MISERERE.

Deep in a churchyard green, with spring's fresh gladness,
I hear the strokes that mark the noontide hour;
Dark yew trees stand in immemorial sadness,
And ivy girds the gray old Norman tower.

And while the lark above is never weary,
Outpouring clear his midday ecstasy,
My eyes are bent upon the "Miserere"
That from a time worn stone looks up at me.

No word but this; naught yields a faint suggestion
Of man or woman, or of young or old;
Yet there sleeps beyond all doubt and question
Some tragic story to the world untold.

Vain all the mind's conjectures and surmises
Before so sad an epitaph as this;
And yet the thought resistlessly arises
Of faith forsworn and perjured love's abyss.

Of long heart struggle and self immolation
In ways where tried and wounded feet must weed,
Of cruel trial and supreme temptation
And then the enshrouding darkness of the end

Thus to a wanderer doth the mournful "Pity"
Plead mutely o'er the unrecorded dead;
Oh, may the soul have reached that peaceful city
Where ne'er a "Miserere" need be said!

—Clinton Scollard.

A MATTER OF PORCINE IDENTITY.

Not the Value of the Pig, but the Importance of the Principle.

Two or three lawyers were talking of old lawsuits the other day, when one of the oldest members of the Indianapolis bar remarked: "I remember the Perry township pig case that took up a good part of one term of court, having come up through a justice's office. The case was tried, I believe, by governor Wallace, father of our postmaster, and there were at least two firms of lawyers on each side. Sims Colley and Thomas Walpole were in the case, and so far as Mr. Colley was concerned, he was then in the full power of his renown.

The case gave him full opportunity for the display of his picturesque genius, and the drolleries he infused into it long furnished matter of laughter for the bar. Mr. Colley, however, no matter how absurdly droll he might become, never lost sight of the best interests of his client, and certainly never lost sight of his own in the shape of as fat a fee as it was possible to obtain.

"The question was about the identity of a shoat," continued the lawyer. "The witnesses on one side swore it was a pig in a barnyard, and had never been out until it had been put into a pen, from which it was taken to be slaughtered. The witnesses on the other side swore that they had known it from the time it was a suckling. But the great point was the proof of an ear mark. One claimant, sustained by one set of witnesses, said he marked an ear of the shoat with his pocket knife, and the cut was explained at great length to the jury. The other claimant said the mark on the ear of his shoat was torn by the teeth of a dog. It was at this stage of the testimony that a sensational feature was introduced. One witness, having brought his testimony to an exciting point, added a climax by pulling from his pocket a pickled pig's ear, which he declared to be the ear of the shoat in question.

"This created a great uproar in the court room, as the effect of this pictorial testimony upon the jury could not be measured. This witness with the ear was, however, measurably discredited, and the case went on. Medical experts were called in to testify as to what the difference in appearance would be between a shoat's ear cut with a knife and one torn by the teeth of a dog. The experts did not agree, and the jury disagreed, and another trial was held, the second jury disagreeing as the first had done. Charges of perjury were made on each side, and a number of assault and battery cases grew out of it. The costs of litigation were between $400 and $500 on each side."

"What was the shoat worth?"

"About $1.50; but the litigants were fighting for principle."—Indianapolis Journal.

Plucking the Ostriches.

The plucking at the ostrich farm was the chief attraction, and consequently the management received considerable patronage. It is a very novel sight, and those present were well paid for their journey to witness it. The preliminary tussle in which the bird which is to undergo the ordeal is captured is the most exciting part of the performance. After he is caught and a sack placed over his head he becomes as manageable as a kitten, but to catch him it takes four and sometimes five men, so great is their strength. They have twenty-nine birds at the farm, besides two Australian emus, monkeys, parrots, elk, bear, badgers, wildcats, etc. In speaking with one of the attendants your correspondent learned that they clear about $100 per bird yearly. The place is well kept, and well worth a visit by tourists who visit this locality.—Santa Monica Cor. Los Angeles Express.

The Credit Due a Yankee.

A writer in an English publication ingeniously credits the water jet propulsion system to the "octopus, the cuttle fish" and other "old forms of marine creatures." We do not wish to dispute any claim that may be set up for priority of discovery by the octopus, or the cuttle fish, but it seems to us that since American mechanicians have been the first to adopt the theory and apply it to the propulsion of vessels they deserve some recognition. This our British writer seems unwilling to accord, not even mentioning the American's work, and, though evidently getting his entire stock of information from American sources, treats the invention as though a discovery made by himself in partnership with the octopus.—Safety Valve.

The Blue Jay's Song.

Did you ever hear a blue jay sing? Some people are incredulous concerning this, but we have heard the jays too often to have any doubts upon the subject. This bird, whose common note is of all bird voices most harsh and vexatious, can sing, under his breath, like a canary. But when he does sing it is always beneath some safe cover, in a dense thicket of cedars or spruces usually. For our own part we like the birds that can sing everywhere; but if the range of sweetness must be limited, let the softest strain be always reserved for the home, for the cover underneath which lies the nest.—Chicago Interior.

The Writing Telegraph.

The writing telegraph, which had at first but a tardy recognition at the hands of the commercial public, is now being extensively used. There is no question as to the value of an invention which secures absolute immunity from error in the transmission of messages and communications from one place to another. The written communication at the receiving end of the line is a duplicate of the message sent, so that the actual writing of the sender is reproduced in the message received.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An officer of the Sixty-ninth regiment, of New York, says that when the regiment turns out on parade it has a band of sixty-five pieces, of which every man gets $6 excepting the leader, who gets $12. The drum major gets $9 a day.

Possibly the most expensive cigars ever made were the 20,000 Havanas made for Spanish Marshal Prim as a present for Napoleon III, each cigar being stamped with the imperial N. in gold. They are said to have cost $12,000.

Soundings in the Black Sea show that beyond a depth of 600 feet the water is so impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen gas emanating from decaying animal and vegetable matter that living organisms are not found there

[illegible] is made mostly from waste ma[illegible] and it enters into the composition [illegible] thousand things, from a cigar-[illegible] to a car wheel.

The Lost Tribes of Israel.

I wonder if there has ever been any correct answer made to the query, "What became of the ten lost tribes of Israel?" Of course nothing certain can be known as to this matter. Writers must content themselves with speculative opinions based upon hypothesis and altogether conjectural. It has been argued after this manner that the eighteenth chapter of Isaiah has reference to the descendants of the lost tribes who settled North America, but I never "could see it." These tribes, we are taught, settled, at some period after they were carried away from Palestine, somewhere between the Caspian and Black seas, and pushed on from there into Sarmatia, occupying the country between the Danube and the Don rivers, whence they were driven by the successive invasions of the Tartars, even as far north as Lapland, Scandinavia, Denmark and the British Isles—spreading all over Europe.

It is seriously contended that the Angles, Saxons and Celts are undoubtedly the direct descendants of Ephraim and Manasseh; and that our thirteen colonies represented the thirteen tribes which settled in Palestine under the rule of Joshua, which colonies were made up mostly of the descendants of Joseph.

The reasoning by which this teaching is urged upon our acceptance is plausible and quite ingenious; but altogether too much has to be taken for granted.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Enemies of Trapdoor Spiders.

It is difficult to say what may be the enemies of the trapdoor spider, against which such ingenious architecture has been reared and such vigilant watch is exercised. But the quite general testimony is that these spiders leave their tubes at night and go forth in search of prey, or, as in other cases, open the lids of their tunnels and spread straggling lines near by, upon which passing insects are entangled and delayed long enough to allow the spiders to pounce upon them from their open caves. If we credit these accounts we might infer that the enemies which the trapdoor spiders most dread are not such as are abroad at night.

Evidently the creatures are fearless at that time—a state of mind which doubtless results from their knowledge that they are comparatively free from their worst enemies. The enemies which they most dread may therefore be reasonably looked for among diurnal creatures, and not among those of nocturnal habits. Among these foes at least one of the most formidable and irresistible is a diurnal insect, the female of the terrible digger wasp, which I do not doubt will be found to store trap door spiders as well as tarantulas and lycosids.—Henry C. McCook, D. D., in Popular Science.

The Iron Duke and the Toad.

Le petit Caporal was worshiped and feared, but men loved and adored the Iron Duke. Of the former, how few are the kindly human traits recorded! while of the other, to this day, fresh proofs keep coming to light of simple sweetness dwelling long in the minds of men. The following anecdote may serve as one instance out of a thousand illustrating the sympathetic nature of the great commander:

It seems that the duke, in the course of a country stroll, had come upon a little boy weeping bitterly over a toad. A strange trio they must have been—the lean, keen eyed old soldier, the flushed, sobbing boy, and, between them, the wrinkled reptile squatting, with tearless eyes and throbbing sides. The boy wept because he was going to school next day; he had come daily to feed his toad; the little heart was racked with grief because he feared his darling would be neglected when he was gone and might starve. The duke's heart was as soft as the boy's, for he undertook to see that the toad was looked after.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Two Doctors.

Almost every one has made his jest about the proneness of doctors to disagree, the one prescribing exactly an opposite course from that ordered by another; but not every one has had an opportunity to conduct such an experiment as was made by the late Baron Lutz, formerly prime minister of Bavaria.

The baron was once severely wounded in battle in both legs. The wound in one leg was much like that in the other. It struck him that here was a chance to study the ways of the surgical profession and beguile the long hours of his convalescence. He accordingly called in one doctor and gave him charge of his right leg, but told him nothing about the wound in the other, and then called in another surgeon for his left leg, keeping him similarly in ignorance about the wounded right leg.

The doctors adopted a very different method of treatment, but both wounds healed at about the same time. When the baron's legs were quite well he derived a great deal of amusement from getting the doctors together and mystifying them with questions about the way each had treated "his leg."—Youth's Companion.

Curious Old Indian Signs.

About five miles above Morven is a mystery which the people of that community cannot explain. In a hummock near the river are two complete circles, one 90 and the other 140 feet in diameter the smaller circle inside the larger. The circles, which are much like those left by a circus performance, are completely barren of vegetation of all kinds. These circles have been there since the recollection of the oldest citizen, and none know how or when they came there. It must be that they are Indian signs, relics of by gone days, when the savage warrior was lord of all he surveyed.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Rich Puyallup Indians.

There are scores of Indians on the reservation worth from $50,000 to $250,000 each, and when the reservation is thrown open by congress, as it will be in a very few years, there will be in Pierce county a dozen or two of the richest Indians in the United States. Following are the names of some of the wealthy Indians:

Mrs. Joseph Douette, a full blooded Indian widow, with $250,000; Chris Laughlet, a widower, with 120 acres and $80,000; Joe Coates, 160 acres and $80,000, and the Coates family, worth $128,000, are some of the richest.—Puget Sound News.

He Doesn't Like to Be Interrupted.

While Moody, the evangelist, was thundering strong truths into the hearts of his hearers a few Sundays ago, an aged deacon who sat near him on the platform kept interjecting audible and fervent "Amens" and "Goods." "A man with principle is a man to be admired above many others," roared out Mr. Moody. "That's true," mumbled out the deacon in tones of rapture. The evangelist turned instanter and shouted in his mellow voice: "True! of course it's true. What do you suppose I'm telling here to-night—lies?" The poor old deacon subsided.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A gunner in the Royal artillery has just died at Woolwich who, a few years ago, was left a legacy of £10,000. He was quite a young man, and spent the whole of his fortune in three years, at the end of which time he was absolutely penniless. As a last resort he enlisted in the army and was sworn into the Royal artillery.

In the debate on the navy estimates in the French chamber M. Raspoli stated that France had fewer fighting ships than in 1871, although between then and now she had expended on the navy $300,000,000 in excess of that spent by the powers of the triple alliance.

The Cane Has Gone.

The really high caste London swell has "cursed his stick and cast it out." Swagger Englishmen no longer appear in public with canes of any description. The collection of choice silver topped and natural wood weapons they drew mental sustenance from through so many seasons has suffered a temporary divorce from the fashionable toilet. British manhood is unprotected, and goes empty handed on the promenade save for a glove possibly, or in stress of weather a medium sized silk umbrella.

The collapse of the stick is attributable to the wholesale adoption of imitation costly canes by the London clerk and petty tradesman.

'Arry, the haberdasher, greengrocer and draper men were contented until recently to carry blackthorns or a light rattan. To this no objection was raised by the aristocrats, and all would have gone well had not a sharp American flooded the market with cheap, flashy copies of swelldom's own stick. The result was intolerable, and hence the universal renunciation of canes in upper circles.—Illustrated American.

To Winter in the Arctic.

Three vessels from San Francisco are now in winter quarters at the mouth of the Mackenkie river, within 1,200 miles of the north pole. This is said to be the first time that whaling vessels have voluntarily wintered in this location. The colony comprises nearly seventy men. It will be late next summer before they can be heard from, unless by some chance a trapper might find his way that far north by sledges and back again to a British fur trading post. Provisions in the way of fish and game will be procured from the Indians who have villages close by. The vessels are the steamers Grampus and Mary D. Hume and the schooner Nicolene. Alluring stories of bowhead whales being so thick in the water that you could walk about on their backs as on broken ice led the vessels to their present location.—San Francisco Alta.

Last of the Buffalo.

There is a small herd of buffalo on what is known as the Red desert, not many miles from Laramie, Wyo. A party of hunters recently returned from there and report having seen fifteen. During their trip they captured two with a lasso, but both of them died, it is said, from the effects of the choking they received. One of them was taken after a chase of two days. Mr. J. C. Robbins was at the head of the party, and his purpose in capturing them alive was to add them to a private collection of the wild animals of the Rocky mountains, which he intends exhibiting at the World's fair at Chicago. He left three hunters in the hills near the desert for the purpose of capturing other animals.—Denver News.

A Queer Duck at Great Duck Island.

On Sept. 12 a colored individual, who gave his name as "Joe" Hopkins, came ashore in a fourteen foot dory on Little Duck island. Members of the lighthouse department offered to take him to the mainland, but he declined, and since that time has lived on the island. Little Duck is entirely devoid of vegetable growth, and Hopkins has subsisted entirely on mussels. To procure these he has been obliged to wade up to his waist in water. He still refuses to go to the mainland, but desires a new boat. He claims that he is en route for Africa, having started from Nova Scotia.—Cor Boston Globe.

It's a Way Politicians Have.

A lady of this city who has been reading about politics a good deal lately said to her husband the other day: "I suppose it is all right for a prominent public man to be referred to by a nickname, though I think it is rather undignified. But what puzzles me is why everybody should refer to Mr. McKinley as McKinley Bill, instead of Bill McKinley. I suppose, though, it must be in imitation of the cowboy style."—New York Tribune.

He Wished Sue Was a Centipede.

A party was given in St. Louis to which was invited a noble but bashful cowboy.

He was a good looking fellow, and one of the young ladies present kindly took an interest in him and tried to make him feel at ease. He fell desperately in love at once, and the hostess, noticing this, encouraged him all she could. In leaving the house the young lady who had taken a friendly interest in the cowboy forgot her overshoes and the hostess told the young Lochinvar from the plains that he might return them to the girl if he wished.

The herder leaped at the chance, and presented himself in due time at the young lady's house. She was surprised to see him, but greeted him cordially. "You forgot your overshoes last night," said he awkwardly, handing her the package.

She thanked him and opened it. "Why, there's only one overshoe here," she exclaimed.

"Yes, miss," said the blushing vaquero earnestly, "I'll bring around the other one to-morrow, and I only wish, miss, that you were a centipede."—St. Louis Republic.

Characteristic Autographs.

Count Enzenberg, the Hessian charge d' affaires in France, had one hobby—the collecting of autographs of famous men. On one of the pages of the Hessian's album the statesman Guizot had written:

"All through my long career I have learned to forgive much and often, but to forget nothing."

The sentiment is not a Christian one, nor is it notable for its worldly wisdom. It is strange that Guizot, who was a professed Christian and reputed to be worldly wise, should have written it. His rival Thiers must have noticed the inconsistency, for underneath it he wrote:

"A little shortness of memory cannot detract from the sincerity of forgiveness."

Bismarck, while Prussian ambassador at Paris, being asked to write something on the same page, wrote:

"As for myself, existence has taught me to forget many things, and to get myself forgiven for a great many more."—Youth's Companion.

No Venomous Beetles.

Of more than 40,000 species of beetles widely diffused over the earth's surface not one is known to be venomous, or possessed of a sting. Butterflies and moths have no mouths to eat with, only a proboscis to extract sweet juices from flowers. Neither do they grow after assuming the winged state. When in the caterpillar state they are voracious eaters. A company of some species will strip a whole tree within a single day.—St. Louis Republic.

There is paid out of the national treasury $120,000 annually to residents of Canada, many of whom have not seen the United States since they were mustered out at Washington at the close of the war.

There is a specimen of the hairy crab in the British museum which, though not larger than a walnut, is saddled by a sponge as large as a three pound tomato can.

The Non-Comprehension of a Word.

The Head Waiter—Isn' yo' gwine t' tip me, sah?

Mr. Hayborn—Lord, no! I won't touch yer. You ain't been very 'tentive, but I don't lay it up agin yer 'nough t' lay hands on yer.—Judge.

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking ***Brown's Iron Bitters.*** Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Cheap Board at Harvard.

A change is to be proposed at Harvard Memorial hall. That fact is now well known here, but the details of the changes are unknown to the public. From a hint, however, I surmise that this great dining room, the largest in the world, now seating 750 men at meals, is to substitute for the system of regular table d'hote a restaurant style, in order to accommodate more students. Every visitor to Harvard has seen "the lions feed," as the students express it, and yet, I presume, few realize the amount of food necessary to satisfy the appetites of those lusty young fellows. Would you see the figures? Here they stand as given to me by one of the guardians of this great dining hall:

Every day there are consumed 150 gallons of soup, 150 pounds of fish, 2,500 pounds of meat and poultry, 3 barrels of flour, 15 bushels of potatoes, 150 pounds of table butter, 300 pounds of sugar, 45 pounds of oatmeal, 90 pounds of cracked wheat, besides other articles in like proportion. The entire service is under the charge of the students themselves, assisted by the faculty, and is run on the co-operative plan, the board being furnished at cost. That cost is never allowed to exceed $4 a week, and often runs below $3.50. But now a movement is on foot to make it even lower, and the outcome will revolutionize the gastronomic system at Harvard.—Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Wild Flowers in the Fall.

What are our very earliest wild flowers, and how early have we a right to expect spring flowers? Perhaps the reader thinks this is not a timely question; but it is, because the flowers are just coming into blossom now! Mr. Hitchings, one of our well known botanists, once favored The Listener with some hepaticas which he gathered in November, and he writes that he has found some in October, too, blooming in the Middlesex Fells. From this time on he finds them blooming in the fells every month until May: his latest date is May 7.

He tells also of trailing arbutus gathered at this time of year in Williamstown. Both are spring flowers; and if they bloom in November and December, then November and December are counted among the spring months—by the hepatica and the arbutus. The Listener may add to the list of these early blooming spring flowers his Canada violets, which have been in bloom within a week. But for that matter, these delicious little violets have been blooming all summer and fall.—Listener in Boston Transcript.

Tampering with Another Man's Mail.

A story of how a well known sporting man put his guardian to the expense of $5,000 by an intended joke has just leaked out. It seems that the guardian had some business affairs that were being contested in the courts and needed special attention on account of the big amount at stake. The sport knew of this, and in order to make himself popular in his own eyes formed the idea of intercepting the mail in connection with the business affair. It chanced that about this time a settlement was offered by one of the persons on condition that it should be accepted immediately. This offer was the first thing taken, and for the next week the contents of it were published pretty thoroughly in the city. At length, when things neared a climax, the facts were confessed, but that did not prevent the outlay of $5,000, because the offer was not accepted sooner.—Springfield Republican.

A Wagon Load of Coin.

The banks are getting down to hard pan, and nobody realizes it more keenly than a Holyoke real estate broker, who sold a piece of property to the Roman Catholic church authorities in this city. He received a check for $1,100 from Bishop O'Reilly on a Springfield bank and presented it for payment. The teller could not pay him in bills and urged him to take a certificate of deposit, which, however, he would not have. Consequently he was obliged to get an express wagon and a number of soap boxes to convey to Holyoke the metal which he received. He got $600 in gold coin and 300 silver dollars. Safely in Holyoke with his precious load, he could not induce his bank to take it, and has been forced to pay the coin out in the transaction of business.—Springfield Homestead.

The Parson's Popularity.

It is a common saying that you can judge a man by his visiting card. A lately arrived rector not ten miles from Boston left his cheap, printed card at the house of one of his parishioners and his neatly engraved one at another's. The houses were respectively in unfashionable and fashionable quarters of the city. But the parishioners happened to be cousins. They met, they compared cards—as women will—and that rector now wonders why he is growing in disfavor with some of his parishioners.—Boston Traveler.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, lost his summer vacation for a rather peculiar reason. He had been commissioned to paint the ceiling for the museum at Vienna, which, on being placed in position, was found to be too small by three or four feet, and Munkacsy was forced to repair to his studio and make the work satisfactory.

A species of porous terra cotta tiling is rapidly coming into use. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of it was recently put into one building in New York city. Experts say, however, that as far as fireproof floors are concerned alternate layers of plank and cement form the most impenetrable of constructions.

There are growing on a farm in San Antonio, Cal., two large fig trees that are as old as the state. They are thirty feet in height, have a very large spread and are marvels of productiveness. It is thought they will yield 1,000 pounds of fruit each.

Ruined by Chess.

In the committal of Fred Elder, of Detroit, for vagrancy is written the close of the life of one of the brightest newspaper men Michigan ever saw. Fifteen years ago Elder, who had graduated at Amherst college with high honors and obtained his diploma from the law school, came to Michigan as a newspaper man. His mind was of the brightest, keenest kind, and he could call to mind the very page and paragraph of any quotation from Blackstone or Kent, and was a perfect encyclopedia on Shakespeare. He learned to play chess and became enraptured with the game. His love for chess overcame his care for food and his profession, and he lost his position. Step by step he drifted down, sacrificing anything for the game.—Detroit Cor. Philadelphia Press.

A "Dimple" and a Spark.

A fire was caused in a singular way the other day in Highland park, opposite New Brunswick, N. J. The handsome country residence of Peter Zimmerman was discovered to be on fire. The flames were first seen in a bay window at the east end of the third story hall, where the sun was shining in. It is concluded that the fire was started by a dimple in the window glass contracting the sun's rays. The flames were quickly extinguished by using water from the tank on the roof.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Colin F. Stam.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Father's Way.

[To Wilson Barrett.]

My father was no pessimist; he loved the things of earth—
Its cheerfulness and sunshine, its music and its mirth;
He never sighed or moped around whenever things went wrong—
I warrant me he'd mocked at fate with some defiant song.
But, being he wasn't much on tune, whenever times were blue,
He'd whistle softly to himself this only tune he knew:

Now mother, when she learned that tune which father whistled so,
Would say: "There's something wrong today with Ephraim, I know;
He never tries to make believe he's happy that ere way
But that I'm certain as can be some trouble is to pay!"
And so, betimes, quite natural like, to us observant youth
There seemed suggestion in that tune of deep pathetic truth.

When Brother William joined the war a lot of us went down
To see the gallant soldier boys right gayly out of town;
A-comin' home, poor mother cried as if her heart would break—
And all us children, too—for hers, and not for William's sake!
But father, trudgin' on ahead, his hands behind him so,
Kept whistlin' to himself, so sort of solemn like and low.

And when my eldest sister Sue was married and went west,
Seemed like it took the tuck right out of mother and the rest;
She was the sunlight in our home—why, father used to say
It wouldn't seem like home at all if Sue should go away!
Yet when she went, a-leavin' us all sorrow and all tears,
Poor father whistled lonesome like, and went to feed the steers.

When crops were bad, and other ills befell our homely lot,
He'd set around and try to act as if he minded not;
And when came death and bore away the one he worshiped so,
How vainly did his lips belie the heart benumbed with woe!
You see the telltale whistle told a mood he'd not admit—
He'd always quit his whistlin' when he thought we noticed it!

I'd like to see that stooping form and hoary head again—
To see the honest, hearty smile that cheered his fellow men;
Oh, could I kiss the kindly lips that spake no creature wrong,
And share the rapture of that heart that overflowed with song;
Oh, could I hear the little tune he whistled long ago,
When he did battle with the griefs he would not have us know.

London, Oct. 28, 1890. —Eugene Field.

Let Christmas Stand for Pleasure.

Christmas is the preacher who emphasizes the fact that the religion which it celebrates is adapted to human nature. Horace is called the laureate of the worldly, of the epicurean, of the pagan who would eat and drink in view of to-morrow. The gay adage dum vivimus is cited with a shudder as the gospel of pleasure. Christmas was hunted in the Puritan parliament as a kind of god of pleasure who was only a masked devil. It was confounded by Governor Bradford with the Belly god. But why, said Charles Wesley, as he sweetly sang—why give all the good tunes to Satan? The sweet singer might have enlarged his view and his question. Why give Satan any of the good things? Why, above all, let him have Christmas, as Andromeda was abandoned to the dragon of the sea? Let Christmas stand for pleasure and for the reason that it is especially the Christian day. Then Christianity drops her weeds and smiles.—Harper's.

An Impostor Who Made Money.

One of the men who made a fortune out of the Cardiff giant humbug nearly twenty years ago died in New York recently. His name was George Hull. He was formerly a tobacconist in Binghamton, and was the author of the fraud, which he engaged an Italian stonecutter of Chicago to carry out. A large gypsum slab was obtained in Iowa and cut into the form of a gigantic man. The stone was artificially colored, to give the appearance of great age, and then buried in the vicinity of Cardiff, where it was accidentally (of course) discovered and exhumed, and exhibited about the country as a prehistoric figure. The imposition was so clever that many scientific men were deceived by it.—Chicago Herald.

Induction.

Two Detroiters were closing a large land deal the other day by telephone when there came a "zip!" and a female voice inquired:

"Is Mrs. Jones home?"

"No," answered another.

"So sorry! Well, just the minute she comes do you tell her to come right up here."

"Sickness?"

"No. All my canned peaches have begun to work and must be scalded over again!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Million Drops Into His Lap.

To be a millionaire for six years and not know it has apparently been the luck of Mr. A. P. Cunningham, of Washington. Mr. Cunningham is a clerk in the document room of the senate. Friday night he was informed that his uncle, John Cunningham, died in Australia six years ago, leaving an estate valued at $1,500,000. He is the sole heir of his uncle, all his relatives who might have come in for a share of the estate being dead. Mr. Cunningham is the son of Patrick Joseph Cunningham. The latter had two brothers named John and Francis, who were natives of Ireland and came from Dundalk to America in 1826. They went to Montreal, then to Philadelphia and then to Australia.

In 1856 John returned to Philadelphia, and in that year invited his brother Patrick, who then lived at Elliottville, N. Y., to visit him. Patrick attempted to accept the invitation. There was an Irish celebration at Buffalo, and he started to it intending to go on to Philadelphia. The train on which he embarked was snowed in between Dunkirk and Buffalo, and Mr. Cunningham, in the trying times that followed, lost the address of his Philadelphia brother. Patrick lived in a number of cities, dying in Pennsylvania some years ago. Now, after the lapse of years, his son receives the first definite information about the uncle whom his father started out to find more than thirty years ago.—Philadelphia Record.

Fashion in the Use of Soap.

That there should be a fashion in perfumes is much easier understood than that there should be one in soap, and yet it is absolutely true that a soap fancied a year ago is disliked now. At one time we were all buying very highly scented soaps, prettily enough named after the flowers of the hothouse or those of the field, done up in satin like papers and tied with ribbons. A violent reaction set in after this, caused undoubtedly by a health craze, and carbolic, sulphur and tar soaps, all singularly suggestive of hospital wards, had the preference. Now it is the thing to use a soap that is absolutely without scent, the perfume that one desires being gained from the large sachets that envelop one's belongings, or from the delicate odor that is sprayed about one's neck or just back of one's ears.

How many people know that soap is mentioned in the Bible? It is, though. "For though thou wash thee with natron and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me." (Jeremiah ii, 22).—New York Sun.

Reportorial Memories.

Mother—I am glad to hear you went to church today. What was the sermon about?

Adult Son (a reporter)—I don't know, mother; I haven't written out my notes yet.—Good News.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

FLOORING AND SHINGLES!

BUILDING LUMBER GENERALLY.

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

—GET OUR—

VERY LOW PRICES

BEFORE BUYING.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

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BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skillful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

"A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair of ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

SEVEN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING "7-17-70" PHOTOGRAVURE PANEL SIZE Mailed for 4 cts. (coppers or stamps). J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS MO.

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Mother.—Come in out of the snow. You'll get your death of cold from wet feet.

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on them, and water can't go through.

OIL CLOTHS are expensive and wear out, but a floor which can be washed clean without the labor of scrubbing is such a luxury. We will tell you how an entire oil cloth will obtain it, and still the floor won't look painted. Use

PIK-RON

A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH. TRY IT. WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia. Ask in Drug, Paint and House Furnishing Stores.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR OF STRENGTH! For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Results in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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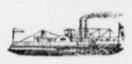

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

On and after Monday, October 13, 1890, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8 A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 A. M. for the above landings.

The STEAMER GRATITUDE

of the Centreville and Corsica River Company, will leave Centreville every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 A. M., Jackson's Creek at 9.15 A. M., and Rock Hall at 10.30 A. M. for Baltimore.

Returning, will leave Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.00 A. M. for above landings.

☞ The United States Express Company service on Both steamers affording patrons an opportunity of making through shipments of freight to all points in the United States without delay.

☞ For the convenience of our patrons we have at Rock Hall landing, ample accommodations for the care of teams.

GEO. WARFIELD, PRES'T.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest and among them the following may be mentioned:

Sir Edwin Arnold

contributes to the December number the first series of four Articles upon Japan, its people, its ways and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

Henry M. Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

The Wrecker,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M. P.,

arthur of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of Four Articles upon India, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad Articles. "Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Drivers," and "Management," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

Great Streets of the World

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly, London; Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once.

$3.00 a Year; 25 Cents a Number.

CHAS. SCRIBNER SONS, PUBLISHERS,

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1891.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly.

The Twelfth Volume of Harper's Young People begins on November 4, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "