study it.

"I could have told you what she would order at once, but it took her fully five minutes before she confided to the patient waiter her wants. He was back in less than three with her lunch(?)—a bowl of consomme for herself and a glass of milk for sonny.

"Bread, of course, is served with the soup, and the two have made a slow and hearty lunch. She finished a few minutes ago, ordered a finger bowl, took one of the napkins, and, dipping it in water, scrubbed the boy's face and hands, wiped them with the other napkin, and is now pulling and setting herself for departure. I can see from here that the tablecloth is plentifully sprinkled with milk and soup—she fed the boy some of that too—and must be taken off at once. She has used three large dinner napkins, has occupied two more places than she pays for, sat in the restaurant nearly an hour, and her check is—30 cents."

"Will she fee the waiters? That's too silly a question to answer. I'm not done with her yet," he added under his breath, as the lady approached laden with parcels and leading a 3-year-old boy by the hand.

"That's just the change, I believe," she remarked, dropping three 10-cent pieces on the marble before her, "and will you be good enough to check these parcels and this umbrella for me. I shan't be going up-town for a couple of hours yet," she added, explanatorily.

"Certainly, madam."

"Thank you very much. Oh, by the way, you may give me back that largest parcel. I want to send it by express. Yes, that one. Thank you. Do you think that sufficiently secure for an express parcel?"

"I think so; but I can tie it in another wrapper if you wish."

"It might be better; I shall be much obliged. Come, Dickie. Oh," returning, "I may send a messenger for the parcels, will there be any charge?"

"Certainly not, madam."

"Oh, thank you. Come, Dickie."

The proprietor and the reporter each drew a long breath and looked at one another.—New York Times.

Beneficial Results of Sponge Bathing.

Let us add a few words on the sponge bath, the form of bathing where the water is applied to the surface through the medium of cloth or sponge, no part of the body being plunged in the water. The practice of systematic, daily sponge-bathing is one giving untold benefits to the follower. Let a person, not over-strong, subject to frequent colds from the slightest exposure, the victim of chronic catarrh, sore throat, etc., begin the practice of taking a sponge-bath every morning, commencing with tepid water in a warm room (not hot), and following the sponging with friction that will produce a warm glow over the skin, and then take a five-minutes' brisk walk in the open air. See if you do not return with a good appetite for breakfast. After having used tepid water for a few mornings, lower the temperature of the bath until cold water can be borne with impunity. The daily cold sponging of a sensitive throat or lungs will often result most satisfactorily if persistently and conscientiously followed. The cold, ante-breakfast sponge bath should, however, be avoided by the weak person and the one whose lungs are already diseased, as the reaction following might not be strong enough to prevent colds which might hasten fatal results. Another use of the cold bath is to induce sleep, by calling the blood to the surface; the congested brain is relieved and sleep comes in consequence. It is on this principle the winding of the leg in a cold wet cloth proves so effacious in provoking sleep.

There is still another use of the sponge bath that must not be passed over; it is bath par excellent for the invalid, and by the addition of rock salt or of alcohol it is made stimulating, and at the same time soothing. It is the only form of bath that can be given the fever-stricken patient, by the layman and when soda or rum has been added, care being taken to squeeze the sponge quite dry, to prevent wetting clothing, no evil results can follow, except in the exanthemata.—Amelia A. Whitfield, M. D., in Good Housekeeping.

One Way to Keep Credit Good.

The clearing-house exhibits of the various cities of the United States are looked upon as very good thermometers of trade. They are to some extent, but not to the extent generally estimated. Many of them are doctored. I had a good illustration of this several years ago. I was a director in one bank and had an intimate personal friend in another bank, and we often compared notes.

One day we were passing a certain business house, and my friend remarked that that man was doing a big business, and had a great deal of enterprise; that he deposited large sums, $7,000 and $8,000 and $9,000 every few days at his bank, and he understood he had accounts at other banks also. I had been watching the man referred to for some time, and the remark rather interested me, so much so that I inquired more particularly as to when these deposits were made. The last one had been that day. The same man had drawn within $100 of the amount deposited out of our bank. A couple of days later he returned about the same amount. It continued that way right along, robbing his account in one bank to make a showing of a big cash business in another. It was very simple, but as you see, it kept up appearances and gave him good credit.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Beef Marrow for the Nerves.

The fashionable fop just now comes as near to having a new idea as his brain permits, and it is that his nervous system being exhausted by frightful dissipation, don't you know, he ought to eat viands that will strengthen it. His whim is that beef marrow will do him good in that way. The consequence is that grilled bones are in the latest bills of fare at the swell restaurants. As the dish is composed of exceedingly cheap material, it could be sold at a low figure, but if it was the dandies wouldn't eat it, and so the price is $1 at the concern famous for being the costliest in town. The vitality spent chap, or one who pretends to be in that condition after a night of owling, drags and drawls into the place, drops languidly into a chair, orders grilled bones, and drinks a whisky cocktail while waiting for the food. The bones are served bare of meat, and browned by partial incineration on the grill, and with them come a few slices of thin, crustless, white bread. The bones have been carefully cleaned on the outside, and the eater takes up one in his left hand, while with his right he uses a long, narrow spoon to excavate the marrow, which he spreads on the bread.—New York Cor. Boston Herald.

Struck with an Ingenious Idea.

Before Gen. Miles surrendered Harper's Ferry to Stonewall Jackson, in September, 1862, his troops buried some of their ammunition to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. A few days later, after the battle of Antietam, the Second corps occupied the position. A green regiment attached to the corps encamped on Bolivar heights, and a group of its men, having unearthed what they took to be solid shot (of the elongated kind for rifled cannon), were one afternoon struck with an ingenious idea. They set four of the shot on the ground in the form of a cross, with an opening in the middle, the contrivance constituting what they regarded as a splendid hearthplace for their cooking. Piling up wood in the middle and placing their camp-kettle above so as to rest on the four shot, they lighted their fine kitchen fire. A few seconds later the deep-tongued roar of an explosion caused every man in the Second corps to harness up and jump out from his tent ready for an attack by the enemy. A tall column of dust and smoke was rising from Bolivar heights, but that was all. For some mysterious reason only the kettle and its contents were damaged by the explosion of the four shells.—T. F. Galwey.

A Land of Coldless Cold.

On the island of Chiloe, on the southwest coast of South America, they have 290 cold, rainy days in the year, four-fifths of the rain being mixed with sleet. Yet the natives of that remarkable clime enjoy an equally remarkable immunity from pulmonary disorders. Catarrhs are so nearly unknown that our current theories on the origin of "colds" seem in urgent need of a revision. The latter fact appears to have been recognized now and then. "I shall not attempt to explain," says Benjamin Franklin, "why damp clothes occasion colds rather than wet ones, because I doubt the fact. The cause of 'colds,' I believe, is totally independent of wetness, and even of cold."—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

A Good Shot with a Rifle.

Jo Brown, one of the Georgia senators, used to be the best shot with a squirrel rifle in the south. His father would give him twelve bullets and tell him to bring in twelve squirrels. "And mind ye," the old man would add, "let the holes be through their 'tarnal heads."—Chicago Tribune.

Desks of United States Senators.

Vice President Sherman's desk is on a rostrum, several feet above the floor. It is a fancy affair of mahogany, beautifully carved and highly polished, and its top is covered with navy blue cloth, and upon it there is a white ivory gavel, a very pretty inkstand, and a lot of bills. The vice president does not do much work at this desk. He retains his old senatorial seat on the floor, and occasionally sits in it. The average senatorial desk is of mahogany, of the same shape as that of a schoolboy, and on the top of each desk there is a silver plate with the name upon it of the senator who sits behind it. Some senators keep their desks very nice, and the condition of those of others would drive an old maid into perpetual hysterics. Blair's desk is now in a litter, and the floor between those of Senators Morgan and Butler is covered with little bits of paper which some senator has torn up and thrown down there. Ingalls' desk is piled high with papers and documents, and Morgan, Butler, and Logan each have bookcases in front of their desks filled with calfskin law books. The chairs which the senators use are red leather mahogany ones, with high backs. A few seats of wicker are creeping in, but the old style is the favorite one, and four-fifths of the chairs are of this kind.—"Carp" in Cleveland Leader.

A Study of the Hotel Register.

The Almighty loves those who keep his commandments, but he despises a bad penman. Yet it seems to be an affectation on the part of some to be as obscure in their writing as they are in their intellect. Study the hotel register of a large caravansary for one day and you will only be able to decipher one-third of the names correctly. Bill Jones, the farmer, and Snobs, the millionaire, each dash down a crooked line and go off complacently supposing that the world will be able to read at once that they are in town. To conclude this essay a word of advice is necessary. Go practice with a Roman spear or a Jewish javelin and buckets of ink, until you can take up a common red-handled pen and write down plainly that you are John Smith of Doesville. Then you have started on the road to success.—Pioneer Press.

An African Canine Prodigy.

The Hamburg Zoological garden has received a full-grown specimen of the Canis pictus, or spotted wild dog, of central Africa. The creature is a native of the western Transvaal, and in appearance an astonishing hybrid between a hound and half a dozen other animals. He has the size and general form of a deerhound, the tail of a fox, the black snout of a hyena, and the spots and stripes of a leopard. His voice is a sort of coughing howl, and he paces his cage all day long with the restlessness of a captured wolf.

The darkest hour in the history of a young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.

GEM

Piano and Organ

COMPANY.

WASHINGTON, N. J.

MR. EDWARD PLOTTS, who is one of the firm, is in Chestertown with four car loads of Organs and Pianos from the above well-known manufactory, and is stopping at the Voshell House. He has rented the store-room on Cross street, or the street that leads to the public school, between Chapman & Lambert's carriage factory and Hudgins' bakery, and has his teams ready to deliver Organs and Pianos in any part of the town or county. Any one wishing to examine one of these instruments or desiring to take it on trial for a few days, can have it delivered at their homes. If it does not prove entirely satisfactory they are under no obligation to keep it. Parties having old Pianos or Organs can get fair prices for them in exchange for new ones.

We refer to the following parties, who have purchased Gem Organs and Pianos of Mr. Edward Plotts during his sixty days' sojourn in Easton, Talbot county :

W. C. Greenwood	Easton
August Hemmerie	Longwood
E. J. Biery	Easton
M. D. Cram	Chapel
W. W. Gealon	Easton
Effie Anderson	"
W. J. Marvel	Trappe
Mrs. Sherwood	Hambleton
Robert Colby	Chapel
Thomas Price	Easton
Mr. Swartz	"
James M. Davis	Longwood
R. T. Pratt	Easton
James G. Jones	St. Michaels
Mr. E. H. Lloyd	Trappe
Frank Saulsbury	Matthews
Joseph Vansant	Easton
W. H. Pasterfield	Trappe
Easton High School	
Capt. Jas. S. Duncan	Tilghman's Island
Nathan Hubbard	Easton
Mr. Thomas J. Rowens	Longwood
Mr A. A. Pascault	Easton
Mr John Jump	Matthews
W. T. Marvel	Trappe
Mrs. R. V. Leonard	Easton
Mr. George Rowens	Longwood
Mr. Bryant	Easton
Mr. S. J. Snell	Chapel
Mr. Swift	Easton
Mr. N. C Rittenhouse	"
Rev. J. D. Carey	"
Joseph Ewing	"
Mr. Newnam	Trappe
Thomas Baker	Easton
George Griffin	Trappe
Mrs. Tille Barwick	Matthews
Ed. Shehan	Trappe
John Barwick	Matthews
Mrs. J. H. Craft	Chapel
John S. Haddaway	Oxford
Mr. Jesse Mullikin	Trappe
Mrs. Jackson	"
Jno. Hubbard	Cordova
Mr. Samuel Yeo	Easton
Mr. Coates	Bethlehem
W. J. Adams	Easton
P. H. Morris	"
Capt. Catrup	Skipton
Mrs. Thompson	Hillsborough
Jos. Bowdle	Tunis' Mills
L. S. Seymour	Trappe
Sam'l Griffin	"
John George	McDanielstown
Sam'l Harrison	Whitman
Owen R. Porter	"
James Ridgeway	Cordova
W. J. Dukes	"
Major Maddox	Cambridge, Md.

Persons desiring these elegant instruments should address

EDWARD PLOTTS,
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May 20.

We refer to the following parties, who have purchased Gem Organs and Pianos of Mr. Edward Plotts in Queen Anne's county :

Mrs. John Mason	Clucktown
Robert Mullikin	"
Mr. Fifer	Hayden's Station
Mr. Seeney	"
Thomas Sudler—Piano	Centreville
Mrs. Wolcott	Wye Mills
J. C. Morris	"
Marion D. Wilson	Queenstown
Alfred Tucker	Brick School House
W. J. Smith	Beaver Dams
T. J. Tucker	Rolph's Wharf
Mrs. Walter Draper	Hayden's Station
Samuel Melvin	Bordley's Island
C. K. Wrightson	Wye Neck
Mr. Jas. McWarner	Ruthsburg
Miss Ella B. Chance	Bordley's Island
Mr. E. A. Vansant	"
A. B. Rothwell	Spaniard's Neck
John T. Rutter	Near Town
W. H. Conoley	Wye Mills
W. H. Cecil	Clucktown
Richard Gardner	Wye Mills
Rebecca Rimmer	Near Town
J. Frank Coppage	Hayden's Station
E. B. Walls	Price's Station
Joshua Seeney	Price's Station
Mr. Boyle	Hall's X Roads
Murry Jarvis	Tilghman's X Roads
Capt. John Catrup	Wye Mills
Mrs. Mollie E. Nickerson	Rolph's Wharf
James Brown	Willoughby's Shops
Capt. J. T. Jones	Rolph's Wharf
A. E. Welch	Church Hill
Wm. Richardson	Queen Anne's Station
James T. Roe	Willoughby's Shops
Wm. H. Cabell	Price's Station
W. T. Elliott, of Jas	Hayden's Station
Valentine