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THE JUBILEE OF THE SPARROWS.

Oh, what is this tumult and stir and commotion?
And what are the sparrows all talking about?
Say, why do they beckon and nod to each other?
Do they fear that some one their secret will out?

'Twas early this morning I met a gay party
All busily chat'ring way down by the brook;
Each bird to the other some news was relating,
And they never so much as gave me a look.

Pray, what is this matter that seems so important?
Oh, do you not know, sir, and cannot you say
Why each little heart's in a whirl of emotion,
And throbs as a leaf on a mad, windy day?

'Tis that they're expecting a host of relations,
All bright, merry cousins from woodland and mere,
And strangers from over the surf beating ocean,
So blithesome and chipper, and full of wild cheer.

And this seems the reason the little brown sparrow
Is glad when the long, dreary winter is o'er,
For spring on her wings bears the wealth of the tropics,
And scatters profusion from hill top to shore.

—Philadelphia Telephone.

A SORROWFUL AND SOLITARY LIFE.

The Pitiful and Touching Story of Joseph Merrick, the Elephant Man.

We can remember no invented tale that speaks so to the heart at once of the cruelty of life and the beauty of human compassion as the true story closed by a sentence in the newspapers announcing that Joseph Merrick, the "elephant man," was dead.

Imagine a human soul clothed in a body so unspeakably frightful that seeing it men turned sick with loathing and women fainted; a being who had to be conveyed from place to place in secret; who hardly dared to venture abroad even by night; who, finding his fellow creatures ran from him, grew terrified by the terror he created, and shuddered in dark corners like a hunted beast. Imagine him driven by starvation to accept a showman's offer and be exhibited to the most brutal of audiences, that commonly enough shrieked and ran pell mell from the tent as soon as the curtain was drawn.

Early in 1886 Frederick Treves, one of the surgeons of the London hospital, found Merrick in a penny show, in a room off the Whitechapel road, crouching behind an old curtain and trying to warm himself over a brick that was heated by a gas jet. Mr. Treves went up to him not only without fear or loathing, but with sympathy. For the first time in his life of twenty-four years Merrick heard a kind word and was spoken to like a man. The effect was curious. It made him afraid at first. He shrank as an ordinary man would from something uncanny. Then, as he began to realize the truth, he broke into sobs of gratitude. Days and even weeks passed, however, before he recovered from the shock of hearing a compassionate word.

The police prohibited his show on the ground of public decency. So he went to Belgium, where again the police interfered, and where an agent decamped with his money. Merrick was left destitute and starving in the streets of a foreign town, where the ignorant mob thought him a fiend.

He came back to London—how, no no one quite knows. At every station and landing place crowds dogged him. Steamers refused to have him on board. But he came back to London, because in London lived the only man who had ever given him a kind word. He made his way to the London hospital, found Mr. Treves, who had him lodged for a time in an attic in the hospital, and determined to find a permanent shelter for him.

But now it was found that no institution would receive him. The royal hospital for incurables and the British home for incurables alike declined to take him in unless sufficient funds were forthcoming to pay for his maintenance for life. He himself begged that he might be placed in a blind hospital. It is hard to match the pathos of this plea.

Then in November, 1886, Carr Gomm, chairman of the London hospital, wrote to The Times asking help for this case, and the British public responded. A room was built for Merrick on the ground floor in a remote wing of the hospital, and there, surrounded with books, flowers and a hundred tokens of the kindness that is really quick in the public heart, he lived.

He had found many friends—the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Kendal and others. To Mrs. Kendal is due the happy suggestion that Merrick should be taken to see the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane. She engaged the royal box; she had him brought to the theatre, and took every precaution that no strange eye should see him. Hidden from the house behind the curtains of the box, the "elephant man" tasted an hour or two of intoxicating happiness. It was all real to him—the fairies, the splendor and the jewels.

Merrick, in spite of his hideous exterior and terrible experiences, was in his way a gentle sentimentalist, and gushed forth at times, under the happy conditions of his life at the hospital, in verse modeled on the hymns of Dr. Watts, in which he gave utterance to feelings of gratitude, the sincerity of which none ever questioned. It was a tender heart that was beating beneath a mask more hideous than that of Orson. Above all, it was a heart that was filled with love for the man who was literally his saviour, who first spoke kindly to him, who rescued him from a fate a thousand times worse than death, and to the end was both his doctor and his friend. Recently, it was only Mr. Treves who could thoroughly understand the poor creature's maimed utterances; and to Mr. Treves he clung to the last with the wistful trust and affection of a dumb animal.—London Speaker.

How to Plant Seeds.

Starting seeds in boxes in the house is not always a success, but I find there is a method of doing so that will meet the approbation of those troubled with seeds long in germinating and damping off. I heat soap stones quite hot twice a day and place them under the boxes. Bricks or flat stones will do. The seeds, under this treatment, spring up quite as quickly as in a hotbed, and seem to do as finely. The seeds that I sowed, covering only with sand, never allowing it to dry, came up sooner than where sod was used. It is admirable for pansy seed, as it takes the place of moss as a shade. I never succeeded before in starting them earlier than ten days, and often fifteen, after sowing. A shallow box, about two inches deep, one foot long and six inches wide, is useful for starting all kinds of seeds and easily handled, and can be placed upon the reservoir at night, which is better than a stone, as it will retain heat until nearly morning. Turning a box over it on a cold night is an improvement. —Vick's.

There is said to be a plant in Arabia with flowers of bright yellow and with seeds which are like black beans, and these, dried and powdered and taken in small doses, cause a person to dance about and behave like a lunatic till he becomes exhausted and falls asleep. When he awakes he has not the smallest remembrance of his ridiculous behavior. The plant is called a "laughing plant."

The scoring of the bores of modern cannon by the new powders in use is claimed to be due to the fact that upon ignition all of the powder is not turned to gas, some of it remaining in a fluid state. It is this latter which does the scoring by being thrown with such force against the metal of the gun that the resulting action is very similar to that of a sand blast for cutting glass.

J. Bryan Grimes, of Pitt county, N. C., had planted thirty-five acres in Irish potatoes, and one night when he thought there was going to be frost to kill his potatoes, which were twelve inches high, he built log heaps about his field and kept them burning during the night, and next morning his potatoes were untouched by the frost.

EFFECTIVE ORATORY.

How a Young Lawyer Defended an Injured Woman and Made a Reputation.

Jonathan H. Pugh was a pale faced young lawyer. Day after day he sat waiting for clients, but none came. The first term of court appeared and his name had not appeared on the docket. At that time my father was clerk of the circuit court. One day there came to him a poor, sad woman, who poured into his ear a pitiful tale of woe. A brother-in-law had robbed her of all the property left her by her dead husband, had oppressed and abused her, and was now seeking to take from her care her only child, a little girl 3 years old. My father became deeply interested in the woman and promised to help her. He at once sent for Pugh. The young lawyer came and took charge of her case.

The poor woman's brother-in-law was rich, and he employed the best of counsel, and made every preparation in his power to defeat her in court and subject her to still greater oppression. He even circulated the most slanderous stories against her, and succeeded in totally destroying her good reputation.

This story kindled the soul of Pugh, and he went to work with a fierce determination to unmask the villain. The day for the trial arrived. The neighborhood was thoroughly aroused, and the old court room was crowded with spectators. The sad and dreamy young lawyer became another man—a bold and dauntless knight fighting for outraged womanhood. He arose to speak. The silence was painful. With a master hand he laid before court and jury the work of the poor woman's oppressor. The perjured witnesses withered beneath his fiery denunciation. Judge, jurors and spectators bent forward to listen.

As he told of the woman's wrongs tears filled the eyes of all. Then he turned from the weeping woman to the author of her sorrows. In terrible language he expressed the villainy of the man. Suddenly he faced the victim of his scorn, and pointing his quivering finger at him exclaimed: "You have stolen from this poor woman all her property. Not only this; you have robbed her not only of her last dollar, but of what is more precious than gold—her good name. And now, with savage hands, you try to tear from her arms her darling child. In the awful hereafter you should not even be allowed the miserable comfort of herding with the common damned, but in some lower, deeper hell be compelled, singly and alone, to howl out an eternity of woe."

As Pugh reached this climax it fell like a bolt of thunder on the ears of the guilty man, and he rushed headlong from the court room. Pugh's reputation was made. He was flooded with clients and was at once one of the busiest lawyers in town.—Illinois State Journal.

She Soared Too High.

A young fellow was inquiring of Officer Button at the Third street depot about the train for the north, when the officer queried in return:

"Didn't you come in this morning?"

"Yes."

"With a young woman."

"Yes."

"I thought so. I took you for a bridal couple."

"Yes, so we were."

"And you are going back alone?"

"That's what's the matter. We were married day before yesterday and came here on a tour. She was all right when we got here, but in about an hour we had a fuss. She wanted a diamond ring, and I couldn't buy it. Diamonds! Just think of it! I've got $25 in cash and twenty acres of land, and expect to have to live on beans for the next six months to pull through."

"Where is she now?"

"Over at the hotel. I left her money to pay her bill and get home, and she can stay or come. Better have this thing decided at the start, you know. Some folks are built to wear diamonds, and some to eat johnny cake. I'm a johnny cakist. There's my train. If she comes in to take the next just see her aboard, but don't encourage her any. It's a row to see who shall boss, and the best man is going to win."—Detroit Free Press.

The Pastor's Victory.

Many years ago, when drinking habits were more prevalent than now, a Congregational minister in York county preached a very strong temperance sermon that made a sensation in the parish. Some of the leading members of the congregation felt insulted. They got up and left the house during the sermon, and then sent a letter demanding an apology or the preacher's resignation. The next Sunday the pastor announced from the pulpit that he would comply with the gentlemen's request in the evening. Of course, everybody who could go to the church that evening was there, the disaffected ones with smiles on their faces at the thought of how they had triumphed over the minister. The worthy man ascended the pulpit, went through the preliminary exercises, and then announced his text: "And being convicted by their own consciences they went out one by one." The sermon preached from that text was a stunner, but nothing more was said about an apology, and the minister did not resign. —Mt. Desert (Me.) Herald.

A Hybrid Coin.

I have in my possession a coin which is a "freak." It is a United States half dollar (silver), having an eagle on each side. Of course, it bears no date, but it was issued under the coinage act of 1792. I have another, dated 1827, which bears the same eagle. One face of this coin is like all others of its issue. Upon the reverse, however, the eagle and the lettering are indented and reversed, as though stamped there by another coin.

My theory is that the coin cut just previous to this one stuck to the die, "eagle side up," and left its impression upon the silver strip from which, as I understand, coins are cut. I can account for the freak in no other way. It must have been overlooked at the mint, and thus got into circulation. It is of full weight and standard silver.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

American Politeness.

In America politeness does, as it should, before all else. One rule can be laid down for general observance where a person's ideas of the proper thing to do are unsettled—let him make himself at home. He should do so in a manner to create some respect for home, unlike a young man who called at the office of a noted Philadelphian, somewhat famous for his straightforward utterances.

"Make yourself at home for a few minutes," said the owner of the office to his visitor.

The young man, having seated himself somewhat comfortably, but mistaking a table for a footstool, responded cheerily:

"I always make myself at home."

"Then I pity the people at home," was the quick response.—Philadelphia Press.

Reportorial Hoodoos.

"Speaking of Zoo babies," said Mr. Stephen, the superintendent of the garden, "do you know that newspaper reporters hoodoo them? It is a fact.

"As soon as any of our young animals get written up they die. Look at our giraffe. And when the grizzly bears were born we said not a word about them in public. One we left with his mother and the other I took and began to raise on a bottle.

"One day one of the newspaper men came out and saw the grizzly baby getting its bottle. He wrote it up at length and the little thing couldn't stand it. It died at once. And so when we have more babies out here we will keep them under cover until they get big enough to stand the hoodoo of newspaper publicity."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Don Cameron's Knowing Dog.

One of the noted objects in animated nature at the capital is Don Cameron's Scotch collie. A long period of silent observation of the appearance and peculiarities of politicians, particularly from Pennsylvania, has given Major a discriminating idea of their value as they turn up at the bell pull.

Don's dog is a thoroughbred in more ways than one. His position of mute inquisitorial observation is from the mat in the outer vestibule at the senator's front door. He invariably lies with his lower jaw resting on his paws. As the senator's callers appear he gives them a glance without raising his head. If satisfactory he will get up with dignified motion and step out on the pavement until the caller enters, and will then resume his place.

He seems to know the difference between the callers who get in and those who don't, and draws the line on the latter. The regulars, who come often, are received with great consideration by Major, who, as soon as he spies them at the vestibule door, jumps up and wags a tail of welcome and moves out of the way.

Those who come and seldom get in are received by Major coldly. He keeps his place on the mat, apparently asleep, which makes it inconvenient to reach the bell pull without stepping upon the knowing animal. When the unwelcome callers try to make their way within the door he whines a doleful strain, and often stands up on the mat and gapes and stretches.

The amusing animal has also assumed the guardianship of the ladies of the family and invariably escorts them a square or two when they leave the house. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Rival to the Pedometer.

The pedometer's life of usefulness seems to be very seriously threatened by a French invention for recording speed and distance traveled by man, beast or vehicle. The inventor, E. J. Marey, of the Institute of France, has devised a very simple machine to which the name odograph has been given. It draws or traces a curve on a traveling band of paper, which is a register of the speed with which a person walks or a vehicle moves. The recording mechanism is not at all complicated and is not likely to get out of order. It consists of a cylinder covered with ruled paper and revolved by clockwork. On this a stylus actuated by a wheel which traverses the ground marks the trace, and the stylus moves at a rate proportional to the wheel, while the paper moves past it at right angles with a velocity proportional to the time. The slope of the trace is a record of the speed.

The odograph is capable of being adapted to special purposes, such as measuring the speed of soldiers on the march, the rate that railroad trains travel, or the time made by racehorses on the track, and it is thought that in the more general use which promises to be made of this instrument it will be found to meet accurately numerous purposes for which some such recorder has been needed.—New York Times.

Inartistic Begging.

The bad habit of begging into which not a few small children have fallen is growing very rapidly and should be checked some way. Most of the little folks who make a practice of asking pennies of passers by offer no excuse for their asking, and do not more than half expect to get anything for it. But of late the progress made in this evil is something surprising, and now many of the children have become so trained by experience that they can invent any number of stories of necessity, in order to be more certain of a response to their appeals. Some of the stories are quite ingenious, while others, as the following will show, are as simple and amusing as would be expected of them: A stylishly dressed man while strolling along a side street suddenly found his way obstructed by a tiny girl, evidently not 5 years old. "Say, mister," she piped, "please give me a penny to buy me a shoestring." She seemed to have forgotten that the shoes she had on were buttoned ones, and almost new at that.—Buffalo Express.

Two Kinds of Men.

The Arabs have no little knowledge of the precepts of Christianity, and much respect for them, but they occasionally add to them observations of their own.

"It was a noble command of the Man of Nazareth," says one of their moralists, "that men should love their enemies, and do good to those who hate them.

"If all men were able to follow this precept, soon there would be no enemies for us to love, nor despisers of ourselves to whom we could do good.

"In this weak world we may, perhaps, succeed in doing no more than this: so to control our thoughts that we shall love our friends more than we hate our enemies.

"For there be in the world now two kinds of men, to wit: those who love their friends more than they hate their enemies, and those who hate their enemies more than they love their friends.

"Of the first of these there is hope, and we may live with them; but the second we should fly, as the Bedouin flies the red curtain of the sky behind which the simoom advances."—Youth's Companion.

Cost of Railroad Dining.

It is said that one of the great trunk line railroads deliberately provides for a loss of many thousands of dollars a year upon the meals served in its dining cars, and charges the loss to the advertising account, in full knowledge that the talk such prodigal outlay will create is as good as that amount of money's worth in printer's ink. A friend told me that, as an illustration of how the loss is occasioned, he had for breakfast in one of those cars, one day in April, a trout, a game bird and a bowl of strawberries and cream, besides coffee, rolls, butter and a glass of milk. The meal cost a dollar, and his wife told him she could not buy any one of the principal dishes in the markets for that sum of money.—Chatter.

Not for Her.

"These interminable newspaper discussions on 'the coming man' make me weary," remarked Miss Ann Teek.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Gazzam.

"Because my experience teaches me that no such thing exists."—Harper's Bazar.

He Was Posted.

Mr. Tomale (to Jimmy, who has been permitted to dine with the company)—Will you have a piece of chicken, Jimmy?

Jimmy—After the dog yanked it all over the back yard? Not much!—Epoch.

He Came to Terms.

"I'll have the last word," shrieked an angry wife who was scolding her husband, "though I should die for it."

"Pray take it, my dear, on your own terms and welcome," was his quiet but irritating reply.—New York Herald.

Popular Englishwomen.

One of the local prints has been holding an election to decide who are the three most popular women in England. The result is in favor of the Princess of Wales, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Miss Ellen Terry.—London Letter.

Another Compliment Gone Wrong.

Mr. Middlings—Awfully smart dance this, isn't it?

Miss Prettypert—Yes, indeed. After talking to so many clever people it's quite a pleasant change to come across somebody—like you.—Chatter.

Rolf Boldrewood, whose story of the Australian bush, the first literary work he attempted, made him famous, is 60 years old. His name is plain Thomas Brown and he is a police magistrate.

It Was Corns.

There were scores of passengers waiting in the Pennsylvania depot, Jersey City, and a prominent figure among them was a real old fashioned woman, wearing a quaint old bonnet, and having the traditional number of parcels and bandboxes with her. She had eaten a fried cake and drunk from a bottle of cold tea, and after brushing the crumbs away she took from her pocket a whetstone and a pocket knife and began putting an edge on the latter. There was a general stir of interest around her, and a man who sat near by remarked:

"Well, you are the first woman I ever saw who could sharpen a knife."

"Lands save you, but I know fifty of 'em!" she replied. "Any women folks up our way who can't sharpen axes and knives are counted no good. This 'ere knife belongs to the old man, and hain't very good stuff."

"What's your object in sharpening the knife?" he asked, as she worked away with much vigor.

"Corns. Got two on the bottom of my left foot. Orter pared 'em down afore I left home, but didn't have time. Got fifty-five minits to wait here, and I'll put it in on the corns. How's that for an edge?"

"Sharp as a razor," he replied, as he received the knife, felt of its edge and passed it back.

"Yes, I guess it will do. You'd better move now. Hate to bother you, but them corns is dreadful."

He moved away, followed by two or three others, and the old lady slipped off her shoe and stocking, turned her back to the crowd, and began operations. She was through in about twenty minutes, and, after replacing her shoe, she bundled her packages together and loudly remarked:

"There! I feel a hundred dollars better, and I'll have half an hour more after I git home to help change them hens into the new coop."—New York Sun.

Skill in Serving Fish.

"Any one can serve fish," of course, but how does it look when pulled to pieces? To serve a trout, mark with a fish knife a line starting at the head and extending within two inches of the tail, and then draw other lines starting from this one and running to the sides of the fish. A salmon is served in the same way as a trout, while blue fish should be divided into two parts longitudinally; then remove the large bone and cut the fish into pieces in such a way as to give each guest a portion of back and belly. The head of a pike should be offered to a lady. Barbels are served in the same way as trout and chub the same as pike.

To serve turbot, "the prince of the sea," mark a cross in the belly penetrating to the bone; then draw transversal lines from this line to the dorsal fin, dividing each slice so made into two pieces, and send the dish round so that the guests may help themselves. Next serve out the belly in the same way, and then remove the large bone and serve the other half of the fish. Turbot should be accompanied with a white sauce made of butter with an oil dressing, and the tongue, as the choicest morsel, should be given to the principal guest.—Henry Haynie's Letter.

First Glass Factories in America.

The first glass factory in what is now the United States was erected in the year 1609 near Jamestown, Va., and the second followed in the same colony twelve years later. In 1639 some acres of ground were granted to glassmen in Salem, Mass. The first glass factory in Pennsylvania was built near Philadelphia in 1683 under the direction of William Penn, but it did not prove successful. The first west of the Alleghanies was set up by Albert Gallatin and his associates, in 1785, at New Geneva, on the Monongahela river. A small factory was established on the Ohio river, near Pittsburg, in 1790, and another in 1795. The earlier attempt failed, but the last was quite successful. In 1810 there were but twenty-two glass factories, with an output of less than $1,500,000 annually. At the present time there are hundreds of factories, which yearly put over $100,000,000 worth of glassware on the markets.—St. Louis Republic.

Bookcases Should Be Plain.

It has been a fashion to make bookcases highly ornamental. Now books want for and in themselves no ornament at all. They are themselves the ornament. Just as shops need no ornament, and no one will think of or care for any structural ornament if the goods are tastefully disposed in the shop window. The man who looks for society in his books will readily perceive that, in proportion as the face of his bookcase is occupied by ornament, he loses that society; and, conversely, the more that face approximates to a sheet of book backs, the more of that society he will enjoy. And so it is that three great advantages come hand in hand, and, as will be seen, reach their maximum together; the sociability of books, minimum of cost in providing for them, and ease of access to them.—Nineteenth Century.

Federal Salaries.

The salaries of the president, congressmen, etc., are as follows: President, $50,000; vice president, $8,000; president pro tem. of senate, $8,000; speaker of the house, $8,000; cabinet officers, $8,000; United States senators, $5,000; members of congress, $5,000; chief justice of supreme court, $10,500; associate justices of supreme court, $10,000; United States circuit judges, $6,000; United States district judges, $3,500 to $5,000; foreign ministers (Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia) each, $17,500; other missions, $5,000 to $12,000.—Boston Budget.

An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole earth; and, assuming that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, scientists conclude that the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must be equal to the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000 horse power constantly exerted.

Edison's Little Joke.

When the phonograph was a newer invention than it is at the present time, Edison put one of the machines in a clock and placed it in a guest chamber. Being a great lover of a practical joke he also placed a friend in the guest chamber one night. Just as his friend was disrobing he heard a voice exclaim: "Eleven o'clock; one hour more." It is needless to say that slumber did not descend upon the eyelids of the visitor during that hour. At midnight the voice exclaimed: "Twelve o'clock; prepare to die!" This was too much for the visitor, and he sprang from his bed and rushed to the library, where Edison and his friends were waiting patiently expecting his appearance. The invention was soon explained and quiet restored.—Kansas City Times.

Shoes That Must Not Be Worn.

If a man going on board a yacht wishes to generate in his host an inclination to "have at him" with the first cudgel that comes to hand let him wear shoes in which there are rough nails. A non-yachting writer has expressed the opinion that the chief occupation of a yacht's crew is that of holystoning decks. Certain it is that on most pleasure craft they show a deal of labor and are the especial pride of the owners. The right shoes to wear are low ones of canvas or soft leather, with soles of rubber or felt. Wet decks are almost to be compared with banana peels, and without rubber or felt soles one is sure to be uncomfortable and more or less sore or bruised. For southern cruising white flannel clothes may be substituted for the conventional navy blue.—New York Tribune.

WANTED TO SEE THE SKELETON.

A Granger Finds the Remains of His Wayward Boy in a Doctor's Closet.

"Every family is supposed to have a skeleton in its closet," remarked Dr. Wheeler, of Wichita, Kan., to a party of friends recently. "I had one in my closet until I shipped it to the Michigan state university. I don't want to see it again.

"It happened like this: Many years ago, when I commenced the practice of medicine in a small Missouri town, the Jesse James boys paid us a visit. They raided the bank and got away with $6,000, but firing was pretty general on both sides. I had a revolver, and during the general excitement I shot one of the robbers. He was dead when we picked him up. A finer specimen of physical manhood I have never seen. The natives in the little Missouri village made no objection when I claimed the youth's skeleton as my prize.

"One rainy night about 11 o'clock a genuine old fashioned frontiersman came to my office. He asked my name, then inquired if I had a skeleton in my closet. His face was bearded and sunburnt, but there was something about him that made me think of the young man I had killed many years before. I was alone in the office, and I didn't like the color of the visitor's eye. However, I answered his question in the affirmative.

"'Let me see the skeleton' said my queer visitor.

"It would scarcely do to refuse. I walked to the rear of the office, where there was a small table out of sight of my visitor. I drew out from the desk a revolver, the same one that had ended the career of the youthful bandit years before. Holding it in my hand, I stepped to the closet, threw open the door and remarked with as much coolness as I could command by force of will: 'There is the skeleton!'

"'Put up your revolver,' remarked the stranger. 'I won't hurt you. If I had wanted to shoot you I would have killed you when I came into the office. I have just been down in Oklahoma and am on my way back to Tennessee. I heard the story of your killing one of the gang, and as near as I can make out it was my boy that was killed. He ran away from home when only 12 years old, and I never saw him after that. I don't hold any grudge against you. You did what was right, I suppose. But I thought I would take this chance to see what is left of the poor boy.'

"I then showed the stranger the skeleton, which was handsomely mounted, and described the raid as briefly and as gently as possible. The old pioneer's only remark, as he gazed upon all that was left of his boy, was: 'Well, he was a big fellow, wasn't he?'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Governor Bradford Prince's Idols.

"I am about as much an idolator as any heathen to be found," remarked Governor L. Bradford Prince, of New Mexico, to a party of friends at the Midland. "I have 600 idols, all of them rare and beautiful and some of them showing the work of the skilled artist and sculptor. That is, I dare say, the largest collection of images owned by any individual in the world. The collection is unique and unlike anything to be found in the possession of the government, the Smithsonian institution, or any museum in the world. I am deeply interested in the study and the collection, for the idols are the work of the Pueblo Indians. Not the moderns who live in adobe houses, but their ancestors, who dwelt in stone houses three or four stories in height. These Indians were very devout and spent a considerable portion of their time in the worship of their household gods, which seem to have represented the sun, moon and heavenly bodies.—Kansas City Times.

Etiquette of the Street.

When two gentlemen are walking with one lady the one takes the out and the other the inside, thus keeping her between them. When one gentleman is walking with two ladies, he places himself between them. When a gentleman desires to speak to a lady who is passing, he may if he be a friend and alone accost her, but he must not detain her. Instead, let him walk with her in the direction whither she is going, and when he has done, leave her with a bow and a smile, raising his hat as he retreats. It is no longer thought needful for a gentleman to keep himself perpetually on the outer side by changing sides at every corner. Such a habit savors of stiffness and is too marked a concession to form. Gentlemen may take the inside when it would seem awkward to do otherwise, but the outside is preferred for them.—Philadelphia Saturday Herald.

Bret Hart's English.

The grammarian may object that Mr. Bret Harte still places adverbs between the sign of the infinitive and the verb. During the negotiation of the Alabama treaty our government telegraphed to Washington that this must not be done. We had made great concessions, but we could not concede "to faithfully maintain" in place of "faithfully to maintain." Whether the phrase was of English or American origin, it was altered by Mr. Fish and Lord Grey, and all was peace. Mr. Bret Harte is not so scrupulous on this point as Mr. Gladstone's government was then, but many readers will consider the matter a trifle.—London News.

"Hazel Kirke" Was a Failure.

Steele Mackaye's "Hazel Kirke" a drama which probably enjoys the distinction of having been presented more consecutive times before American audiences than any other, was a failure at its first production, but retouched to a certain extent and produced under different conditions made a phenomenal hit.—New York World.

A Patriarch Who Chops Wood.

Charles Higgins, of Mapleton, Me., who is more than 87 years of age, has been in a woochoppers' camp all winter, where he held up his end in hard work with the other young fellows. Mr. Higgins' favorite breakfast is pie and pork, with a dozen or so "flapjacks" thrown in; and to that simple and austere fare he attributes most of his present vigor. Human nature is a strange puzzle. Had this doughty old patriarch become a health food crank in early life, the chances are that he would have died at 50.—New York Tribune.

A Valuable Electrical Lantern.

By an ingenious combination of lenses Professor Stricker, of Vienna, contrives to project the magnified images of objects on a white screen in their natural colors, so that, for instance, a small pimple on a patient can be shown in its real appearance to an audience of many hundred students. One of the experiments will be a demonstration of the palpitations of the heart of a small animal.—Exchange.

A White and Red Robin.

A white and red robin astonishes the fishermen of Quonochontaug, R. I. It has built its nest in a shaggy reach of pasture near the thundering ocean breakers. The bird's body is of a snowy white, even to the tip of its tail, excepting its breast, which is a rosy red. A red and white robin was never heard of before. —Boston Journal.

The Boy of the Period.

Sunday School Teacher—Well, Johnny, what would you do if you were a man?

Johnny—I'd slug de umpire wot gave a decision agin Twirly Sam de odder day.—Epoch.

A Fresh Umpire.

"Call the game," whispered the captain anxiously.

"Baseball," said the new umpire.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

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GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Tues. 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. & Fr. No. 2, daily except Tu. & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursday only.	Passenger No. 1, Tuesdays 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.

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

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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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