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AN OPENING ROSEBUD.

What will it be?
'Tis a bud on a rose bush growing,
A tiny and tender thing,
With its green, fringed calyx showing
The faintest tinge of a pink flush, flowing
At kiss of the welcome spring.
What will it be?

What will it be?
With an exquisite grace and bearing,
In timid yet trustful sway,
On the slim curved stem 'tis sharing
The balmy breath of the south wind, daring
The gaze of the fervid day.
What will it be?

What will it be?
I can catch but a doubtful gleaming
(So little the petals show),
Thro' the scarce cleft sepals, seeming
Like lightest bonds, if the bound heart's dreaming
In foldings of flame or snow.
What will it be?

What will it be?
In the day of its full tide splendor,
A marvel of beauty fair,
With its soft bonds riven, render
The richest red of a warm heart, tender
And sweet with an incense rare?
What will it be?

What will it be?
In the time of its full displaying
The secrets its petals hold
Will it show, in sunshine swaying,
The purest white of a rich heart, spraying
Its sweets from a bosom cold?
What will it be?

What will it be?
To the bud on the rose bush blowing
I whisper a tender line,
And its close veiled petals, glowing,
An answer send in a soft blush, knowing
The wish in the whisper fine.
What will it be?
—Gustavus Harknes in Philadelphia Ledger.

Harmless Aids to Work.

The most convenient and immediately effective is the ancient Japanese or Chinese headache cure called menthol, or camphor of peppermint. It should be rubbed upon the head and face all over the region of the fifth pair of nerves, avoiding the eyes, until there is an agreeable sensation of refreshing coolness. If properly used thus, and its fumes inhaled, which it gives out when heated by the hand, the relief and comfort is immense. When there is a general sensation of exhaustion five drops of pure chloroform and a teaspoonful of red lavender, mixed in a glass of cold water by a druggist, is excellent; follow it as soon as possible with some light refreshment.

When the system needs immediate nourishment, drink a glass of milk made as hot as it can be swallowed, taking it in long sips. Phosphates, in addition to the hot milk, will feed the brain tissues, and, taken persistently, will enable one to do a vast deal of work without exhaustion.

Egg yolks beaten to a cream with powdered sugar, and the whites beaten to a froth, and both shaken thoroughly with cold milk, refresh and sustain during night work.

The various crystallized fruits, especially cherries and raisins, and such thoroughly cooked sweetmeats as jams and jellies are good. Of course, none of these sweets are to be eaten as they are at the table, but rather taken as distractions to the tense nervous system.—Cor. New York Star.

A Good Dog, and Weighs 160 Pounds.

A well known resident of Oakland has a large Newfoundland dog that is a wonder in his way—and he weighs about 160 pounds. The gentleman walked into the business office, accompanied by his dog, and purchased an additional paper to mail to a relative in Illinois. The paper was wrapped up, and after placing a 2-cent stamp on the wrapper and addressing it the gentleman gave the paper to the dog.

The owner got into his buggy and drove to the postoffice, the dog running alongside the horse. At the postoffice the gentleman stopped, but the dog didn't. He mounted the steps, trotted down the corridor to the receiving boxes, and, taking hold of one end of the paper in his teeth, he inserted the other in the opening into the paper box, and with his nose pushed it through the hole. He had no hesitancy about brushing his wet coat up against the light check trousers of several young men standing near the box, and when one of them wanted to help him to push the paper through the opening he growled, as much as to say he knew his business and could get along without outside assistance.

After depositing the paper in the box the dog bounded out again to his master, who was waiting for him. "It took me two weeks to train him to do that trick, but it paid me for the trouble," said the gentleman.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Immigrants and Cashiers.

People who do business with newly arrived immigrants notice how quickly they begin to become Americanized. This tendency, in fact, causes no little inconvenience to the cashiers of savings banks, which have many immigrants among their depositors. Some of the larger institutions of this kind have many hundreds of depositors, and it is necessary to exercise the greatest care in seeing that the signatures on orders or checks for money are exactly the same as the one which is kept on reference.

A Hungarian, for instance, when he opens his account, will sign his name "Josef." In a short while he finds trouble in withdrawing any money because he has changed his name to "Joseph." Heinrich, in the same way, becomes Henry; Pierre, Peter; Dorathea, Dora, and so on. The paying teller gets no rest until he has the signature which is kept on record Americanized. — New York Tribune.

Oddities of the Egg Market.

A leading commission merchant said: "The egg business is the most annoying one in the world. During the cold weather in the winter the hens quit laying, but everybody wants to eat eggs. Consequently they go so high that the grocers can't keep pace with their customers. In the spring, just as soon as eggs get plentiful, people quit eating them, and we have to sell them to packers, who pickle them for consumption later on. These eggs that are packed are not liked by consumers, and so you see the egg dealer never has the satisfaction of handling a commodity that is in good demand and good supply at the same time."—Louisville Commercial.

Barber Smith's Oral Challenge.

Will Smith is a tonsorial artist of impressive demeanor and much avoirdupois. He claims to be the speediest man in his profession in the world. He can shave more men in a stipulated time than any barber on earth, he says, and is willing to make a match for any amount with whomsoever disputes his title of champion. He has accomplished the feat, he says, of shaving ten men and running the distance of 100 yards in 13½ minutes, which he is certain has never been equaled.—Boston Herald.

One of Grant's Secretaries.

Ex-Secretary of War Belknap is one of the best known men in the city of Washington. He grows rounder and jollier and more red in the face as the years go by, and the circle of his friends appears to be continually widening. He is a gastronome, a wit and a story teller. He makes ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year as a claim agent and spends it all. He has a lovely family and a luxurious home.—Cor. Augusta Chronicle.

In England in 1868-69 there was one known thief to every 1,000 persons; in 1887-88 the percentage had fallen by nearly one-half, and there was only one known thief to every 1,945 persons. The decrease in the receivers of stolen goods is still greater. In 1868-69 there was one to every 8,430 people; in 1887-88 there was one to every 25,599.

The olive tree lives to a great age. One lately destroyed at Beaulieu had a record of five centuries and was thirty-six feet in circumference.

CHINAMEN'S COUSINS.

A CLAIM THAT AMERICAN INDIANS ARE OF MONGOL DESCENT.

Reasons for Thinking They Are—The Striking Resemblance in Language and Appearance—Curious Custom of Depressing the Skull Artificially.

Having in youth visited the upper Missouri, and obtained considerable knowledge of the tribes who dwelt on that river, I have always felt a deep interest in the investigations as to the origin of the American Indians. From the settlement of this country down to our own time all sorts of theories have been advanced, some of them of the wildest character, and others plausible and reasonable. Catlin tells the story of Prince Modoc and his Welshmen, and speaks of blue eyed and light haired Indians of the Mandan tribe in support of the legend. Neither Catlin nor any of his critics seem to have thought of the simple fact that the pure blooded Welshman is neither blue eyed nor light haired. And this is but a sample of the way in which the subject has been dealt with even by careful and inquiring writers.

SIMILAR WORDS.

My own opinion—if it is of any value—is that the North American Indians, or the greater part of them, are descended from Asiatic immigrants and closely akin to the Mongolian race. In the Sioux language, with which I have some acquaintance, the word for a chief, or head man, is "eetoncha." Among certain tribes of Alaska the chief is called "eeton" and "tyone." This certainly brings us very near the Japanese word "tycoon." I have mentioned this word in particular because it is one of the terms likely to be perpetuated under any change of circumstances, just as the Saxon word "king," in England, survived alike Norman conquest and Celtic admixture. The Sioux word for a tent, or home, is "teepee," and this is very similar to the Tartar word, while there is also a marked similarity in the appearance of the tents alike of the Tartars and the American Indians. The photographs brought by travelers from Siberia of the tribes there subject to Russian authority might well be mistaken for pictures of American Indians in unusual attire.

It is true that the Indians are, as a rule, superior in physique to the average Mongolian; at least to the specimens of the Mongolian race that we meet in America, but the difference is no greater than between the average Celtic immigrant of fifty years ago and his grandson of today; whereas the Indian immigration probably took place many hundreds of years ago. The writer has not been the only traveler impressed by the resemblance of Indians to the Mongols. Both in Central and South America tribes have been found whose likeness, in language, physique and manner, to the Mongolian race has lately been the subject of considerable observation and remark. One of these tribes—the Guararis—has its seat on the far confines of Paraguay; yet, in the opinion of a gentleman acquainted with the Tartar tongue, their speech is distinctly Mongolian.

It does not follow that all the aboriginal inhabitants of America are of Mongolian descent, even if they all came from Asia. The writer has seen the descendants of the Aztecs in Mexico, and it is difficult to imagine any relationship between them and the Mongolian. Yet Aztec tradition points to the north as their original seat, and among a people who had no method of transmitting history by writing tradition is likely to have been fairly accurate. Europe was not all settled by one blood. The fair and the dark haired, the Celt and the Goth, swept over the continent, the current eddying here and there, where a wandering horde was tempted or compelled to rest. So that other races besides Mongols may have emigrated from Asia to America.

AZTEC TRADITION.

The Aztec tradition of northern migration is supported by various circumstances, and one to the bearing of which, I think, attention has never before been called. It is well known that the Aztecs have a slanting forehead—or, in other words, they have no forehead at all—the skull being depressed in front almost on an angle with the nose. A tribe in British Columbia has for ages practiced the custom of depressing by artificial means the foreheads of children so as to make the head look very like that of an Aztec. This is not done to the heads of children of the lowest class in the tribe—the depressed forehead being a sign of at least respectable rank. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the origin of this singular habit may have had some connection with Aztec supremacy in that region at a far remote period, when it became to the interest of a subject clan to have as near a physical resemblance as possible to the conquering race.

The American Indians are passing away. Cities have grown where I have shot the prairie chicken, chased the buffalo and kept midnight watch for the prowling Sioux a few years ago. Another ten years and it will be difficult to find an Indian of the sort that followed Sitting Bull, and harassed the infant settlements of Dakota. They will have become half civilized specimens of humanity, living on the charity of the government, without the virtues of independence, and with numerous vices of which in freedom they were happily ignorant. These Indians have traditions that are worthy of being handed down; their languages, soon to perish, are worth preserving.—Letter in New York Star.

Objected to the Size.

It was a very affectionate husband who uttered the most literal interpretation of sentiment on record.

"I believe," said his wife, proudly, after some great instance of his unselfish devotion, "I believe you would let yourself be cut into inch pieces for me!"

The husband looked doubtful.

"Make the pieces six inches, Mary," he returned, honestly, "and maybe I could stand it."—Youth's Companion.

The Germans in Paris.

Frenchmen are waking up to the fact that the German colony in beloved Paris is rapidly increasing. There are nearly 36,000 of them—in other words, twelve persons out of every thousand of the population are Germans. The total has doubled in the last ten or eleven years, and it is more than double that of the British, who are just under 15,000 strong. The English have their own quarters, but the Germans distribute themselves over every arrondissement.—Paris Letter.

Read Latin and Greek at Four.

Connop Thirlwall, afterward Bishop of St. David's, could read Latin when 3 years old, and at the age of 4 read Greek with an ease that astonished all who heard him. At 7 he composed an essay, "On the Uncertainty of Human Life," which was afterward printed in his "Primitiæ," or "First Fruits," published when the boy was only 11 years old. The history of literature perhaps does not contain the name of another whose first book was published when the writer was not yet in his teens. This book contains about forty sermons, together with several essays and poems.—New York Ledger.

Inflating the Lungs.

As an illustration of what may be accomplished by fully inflating the lungs with fresh and pure air I will state what was told me by an acquaintance who appreciated its importance. He said he opened his window every morning and went through the process of hard breathing, and that in three months after he commenced the practice he increased the girth of his chest three inches.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

An Oyster Stew in Half a Minute.

Ordinarily it takes fifteen to twenty minutes to make an oyster stew properly; but Yankee genius has invented a contrivance which relegates the hitherto popular system to the realms of antiquity.

I entered a caravansary up town which is much patronized by ladies out on husband impoverishing expeditions and ordered an oyster stew. The waiter, to my surprise, returned with it in about three-quarters of a minute.

"Here," said I, "I don't want any ready made stew. I want one cooked to order."

"This is cooked to order, sir," replied the garcon, "and I'll guarantee it is well made, too. You taste it, and if you don't like it I'll have another made in the same time in your presence."

I tasted it with diffident lips and incredulous mind, but sure enough it was as good a stew as I had ever eaten.

Curious to learn how it was done I inquired of the waiter for information, when he led me to the front window and told the young man acting in the capacity of lightning chef what I wanted.

"I can make you a stew in thirty-six seconds," said the Briliat-Savarin, "and this is the way I do it:"

So saying he turned a set screw, which sent steam sizzing through a tube in a half inch vacuum under a copper plate; then he scooped a dozen oysters, which he placed in the now hot plate, with the juice. After a few seconds he skimmed the oyster juice, which had begun to boil immediately on being placed in the copper plate; next he poured a little milk, and afterward a small piece of butter into the plate, and, presto! the stew was made.

It had taken a trifle over half a minute.

"We have an average of 200 people here during the entire day," said the chef, as he juggled with two milk shakes, a glass of cider and one of grape juice, and if all of them ordered nothing but oyster stews I could supply them as fast as they could eat them with these two steam plates. It's a new invention, and I don't think anybody else is using it, so far as I have heard," he said in conclusion, in answer to my question.

What I am now looking for is a steam or electric digestive apparatus.—New York Herald.

Decollete Gowns in Washington.

A gentleman who is well known as a "diner out" in Washington society called upon Mrs. Morton, the vice president's wife, a lady of good family and breeding, and who has enjoyed great wealth for the most part of her life, and found her in a gown of rich, dark velvet, buttoned to the throat and covering her arms to the wrist; the young women were in modest house dresses. Calling at another official's home, he found the blinds drawn, the gas blazing, and the hostess and the young girls who were her assistants on this occasion were in full evening dress—low cut and sleeveless.

A senator's wife, with whom this gentleman discussed the subject afterward, agreed with him that this vulgar taste for decollete gowns on every possible occasion was one of the crudest features of Washington society. Said she: "If a girl comes to spend the afternoon with me and meet my visitors in a low necked gown, I never ask her again."—Ella Higginson.

A Clergyman's Plight.

The Rev. Dr. Todd, of this city, once found himself in the pulpit Sunday morning with the wrong sermon in his pocket. There was no time to send home for the right one, as the congregation was singing the hymn that preceded the discourse; nor would it do to preach from the manuscript before him, as it had been directed against his hearers but a few Sundays before. It was a critical moment. He succeeded, however, in recalling the text on which the absent manuscript was based, and so he began and finished his remarks on that line of thought without a scrap of paper to help him. It is a fact that a number of the reverend doctor's hearers stopped a moment after the sermon to congratulate him on an especially fine effort.—New Haven Palladium.

Sorry He Had Money in the Bank.

"Say, mister, won't you lend me $4.50?" asked a boy of a man in the street.

"Four dollars!" cried the man, gasping for breath. "That's a good deal for a little fellow like you to want to borrow."

"Well," whimpered the boy, "I went and bought one of those banks in which you have to put $10 before you get anything out. I've got $5.50 in it and now the circus is here and I can't get any of my money. If you will lend me $4.50 I can get it changed into ten cent pieces and put it all in, when the bank will come open. I can pay you right back."

But the man said he could not wait that long and left the boy with a woebegone face, pondering over the care and misery of one who has a bank account.—New York Tribune.

A Long Oil Pipe Line.

A colossal scheme has been projected for conveying petroleum in pipes from the port of Baku, on the Caspian, to Batoum, on the Black sea. It has been shelved for a time as being too costly, but all the specifications have been drawn out in detail. The length of the line of piping is 497 miles, the cast iron pipes are to be eight inches in diameter, and there are to be sixty-four intermediate stations. And the pipes must be buried at a considerable depth to guard against cracking in the intense frost.—New York Telegram.

How the French Serve Roast Beef.

"Allow me to remark," said a prominent citizen the other day, as he was showing his appreciation of a choice piece of roast beef, "that I once put in six weeks in the city of Paris. Nothing remarkable about that, is there? But I haven't come to the point. In all that time I never succeeded in getting plain beef. There was beef cooked in every possible way, beef dressed with every kind of sauce, but no plain beef for a change. Do you know I had the same feeling they say a traveler in the tropics has—the tropical fruits may be luscious, but one longs for the taste of an apple now and then—I wished for a taste of the roast beef 'hof hold Hengland.' How do you explain its absence?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Phonograph at Funerals.

It is related that a gentleman well known in Richmond, Va., intends to sing at his own funeral. He has sung at 385 funerals during the last two years. He intends to sing certain songs into a phonograph, and let the instrument officiate at the burial. He has chosen "Home of the Soul" and "Good Night" as the songs to be delivered at that time. This opens up a new idea. Why may not a man preach his own funeral sermon? In the privacy of his own chamber, while living, he might confide to his phonograph exactly what he would like to have said of him at his funeral.—New Orleans Picayune.

Massage for Sleeplessness.

A little massage treatment or rubbing with alcohol at the back of the neck sometimes has the desired effect. Alcohol is quite a persuasive inducer of sleep when applied externally on the spine, and rubbing on the back of the neck tires the brain and causes sleep to follow.—Exchange.

The mail carrier between Sierra Valley and Truckee, Cal., burned a lot of newspaper mail one day to keep himself and his nephew warm. He thought the bundle would make good fuel because he had heard of the number of sticks of type in a newspaper.

WHAT TO DO WITH HANDS.

Here Is a New Way of Learning How to Manage Them in Company.

"Few people are thoroughly at ease about the disposition of their hands in company," said a teacher of the art of gesture. "And yet there is a very simple thing that may be done to get rid of that disagreeable consciousness of the members which give rise to the difficulty. You see, the hands are far more highly educated in this age of mechanical civilization than they have ever been before. It may almost be said that the brain has found its way to the ends of the fingers—that these extremeties have come to possess an inherent intelligence. For this reason the attention is so fixed by habit upon the hands that they feel awkward, just as any other part of the body will do if you think particularly about it.

"You have only to fix your attention on your little toe in order to have it become within a minute positively painful. It has often occurred to me that those monks of the Middle Ages who devoted their minds devoutly to the steadfast contemplation of their stomachs, for the purpose of bringing on a trance condition, must have felt a grievous need of Jamaica ginger.

"So, in order to be graceful in the disposal of your hands, it is only necessary to get rid of consciousness about them, and you may accomplish this to a surprising extent by a very simple gymnastic process. Let them hang limply and wring them as violently as possible for five minutes, say. This will render them unconscious to a great extent, so that you will not be disturbed for some time after by the excess of feeling in them. Consequently, while the effect lasts, you will find yourself at ease about your hands and will have no trouble about their management.

"You will be astonished, if you try it, to find how admirably it works. I have recommended it to hundreds of people, and they have uniformly found it successful. Do it once every day for a month and you will discover that, by the mere practice of the habit, your embarrassment in this regard has been greatly diminished. The time to perform the operation, obviously, is just before you enter a room full of company, though it will not do very well to be found wringing your hands in the vestibule of a house to which you have been invited, or engaged in what may appear to be a frantic exhibition of grief in the reception room."—Washington Post.

A Relic of Territorial Days.

When Noah McNaught was at Hamilton he was shown a wagon wheel which was found buried high up on the mountain side and covered with two feet of earth. From appearances it had been there sixty years. The tire was wide, the spokes were rotted off at the point of intersection with the felloes. The hub and felloes were tolerably well preserved. The root of a tree as large as a man's body had grown through and broken out three spokes. There was no mark in the dense forest indicating that a wagon road had ever existed in that neighborhood. In accounting for how this wheel could ever have gotten there, an Indian tradition recites that a government party took its wagons to pieces and packed them on the backs of mules, that one mule bearing this wheel on its back was precipitated from the mountain side and killed by the fall, leaving the wheel to be covered by the earth as the surface of the mountain became invaded.—Washington Farmer.

Sugar from Sorghum.

In a report issued by the British government is a document from the English consul at Chicago, which states the positive opinion of the author that sugar making from sorghum is now an established fact, and he believes that it will double the value to the American farmer of his corn lands. He is satisfied that hereafter there will be no difficulty of getting from 7 1-2 tons of cane 750 pounds of sugar and 1,000 pounds of molasses and 900 pounds of seed—the whole valued at over $50. This is double what the same area of wheat or Indian corn would produce. In some states—Kansas, for instance—the consul believes this industry will add a six-fold value to the farm lands. When it is remembered that but a few years ago the attempt was almost abandoned by the government as hopeless, such a report from anything but a favorable source is very encouraging.—New Orleans Picayune.

Variety in the Color of Eggs.

It may be taken as a general rule that the eggs of most birds vary more or less as regards size, shape and coloring. Guillemots' eggs vary in ground color from grayish white to grass green. The eggs of the red grouse, the rock and the plover also vary to a great extent, both in color and marking. It sometimes happens that birds whose eggs are usually bright and artistically colored will lay pure white ones, and instances of this in the case of the yellow hammer have come under the notice of the writer. House sparrows' eggs have likewise been taken quite destitute of coloring, while blackbirds' eggs have been found of a blackish hue.—Hardwicke's.

A Curious Ailment.

A curious connection between the color and the auditory sense has been observed by Dr. Albertine. He has discovered that persons suffering from daltonism, that is, color blindness to certain hues, have a corresponding deafness to certain musical notes. Special instances are given. For example, a person not having the sensation of red cannot distinguish the note sol, a person blind to green cannot recognize re, nor can the notes be produced by the voice.—Philadelphia Record.

Encouraging Literature.

Andrew Carnegie has given to the Authors' club, of New York, the sum of $10,000 to be used in the encouragement of literature. The first application for any portion of it came from a young man who wanted to buy paper and pencils to write a five cent Indian novel.—Detroit Free Press.

A Useful Cement.

The following mixture has been used with the greatest possible success for the cementing of iron railing tops, iron gratings to stoves, etc.; in fact, with such effect as to resist the blows of a sledge hammer. This mixture is composed of equal parts of sulphur and white lead, with about one-sixth proportion of borax, the three being thoroughly incorporated together, so as to form one homogeneous mass. When the application is to be made of this composition it is wet with strong sulphuric acid, and a thin layer of it is placed between the two pieces of iron, these being at once pressed together. In five days it will be perfectly dry, all traces of the cement having vanished, and the work having every appearance of welding.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Pleasure in Shaving Dead Men.

I like to shave dead men; not because there is any peculiar fascination in the operation, but there is money in it. You see we get from $5 to $10 for every job of that sort, and then the work is easy, comparatively speaking, for the flesh is soft and pliable and the beard easily removed.—Interview in Washington Star.

Repartee.

Artist—I want some one with a rather stupid expression to sit for a cartoon I am drawing. Could you favor me?

Model—No, but you might get a mirror and use that.—Jester.

It is said that the late Berry Wall, when in the height of his glory, had but two hooks in his apartments. On one of these he hung his cane and on the other his umbrella. The rest of his clothes he of course kept on a chair, like any sensible man.

Distinguished and Educated Persons Who Misspell Their English.

A clever young Harvard instructor was once heard to say, "I really never dare correct a student's misspelling till I have looked in the dictionary."

"Just as I," answered a clever woman, quickly, "never dare use feeble lest I spell it fe-e-ble!" The lady was under the impression that the word should be spelled "feable."

A great and universal contempt is felt for the person who misspells. But some of the wisest men and the best have had the misfortune of being unable always to marshal their letters correctly.

A Cambridge provision dealer tells of receiving an order for salt "mackrel" from a Harvard professor.

A bill made out by one of the leading pedagogues of a neighboring city concluded with "ballance due." Those who know will tell that the sermons of distinguished clergymen sent up for printing frequently abound in errors of this kind.

Cobbett, in his grammar, loved to give instances of bad spelling and ungrammatical language in kings' speeches. The Father of his Country had his own system of spelling and his wife had another and very different one. A brilliant actress whom we all admire invariably spells Tuesday Teusday.

Napoleon was not a correct speller, and the Iron Duke slipped often. The misfortune is often an inherited one, and whole families unto their remotest branches and twigs will show the same weakness.

"What!" says Maj. Pendennis, "would you marry a woman who spelt affection with one f?" Why not a woman as well as a man? If correct spelling were necessary to the marriage state she might ask how many of our presidents would be doomed to celibacy? Gen. Taylor and Andrew Johnson would scarcely have read their title clear to husbandhood.—Cambridge Tribune.

An Indian Tradition.

There is a tradition amongst the Indians that away back in the dusky hitherto knowledge of a cave of gold was possessed by an Indian family on the Saugeen peninsula, who handed the secret down from father to son and guarded it with jealous care. The cave was supposed to be situated somewhere on the Spanish river, and once a year the head of the family paid a visit to it and brought away sufficient gold to last him for twelve months. About 150 years ago the then son, being enticed away from his native guilelessness by intercourse with the crafty paleface, put up a job on the old man, and patiently dogged his footsteps when he went on his yearly expedition.

The unsuspecting father had filled his firebag with gold, and was turning to leave the cave, when he saw a shadow lurking at the entrance. Quick as thought he raised his gun and fired, and the figure fell. When he got out he found that he had shot his son, and in the agony of his grief drew his hunting knife and stabbed himself to the heart, his body falling across that of his son. There the skeletons lie to this day, and any one who molests them may expect the treatment which all naughty boys receive when they meddle with what does not concern them.—Manitoulin Expositor.

What Broke Up the Assembly.

Spudaway—It's astonishing what these sleight-of-hand men can do. I saw Prof. Blitzen once spin an ordinary top upside down on a ceiling for fifteen minutes.

Blinker—That was a mere trick. I knew a man in Utica that could dance for half an hour on top of a picket fence.

Jimes (contemptuously)—That's nothing. Old Dave Persimmons, down in Lee township, could put a black walnut between two of his toes and crack it.

Griffum (with a sneer)—Do you call that strength? Jeff Chitwood, a fellow I used to know down on Crooked creek, could balance a blacksmith's anvil on his nose. I've seen him do it many a time.

Swilk—I don't doubt it a bit. I got on a North Side cable car yesterday. Took a transfer at Diversey street. Car was right there—didn't have to wait a second——

Spudaway, Blinker, Jimes and Griffum (vociferously)—That's a lie!—Chicago Tribune.

Eat Nothing with Fish.

I think it is a wise plan that an English friend of mine tells me Sir Morell Mackenzie adopts in his own family, and has caused to be followed by many of his friends and patients—that of never allowing bread on the table when he has fish there. Under no circumstances will he eat, or permit to be eaten, fish or bread at the same time. He holds that the presence of bread in the mouth prevents the detection of the presence of a bone, which is lodged in the throat before it is discovered, and strangulation follows. The wisest way is certainly to eat fish alone, never with bread or similar substances, for there is much danger in fish bones.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Too Much "Yankee."

The Yankee mate of a ship in the harbor of Havana, having some spare time on his hands, heated bricks in the stove to a red heat, wrapped them about with felt cloth and flung them overboard to the sharks. He had done for twelve of the monsters when the authorities stopped him as a "disorderly" character, claiming that the sharks acted as scavengers for the public benefit.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bad Dog's Insupportable Remorse.

James Brown, an old colored man who has spent many years of his life on the banks of the James creek canal, was a prisoner in the police court charged with keeping a dangerous dog. The old man was so well known to the police that he was permitted to drive to the court behind his three hour horse, which he left outside while he went in court to defend his case. A pretty little girl appeared and exhibited a lacerated arm, which she said was done by the old man's dog. The prisoner had no idea of being convicted, because he said that the dog hung himself after biting the child. The dog's suicide, however, had no effect on the court and the old man was fined $10.—Washington Star.

The New Armstrong Gun.

The Armstrongs have some new gun mountings that may be of great importance. They allow the gun to be fired at an angle of 40 degs., instead of 20 degs. as formerly, a change which will enable ships to attack almost any coast battery from short range. A six inch steel shield for the gunner also trains with the gun, and the latter entirely fills its port so that projectiles and splinters cannot enter.—Exchange.

She is 105 Years Old.

Petaluma has a centenarian in the person of a colored woman named Peggy Barnes. She was born in Virginia 105 years ago. Members of the Overton family, in which she was born in 1785, reside here and are well acquainted with her. Aunt Peggy has resided here for many years, and for the last few months has been confined to her bed.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

John Thornton, of Sandy Cross, Ga., has a freak in the shape of a chicken with one more than the usual number of legs. The third leg is really a malformation of its tail, which takes on the shape of a complete foot, though it is entirely useless. Otherwise the chick is well formed and bids fair to live.

The piece of crown glass, 40 inches in diameter and 2½ inches thick, made in Paris for the object glass of a telescope for the University of Southern California will require two years' labor to turn into a finished lens.

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GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, 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. & Freight No. 2, daily except Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursdays only.	Passenger No. 5, 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.

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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

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