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GENIUS.

Far out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail;
We saw a snow white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale
Far out at sea.

The little wanderer, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast;
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue
Far out at sea.

Above there gleamed the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit life of this vast scene,
Far out at sea.

The tiny soul that soared away,
Seeking the clouds on fragile wings,
Lured by the brighter, purer ray
Which hope's ecstatic morning brings—
Far out at sea.

Away he sped, with shimmering glee,
Scarce seen, now lost, yet onward borne!
Night comes with wind and rain, and he
No more will dance before the morn,
Far out at sea.

He dies, unlike his mates, I ween,
Perhaps not sooner or worse crossed;
And he hath felt and known and seen
A larger life and hope, though lost
Far out at sea.

—Richard Hengist Horne.

MARY MARLEY.

It became absolutely necessary for the defense to find Mary Marley. She seemed to be the one important witness. Her name came up in the story told by every witness. She had worked in the factory at the same time the other girls were employed there; she had witnessed all that the other girls had, and evidently a great deal more. When little Tillie Brown told her story to Mr. Bocker, the counsel for the defense, Mr. Bocker inquired: "Now, how do you know this to be a fact? Did you see it?"

"Oh, no," said Tillie, "I didn't see it, but I know it's true, for Mary Marley saw it, and she told me."

In Josie Johnson's story was the very proof the defense wanted, but when closely pressed Josie said: "I didn't hear him say so, myself. I wasn't in the room at the time. But Mary Marley was, for she told me all about it."

It was clear that Mary Marley must be found, but nobody knew what had became of her. All of the other girls who had worked in the factory with Mary, four years before, had been found, after a long search. They were scattered all over the city, and one had married and gone to Michigan, and another had married and gone to Nebraska. But nobody knew where Mary was. Frank Morgan, Lawyer Bocker's clerk and general helper, had been looking up the witnesses and working up the testimony in this case for more than a year. Incidentally, he had all this time been looking for Mary Marley. All he could learn of her was that she had a half brother who was a carpenter, and who had at one time worked in Englewood.

Two weeks before the time set for the trial Mary Marley's case was turned over to a detective agency. Three men were set to work to find her, with instructions to spare no expense and to locate her within a week.

Four days passed and the detectives reported no progress. On the Fifth day Frank Morgan went to Englewood to hunt for the half brother, the carpenter. He wandered around the village, looking for houses in course of construction. He interviewed every boss carpenter and contractor, but none knew a carpenter named Marley. Frank was growing very weary of this apparently hopeless hunt, when he encountered a contractor named Morgan. Mr. Morgan had never heard of a carpenter named Marley. Then he and Frank fell to discussing the antecedents of their families, to see if they could discover any relationship to each other. As is usual in such cases, they discovered none, but the chat made them friends, and perhaps interested the contractor the more in Frank's business.

As he was about to leave, Frank said: "Now, you're sure you never heard of Marley?"

"Let me think," said the contractor. "Seems to me—yes—oh! he's the fellow. I remember him now; got into some trouble here three or four years ago with his wife. She was divorced from him, and he kidnaped their child here one day. I remember him now—there was a good deal of talk about it."

"What's become of him?"

"Oh! bless you, I haven't the least idea. Never thought of him from that day to this."

"You say it created a good deal of talk?"

"Lord! yes; everybody in the neighborhood knew of it."

"Well, now, who's the gossip in this community? Isn't there some old woman 'round here who knows everybody's business? There generally is in every neighborhood."

"The contractor smiled. "Now, I can tell you of an old woman whose tongue is loose at both ends; but, of course, I wouldn't want you to give me away. But if there's anything she don't know about what's happened around here for the last twenty years it isn't worth nothing."

Frank promised he would never tell.

"Well, her name is old Mrs. Fuller, and she lives over here on —— street somewhere. You find her, and you can bet she'll tell you more than you want to know."

Frank hurried to —— street to find the gossip. After inquiring at several houses for the old lady's residence, a fat, gawky boy answered his ring.

"Do you know an old lady named Fuller, who lives on this street, young man?" asked Frank.

The boy looked at him with open mouth for a moment and then said: "Does she make wagons or sell milk?" "I give it up," said Frank. "Well, the Mrs. Fuller that sells milk lives right over there in that little wooden house," said the boy.

"I guess that's the woman I want," said Frank.

He knocked at the door of the cottage, and an old lady appeared. She wore a lace cap and a long alpaca apron. "How de do! How de do!" she said. "Come in. I've been out all the afternoon, and the fire is nearly out. Come, Nellie, git down"—tipping up a high backed rocking chair and spilling out of it a large white cat. Then she turned the cushions over. "Sit down—who are ye, anyway"—peering into his face.

"My name is Morgan. I am trying to find a man named Marley—a carpenter. He got into some trouble three or four years ago. Kidnaping a child, or something. Do you know where he is now?"

"That was the queerest thing," said the old lady. "My! Oh! that was four years ago last summer. Yes, it was in the summer, for the child was playin' out in the front yard. I didn't see it myself, an' I don't know anything about it, but I heard he went right into the yard and picked the child up an' ran down the street, the woman after him, screamin', an' everybody comin' out to their doors. That was after they was divorced, you know. I don't know what the trouble was between them; but they say she was just as bad as he was, and the Lord knows that was bad enough. I saw her once, an' I declare to goodness"——

"Yes, that's all right," broke in Frank; "but I don't care anything about that. Where is he now?"

"Bless you! I don't know. I heard it said he married agin—married some woman from Blue Island—a widder. I b'lieve. An' she's a vixen, they tell me. If he couldn't git along with his first woman, I don't know what he'll do with this one, if all reports are true about her."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"Oh, I tell you I don't know the first thing in the world about either of 'em. She's a midwife I hear, an' come to think about it she 'tended a women that had a baby over here on S—— street somewhere, a couple of weeks ago."

"Where does the woman live who had the baby?"

"I don't know. I didn't care enough about it to ask. A little bit of a child it was, they tell me, an' ain't expected to live."

"Well, who told you the woman had a baby?"

"Sure enough. That's so. It was the Turner girls told me. I don't know how they know. Mebbe they're some relation to her or something. They don't live here, you know. They're just here going to school. They live over here on N—— street with Mrs. Gage, I know where the house is, but I don't know the number. They're real nice girls and"——

"Yes, yes; I know," said Frank. "I'm ever so much obliged to you. I'll go see is I can find the young ladies."

He started for N—— street. Here was a hot trail. If he could find the Turner girls and then the woman who had been attended by the midwife, then the midwife herself, the wife of the carpenter, he was in a fair way way to learn something of Mary Marley.

He found Mrs. Gage's house without trouble, and inquired at the door: "Do the Misses Turner live here?"

"Yes, sir; they are just sitting down to dinner."

Through an open door Frank saw two young ladies at the dinner table. He was so full of his business that he forgot the small formalities of the occasion, and walking into the dining room he said: "Good evening, ladies. Do either of you know a lady who had a baby a few days ago?"

The young ladies blushed, looked very much astonished and half rose from their seats.

Frank hastened to apologize. And by a rather lengthy explanation he caused the young ladies to grant him pardon for his brusqueness, and to fully appreciate the importance of the business at hand. But the young ladies did not know where the sick lady lived. It was over on B—— street somewhere, but just where they did not know. They had never been in the house. Nor did they know the lady's name. It was a queer name—began with an I—Illington, or Illingsworth, or something like that. They had learned by chance of the birth of the baby, and really didn't know anything about the matter at all.

Frank's hopes sunk, but with this thread of a clew he went over to B—— street and began to ring door bells and inquire: "Do you know a man who lives on this street by the name of Illington, or Illingsworth, or some such name?"

And the answer would come: "No, there's no such man lives around here," and the door would close.

Frank was about to give it up. He was cold and hungry, and the hour was getting late.

"Yes, Julia; the man who lives in the cottage just beyond the big brick has a name like that. It begins with I, anyway," said a female voice within the house.

Frank's hopes went up, and he hurried to the cottage. His knock brought to the door a big, broad shouldered man, in his shirt sleeves.

"Good evening," said Frank. "Does your name begin with I?"

"Well, you bet it does. My name is Ingelfritz. Come in."

Frank seized the broad shouldered man by the arm and in melodramatic tones inquired: "Did your wife have a baby lately?"

"Well—yes—she did," said Mr. Ingelfritz, scratching his head in perplexity and astonishment, "but I swear I don't know what business that is of yours."

Frank hurried to explain that he was looking for the midwife, and asked: "Do you know where she lives?"

"Yes, I know where she lives. But she hadn't better come to my house again. If I had her here now I think I would throw her clear across the street. She abused my wife and nearly killed my baby, and charged me twice as much as she ought to. She's a terror, I tell you!"

By this time he had found the card for which he had been hunting through his pockets. He handed it to Frank. The carpenter's wife lived at No. — Thirteenth street, Chicago.

Frank's feelings were away up in G again. He gave the new baby a half dollar to cut its teeth on, shook Mr. Ingelfritz warmly by the hand and hurried to the station to catch a train.

At the house on Thirteenth street a woman, answering the door bell, said: "Yes, Mr. Marley lives in the second flat. There he is now, coming down stairs."

A keen eyed, long whiskered man shook hands with Frank and invited him up stairs.

"Mr. Marley, you have a half sister by your name."

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard of her for three years."

Frank was struck dumb for a moment. Was this the result of his "fine work"—to run up against a stone wall just as he hoped for success?

"You don't mean that!" he said, pleadingly. "You know where she is. Come, man, think again. You certainly know where your sister is."

"No, I don't; and I don't want to know where she is, d— her! I have no use for her. She and I got through with each other a long time ago."

"But can't you suggest some way for me to find her?"

"No, I don't know anything about her. But, say, I'll tell you what I'll do, if you want to find her right bad, if you'll give me $5 I'll go into a trance and tell you where she is."

Here was a new ray of hope. "I'll go you," said Frank. "Get into your trance right quick, and here's your money as soon as you come out of it with Mary's address."

"Oh, but I can't get into a trance any time I want to," replied Marley, evasively. "I must have two or three days, may be a week, before one of them catches me."

"I can't wait so long," said Frank. "I must know within an hour. Here, I'll give you $5 to tell me where she is, and you needn't go into the trance. What do you say?"

The carpenter insisted that he didn't know his sister's whereabouts. Frank finally drew out of him that she had an old aunt named Murphy, who lived at Humboldt Park. He seemed to regret having given up this information, for later he declared that the old lady had moved to Milwaukee. Frank bade him good night, believing that the old aunt was in Humboldt Park, and depending on this last clew for the finding of Mary Marley.

Early next morning he took a cab and drove to Humboldt Park. After much inquiry at the drug stores and groceries he located Mrs. Murphy, and against hope found the old lady in her cottage. "Mrs. Murphy, you have a niece named Mary Marley. Do you know where she is?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; I see her every once in awhile. She's working for Lawyer K——, at No. —, Calumet avenue," she replied.

Frank did not throw his arms about the old lady's neck and kiss her, although he felt like doing so. He dived down into his pocket, brought up two silver dollars, and taking the chances of insulting the old aunt put them in her hand, thanked her and jumped into his cab.

He drove at once to the lawyer's residence on Calumet avenue and rang the door bell. A sturdy, fair haired servant girl appeared at the door. He seized her by the wrist and said: "Your name is Mary Marley?" "Yes, sir," said she, a little frightened, "I know it is."

"I'd rather see you than any woman on earth," he exclaimed. "I want you. Put on your bonent and come with me."

"But I haven't done nothing," she cried, wrenching her wrist from his hand, "and won't go with you."

"I know you haven't. Of course you haven't. Where's your mistress?"

Mrs. K—— appeared, and after long explanation Frank convinced her that he was all right, and that no harm would come to Mary. Mrs. K—— gave her consent, and told Mary she could go if she wished. Then followed another long explanation and much argument and persuasion on Frank's part to induce Mary to go to the lawyer's office with him. Finally she consented, put on her best gown and bonnet, and together they drove to Lawyer Bocker's office.

Frank ushered her into the lawyer's reception room. The door of the private office was closed. He entered, and found Mr. Bocker and Mr. Wall, the defendant in the coming trial, in consultation with the three detectives who had for a week been looking for Mary Marley.

"Well, Morgan," said Lawyer Bocker, "we'll have to give up the Marley girl. We haven't time to reach her. She's married and gone to Florida."

"That's too bad," said Frank. "How did you learn this?"

"These gentlemen have just turned in their report," said the lawyer, waving his hand toward the detectives.

"So you couldn't find her?" said Frank, addressing the detectives.

"No," said one. "We run down her half brother, and found from him that the girl was married about a year ago and went to Florida. Just where she is nobody knows."

"Well, now, gentleman," said Frank, "if you would really like to meet the young lady I'll introduce you to her."

He received no answer but a stare from them.

He stepped into the reception room, seized Mary by the hand, led her into the private office, and, bowing with mock dignity to the three detectives, said: "Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting Miss Mary Marley, who recently married and went to Florida."—Paul Hull in Chicago News.

One Secret of Happiness.

One of the secrets of happiness consists in finding enjoyment in the genius, the fame and the wealth of other people. "Miss S.," said a distinguished divine in Alabama one day to his neighbor, "you have devoted a great deal of care to the cultivation of your flower garden, and I wish to say that I am very grateful to you." "How so?" inquired the young lady. "The flowers are mine and not yours." "Ah, Miss S., that is true. The flowers are yours, but they are in full view from my house; they beautify the landscape, and I enjoy them as much as you do without having the trouble of taking care of them."

There is a great deal of philosophy in that way of looking at your neighbor's goods. If your prosperous friend builds a stately mansion, stand across the street and admire its noble proportions; do not hurry home to hide yourself in your poorer dwelling with envy gnawing at your heart. If he is a great orator, hear him and rejoice in his eloquence. If he has written a popular book, read it and share the general pleasure. Genius has wrought its best in sorrow and travail, but we may enjoy its works in our hours of ease.—New Orleans Picayune.

An End of Mummery.

The ancient Prussian custom of holding a "Black Drawing room" after the monarch's death has been honored in the breach on this occasion. Formerly in Prussia, so soon as the king was dead, all the ministers of the crown, foreign ministers, and the court generally, repaired in full dress to the palace. The first rooms they entered were brilliantly lit up, but gradually, as they went through the different apartments leading to the throne room, the lighting became dimmer and dimmer, till this last being reached it was found in semi-darkness. Around the throne were grouped a series of waxwork figures, deeply veiled with black, representing the chief members of the new court, and before these all the high dignitaries solemnly passed, bowing themselves out backwards. The wisdom of dropping such grotesque mummery is scarcely open to question.—London Life.

The World's Best Mutton.

The sweetest, tenderest, and most palatable mutton in the world is that raised in Ireland. The Irish sheep grow larger than ours, they feed on better pastures, and their meat is wholly free from that strong, "sheepy" taste which makes ours so disagreeable to many palates. No American who has eaten the mutton served in the Irish hotels will take any other kind of meat while he stays there. The English mutton, though better than ours, is far inferior to the Irish. American mutton is sold in the English, Irish and Scotch markets, but it brings from three to four pence less a pound than the native products, and no one who can afford the latter will take the former.—Boston Globe.

Progress of Yucatan.

An out of the way quarter of the world is the Mexican state of Yucatan, to most travelers, but it appears to have caught the spirit of progress. A recent traveler writes that taxable property of the state is now valued at $3,657,683. The public schools supported by the state number 202, and are attended by upward of 11,000 pupils. Colleges are located at Merida for the study of law and medicine, and Valladolid has an institute, a conservatory of music, and academies. The postal service of the country is good, and telegraph and telephone offices are being rapidly multiplied.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Knew the Sex.

Wife—What do you mean by coming home at this time of night, George?

Husband—'S all your fault, my dear—bic—'s all your fault.

W. (with a dark frown)—All my fault, sir! All my fault!

H.—Yes. F'lers wanted me to stay longer. Wouldn't do it. Said a man with a wife 's pretty 'n amiable 's mine had no s'cuse for staying out any longer. That's reason why er I come home so soon.

W. (smiling)—Well, you're a great trial to me, George, but I suppose I'll have to forgive you.—Boston Courier.

Novel School Custom.

A school custom which American children certainly would find attractive is practiced in Thuringia. The schoolmaster presents to every child on its first entrance into the school an enormous bag of sweets. Lately the custom had degenerated to such a degree by the parents and friends of the well-to-do children all supplying additional bags to the favored pupil that the government has been obliged to interfere, and one bag only is now the rule in one district, while in another it has been caused to cease altogether.—Chicago Herald.

Another View of It.

There is, indeed, a positive harm that results from tabooing of the theatre by religious people. Why is so large a proportion of our plays frivolous and vulgar? Because the frivolous and vulgar predominate among theatre goers. If the large number of refined people who avoid the theatre were to attend, this proportion might be reversed, and more of the managers would find it profitable to bring out clean and wholesome dramas.—Henry T. Finck in the Cosmopolitan.

Demand for Tripe.

The much abused but easily digested tripe has at last received proper recognition from quite an unexpected quarter. Dr. Beaumont proved that raw oysters digested in two hours and fifty-five minutes and boiled tripe digested in one hour. Acting on this information, epicures with weak digestive organs have taken kindly to tripe, and the demand for it at the leading restaurants is on the increase.—New York Sun.

An Important Innovation.

Several newly organized manufacturing companies are now working upon sulphite fiber, made from refuse of sawmills and used for paper stock. There is one company in Watertown, N. Y., one in Chicago and one in Detroit. The Detroit factory produces from ten to twelve tons of fiber a day. It is the most important innovation in the manufacture of paper stock since wood pulp was introduced.—Chicago Times.

Was Getting Desperate.

An overheard dialogue between women: "I fear that Harry is getting desperate. He left me in a terribly agitated state last evening, and threatened to do something that he might regret all his life." "Did he? Then it seems he has really made up his mind to ask you to marry him."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Tombstone's Inscription.

There is a tablet in an English cemetery with the following inscription: "Here lies the body of ——, who for many years conducted a highly respectable general business in an adjoining village, which is now continued by his widow. N. B.—No trust given."—New York Tribune.

HARMLESS ACCIDENTS

WHICH ARE NOTABLY INTERESTING TO RAILROAD PATRONS.

Narrow Escapes and Unaccountable Mishaps Never Before Reported—Lost Driving Wheels—Wrecked Locomotive—A Switchman's Mistake.

Curious accidents happen on railroads. Because they are not attended with loss of life the public never hears of them, and yet they are so strange that most people will be inclined to believe they never happened or could happen.

Some time last summer one of these happened on the Rock Island road within 100 miles of Chicago. A passenger train was running at full speed across a rather level piece of country. The train was probably making sixty miles an hour when, without any premonition whatever, all four of the driving wheels suddenly left the engine and went spinning off across the fences into the adjoining fields. Why they did it nobody knows to the present day; but they did it, and the strangest part of it all is that nobody was hurt, and but little damage was done to the road or the train. Of course the train was brought to a rather sudden standstill. Being left without its main support, the engine dropped down until the firebox scraped along on the ties and rails for a short distance, but it was so well held up by the pilot wheels, and the strong couplings of the tender that it did no serious damage, and not a wheel, except those that went spinning off across the fields, like so many school boys' hoops, left the tracks. Of course the train was delayed until word could be sent to the nearest station and another engine secured, but that was the only inconvenience that anybody suffered from this very strange happening.

A WRECKED LOCOMOTIVE.

Something over a year ago a passenger train on the Northwestern road was pulling up toward a station in a northern Wisconsin town. The baggageman and one of the other trainmen were standing in the door of the baggage car looking out, as such men often do, at a village as they pass through it. Just before they reached the station they were surprised to see alongside of the track a wrecked locomotive. It had been going in the same direction they were going, and they saw at once the wreck had been very recent. It was not, however, until they pulled up at the station that they discovered the engine was the one that had been pulling their own train. It seems it had exploded, jumped the track and fallen in the ditch a complete wreck, without disturbing the remainder of the train, and it all happened so silently that, while they were only the second car from the engine, they had not heard the explosion or the crash it made when it left the track.

A very strange accident occurred on the Chesapeake and Ohio road. The train was running down grade at a rapid rate of speed in the West Virginia coal district, when it plunged into a mass of soft earth and rocks that had fallen down the mountain side on to the track. The concussion, while not so abrupt, was sufficient to throw the locomotive from the rails, and it rolled over into the river. The rebound snapped the pin connecting the tender and the baggage car, and the former shot forward, jumped clear over the debris, landed safely on the rails, and was found at the foot of the grade, three miles from the wrecked engine. The automatic brakes held the remainder of the train, not a wheel of which left the track. Another engine was telegraphed for, and the train went into Louisville on time. None of the passengers was any the wiser for their miraculous escape. The engineer and fireman went down with the engine, and both swam ashore. Barring a little shaking up and a cold bath, they were none the worse for their night's adventure, and proceeded westward with the train.

President Strong, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, had a close call once on the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. He was en route to San Francisco and was traveling in a private car. A small single span deck bridge had burned out during the night, leaving the rails suspended. They were pinioned at either end by the ordinary bolts and splice bars, and the heat had warped them until they resembled the phonetic alphabet in shape. The train was running in the neighborhood of a mile a minute when it struck the warped rails, and heaven only knows what held it up, but they passed over all right, with only a slight damage to the car. Probably the terrific rate of speed at which the train was flying saved the lives of all on board.

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

Two very narrow escapes from smash up have recently happened to the limited trains running east from Chicago, and both occurred not very long ago. The first happened within the first 100 miles out from this city to the train going east. It was to meet a freight at a long siding out on a prairie, midway between stations. The freight ran into the siding in ample time to be out of the way of the flying "limited," and one of the brakemen got off and went forward to the switch to be ready to open it as soon as the train had gone by. He was very tired and sleepy from some cause, and sat down on the switch beam, and almost immediately fell asleep. He was almost as quickly awakened by the thundering of the approaching train. Why he did it he does not know to this day, but in his confusion he reached for the switch and turned it. Both engineers had their eyes fixed on the switch, as their custom is, and both in an instant saw the danger that threatened them. The one on the flying "limited" quickly reversed his engine and set his brakes, while the one on the freight turned on a full head of steam to force his train backward. The brakeman also saw the danger as quickly as they did, but not quickly enough to correct his terrible mistake, and he had only time to jump to one side, to fall rather than scramble out of the way, when the passenger passed the switch and turned into the siding full on the freight. When the switchman recovered he found that the two engines had gone together, but with force enough to only slightly damage their pilots. One of the engineers had jumped from his train after doing all he could to save it, and was slightly injured, but was able to take his position in the cab and proceed on his journey. The passengers probably do not know to this day why the train was stopped so suddenly.

The other narrow escape also occurred on one of the eastern roads, and not much further away from Chicago. It happened one foggy night when the fog was so thick that engineers could scarcely see that their engines carried headlights. The fast train from the east was ordered to make its best time to a certain station, where it would meet another train from the west, which was to be on the side track. The western train was given orders to go to another side track, some six miles further east, and pull in in time to be out of the way of the westbound train. It made good time, reached the siding and pulled in on it, and much to the surprise of the trainmen, especially the rear brakeman, who was standing on the rear platform, the other train dashed by just in time to graze the corner of the last car.—Chicago Times.

In Defense of Polday.

An enterprising Philadelphia printer, evidently desirous of relieving Friday from the unjust odium hanging about it, is circulating the following list of events that have occurred on Friday:

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Mayflower landed on Friday.
Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastile destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.
Moscow burned on Friday.
Shakespeare born on Friday.
King Charles I beheaded on Friday.
Richmond evacuated on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.

An Absurd Technicality.

A French provincial lawyer recently died. In his will he directed that an annuity of $400 a year be paid to the servant who should "close his eyes." When this clause was read the servant who performed this office jumped with joy; but his delight was speedily dampened by the nephew and heir of the dead man, who reminded the servant that his master had only one eye. And the servant actually failed to get his legacy on this absurd technicality.—New York Tribune.

It is better to take a little liver medicine than to grumble and feel blue, and the man who has had fruits during the winter will not need the medicine.

"Yes, sir," said Popinjay, emphatically, "Graball is a man of limited means, but unlimited meanness."—Burlington Free Press.

THEY STOOP TO FATE.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armor against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield:
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow:
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

—Shirley.

EATERS OF INDIAN HEMP.

How the Hashish Drunkard Carries On a Debauch in a Methodical Manner.

Old and experienced hemp eaters go very methodically to work. They say that to relish hemp one must first abstain from all stimulating food and drink for a brief period; for only after a short fast can one taste to the full the delights of hashish and render one's system fully susceptible to its influence. So, for several days previous to the "orgie" the experienced hemp eater eats no meat, drinks neither wine nor spirit, lives mainly upon vegetable foods, light pastry, and ripe fruits, and smokes little.

On the day of the debauch he rises very early and fasts till the afternoon, when the friends who are to join him arrive. They prepare for dinner by taking a strongly charged pipe, and inhaling the thick, white smoke. A light meal is then served, in which plenty of sweet pastry figures, and each of the company retires to his cushion prepared for the evening's indulgence. Musicians are stationed at the end of the apartment, dancing girls are introduced, or, if the host is a very wealthy man, he orders his own slaves in. Hemp boluses are passed around, and the pipes well charged with the drug. For this purpose tobacco is first laid in the bowl; upon this a small charge of pure hashish extract is placed, and the whole is fired by the means of a glowing ember of charcoal and saltpetre, which has been mingled with honey and dried. Strong and well sweetened coffee is handed round, and while the dancing and music go on the smokers begin. Lounging back, they suck the smoke into the lungs and air passages, sending it forth again through the widely distended nostrils, and, gazing upon the forms and faces posturing and revolving before them, the hashashin swims off in a sea of blissful content that verges upon ecstasy.

As soon as the pipe is exhausted strong coffee without sugar is taken, and this rouses the dreamers from their vision of delight. But a "bolus" of hemp cake, and another pipe well charged, stimulates afresh the excited imagination, and sends them off again into their dreamlands. The singers chant their love songs, and the almehs sway in their passionate dances. This goes on for hours, fresh pipes and coffee being passed around at intervals, the smokers waking from one dream only to go off into another. Such an orgie, indeed, is sometimes protracted for two or three days. Then lassitude and exhaustion ensue, and the hashash experiences a sort of revulsion against the drug which lasts for some weeks, when the longing for it returns. In many parts—among the Bektaches, for example—there are regular gatherings for hemp smoking, just as the Nsairie of Syria meet on certain days to drink hemp tea. The poorer classes find opportunities for indulging in the drug in the so called "meshash" or hemp houses. These are forbidden in most moslem countries. But though the law may prohibit, it cannot suppress these places.—St. James' Gazette.

A Snake Charmer's Methods.

Miss Ida Jeffreys opened the boxes and took off the dainty white merino blankets and gray wolf robes that wrapped up the snakes. She lifted them up, fondled them and handed them over for inspection as she talked.

"How did I become a snake charmer?" she repeated. "Why, that isn't easy to tell. I have always liked snakes. I was born in New York, and this city has always been my home. I use to love to watch the snakes in their glass cage in Central park when I was a little girl. They always had a fascination for me. I didn't want to pet them, you know—I don't see how any sane person can care to do that—but I liked to be around them and watch them. My people are in the show business, and when I grew up I went to work as a high wire performer in the circus. I saw the famous Dama Ajanta, the Hindoo girl who charmed snakes here some years ago. She was tall and lithe and almost as slender as a snake. While performing with her pets she almost seemed to be a snake. She moved and acted like one. Seeing her act started me thinking why an American girl couldn't do something in that way. I made up my mind not to imitate her, but to get up a snake act of my own. In the fall of 1878 I bought four little anacondas—they were only six feet long each—and began to practice with them. I got them used to having me around and to being handled.

"Didn't it feel creepy at first? Yes, a little, I suppose, but I've nearly forgotten about that now. When they were quite accustomed to being handled I began to twine them around myself. Did I charm them? No. I don't take any stock in the theories of so called snake charmers. I find that you can get along very nicely with snakes by merely handling them gently. You must'nt make any sudden movements where they can see you, but let your hands glide rather than go quickly toward them. If you always remember that and never lose your presence of mind you can handle snakes safely enough. Many people believe that the snakes are drugged before being handled in the circus. That is not so. They are quite as lively as ever, as you can see."—New York World.

Prevailing Public Sumptuousness.

Truly this is an age of sumptuousness in public places, of elegance in cars, hotels, steamers, waiting rooms, stores, business offices and the like. For little more than the regular fare on the railways the man of moderate means can surround himself with such luxurious appointments as he can never hope to secure in his own home. He can for a brief period travel like a nabob, and dine and lunch like a lord. An equally brief stay at a modern hotel will surround him with a similar wealth of appointments. All must bring about a two fold result. One is to make the traveler determined to acquire the monetary power sufficient to bestow upon his home the elegance of a boudoir car; the other is to render his home and all in it shabby in comparison with the ornate beauty of the hotel and the Pullman. The latter result is most likely to follow the prevailing sumptuousness in public places. The poor man will feel poorer, the humble home will seem humbler, because of the reign of mahogany and silver and gilding and carvings and rich fabrics in places that are not and never can be homes.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Legend Among the Blacks.

Among those of the negro race that live far from white people, their teaching and their influence, there is a barbarous belief that, whereas God is indeed Creator of the dominant white race, they, poor blacks, are the handiwork of Satan. This making a man contra to the commands of our Creator was the sin for which the devil, once an angel of high degree, was flung from heaven: "Flung into hell," declared my informant, the corn vender, "en dar he be now tied ter de wheel er de chariot er fire! Chained ter de turnin' wheel er fire; en dar he gwine stay twel de Risin' Day." Finishing the uncouth legend: The devil, succeeding only in forming the shape of a man without the soul, became, as it were, a creator of death. "He blew en he blew, but dar come no life, dar come no breaf!" said the woman, excitedly. "But de Lo'd he feel s'orry far de dead man dat he gin him er breaf en er soul same ez er white man."—Eli Shepard in The Cosmopolitan.

Sending a Kiss.

After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a very scientific manner for a few moments, and then draws a circle around the blot and tells her it is a kiss.

Blobson's Success.

Popinjay—Well, Blobson, you've made a pretty good thing out of the grocery business, haven't you?

Blobson—Oh, yes, I've made a success of it in a small weigh.—Burlington Free Press.

Speak the truth, but without offense. Should this be too disagreeable, be silent; but tell no pleasant lies.

China now furnishes a third only of the tea used in England. India furnishes the greater part.

BOOTS!
BOOTS!
BOOTS!

SHOES!
SHOES!
SHOES!

EVERYTHING IN BOOTS.

EVERYTHING IN SHOES.

M. T. GOSLEE
Keeps A Shoe Store—Exclusively.

He does not keep a mixed store. He does not trade in molasses, kerosene or calico. But in the Shoe line he can supply what you want.

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HE COMPETES IN FINE WORK, IN DURABLE WORK, AND IN PRICES.

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Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of Ayer's Hair Vigor is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, it imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. It is carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or price ($1.00) refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, with full directions for home-treatment), send ten cents in stamps.

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Healthful Teeth are a "Lifetime Joy!"

SINCE in practice here I have extracted diseased teeth for over 1,800 patients (cases recorded) WITHOUT GIVING PAIN. *The Safe* administration of *Ether and Chloroform* my specialty.

N. B.—My services, for this purpose, at the call of physicians in surgical operations.

Why not have your decayed teeth filled?

W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.,
Nov. 17, 1887. Galena, Md.

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SIXTH & CHESTNUT,
(LEDGER BUILDING.)

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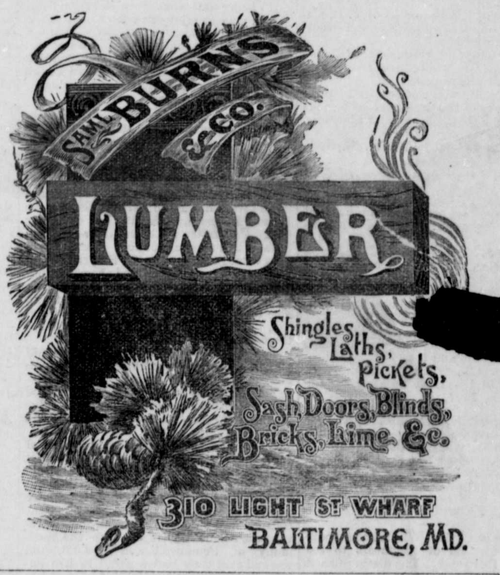
—AT—
Little Grove Nurseries,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
ABOUT 30,000 TREES!

THOSE who have not made their selections for new orchards will please do so at an early date, or else they must not blame any one but themselves in not being able to get varieties desired. Rhods needed for replanting should be in. It is both annoying to the planter in being obliged to substitute a variety, and a regret to the nurseryman not to be able to accommodate.

Feb. 9—tf. R. G. NICHOLSON, Chestertown, Md



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