THE HOLLOW.

The hollow in the old oak tree,
 Where happy children play,
Where woodbines climb and cling amid
 The roses' clustering spray.

The hollow in the old oak tree,
 Where happy lovers meet,
To linger long and whisper low
 Upon its mossy seat.

This hollow in the old oak tree,
 Where old men feebly come
To tell their tales and crack their jokes
 Or ere they totter home.

The hollow in the old oak tree—
 One haunts it when the moon
Gleams on the dewy wood walks, close
 Beside the streamlet's tune,

Upon the roughened bark to spend
 Hot kisses, passionate tears;
To murmur to the old oak tree
 Life's griefs for Love's lost years.
 —All the Year Round.

"CRUNCHER'S NIECE."

Owen Stanley, huddled in the corner of a third class carriage, was going from Manchester to Chatburn, where a position in a lawyer's office awaited him. The prospect was not cheerful, but it was the only means Owen had of earning his bread since the unlucky misunderstanding with Uncle Raymond. Also, if Uncle Raymond never would see the rights of that miserable affair, the work at Chatburn would be a stepping stone to a better place.

Owen's thoughts were decidedly gloomy, and there was nothing to enliven them in the contemplation of his fellow travelers. These were two shy, awkward, country maidens; the high and mighty valet of a gentleman in another compartment, a thin young man, with a wide strip of black plaster obliquely traversing his nose; and a wizened little old woman in a rusty bonnet, upon which the dejected feathers were so arranged as to make it suggest a molting hen. During the entire journey, this old lady had observed a sphinx-like silence, until, as they neared the Chatburn station, she gave vent to the sudden and unexpected statement, addressed to no one in particular: "Cruncherses lives in that red house yonder, with them yeller chimney pots. They say he uses that niece of his'n orful: a-starvin' an' a-beatin' of her in a way as never was."

Nobody replied to this gloomy revelation, and the old lady relapsed into her former silence. Mr. Stanley smiled grimly to himself as he wondered if many of his future townspeople bore such enviable reputations.

"Chatburn!" roared the guard, and Owen descended. When he presented himself at the office whither he was bound, he was informed that his services were not required. Mr. Topham, the head of the establishment, was unexpectedly obliged to accompany his daughter to a milder climate on account of her health, and the office was to be virtually closed for three months. Mr. Topham regretted exceedingly a mistake that had prevented a telegram from being sent to Mr. Stanley telling him of this change of plan.

"This leaves me in a pretty fix!" muttered Owen to himself, as he turned away. "What next? is a question fate must answer. I have, let me see—seven shillings, three pence and a postage stamp, in available cash—and no prospect of a farthing more, unless I earn it. Not enough to set up a monkey and barrel organ. I'm too old for a newsboy or bootblack, and too big for chimney sweep. Plainly, I must not be squeamish about anything that offers."

As he walked aimlessly down the street, he read the name, "Cruncher, Attorney," beside a dingy office door, with "Clerk Wanted" chalked underneath.

Cruncher—that was the name of the oger the old gossip denounced in the train. Could this be the same man?

"Here, Bob, take this letter down to the red house on the east road; it's for Mrs. Cruncher. The house with the yellow chimney pots; you can't mistake it, unless you try," called a young man from the window to a country lout just quitting the house.

No longer any doubt in Owen's mind of this being the Mr. Cruncher accused by the oracle in the bedraggled bonnet. Should he take warning and shun the place, or dismiss the old woman's maunderings from his mind altogether? or, another view of the case, should he watch if there were perchance means of helping a fair damsel in distress—befriending Cruncher's unlucky niece? He presented himself before Mr. Cruncher, and, after a sharp cross questioning, was engaged to fill the post vacant in the office.

From a fellow clerk Owen soon gleaned all there was to gather concerning the history of his employer. He was not liked in the place; he and his family kept closely to themselves in their house outside the town; they had no visitors, and people let them alone. There was a niece, a pretty looking girl of the name of Lee; Jackson, the clerk, had heard some tales of her being ill treated, but he supposed it was idle gossip.

Owen was inclined to believe that these rumors were not mere gossip, since he had had the pleasure of making Mr. Cruncher's acquaintance. He was a cold, fish like man, with a cruel, shallow, light blue eye, and a manner that kept children and dogs at a discreet distance. Owen, not having much food for thought during his leisure hours, was prepared to believe old Cruncher capable of any depravity.

The following Sunday the young man had an opportunity of seeing the entire Cruncher household in church. When the service was over, Mr. Cruncher stalked grimly forth, followed by the silent members of his family, each and all evidently in great awe of him.

"Louise, hold Tommy's right hand tight. You stupidly let him trip on the step, last Sunday!" said Mrs. Cruncher, in petulant tones, with a look to match, to her niece as they passed Owen.

It was consolation to have learned her name. Louise Lee—it was a pretty name, and suited her. Was her life made unhappy by that solemn brute of an old man? Owen longed for money and power and influence, and all the good things of this life, to take her away from her present bondage and give her a home fit for a princess. But none of these blessings came to him, and he had to content himself as best he might with seeing Louise once a week at church.

He had observed that it was Louise's habit, sanctioned by the elders of the family, to draw pictures for the amusement of the youthful Tommy during the sermon—a practice probably considered more beneficial to the young gentleman than slumber. Neither Tommy's parents nor the Abigail took the least interest in these works of art, and they were quietly inspected and destroyed by Tommy only each Sunday.

One morning Owen lost his way hopelessly in the labyrinths of the hymn book. As he was struggling to recover himself a pretty hand in a shabby glove—Louise's hand—held toward him a book with the place marked by a scrap of paper. Owen was uncomfortably conscious of blushing as he accepted the offered civility; but it was so more than charming to be noticed, even in the most commonplace way, by her.

The bit of paper between the pages was folded in two. He idly pressed it apart with his thumb, and to his astonishment read these words, evidently written in furtive haste: "Look, to-morrow, in my uncle's hat lining when he comes to the office."

This appeared, indeed, like the beginning of a most interesting adventure, and the overture made by a girl whom he feared ignored his very existence! How he sat quietly through the sermon, and passed the rest of the day and night until old Cruncher appeared at his usual post next morning, Owen never knew. When he saw his patron deeply absorbed in a pile of letters, Owen, like a coat and umbrella thief, stole out into the passage where such articles were deposited, and possessed himself of the old gentleman's sedate looking hat.

There, as he expected, he found stowed away in the lining a tiny little note. With trembling fingers the now hopeful lover laid smooth the complicated folds of the paper and read:

> Please do not think me forward or presuming in making the following request: I am in great trouble. To-morrow evening at 7 I shall not be missed for half an hour. Will you meet me at the end of the lane leading past our house—where the wood begins? L. L.

For the first time since the young man's arrival at the office Mr. Cruncher had occasion to complain of his inaccuracy and inattention in his work. The head of the establishment was, however, guarded in his reproof, for Stanley was a valuable assistant, in the main, and seemed content with astonishingly little pay.

The following evening Owen was at the place of rendezvous fully half an hour too soon. As he was beginning to despair of Louise's coming she appeared, breathless and greatly agitated.

"What must you think of me," she began, "making an appointment with you, almost a stranger, at dusk, in this theatrical manner?"

"I'm sure the motive for all your actions is good," replied Owen, gallantly.

"I have a strong motive in this case, certainly," continued Louise. "I wish to ask your advice on a matter of the utmost importance to me. I have studied your face as much as I dared in church"—Owen's heart gave a bound of delight. Then she had looked at and thought about him!—"and I think I can trust you, and call you my friend. I have no other."

She looked so lovely with the tears in her eyes, as she said this, that Owen longed to take her in his arms and kiss her, instead of declaring himself her devoted servant in plain words.

"Let us sit down on this fallen tree and I will begin my story at the beginning. You men of the law are impatient of unnecessary preamble," Louise went on, with a bright smile for a moment dispelling the melancholy clouding her face. "Last February, now nearly four months ago, I was traveling alone from here to Clover Hill on an errand for my aunt. My companions in the compartment were a very pretty old lady, an ordinary looking gentleman of about five-and-forty, and a younger man, not at all ordinary looking. He had large black eyes, with a wild look in them, and his dress and manners were quite different from those of the people I was accustomed to seeing. He sat opposite me, and soon after the train started began staring at me in a most annoying way."

"The impertinent rascal! How I wish I had been there to punch his head!" exclaimed Owen, with warmth.

"He perhaps did nothing to merit quite such severe punishment; but he was certainly then, and has been since, indirectly the cause of a great deal of misery to me. He amused himself for some time with casting what I supposed were admiring glances at me, pressing his hands to his heart and sighing profoundly. Then suddenly, to my utter amazement, he threw himself on his knees before me, declared, in very bad English, that he loved me to distraction, and, most startling of all, tore off his very handsome watch and chain and flung them into my lap."

"The man was mad, of course."

"Yes; we learned of this for a fact afterward. I looked at our traveling companion—the middle aged man already mentioned—in helpless fright. He started up, and, with what I then thought admirable presence of mind, exclaimed, angrily, 'How dare you insult my wife, sir?'

"This strong language had the desired effect, and the man seemed to shrink into himself and become quiet as a lamb. I suppose believing me to be the wife of somebody else shattered his hopes."

Here again the rare, sweet smile lent a new charm to Louise's face.

"Try as I might," she continued, "I could not prevail upon him to take back his watch, and at the next station the gentleman who called me his wife gave my admirer, with his watch, into the hands of a policeman, as mad. That was the last we ever saw of him, but we heard later that he was a Pole and incurably insane. The old lady in the coupe with us looked inquiringly at my rescuer, who laughed and murmured something I did not understand. I thanked him as I descended at my destination, never dreaming that he was to cross my path again."

Here Louise broke off, and the rest of her narrative was told less glibly.

"You perhaps know, Mr. Stanley, that I am an orphan, dependent on my uncle for everything, and consequently in his power for good or evil."

"More evil than good, I fancy," Owen wished to say, but refrained till he should have heard the end of the story. If he could sit thus forever on the mossy old log, listening to Louise's sweet voice, and watching her charming play of expression, how happy he believed he would be!

"Some weeks ago, one afternoon, my uncle called me from mending Tommy's stockings, and told me a friend wished to see in the drawing room. I, who had no friends, was much surprised; nor did this surprise lessen when I was presented to the man who had silenced the crazy Pole that day in the train. His name was Mitchell, and he turned out to be an old friend of my uncle's. 'Rich as Crœsus and a bachelor,' my uncle said to me, with a knowing wink, when our visitor had departed.

"I took a great dislike to Mr. Mitchell; in manner and appearance he was most repugnant to me. But I thought very little about him one way or another—why should I interest myself in a man older than my father?—until, a week later, Uncle Thomas informed me that Mr. Mitchell wished to marry me."

"Preposterous," exclaimed Owen.

"I don't often laugh in the presence of Uncle Thomas, but when he told me this I laughed heartily. This made my uncle very angry. Why should I make game of the offer of a man of whom I might be proud? I, who would be in the workhouse if it were not for the charity of my relations!"

"The brute!"

"If I was so silly as not to know on which side my bread was buttered—it was often difficult to tell—he would turn me out of doors, and that would perhaps bring me to my senses. But why need I tell you the particulars of this and many another most painful scene? I was silent and undecided for a while, and at last found courage to tell Mr. Mitchell that I could not marry him.

"He listened with a disagreeable smile, and replied: 'My young lady will not find refusal so easy as she thinks.'"

"Owing to rusty conduct on the part of your amiable uncle," interpolated Owen.

"I believed this was his meaning, until the next day. Then my aunt informed me calmly that I was already married to Mr. Mitchell."

"Is that good lady subject to such fits of mental aberration?"

"I stared at her in amazement, when she proceeded to explain to me that, according to Scotch law, if a man in the presence of a witness says a woman is his wife, and she does not deny it, it becomes a legal marriage. There was a witness in the train that day—the old lady I mentioned—Mr. Mitchell is Scotch, and was determined to have his rights.

"I could not believe aunt was in earnest, but it seems she was, and what is worse, they all beset me every hour in the day with speeches to the effect that it is of no use to try and escape my destiny; Mr. Mitchell has the law on his side, and the sooner, for appearance's sake, I consent to another marriage ceremony in church, the better.

"I have asked you to meet me here this evening, Mr. Stanley, to tell me truly if there is any ground for their saying I am Mr. Mitchell's wife."

"It is the most preposterous, cowardly lie I ever heard of!" exclaimed Owen, quite boiling over with indignation. "In some parts of Scotland, long ago, some such rubbish as they tell you might be true; but we are not in Scotland. To have this rich man's money in the family, your reprobate of an uncle is trying to play upon your innocent ignorance, knowing or believing you had no one to enlighten you. He ought to be exposed and prosecuted for his villainy."

"Oh, I'm so glad and thankful you assure me that this dreadful man has no power over me!" said Louise, with a profound sigh of relief.

"You poor little friendless thing!" As if of its own accord Owen's arm encircled the girl's waist, and he tenderly and reverently kissed her unresisting lips.

"And now I must fly back to the house. Dear me! the half hour is long past."

"For heaven's sake, don't let them persuade you to commit any rash folly. Trust in me," said Owen, taking another kiss in farewell.

Arriving at his lodgings, he found two letters awaiting him; one from Travers, a special chum in the old luxurious days, and the other—he could hardly believe his eyes—from Uncle Raymond!

He dashed into the perusal of this last at once, and discovered that, after a year and a month, his former friend and benefactor, his father's only brother, was on the track of the fellow who had committed a certain forgery—a crime of which Morris Raymond, in hot, sudden anger, had accused his nephew. Strong circumstantial evidence against Owen was not wanting, and thus, suffering for the misdeed of another, he was thrust out for a rough struggle with the world.

Now, through the merest chance, the real culprit had been discovered, and the letter in Owen's trembling hand contained ample apology for past injustice, and an earnestly expressed desire that old relations be renewed.

"As you are reinstated with the old boy"—an extract from Travers' letter—"I suppose we shall soon have you among us again. I hope it will not break your heart to hear that Nelly Welland has given you the slip. When she heard of your misfortune she transferred her affections to Mortimer."

"I think I have found some one who will console me for the fickle Nelly," said Owen to himself. "Did ever a stroke of fortune come at a luckier moment?"

Old Cruncher's hat played the role of post box on several occasions after this; there were other tetes-a-tetes upon the mossy log, and here Owen told Louise the old, old story—told and listened to with tender, sweet delight. Uncle Raymond's letter emboldened Owen to prompt measures in depriving Mr. Mitchell of his so called bride, and Mr. Cruncher of his niece.

Violent opposition, rage, bitter reproaches of ingratitude, a battle of angry words, waxed fast and furious for a time at the "red house with the yeller chimney pots," but love gained the victory.—Lucy Blake in Frank Leslie's.

The Bacillus of Cancer.

The bacillus of cancer is hard to find, and Dr. Senger reports to the Berlin Clinical society that he has been unable to verify observations claimed to have revealed the organism. Cancer appears to be peculiar to man, as it has never been inoculated in the lower animals.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Some Things We Don't Know.

We may come down from our pedestal for a little—there are still two or three things that we don't know. We do not know, for instance, how many of our kind there are on this globe. It is, after all, but a very small portion of the world that we know anything about, and the beaten path is but as a trail on a mountain. The interior of Newfoundland is a terra incognita; Manitoba is a comparatively untrodden waste; there are islands in the Pacific of which we know nothing more than that they exist; China and Thibet are largely closed volumes, and about many other portions of this world there is as much guess work as there was in the days of Marco Polo. We cannot tell why of two exactly similar bulbs put into precisely similar soil one should bloom out as a tulip and the other come out as an onion. We do not know how the flowers receive their color or perfume, nor why it is that while we can catch the shadow in the camera we cannot also imprison the color.

There are many things, too, for which we have not been able to frame laws. We cannot agree as to the cause of earthquakes, the origin of volcanic fires, or the birth throes of the whirlwind. We do not even know our own origin, and the thinking world is divided between evolution and creation. We do not know even the normal color of man, whether we are bleached from the dark original, or whether the dark races are sun burnt editions of the early whites. Was the flood local or universal? Did Atlantis exist? Were there giants in those days? These are a few of the many questions that might be asked and remain unanswered.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mountain Roads of Ceylon.

The mountain scenery of Ceylon is very beautiful. The peaks are broken and jagged; the slopes and gorges green and wooded. The valleys are very tortuous, forcing the roads to mount the heights by many windings and curves, through tunnels and over frightful precipices. The entire island is covered with a network of roads laid out with great skill and built with care. The entire length of the island is 267 miles, by 140 in its greatest breadth. Yet there are something like two thousand miles of well engineered roads, about fifteen hundred feet of them being metaled or graded. These roads permeate every part of the island, and have brought each and every part within easy access of every other part.

There are two main railroads finished. One of 128 miles takes you from Colombo, where the coolest nights rarely carry the thermometer below 72 degs., up to Nuwara Eliya, where, from December to the middle of March, there is frost during clear nights. This is a beautiful ride, through scenery rarely surpassed on any railroad. Now up steep grades, overlooking valleys terraced for rice and lying a thousand or more feet almost under you; then under frowning peaks lifting their rocky crags one, two and three thousand feet almost vertically over your head; now along the steep sides of a mountain, bending in and out of the gorges, and darting through tunnels, with tea or coffee plantations making the steep slopes far below you or opposite on the other side of the valley shine in brilliant, glossy green.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Times.

The Man and His Shoes.

In the spring time, when roses bloom and malaria abounds, it is easy to read men's characters in their walk. Nothing tells a man's capacity for business quicker than his gait and general carriage. Some men walk with a firm, elastic step, picking the foot up clearly and setting it down firmly, as though saying they were doing exactly right. Such men are positive in their decisions, not always quick to make up their minds, but pretty sure to be right, whatever conclusion they may reach.

You must not confound this class with the nervous walker, whose gait is too jerky to be elastic, and whose every action indicates a man who is uncertain of his own life. Careless men wear their shoes on one side through want of attention in purchasing, as they are prone to take the first shoe which the salesman offers as an easy covering, regardless of the fact that a few days' wear will loosen the leather and make an easy fitting shoe, a never failing corn producer. The old fashioned box toed shoes or boots are still patronized by southern people of firmly rooted ideas, so there is no trouble in reading character with that class. An expert will judge a woman's style by the heel, and he will not be very far astray when he comes to reading character.—Globe-Democrat.

Floggings for Afghan Underlings.

Among the half civilized Afghans the rod is recognized as a very essential factor in dealing with subordinates. There is a certain pariah strata of Afghan society that is composed of persons whose attributes and instincts are amusedly animal like. They are the dependents and hangers on of the better class servants about the persons and establishments of khans and military chieftains—servants of servants. Depending for their livelihood and tolerance on the performance of the most menial services, shiftless, irresponsible, happy-go anyhow mortals, they accept kicks and cuffs as part and parcel of their existence. They seem mutely thankful at being permitted to live.

If an Afghan wishes to show particular honor to his guest, a portion of the display is very likely to be made through the medium of the carcass of some servitor who is detained for menial service. The head farrash is expected to honor his master's guest by ostentatiously flogging this unfortunate underling around with a stick to hurry him up. By making him hop around and perform his services in a lively, cheerful manner, the hospitable intention is supposed to be measureably emphasized.—Thomas Stevens in New York Sun.

GATHERING A CITY CROWD.

Experience of a Waggish Club Man at a New York Drinking Fountain.

I have a friend of the clubs—as mad a wag as ever lived when the humor of his before dinner absinthe is upon him. We were crossing a public square, one balmy evening last spring; 6 o'clock had just been screeched at us by every factory whistle withing hearing, and the sidewalks were a swarm.

"I'll lay you the dinners," said my farceur, "that I can create a riot here inside of five minutes."

He stopped at the public drinking fountain and took up the tin cup that was chained to it. The passers by stared a little to see so elegant a gentleman stop to drink at a common fount of cheap refreshment. Several halted, after going on a few paces, to look back. He filled the cup deliberately. The waiting several had become a score. He raised the cup slowly toward his lips. The score grew to fifty. Suddenly he dashed the water into the basin and filled the cup again, only to again empty it untouched. By this time we were encircled by so many people that they could not be counted, and I could hear such observations and inquiries all around us, as:

"He'll drink it this time."

"Bet you the drinks he don't."

"Must be dirty."

"What is it?"

"May be the cup leaks."

"He must be some crank."

"What ails him, anyhow?"

"May be common water isn't good enough for him."

There was also addressed to him, through this running fire of comment, many more or less friendly and disinterested suggestions and instructions, like:

"Wrench the cup out" from a motherly fat woman, poking her umbrella at him.

"Have a stick in it," by a man with a shiny black hat and a shiny red nose.

"Tell the waiter to open another bottle."

This sally, which proceeded from a young man in crossed barred trousers, with a very large and massive cane, which he carried like a yard stick, was hailed with such applause that a park policeman found himself called upon to interfere; whereupon my friend hurled the cup into the basin with an expression of the face indicative of great disgust and loathing, and shoved his way out of the crowd as quickly as he could. We could hear the roar of voices and the sharp rapping of the policeman's club when we turned into the restaurant, a block and more away; and I learned by the papers, next day, that the shiny red nose and the shiny black hat slept in a station house cell on a general charge of disorderly conduct and the utterance of murderous threats against some person or persons unknown.

It is the same crowd that inspects the sewer hole into which a shiny man descends, the cellar excavation where the men are not working because it is wet weather, the house Mrs. Langtry lives in, or the man at the fountain. This same crowd will invest a shop window where a pasteboard cobbler is stitching at a paper shoe under the propulsion of the heat from a gas jet, or rather under a three ton safe that is being hoisted up to a tenth story window by a rope that may be rotten and machinery that may be on the point of giving way, for all the thought they give to it, or pack a street where some roofers have left a tar pot boiling while they have sat down on a doorstep to eat their dinner. The quality and quantity of amusement an average New York street idler can extract from an hour's stare at an untended tar pot will, no doubt, ever remain a mystery to you and me. But such as it is, he extracts it, and is, to all appearances, quite satisfied with his bargain.—Alfred Trumble in The Argonaut.

Hair Spring of a Watch.

The making of the hair spring is really the most delicate operation about the manufacture of the watch. The wire is received in spools, and is nothing more than a round thread. This is run between hardened steel rollers and flattened, and, being wound on the roll, is then drawn between diamond dies, which give the required thickness and width. The spring must be of exactly the same width and thickness, and before being used is tested on a register which marks down to one two hundred and fifty thousandths of an inch.

To show to what fineness this measures, a hair placed between the jaws marked 400°, and moved forward half an inch registered 365°.

Of course, every one knows that a hair varies in thickness, but that it should be so exactly measured is a surprise; and when it is remembered that the hair spring of a watch cannot vary even so much as the variance in a hair from the human head, the delicacy of the operation will be emphasized in the imagination. The wire is received in lengths of 1,500 yards, and in this entire length must not vary 3°, or one-thirtieth of what a hair varies in half an inch. The spring is then cut into lengths of twelve inches, and these are wound, four at a time, and very quickly, the tool resembling a large penholder, and turning from the end, into the shape of a spring and of seventeen coils. The wire is hardened, but winds very easily, and is removed from the winder in copper boxes.—Globe-Democrat.

Wonders of the Sun.

A comparison of all the results of these labors of so many able men during so many years proves that the sun is nearly ninety-three millions of miles from the earth and that the fiery globe itself is so large that if a number of worlds as big as ours were held together like beads on a string 340 of these world beads would be required to girdle it around in one line.

Three hundred and forty pins' heads thus strung together would go around your head with some to spare. Therefore, the sun is as much bigger than the world as your head is bigger than a pin's head.

How many worlds would it take to cover the whole surface of the sun? As many as the number of pins to cover a pin cushion as big as your head. How many worlds to fill the space occupied by the sun? This is easily calculated when we know the sun's diameter, 860,000 miles. In round numbers a million and a quarter of our worlds would occupy a space equal to the whole size of the sun.—Professor Williams in Youth's Companion.

Spearing Suckers in the Mud.

Spearing suckers by torchlight is a sport much practiced on the western bank of the Passaic river for a distance of several miles. Every night the torches can be seen flashing along shore as far as the eye can reach, and the effect is peculiar and very pleasing. The fish always lie close in shore at night, and as they are of a sluggish nature, and can be quite easily seen by the aid of the torches, some of the more skillful oarsmen secure a large number in a short time. Some nights there will be an almost continuous line of torches for the distance of a mile. Spearing suckers is the tamest and most stupid manner of taking fish, still fishing with angle worms ranking next, and is regarded by sportsmen as being about on a par with pot hunting for game; the highest form is casting for trout, bass or other game fish.—Paterson Guardian.

Bad Practices of Confectioners.

The British confectioners have invited all "sugar workers, licorice refiners, chocolateers, fruit preservers, pastry cooks and fancy bakers" to join their association and enter upon a combined crusade against "immoral practices." The immoral practices consist of putting short measure and bad butter into confectionery, and "illegal trading and immoral manufactures," such as concealing small coins in candy drops as a temptation to the youthful buyer. They have started a journal called The Confectioners' Union, and the grand organization is known as the United Kingdom Confectioners' association.—New York Sun.

Origin of Fumigation.

Fumigation is said to have originated with Acron, a physician of Agrigentum, who is said to have first caused great fires to be lighted and aromatics to be thrown into them to purify the air, and thus to have stopped the plague at Athens and other places in Greece about 473 B. C.—New Orleans Picayune.

FOLK LORE OF AMERICA.

Its Study to Be Undertaken on a Scientific Basis—The Difficulties.

The establishment of the American Folk Lore society, under the efficient presidency of Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard college, indicates that the study of our native rural tales, legends and superstitions, hitherto conducted after a desultory and fitful fashion, is about to be undertaken on a scientific basis. Owing to inevitable changes in the character of the earlier settled portions of the country the relics of old English folk lore, comprising ballads, tales, superstitions, dialect, and the like, are disappearing so rapidly that by the commencement of the next century there may be little left worth collecting and preserving. The same remissness has been noticeable in the Old World, and it was not until 1812 that the Grimm brothers, by publishing their "Kinder und Hausmarchen," laid the foundation of the present scientific study of popular tales. The very phrase folk lore is scarcely forty years old. But as it is never too late to mend, or scarcely ever, we are led to hope that the investigations of the American Folk Lore society may materially assist the development of this long neglected but very important branch of study.

And the undertaking has been commenced not a moment too soon. The oral traditions brought to America by the English colonists, and to which they tenaciously cling for generations, have been well nigh forgotten, and the same may be said of the ballads they used to recite, although of these a few have been recorded and are still available. Of nursery tales scarcely one has been recorded, although a century ago they were familiar by scores to mothers and nurses. As to superstitions, there is more hope. They linger in the agricultural districts, and are not uncommon in the neighborhood of large cities. An otherwise intelligent New England farmer will pin his faith on the signs of the zodiac or on the necessity of planting his peas in the first quarter of the moon. What may be called the minor elements of folk lore still exist in considerable abundance. They are observable in children's games, attended by song and rhyme, and particularly in what are known as counting out rhymes. The game of marbles still retains the phraseology attaching to it in Shakespeare's time. Finally, in many parts of the states which form our eastern seaboard, there are enough quaint expressions and archaic words in use to indicate from what part of the fatherland the original colonists came. The rescue from oblivion of our old English folk lore is by no means a hopeless task, but it is obvious that the work should be commenced without further delay.

With the negro dialect, tales, songs and superstitions, the case is very different. Thanks to the labors and foresight of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., of Georgia, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and others, we have a fairly good foundation for systematic inquiry. The southern negroes are still in a comparatively primitive state, and their retentive memories and delight in singing have aided in preserving such a mass of material as to render comparatively easy the labors of the ethnologist or mythological investigator. A more promising field of folk lore exploration could scarcely be desired.

The collection of the folk lore of the American Indians may be regarded as perhaps the most important, as it is the most picturesque, of the subjects to be considered by the society. Unfortunately, the hard headed and unimaginative settlers of New England and the Atlantic states in general made no record of the Indian legends which were once associated with every valley, lake or stream, and the race wilted away before them with little enough of its folk lore recorded. Within the last sixty years a more intelligent and philosophic spirit had succeeded to the previous indifference, and the traditions and superstitions of the aborigines of the Mississippi valley and west of it have occupied the attention of many clever men, notably Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, the first scientific investigator of Indian myths. But the Indians of the west are rapidly decreasing in numbers, and great changes in their condition are impending. It is important, therefore, that, if any inquiry in their folk lore is to be made, the work should be commenced at once, while the materials are at hand in tolerable abundance. The zeal which prompted Mr. Frank Cushing to live for several years among the Zuni Indians of Arizona for the purpose of studying their myths and traditions, should inspire other investigators.—New York Sun.

Lunar Influence on Cattle Brands.

It has been legally settled in Texas that the moon has an immense influence in enlarging the brand on cattle. A lawsuit was pending relative to the ownership of a herd of cattle, and the solution depended upon the proof of the brand, which was found on comparison to be three times as large as the branding iron which the claimant used. Thirteen witnesses were introduced, all of them experts in branding and cattle herding. They all swore that when cattle were branded in the dark of the moon the brand will never, no matter how large the animal may grow, get larger than the dimensions of the iron used. On the other hand, when either grown cattle or calves are branded in the light of the moon the scar will spread, and the lighter the moon the larger will be the spread. And the suit, involving several thousand dollars' worth of cattle, was settled on this testimony. So the question is legally settled that it is the moon that does it.—Boston Budget.

Not Bad for the Eyes.

There is a common notion that electric light is bad for the eyes. The only foundation I can think of for such a notion is that it is trying to the eyes to gaze directly at the bright electric light. It is bad to gaze long at any source of light, and the brighter the source of light gazed at the worse for the eyes, the sun being the worst of all. I have seen more than one person whose eyes were permanently injured by gazing at the sun, during an eclipse or otherwise. As a matter of fact, nothing short of sunlight is better than the incandescent electric light to read by or to work by.—Professor David Webster, M. D.

Tempered by Electricity.

By the old method the steel wire from which watch springs are made was heated to the proper temperature and immediately plunged into oil. In the new process the wire is immersed in the oil bath first and is then brought, by means of an electric current, to the desired degree of heat.—Boston Budget.

Working People's Plants.

Plants most cultivated by working people in cities are said by a florist to be the geranium, the heliotrope, fuchsia, daisy, gillyflower, primrose, pink and oxalis. These will grow where less hardy plants would die, and will thrive in small quarters.—Chicago Herald.

England's Watch Trade.

The introduction of American watches into England has reduced the number of gold cases marked at the London assay office from 34,844 in 1876 to 20,416 in 1886, and of silver cases from 119,394 in 1876 to 95,708 in 1886.—New York Sun.

Rewarded by Honor.

Col. Higginson told the whole truth in his recent Cambridge lecture on the professional life of a literary man; the gist of which was, that honor makes a great part of the reward of an honorable profession.—Susan Channing in The Writer.

Plenty on Hand.

Wife—Why is it, John, that you rarely kiss me now? Before we were married you bothered me almost to death.

Husband—I know it, my dear, and I laid in stock enough to last.—The Epoch.

The virtues of cinchona were not known till 1633 or 1638, when it cured the wife of the Peruvian viceroy, Cinchona.

It is stated that at least 1,000,000 tons of commercial fertilizers are now annually used in this country.

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.

C. M. LUCAS

IS STILL AT THE OLD STAND.

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

—ALSO—

EYE-GLASSES & SPECTACLES

ROGERS' SILVER-PLATED WARE.

HE STILL KEETS THE HIGH STANDARD OF 18 K. WEDDING RINGS.

Solid Silver Waltham Watches,

ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

Warranted Good Time-Keepers.

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Paine's Celery Compound

Cures Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

Paine's Celery Compound is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

Paine's Celery Compound purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

Paine's Celery Compound quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

Paine's Celery Compound strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

Paine's Celery Compound is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

—WANTED—

ALL PERSONS VISITING TOWN DURING COURT TO CALL AT SPARKS', UNDER "NEWS" OFFICE.

He is selling goods Cheaper than ever. Only think of it, a Handsome

HANGING LAMP FOR $2.25!

Clocks from $1.25 up.

A nice Eight-Day Clock for $4.00, warranted.

A nice Tumbler at 45 cents a dozen. *All Glassware Cheap.* When you want Fine Glassware, Sparks' is the only place you can find it.

If you get hungry during court hours, just run down to Sparks', under "News" office, he has lots of good things to satisfy the hungry; and then if you feel like enjoying a good smoke there is no better place to buy a Cigar than at Sparks'. Come and see us, we will treat you right.

SPARKS,
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G·M·D

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

ONLY THINK OF IT! Twelve inches—*a whole foot of Good Tobacco*—nice flat plug for ten cents! Sound twist Tobacco at low as 25 cents a pound at

J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

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Cypress Fencing

Now on Hand.

PRICES AND ESTIMATES

—FOR—

LUMBER, SHINGLES,
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
DOOR and WINDOW FRAMES,

for building purposes,

FURNISHED WITH PLEASURE.

Do not buy until you have given me an opportunity to figure on your bill.

MY STOCK IS

Seasoned and Well Manufactured,

and embraces every variety of Building Material.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Feb. 23, 1888.

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NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin .... 4½c. a yard
4-4 " " " ....5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " " ....7c. "
Fruit of Loom " " ....9c. "
Calico 3½ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c. Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair.
Ladies' Solid Color Hose .... 8c. a pair
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose............. 10c. "
Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose ....25c. "
Ladies' Corsets, good 25c., extra good Corsets 45c. ....45c. "
Ladies' Vests, extra good.........................45c.
Gloves.....................................5c. to 25c.
Gents' Undershirts.................................25c.
Extra Heavy Undershirts..........................45c.
Gents' unlaundered Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms ....65c.
Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES.

Brown Sugar.............................5c. per pound
Nearly White Sugar.....................6c. "
Granulated Sugar........................7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee.........................24c. "
Good Tea, green and black.........50c. "
Good Syrup................................30c. a gallon.
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Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke, 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons..........................$1.00
"Red C." Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gal. for 75c.
Lump Starch...............................4½c. a pound
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Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars.................$1.00
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OUR TOBACCO AT 40C. BEATS THE BEST
Cigars 90c. a box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY.

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS.

Mince Meat, all kinds Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Meats, Mackarel, Herring and Shad.

FLOUR.

Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove,
AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES!

Country Produce at Best Market Price.
Respectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON,

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Dealer in Grain,

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20,000 Bushels of Wheat

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20,000 BUSHELS OF CORN

FOR APRIL AND MAY DELIVERY.

April 12, 1888.

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Chilled Plows!

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The A 3 ROLAND PLOW, light 1-horse,
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" D 3 " " light 2-horse,
" 2 3 " " medium 2-horse,
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" 8 3½ NORRIS PLOW, 2 or 3-horse with reversible, self-sharpening share; and the No. 3 FURROW GANG PLOW, for Peach Orchards. Castings on hand for the above Plows, and can furnish Castings for the Oliver, Wiard Concave Wiley, , Minor & Horton, and Gang Plows. Plow Hames, Traces, Lines, Back Bands. The above bought at lowest cash prices and for sale at small advance by

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

March 8, 1889.

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NURSERY STOCK! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)

SNELL & HOWLAND,
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CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
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FLOATING SOAP

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For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.
Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

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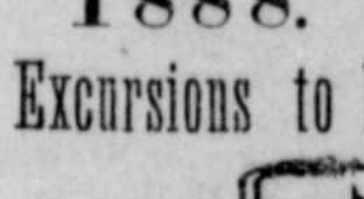

Commencing April 10th, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and Queenstown. Will leave Queenstown at 8.45 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 11 A. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at 3 P. M., arriving in Chestertown 7.15 P.M.

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will leave Centreville daily (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at the wharves in Corsica River, at Grey's Inn and Kent Island, arriving in Baltimore at 11.15 A. M.

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STEAMER CORSICA

will leave Crumpton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at all the river landings. Will leave Chestertown Tuesday and Thursday at 5 P. M., and on Saturday at 3 P. M. Returning, will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at midnight on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Chestertown and all river landings.

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TICKETS GOOD UNTIL USED.

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Best Made Clothing
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WORTH FIFTY TIMES ITS COST

If you need it to put out a fire, and extremely handy for lots of other things. Ready for action in ONE-EIGHTH OF A MINUTE.

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For any country home, out of a common wooden pump, at a VERY SMALL COST.

Energetic business men who will give it proper attention, are wanted to handle this pump in every town in Pa., N. J., Md., Del., V., and N. C., and will be accorded control of suitable territory not already occupied

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