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WAITING FOR MAY.

'Tis weary waiting for May, my dear;
'Tis weary waiting for May,
When never a breath of the warm south wind
Comes to open a green leaved spray;
Sunshine for some, with its glow and light;
And for some gray skies—but it must be right.

'Tis weary loving too well, my dear,
And finding it all in vain;
'Tis ever the hand we have clung to most
Can stab with the sharpest pain.
And hope dies hard; but the old wounds stay,
Heal them, hide them, as best we may.

My hair was glossy and bright, my dear,
When I watched and waited for May;
'Twas silvered long ere I learned to know
It never would come my way.
Yes, I know—the May blooms wither and fall;
To have never had them is worst of all.

I should like to have had a time, my dear,
To look back on at close of strife,
And warm myself in a ghostly sun
Which once had color and life.
Oh, never had light such a golden haze
As that which shines through the mist of days!

The shadows are falling fast, my dear;
The night is coming soon;
And I am hastening fast to a land
That needs nor sun nor moon;
And I think beyond the grave I'll see
Sunshine and springtime kept for me.
—Chambers' Journal.

Candy That Didn't Go Down.

George Harmon, manager of Central Music hall, is very fond of candy. He is seldom without a box of bon bons on his desk. George has many callers and they all help themselves to his candy, so he finds he does not get many sweetmeats himself in the long run. He pays for the candy all the same, and this calling business has worried him for some time. The other day he unbosomed himself to his friend and neighbor, Mr. Boles, of whom he buys his candy, and he told him his plight. "I'll fix it," said Boles; and he made up a box of very inviting looking bon bons from common bar soap. These George put on his desk. The first man to call was Will Shafer, of the Auditorium hotel. He picked up a bon bon, said "Good morning," spat it out, and then Harmon said: "Good morning! Have you used soap?" Will said he had, but he would never do it again. Joe Oliver, of the People's, was the next visitor. He took a piece of the alleged candy and then turned pale and went out.

But the victim Harmon was waiting for his hated rival, Adonis George Fair, of the Haymarket. Finally Fair dropped in. "Ah, me boy, these look lovely," he said as he bit into an alkaline bonbon. For a moment his face paled, and then, rather than look like a sucker, he bravely downed the rest of the soapy candy. He did not care to award Harmon the laugh on him, and he made his bluff stronger by calmly chewing a second one of the bogus creams. This was too much, however, and as he talked with Harmon the soap began to get in its deadly work, and Fair began to froth at the mouth. He hastily rushed toward a West Side car, and was so mad that he thought the man was getting personal who handed him a handbill announcing an important meeting of the "Lathers' Union" that evening. Now Harmon can put the choicest confections on his desk and have them all to himself.—Chicago Herald.

Longevity of Animals.

The average age of cats is 25 years; of squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long lived, the one known by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicating him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 20, and the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but average from 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considered it probable that whales sometimes live 4,000 years; the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 40; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Malerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long lived; the tortoise has been known to live to 107.—Journal of Health.

A Lesson in Manners.

That the manners of our fathers is not ours is well enough understood, and the phrase "of the old school" has come to be used rather as a reproach to the degenerate present generation. An old lady who belonged to the times when courtesy was perhaps more general, as it certainly was more elaborate, than it is now, administered rather neatly a rebuke to a lad who did not come up to her ideas.

She had known the boy's father when he was in Harvard, as now was the son, and as the latter could hardly remember his parents, who died in his infancy, he was always eager to learn all he could about them.

The youth was invited to call upon the old lady, who is now beyond the term set by the Psalmist for man's life, at a country place one day last summer, and had an interview with her upon the wide veranda, where she was sitting when he arrived. He lifted his hat, and then, replacing it upon his head, went on talking with the old dame, who regarded him with looks of disapproval.

"Do I look like my father?" the young man asked at length.

"I cannot tell," the old lady replied, dryly. "I never saw him with his hat on when he talked with a lady."—Youth's Companion.

A Bear in Church.

During divine services on a recent Sunday, a bear, which had escaped from the stable of a neighboring public house, in which its owner, a traveling showman was located, entered a chapel, near Mortlake, England. Women shrieked and children cried, and there was a general rush for the door. The bear, round whose neck was a thick chain, made its way to the empty choir stalls, where it lay down. The minister, whose high and commodious pulpit had suddenly become occupied by several female members of his congregation, was in the midst of his discourse at the time of the animal's appearance, and had chosen for his text the words "Be not afraid." The sermon was brought to an abrupt termination. The anxiety of pastor and people was set at rest by the arrival of the owner of the animal. The bear was got out of the chapel with ease and taken back to its quarters.—Exchange.

Kissing Going Out of Fashion.

In the rural regions of our country, as well as of England, the favorite amusement at a social gathering of young persons is, or until recently has been, a succession of "kissing games" wherein the most modest girl of the company was saluted by every swain who chose, with as little embarrassment as if he had been her mother. But even in the rural districts this sort of thing is passing away, and the permitted realm of the kiss is narrowing day by day.—Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Napoleon and Victoria.

One of the reminiscences which the queen loves to recall is of the time when Louis Napoleon was her guest aboard the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. The French monarch praised the sumptuous furnishings of the vessel, and confessed that he had never felt able to afford so great a luxury. "But for you, madam," said he, gallantly, "you are the queen of the seas!" This compliment tickled the queen mightily. The title was a new one, and it hit her fancy. —Eugene Field.

A GYPSY'S DREAM BOOK.

SUPERSTITIOUS REGARD FOR IMPRESSIONS DURING SLEEP.

Nearly Every Dream Means Something if the Oracle Is to Be Believed, but the Trouble Is to Find Out Where the Real Import Is—Extracts from the Book.

A book has just been published, written by a real gypsy, in which the import of many dreams are told. For instance it says if one meets an angel while asleep it will bring joyous tidings. If the angel does not approach you it is a sign that your life is evil, and a warning to reform. To dream of meeting the devil is also a good sign. Superstitious people may dream of seeing this arch enemy of mankind. If so, it foretells that they will go away from home to be absent some time. It also shows that they will be fortunate in life. To a young girl it is a sign that she will either be well married and leave home, or leave for some other reason.

According to the gypsy, to dream that you bathe in clear water is a sign that you will enjoy good health; if muddy, the death of relatives or friends. To see a bath, anger; to take a warm bath denotes happiness; if you take one either too hot or too cold, domestic troubles. If you undress without going into the water you may expect trouble, but it will soon pass away; a sea bath is a sign of honor and increase of fortune.

Actresses bring joy or sorrow according to the way they are seen. To see one play, misfortune; if you talk with her you will have success in what you undertake; if you make love to her your life will be joyful. If you dream that you enjoy her acting you will meet great troubles.

To dream of garters signifies weakness, no matter what kind they are or how seen. Laughter is a sign of tears.

DREAMS ABOUT HEAVEN.

If any one dream that he or she is ascending to heaven, or is already enjoying its delights, it shows that some joyful event is to happen, such as the birth of an heir to childless people, good fortune to those who are poor, distinction to the wealthy and high honors to the ambitious. If lovers have such a dream it foretells an early marriage under the most auspicious circumstances, and that their wedding will be attended with troops of congratulating friends, who will shower presents upon them. On the other hand, to dream of seeing hell denotes that the dreamer's life is a bad one, and an intimation to him of reformation.

To see, in your dream, one or more houses burning, but not wholly destroyed, signifies, for the poor, that they will become rich; and for the rich man, that his riches will be augmented; but if the fire is furious, and the houses fall down, the dreamer may expect losses, disappointment, shame and death.

To see a coffin in your dreams signifies that you will soon be married and own a house of your own. This is a dream girls are always wishing for, says the gypsy book.

If any one should be so unfortunate as to dream that he or she was present at a happy and jolly wedding, it denotes that they will attend a funeral; it will not necessarily be at the burial of either of the persons you dreamed you saw married, but you will undoubtedly be called to mourn some friend or relative. To go to weddings when one is wide awake is exceedingly pleasant, but we should be careful how we dream about them. To dream of being married yourself foretells your death.

For a girl to dream of raking newly mown hay is a sign she will be married before the hay is eaten. Young fellows who dream of raking hay with their sweethearts had better get ready their necks for the matrimonial noose, as they are past praying for.

To kiss the earth shows sorrow and care; to kiss the hands of a lady, good luck; if you kiss her face you will be successful in love and trade, through courage. To be kissed signifies disagreeable visitors.

To dream that you see a person hanged, or that you are hung yourself, denotes that you will rise to great honor, and that you will better your fortune by marriage.

DREAMS OF MANY KINDS.

For a girl to dream that she was so sleepy in church as to nod toward the minister, is a sign she will have a young parson for her husband; if a young man dreams this, he will be apt to make up to the minister's daughter, provided his position warrants it, and if not, that he will marry a girl noted for her piety. To dream of a widow, signifies a reward; to dream you are a widow, portends death or disappointment. To dream of a widower denotes strife and quarrels. To seem to be making excuses in your dreams, shows that you will tell lies.

If you dream that your mouth is stopped by a gag, it denotes that you will soon thereafter be kissed by a pretty girl. To a young girl such a dream predicts that she will see some gentleman who takes her fancy, and perhaps will fall in love with him.

A cat signifies treachery of friends and disappointment in affairs of love; if a cat appears to be lying down, or sleeping, you will but partially succeed in what you undertake; if the cat is fighting or appears to be in a rage, you will be robbed.

For a rich person to dream that he is charitable signifies loss of fortune; if a lady dreams it, she will bestow her affections on an unworthy person. To fancy yourself young denotes that some unexpected news will reach you. To dream of going up a ladder foretells the possession of wealth. To win at gambling means the loss of a friend; to lose, you will change your residence. Scissors signify quarrels between lovers, disputes of married couples and trouble in business. Needles mean deceit and mischief.

If a girl dreams of a rich man, she will marry a shiftless and needy fellow.

Playing ball or seeing it played foretells the speedy receipt of money.—New York Press.

Nearly Dressed to Death.

The other day a woman rushed frantically into a Burlington, Vt., drug store bearing in her arms an apparently lifeless baby. The mother wept and moaned, and carried on at a terrible rate while chafing the little hands, and begged the druggist to save the little one. A bystander took the child, when it was found that the sole cause of the trouble was the number of wrappings with which the fond mother had incased the infant, literally choking him into insensibility. In a few minutes the child recovered and the mother went home happy.—New York Telegram.

No one ever saw a man and woman arm in arm in the streets of a Spanish city without knowing they were foreigners. A Spanish husband, even, never takes his wife's arm in public. Nor would a Spanish woman receive a male visitor alone. Such is the system of protection exercised over women by hidalgo, grandee, tradesman and peasant in the sunny land of romance.

At Fisk's restaurant in Middletown, Conn., an old time belle's slipper is shown that was made 150 years ago, and had been shut up all that time in a secret room of an ancient Middletown mansion. The slipper is two fingers in width, and is an evidence that our great-grandmothers were vain of dainty little feet.

In a blacksmith's shop at Audlem, England, a robin has built a nest on a ledge close to where the horses are shod, and is now sitting upon its eggs. Neither the din of the hammer nor the flying sparks from the anvil appear to disturb the bird.

HOW MANY WORDS IN ENGLISH.

Estimates of Different Authorities and a Comparison of Dictionaries.

An interesting question suggested by an ancient waif of a book is the number of English words now existing. Considerable difference of opinion exists on this point. Mr. George P. Marsh, an American author of repute, in his "Lectures on the English Language," estimates that the number (in 1861) "probably does not fall short of 100,000;" and large additions, especially in art and science, have come into use since that date. Other writers, however, come to a different conclusion, and think that 40,000 would include the whole. It depends a good deal on how calculations are made. If all the subsidiary words—participles and the like—are to be taken into account, it will swell the sum total very considerably.

Taking the first three words that occur at random, we find that from "demonstrate," in one of our modern dictionaries, there are thirteen derivatives; from the word "bright" there are twelve, and from "deplore" there are ten. There is also redundance in other forms. In one of Todd's editions of Dr. Johnson there are upward of eighty words with the prefix "all"—all-complying, all-divining, all-drowsy, and so on—a very notable instance of dictionary padding. In ways like these the vocabulary may be indefinitely increased. Probably if we take leading words and all their derivatives, the number at the present time will exceed Mr. Marsh's estimate. An approximate verification of this may be found by multiplying the number of pages in any good modern dictionary by the average number of words in a page.

Shakespeare's works, it is believed, include about 15,000 separate words, and Milton's about 8,000; but from these figures we have no criterion of the extent of the actual English vocabulary. It may be mentioned here that while Cockeram has only about 7,000 or 8,000 words, there are in Bailey's Dictionary approximately about 36,000, and in Johnson's not more than that. In some of the larger modern works, again, the figures, as has been said, reach to upward of 100,000.

In Dr. Johnson's vocabulary many technical and scientific terms were omitted, and in his original preface he excuses himself in a very naive and characteristic fashion. "I could not," he says, "visit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation, nor visit the warehouses of merchants and the shops of artificers to gain the names of wares, tools and operations of which no mention is found in books. An adverse critic might be inclined to ask: Why not? But, all the same, it will be readily conceded that he did a great work according to his lights. The science of philology has been revolutionized since his day, but his labors largely contributed to the earlier stages of its progress. —Chambers' Journal.

Ex-Governors of Pennsylvania.

Ex-Governor Pollock was the oldest ex-governor of the state alike in years and in service. He was elected in 1854, and was succeeded by William F. Packer, of Lycoming, who died years ago. Packer and Pollock each served only one term, and Packer was succeeded by Andrew G. Curtin in 1861, who served two terms, and who is yet living, and now the oldest ex-governor in both years and service. Curtin was succeeded by John W. Geary in 1867, who served two terms, and died soon after his retirement. Geary was succeeded by John F. Hartranft, who served two terms, and who died in 1889. Henry M. Hoyt succeeded Hartranft in 1879, the first under the provision of the new constitution that made the term four years, and made the governor ineligible for re-election to immediately succeed himself. Governor Hoyt is still living, and one of our active members of the bar. Governor Pattison succeeded Hoyt, and is now at the head of an important financial institution in this city. The death of Pollock leaves only three ex-governors of Pennsylvania among the living, Messrs. Curtin, Hoyt and Pattison. Curtin's election goes back to 1860, Hoyt's to 1878, and Pattison's to 1882.—Philadelphia Times.

Wonderful Surgery.

At the surgical congress at Berlin Professor Gluck, of Berlin, gave an exhibition showing a most valuable advance in surgery—namely, the successful substitution of catgut, ivory and bone freed from chalk for defects in bones, muscles and nerve sinews. The juices of the body are sucked up in the inserted material, thereby establishing the junction of the separated ends, without any shortening of the part. He presented the cases of patients in whom there had been an insertion of from six to ten centimetres of catgut to supply defects in the leaders of the hands, to which complete mobility had been restored. This case had previously been impossible. In the case of another patient Professor Gluck removed a tumor from the thigh, causing a considerable defect in the bone. He inserted ivory, and no shortening ensued. In another case he removed a large piece of nerve in the groin and inserted catgut, and the functions remained completely satisfactory. These are considered wonderful achievements. —Pall Mall Gazette.

The Smallest of Twins.

Mrs. Charles Orton, wife of the cough drop man, who is known by nearly every person in the two cities, gave birth a few days ago to two of the smallest babies that there is any authentic record of. The babies weigh three-quarters of a pound and one pound respectively, and are well developed and apparently in perfect health. The news soon spread over the neighborhood of the arrival of the tiny strangers, and the house was thronged with curious women until at last it was necessary for Mrs. Orton's health to exclude visitors from the house, and scales were procured from a grocery store near by. The babies were weighed, and the boy tipped the beam at one pound, while the girl's weight was one-quarter of a pound short of this.

Mrs. Sadie Gray, the nurse in charge of the midgets, was present at the weighing, and she said that both babies had gained at least three ounces since their birth. She was sure that Wednesday the weight of the two was not more than three-fourths of a pound and a half pound respectively. Either child could be hidden under a quart measure, or both could be stowed away comfortably in an ordinary overcoat pocket. Both have black hair and have very pretty faces. Mrs. Gray told the reporter that both children were remarkably healthy, and she thought there was no danger of their death. They are very lively, and are not as "cross" as the average child, she said. Mr. Orton is the father of six children. The other four are of ordinary size. He is thirty-nine years of age, and is the son of the late Chief of Police Orton. His wife is also thirty-nine years of age, and is a very pleasant and attractive woman. Both Mr. and Mrs. Orton are ordinary sized people.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A Poet's Pen.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has a gold pen which has been his constant companion for twenty-five years. Though he has written with it during all that long period, it is as good today as if it had only issued a week ago from the manufactory. The poet can not write with any other pen, and cherishes his old servant with the greatest care and affection. He has a note book almost as old—a tattered, torn and limp note book—which has been the depository of his thoughts and confidences for many years. —Exchange.

WAR BETWEEN THE STREETS.

How One Small Boy Passed in Safety Through the Enemies' Lines.

For vindictiveness, stubbornness and lack of any masterly inactivity the war between the states is discounted by the war between the streets. One was settled in four or five years, but the other is perennial, and as New York gets bigger and bigger it spreads out over more territory. Every wide awake small boy in town knows all about it. He doesn't need any war maps to show him where the various strongholds are. If he had maps they would be of little use to him, for before he could master them he would be pretty sure to stumble into the very midst of the enemy and subsequently give his family an opportunity for valuable practice in first aid to the injured.

Strategy plays an important part in the battles of the small boy, and among other things he learns how to pass through the enemy's country in safety—a very valuable bit of knowledge, too, when the family grocer or butcher happens to have his establishment in a hostile district. A reporter a day or two ago had a chance to see how the wily boy does this.

The reporter was walking up University place from Washington park when suddenly he became aware that a boy was trudging along by his side. The youngster seemed to have come up through the sidewalk—probably he had emerged from a convenient areaway—but, at all events, there he was, a bright looking, well dressed, active boy, with a small package under one arm. The bundle gave proof positive that he was on some household errand. Only a woman could have made such a curious combination of too little wrapping paper and too much string.

The boy stuck close to his newly adopted companion. If the reporter slackened his pace, so did the youngster; if he increased it, the boy was with him; if he stopped to look in a shop window, the boy followed his example; if he edged over toward the curb, the boy went with him.

In this fashion they traveled on block after block. Two or three parties of boys playing in the street scrutinized the pair closely. They seemed to have a desire to get at the boy, but apparently they were satisfied that an attack would not be politic under the circumstances. By the time Tenth street was reached the reporter began to wonder if his small companion had decided to attach himself to him permanently. A retinue is not always desirable, and what was worse, two or three other youngsters had fallen into the procession, keeping twenty or thirty feet in the rear, however.

Half way between Tenth and Eleventh streets the following party stopped. They seemed to have come to some dividing line, across which they had no business to pass. There they stood, though, with very much the air an industrious cat assumes when a mouse has slipped into a hole just in time to avoid contact with feline claws. As soon as they halted the youth with the bundle seemed to lose all interest in their doings.

At Eleventh street he suddenly left the reporter's side. He ran across the street at full speed, stopped at the corner, and, turning around to face the other boys, made a gesture which was so full of derision that his pursuers must have felt disgusted with life for half an hour. Then he trudged blithely away up the side street. Evidently he was on safe ground again and the foe had been balked. He had taken convoy through the lines of the enemy, and had escaped a lot of personal unpleasantness.

It pays a New York small boy to have a long head.—New York Times.

How Women Can Dress Well.

There is no reason in the world why anybody should have an unbecoming costume this season. In fabrics and in colors all sorts and conditions of women are catered to, and all tones, from the faintest to the deepest, are deftly wrought out so that the particular shade that the wise woman finds becoming to her can be gotten without any trouble. There are plain colors for a woman who likes stuffs that are not conspicuous. There are spots big and little, plaids bias and straight and stripes of all widths and kinds. Be a little careful in choosing your colors, and remember that because somebody tells you how well you look in a costume of navy blue you must not conclude that every blue shade is suited to you, for that extremely trying but very beautiful one known as army makes the average woman's complexion look as yellow as a lemon.

Because scarlet makes your hair look warmer and gives a deeper color to your eyes, it does not follow that magenta is suited to you. General rules do not apply to women who are nothing if not individual. Somebody says that small bonnets are universally becoming, and you, whose face is rather broad, whose nose is a bit retrousse, put one on and believe you look well. A bonnet, more than anything else, needs to be tried on, and although one may generalize and say bonnets are ladylike it can no more be asserted that bonnets are always becoming than it could be that all women are good figures. So just think out things before you choose them.—Mrs. Mallon in Ladies' Home Journal.

An Almost Forgotten Minstrel.

I meet Billy Birch, the old time minstrel, on Broadway nearly every afternoon. Billy's face has been seen "on the end" by nearly every theatre goer in the country. He hangs around the Bijou theatre now most of these sunny days, enjoying the society of a newer generation. Billy is portly, white haired and lame. He says one of his confounded legs seems to be older than the other. It is the one he used to bang the tambourine on while Charley Backus held up the other wing of the circle. Birch is chuck full of stories of the stage and the road—stories that he tells with great gusto. What a story of life such a man could tell if he could use a pen as well as he can use his tongue. Birch and Backus were the two most popular end men who ever traveled. Poor Backus was shot down on Broadway years ago, while Birch lingers, a poor man, too old to work and too jolly and vigorous to die. —Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Senator Plumb's Mail.

Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is said by a Washington correspondent to receive more mail than any other member of congress. He is a subscriber to more than 200 papers, nearly all of which are published in his state. Some one asked him if he ever read these papers. "Indeed, I do," he answered. "It is by means of these publications that I am kept in constant touch with the people of my state, and am better prepared, knowing their sentiments expressed through the papers, to serve my constituency." Besides these papers he receives hundreds of others. Nothing is ever thrown from his desk unnoticed, and when he is not engaged in pouring hot shot into the enemy's camp across the chamber he is up to his eyes in the correspondence on his desk.

A Deaf Printer.

Probably the only deaf mute chairman of any organization in the United States is Anthony Capelli, a member of Typographical union No. 6, and at present holding the position of chairman of the chapel in a Fulton street office. I met him on Broadway as he was on his way home from his employment. He is a native of this city, and was born June 23, 1862. He entered the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, and later the New York Institution at Washington Heights, where he learned the trade of printing. He joined Big Six in 1876, and has been a constant member ever since.—New York Star.

A Forehanded Yankee.

A New Hampshire boy, several years before the war, found himself in Little Rock, Ark., then one of the Indian agencies. He began as clerk and then became a merchant on his own account. Long before the war actually commenced he comprehended the political situation, and in 1860, when he felt sure his state, with other southern states, would secede, he proceeded to dispose of his large stock and invested the same in cotton. He further took the precaution to secure affidavits to prove his northern birth and his northern sympathies. When the south was actually invaded his Confederate friends in Little Rock laughed at him, telling him that the Yanks would confiscate his cotton. He said nothing.

When the Union invading force reached Little Rock his cotton, amounting to several thousand bales, was seized and sent north on government account. After a little he succeeded in getting through the Confederate lines, and arrived in New York about the time his cotton arrived. He at once presented his papers to the government. They released his cotton. He sold it on the rise of the market, say at $1.80 per pound. Its cost averaged him about six cents. The transportation to New York cost him nothing. Today he occupies one of the most elegant mansions in Concord, N. H., on the site of the ancestral homestead, has but one child, and has an annual income of several thousands.—Boston Traveller.

A Land Without Debt.

Happy Heligoland! The population of this tiny but favored isle—now numbering 2,500 souls—is reported to be increasing; so is the revenue, which amounts to £4,295. More satisfactory still, this flourishing possession had at the close of 1889 absolutely no liabilities beyond a sum of £10, and even that was only outstanding because the account was somehow presented too late for payment within the year. Altogether, Heligoland sets an excellent example to its neighbors, and this is the more noticeable because there was a time when it fared far otherwise. In noting with just pride that his subjects are "content and orderly," Governor Barkly expresses a hope that the evil days of debt and political discontent, of which the reports of some of his predecessors drew so dismal a picture, are ended forever. Like a prudent ruler, however, he reminds the Heligolanders that the prosperity of their tight little island, depending as it does on summer visitors, is necessarily precarious, and expresses his determination to keep a sufficient sum in reserve to meet the serious contingency of "a bad bathing season."—London Telegraph.

Economy.

Many people would be economical if they knew how. It is an art to practice economy. To do it well one must know the art. All can have it if they will. It is an arithmetical art. It is the conclusion of numbers. All must live and ought to live well, but how to live best at the least expense is the work of figures to tell. We must count the cost of ways and means and compare them. Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better and more serviceable. Especially in regulating the table expenses is there a great want of economy. A little useful information concerning the qualities of food, the amount and kind of nutritive matter they contain, the wants of the human system, and the best way of cooking, would often save fully one-third, and, in many instances, half the expense. A wise economy in table expenses is favorable to health, and in this way saves time, drugs, expense and doctors' bills, flesh, strength and happiness.—Boston Herald.

Aunt Mary's Better Part.

The fact is coming more and more towards universal acceptation that the little folks are, after all, the only original thinkers.

A bright miss of some half a dozen summers added another item to the burden of proof a few days ago. She had gone from her home on Walnut Hills to visit a neighbor, and as she was about to start for the return trip the latter gave her some butterscotch to carry home for her aunt. In giving it to her, the lady explained:

"Now, Nan, you just take this butterscotch to your Aunt Mary. I know she will like it."

The mite eyed the dainty with longing eyes for an instant and then said, with a wise shake of the wee head:

"I don't know, but I'm quite sure Aunt Mary won't care for it; she is so hunger and thirst after righteousness."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Rents in Philadelphia.

I had occasion the other day to make inquiries concerning renting rooms for business purposes and was astonished to find that no matter how high one went in some of the new and magnificent structures lately erected by various companies, the rents were higher still. I could find nothing under $350 or $400 a year, and that for only one room. In fact in several buildings I was told that they had nothing under $700 and felt no anxiety about securing a tenant. I should think there are many people who would be willing to pay a moderate rent for small offices, and a building erected on this plan would pay, but in these days when so much is demanded by tenants, such as stationary wash stands, electric lights, messenger calls, etc., the rents have to be placed high.—Philadelphia Times.

Consolation.

Husband—Can't you stop that baby's yelling? Just when I want it quiet, that child has got to set up a fearful howl.

Wife—The doctor says that a certain amount of yelling is good for baby's lungs. It develops them, you know; makes them big, strong and healthy.

Husband—Yes; and at the same time I'll bet my ears are getting big, strong and healthy.

Wife—Well, you know, John, that that your ears have never been any too good.—New York Ledger.

A few days ago a dog rushing into a Boston restaurant stirred up a terrible excitement, some of the kitchen employes jumping from the windows, while all the guests mounted the tables and the proprietor chased the animal with a chair. After quiet had been restored it was learned that the poor beast wasn't mad at all, as had been supposed, but only frightened through having been chased by a crowd of boys and men.

The royal burg museum, which is in the Nuremburg castle, built, it is claimed, nearly 900 years ago by the Emperor Conrad II, is to be sold at auction. One of the most remarkable, as well as one of the smallest curios in the collection, is Hepner's famous cherrystone, on which are carved 113 various and distinct heads.

It is said the law regulating child labor in the factories of New York is generally observed. The law prohibits the employment of children under 12 years of age, and limits the labor of all minors to sixty hours each week. The measure was not intended as a hardship upon employers.

It was claimed in the meetings attending the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of modern Spiritualism recently that there are 80,000 Spiritualists in Boston alone, many of whom are scattered among the various churches.

The magistrates of the courts of Ghent, Belgium, recently demanded increased remuneration, and backed their claims with a strike. The workingmen of the town enjoyed the occasion.

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Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,

Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,

Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 5, Thurs. only.
	Read Downwards.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Pass & Ft. No. 2, daily except Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursday only.	Passenger No. 6, Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.		
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.

The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.

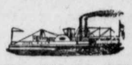
Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.

Freight received for Smyrna.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent. E. P. STACEY, Supt.

Chester River Steamboat Company.



CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

On and after Monday, May 19, 1890, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown daily (except Sunday) at 7 A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river, arriving in Baltimore at noon.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf at 2.45 P. M. for the above landings.

The STEAMER GRATITUDE

of the Centreville and Corsica River Company, will leave Centreville daily (except Sunday) at 7 A. M., and Baltimore at 2.30 P. M., stopping at landings on Corsica river, Jackson's creek and Rock Hall (9.30 going to Baltimore) going and returning.

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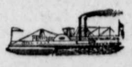

BEGINNING JUNE 1.

Steamer Louise

will leave Tolchester Beach At 10 A. M. and 6.00 P. M. Will leave Baltimore at 8.15 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

Freight received in Baltimore daily. For further particulars apply to

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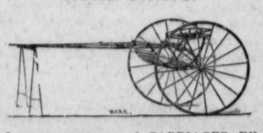

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