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22D YEAR—NO. 43. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,135.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing .	8:30 a m	3:00 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, Aug 9 General Manager.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive.
No. 5. No. 3. No. 1.		No. 2. No. 4. No. 6.*
p. m. a. m. a. m.		a. m. p. m. p. m.
6 15 11 53 6 15	Piedmont	11 00 6 00 11 45
6 30 12 08 6 30	Barton	10 50 5 49 11 32
6 40 12 18 6 40	Lonaconing	10 42 5 39 11 23
6 52 12 29 6 52	Midland	10 29 5 28 11 09
6 55 12 32 6 55	Ocean	10 26 5 24 11 05
7 00 12 39 7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20 5 19 11 02
7 08 12 47 7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12 5 11 10 54
7 25 1 04 7 25	Morantown	9 52 4 54 10 36
7 32 1 11 7 32	Mount Savage	9 46 4 50 10 28
7 37 1 16 7 37	Barrellville	9 38 4 44 10 22
7 39 1 18 7 39	Patterson's	9 35 4 42 10 20
7 45 1 24 7 45	Kreigbaum's	9 30 4 35 10 15
7 47 1 26 7 47	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28 4 35 10 13
8 00 1 39 8 00	Cumberland	9 15 4 25 10 00
p. m. p. m. a. m.		a. m. p. m. p. m.
Arrive.		Leave.

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

No baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6. L. M. HAMILTON, May 27 Superintendent.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 1892.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
11:10 a m	....No. 8 Express....	11:15 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	2:45 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12:20 a m	....No. 4 Express....	12:30 a m
12:30 p m	No. 116 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
11:30 p m	....No. 7 Express....	11:30 p m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
5:21 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:30 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:20 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
4:35 p m	....No. 15 Passenger...	4:45 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	4:35 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72. Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express	leaves	1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland "	" daily except Sunday	7:40 a m
" 11—Mail	leaves	3:00 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited	leaves	4:30 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express	arrives	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail	"	1:45 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp.	" daily except Sunday	7:35 p m
" 6—Limited	leaves	2:25 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, May 27 Acting Agent.

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

HIS OWN CHILD.

RETOLD FROM "THE LAST SENTENCE," MAXWELL GRAY'S LATEST NOVEL.

Judge Marlowe seemed to pale a little when the case was called, but he soon recovered himself, so the counsel thought, and became completely absorbed in the evidence that was being given.

The case was that of a girl of twenty, with soft gray eyes like the judge's own, and a countenance that seemed sincere and frank. But she was on trial for her life. The grand jury had indicted her for infanticide. The evidence was exceedingly strong and nothing in rebuttal was offered. The story was briefly this:

Cecile had been picked up from nobody knew where, at the age of eleven. It seemed that she had been in a circus, but she had run away. Her history before that was a blank. But now an old couple had taken pity on her, in her almost starving and quite desperate condition, and had given her a home with themselves, where she had been a fairly faithful servant for some years. Four years later changes had occurred, the death of the old gentleman who had been to her a father had thrown his wife and Cecile on the world without money or support, and Cecile was found a place as governess in a noble family, that of the Franklins, where she had remained for three years.

Now and then she had asked to go to the old village where she had lived so long to visit a friend, and permission had readily been granted, though it was not known at the great house that she had a child there. One day she went on this periodical visit as usual, returning two days later. But it was afterwards discovered that she had gone to her child, taken it from the good woman who nursed it and was seen making her way with it towards a thick wood, in which was a shallow pond. She stopped as she reached the edge of the copse and sat down on a log to rest, and it was in this position that a passing woodcutter saw her for a moment. Two hours later he saw her return without the child in her arms, apparently weeping. She immediately went back to her duties as governess, but in two days she was arrested for the murder of her child. The body of a child had been found in the pond in that wood. On the shore were found marks of feet and in the mud was a crucifix and rosary which were known to have belonged to the unhappy girl. She had been seen going into that wood with her child, she was seen returning without it. The body of a child had been found, and this crucifix and rosary, the sign of the mother's presence at the pond. What evidence could be more conclusive? What escape was possible? And the worst of the case was that the girl, though her evidence could not be received in court, would not even to her counsel make an explanation of her conduct, though she stoutly denied having caused the death of her child, and said the body found must have been the body of another. But where her own child was she refused to say, or why she had taken it to that wood.

Judge Marlowe was a man of fine and delicately turned countenance, with large, peculiar eyes of gray, which were filled with a soft, some said timid, light. In the present case it was clear that he sympathized with the prisoner from the first, and the poor girl's counsel, seeing that he had the judge on his side, could not but hope that he might secure her acquittal in some way, though he hardly knew how, the evidence was so damning.

II.

Twenty years had now passed since a certain episode in the life of Judge Marlowe that had been concealed from all, even from his wife. When a young man of twenty he had gone to Brittany to spend a summer's vacation, wearied out with the work he had given himself up to in preparation for his legal examination—and, if truth must be told, a little love-sick for a girl who had snubbed him. There for some months he lived quietly, professing to be a poor, struggling artist. There he had been loved by a peasant girl, who, in her devotion to him, had nursed him through a fever. For his sake she had sent away the rough fellow who had heretofore been her suitor. Her kindness during the long hours of his feverish delirium had been the means of bringing him back to life. He remembered his aristocratic home, the disapproval of his parents, his own personal regret in the future, but gratitude got the better of him and he married the poor girl, and a child, a girl baby, was born to them.

Then he had sent his child wife away to be educated as became her rank, for he was at heart kind and good and meant to be just to her and to give her his own home. He himself returned after this long absence to his father and mother, where he found Cynthia.

If Cecil Marlowe had seen Cynthia before he went to the Brittany coast he would not have married poor Renee. Cynthia had heard much of him, for he was the idol of the household, his mother's pet and hope, and she had a far-away respect for him before she had even seen him. Then when he came he was tall and graceful, with such fine eyes, like his mother's, such an intelligent bearing and attitude towards everybody and everything, such a tender way of speaking and acting, it was indeed not strange that she loved him. Yet he was cold, it seemed to her; he was sad, and his thoughts wandered now and then, and she wondered if he loved some other girl. It all piqued her terribly, and she enticed him on, determined not to be played with herself without playing back. He had meant to tell her of his wife. He should do it some day, but the day never came. He wished he was free, he wished he could blot out that simple country ceremony under the trees, down there by the Brittany coast. He loved Cynthia; she was such a woman as his soul craved, she alone could be to him a wife in very deed.

But he was bound to another! The sadness of it filled him, overwhelmed him, and only piqued Cynthia the more, for she could not understand, and wondered if he were not playing with her.

Then one day he read in a paper of a fire in a little church down at that little village on the Brittany coast, and a few days later he had a letter saying that his wife and baby had perished in the crowd, suffocated to death.

In two months he was engaged to be married to Cynthia. He was by her side on the ice in the north country. They were happy together now. In two months more they would be married.

But suddenly, as he whirled and whirled about on the glare surface, looking love into the eyes of his betrothed, a figure started madly forth from the woods; a wild-looking girl with a child in her arms cried, "It is I, Renee, your wife," in the Breton tongue. Cecil understood, but the others did not. They only stared at her. Cecil turned his back. Then he slowly raised himself, turned about and looked far past the pitiful little figure on the shore of the lake. She saw it. She turned and was gone, the anguish of death at her heart. He, her husband, had not recognized her. He loved the pretty woman by his side. She had seen the love glances he was giving her before she, the poor little wife, had proclaimed herself.

Cecil Marlowe sent his servant after her, poor creature, and asked to see her in an hour beyond the copse. When he came he found her there. He tried to soothe her, to reassure her, to say he thought her dead. But her pride was fierce. She had expected that when he knew that she was alive he would come to her, and put his arms about her, and say, "Father, mother, it is my wife! She was dead and is alive again. My wife; Renee, my wife!" But instead of that he had not known her.

She had walked miles and miles to this northern country to find him, sure in her simple heart of his fidelity. But she would burden him no further. Let him go back to his sweetheart! She would not trouble him; no, not she, though she were indeed his wife. Doubtless that would not be long.

Afterwards he might marry that pretty girl by his side on the ice.

With that she had dashed away through the tangled wood, and he had lost her. The next morning she was lying dead in the snow before his father's house. But even in death she was a stranger to him. He wondered with the rest how that strange creature had come to their house to die; he, with the others, guessed at what nationality she was, for they did not know. He thought she might be Breton, but he could not tell. Yet she was buried almost with the same ceremony as if she had indeed been acknowledged his wife; her form was carried from his father's house and was laid in his father's burial lot. And the child, which she had left at an inn seven miles away, was taken in charge by him and cared for until one day he went to look for it and it was gone, and no amount of searching could discover it.

III.

Judge Marlowe, as he sat in that English court trying that case of life and death, became hourly more certain that the prisoner in the dock was his own child, little Cecile, whom he had lost. He asked to see the crucifix and rosary which were found broken by the pond. They were the crucifix and rosary he had given his little peasant wife in those far-off happy days when he had taken her in his arms for the first time and pledged himself to marry her. He knew the old tokens, he saw in a moment why the face of the prisoner had haunted him. On the back of that little cross he read the word "Pardon" cut in rough letters with a knife. She had cut it to send to him that winter night when she had died in the snow. She had repented her hard words in the wood and was going to beg his pardon and believe him true to her after all.

The judge bowed his head, the counsel wondered at his strange paleness and asked if he were ill. The prisoner at the bar waited to hear the sentence she knew must be hers.

"Have you aught to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?" asked the judge, steadying himself and looking directly, though somewhat vacantly, at her.

"Only this," she answered, "that I am innocent."

He looked away and seemed to wipe tears from his eyes as one hand toyed with the crucifix and rosary on the desk before him and he seemed to mutter, though none were sure of what he said, "My own child, my own child."

Then, in a clear, unwavering, though most sombre voice, he repeated the formula for sentence of death in English courts:

"I sentence you, Cecile Renny, to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

He did not look at the prisoner as he ended, but quickly raised his handkerchief to his mouth to stop a sudden gush of blood and as he did so he sank down with his official robes of black about him stained with red, and they heard him say distinctly: "My own child. She is my own child and I have condemned her to death."

It was his last sentence. They carried him out and called the doctors, but it was too late.

What did it matter to him when, at the last moment, a reprieve came for his child, that she was shown to be innocent, that she was truly married to the son of her aristocratic mistress, that he had taken her child away and because she had promised silence she had said nothing that would inculpate him, even when she must die for it? He, the father, had taken the baby away with him where he had gone to a distant country to win his fortune, and the body that had been found was a stranger's.

But Judge Marlowe, the respected, the wise, the beloved had died with that sentence of death upon his lips—his own sentence, it proved, and not the sentence of the innocent child whose mother he had murdered.

Heaven's gift is the imagination, that flashes its way where reason often painfully gropes.

How He Saved His Neck.

"I remember," says Prof. Williamson, of Texas, "hearing one speech in my life that I am satisfied was delivered without preparation, and it was an eloquent one, too. It was in California in '49. We were busy at work, a crowd of us, getting out gold; and one night two brothers named Burke—popular fellows—lost every ounce of their dust. Some thief had crept into the tent and stolen it. Suspicion fell at once, and without any reason, on an Englishman in the crowd, who held himself aloof from every one. A search of his tent found more dust than it seemed reasonable for him to have accumulated, and he was at once taken to a tree with a rope around his neck, and given fifteen minutes to pray. The fifteen minutes reached an hour and a half, and such a flow of eloquence upon the subject of circumstantial evidence I have never heard before or since. Its power may be imagined when I tell you that the crowd in that country and in that day was influenced to change the verdict of capital punishment to banishment and confiscation of his property.

"He walked down to 'Frisco, and took a job as bartender. A month after we found out that the cook we had in camp was the thief; and after stringing him up, I was sent to hunt up the Englishman and turn his property back to him. His name was Rivers, and he was a 'varsity man in England, and a Senior wrangler, I found when I met him. He had a pile of several thousand dollars, and went straight to England. I never heard of him afterwards, but I shall never forget that eloquent and extemporaneous address."

A Saxon Banquet.

At a Saxon dinner the dining table was oblong and rounded at the end says *Chambers Journal*. The cloth was a rich crimson, with a broad gilt margin hung low beneath the table. The company sat in chairs with concave backs, and were arranged with regard to the sexes, much as at the present day. The dishes consisted of fowls, fish, flesh of oxen, sheep, deer and swine, both wild and domestic—not excepting certain portions of the sea-swine or porpoise, a food at present little cared for, but at that period no unfrequent article of diet. Bread of the finest wheaten flour lay on two silver baskets upon the table.

Almost the only vegetable in use among the Saxons was kalewort; and the condiments, salt and pepper. The various articles used were boiled, broiled or baked, and were handed by the attendants upon small *splets* to the company. Prior to the introduction of forks into England, which was not till James I.'s time, our ancestors made use of Dame Nature's forks, their fingers; and for the sake of cleanliness, each person was provided with a small silver ewer containing water and two flowered napkins of the finest linen. Their dessert consisted of grapes, figs, nuts, apples, pears and almonds.

In the tenth year of the reign of King Edward III. there was an act of Parliament passed which ordained that no man should be served with more than two courses, except upon some great holiday therein specified, on which occasion he might be served with three.

One's Future Wife's Name.

He was a chatty kind of a conjurer, and was anxious to open the evening's entertainment merrily. So he stepped forward to the front of the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, if there is in this audience any young man who would like to know the name of his future wife, if that young man will kindly step up I will undertake to tell him, and this is no guessing competition. Now, will any single young man kindly stand up?"

Up jumped a young man in the center of the room.

"Thank you," said the conjurer. "Now, do you wish to know the name of your future wife?"

"I do," said the young man.

"Well," said the man of magic, "I always like to do things in a proper business fashion; will you kindly give me your name?"

"Yes, certainly," said the young man. "My name is Jackson."

"Thank you," replied the conjurer; "then the name of your future wife will be Mrs. Jackson."

They Were Not Labelled.

It was the morning of Mr. McSwat's birthday. As he came down to breakfast, says the Trenton *Advertiser*, Mrs. McSwat waylaid him in the family sitting-room, led him to the door of a closet, opened it and pointed to two gorgeous garments hanging from the hooks inside.

"I made them myself, Billiger," she said, "as a little surprise for you. One of them is a dressing-gown, and the other is a night shirt. How do you like them?"

"They are simply magnificent, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwat, gazing at them in mingled admiration and awe. "Made them yourself?"

"Every stitch. Glad you like them, Billiger."

"Like them?" he echoed. "They overwhelm me. Would you mind telling me, Lobelia, which—hum—which is the dressing-gown and which is the night shirt?"

The Little Toe Must Go.

Physicians have at last decided that the small toe of the human foot must go; that civilization tends gradually to crowd it out of existence and to depend more than ever for locomotion on the big toe.

COST OF FANATICISM.

Sacred Places that Have Been Disfigured by Misguided Zeal.

I wish the Holy Sepulchre and Golgotha and the grotto of Bethlehem, and the summit and ridge of Olivet had been left as nature made them, writes Canon MacColl in the *Contemporary Review*, instead of being disfigured and disguised by the misguided zeal of Christian piety. They lose much of their impressiveness through an ignorant desire to make them more impressive. And it is lamentable to reflect that the holiest spot in the Holy Land, that which was sprinkled with the life blood of Incarnate God, and witnessed his victory over death, should have been indirectly the cause of more carnage than any other spot on earth. For it arrayed not only Christendom against Islam on many a bloody field, but also one-half of Christendom against the other, ending in the capture and sack of Constantinople by the Latins in A. D. 1204—the greatest political crime ever perpetrated in Christendom; for not only were the atrocities committed by the Latins worse than those of the Turks, but together with the weakening of the Eastern Empire by previous crusades, the Latin conquest of Constantinople broke down the bulwark of Christian Europe against the Turks. They had a footing on the European side of the Bosphorous before, but they could never have made good their conquests in Europe without possession of Constantinople.

Even in our own generation we have seen one of the greatest wars of modern times originating in a dispute between Christian nations about the scene of our Lord's death and burial—a war which cost our country streams of precious blood and added £100,000,000 to our national debt. And the jealousies, intrigues and bad blood which that sacred shrine still engenders among rival Christian communions, making our holy religion odious in the eyes of unbelievers, may well make a Christian wish that had it been possible the place of Christ's burial had never been known.

NOVEL SAFETY LOCK.

Blowing a Hidden Pendulum Releases a Spring Bolt.

A novel safety lock has been invented by a Swedish engineer, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Wishing to close an isolated cottage situated in a forest, he suspended behind the door a pendulum, whose bob was hollow on one side and bevelled at the other.

In a position of equilibrium, the hollow part is situated in front of the aperature of a curved channel that debouches behind the door. If a person blows into the aperature the pendulum will begin to swing, but, whatever the force of the breath, the amplitude will be very slight. If, at the moment the pendulum is passing through the position of equilibrium, after a complete oscillation, one blows again, the oscillation will become pronounced. After this has been repeated several times, there will be finally communicated to the pendulum an amplitude such that the bob will abut against a lever, so placed that a slight movement will bring it into unstable equilibrium, and it will fall upon a spring bolt, and the door will open. But if the duration of the oscillation of the pendulum (which is absolutely invisible) were unknown, one might keep on blowing for a week without reaching any result. The lock is so arranged that with a little practice the door can be unlocked at the fourth oscillation.

If a person knowing the system but not the period wished to unlock the door and was deceived by an eighth in the duration of the interior pendulum's oscillation, the fourth blowing would produce an effect exactly contrary to the first and the pendulum would stop. The two intermediate blowings would have produced no effect. For an error of a sixteenth, the fourth blowing would arrive at the moment at which the pendulum was at the end of its travel, and the effect would be null.

The principle utilized in this lock is the same as that involved in bell ringing. Bell ringers, causing a minimum force to act at a given moment, set in motion and ring the largest bells.

LIGHTNING AT SEA.

How Vessels Are Best Protected from Electric Storms.

The small proportion of vessels struck by lightning at sea is excellent testimony to the effectiveness of the measures that have been adopted for the protection of ships against such disaster. The plan usually followed is to run copper lightning-rods down the masts, connecting at the lower end with the copper sheathing of the vessel, in case of a wooden ship. The upper ends of the rods extend a little above the tops of the masts, and have platinum points, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

In iron vessels connection is made with the mass of metal, and in both cases the lightning is almost invariably dissipated without damage. This system is of great value on board men-of-war, where there are large quantities of powder, and were it not for the protection thus afforded it would be positively dangerous to be anywhere near a war vessel during a thunderstorm.

Of the two ways of connecting the lightning-rods with the sheathing, one is to run the rod through the decks, down the masts, and make the connection at the bottom of the vessel, and the other is to run it across the deck from the point where the mast enters, over the side and down to the sheathing. The latter plan is considered the safer of the two.

The Favorite Recreations of Men Who Have Become Famous.

Many eminent men have agreed with Voltaire that amusement is the first necessity of civilized man. "Vive la bagatelle!" was Dean Swift's favorite motto. He understood the value of trifles. Man grows strong by rest as well as toil. Talleyrand, in the intervals of ministerial work, played whist. Rohault, a Cartesian philosopher of the seventeenth century, wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics at labor. Goldsmith tells us of a famous painter whose delight, during his confinement in prison for debt, consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricature. King Louis XIII. of France spent much of his time in catching small birds or making *jets-d'eau* with quills. It is said of George Herbert that "the one delight of his life in the way of recreation was music, setting and singing his own hymns and anthems to viol and lute." Sir Joshua Reynolds used to amuse himself in his last days with a tame bird. The favorite recreations of the late Field-marshal Count Von Moltke were chess and whist, which he rarely missed playing after dinner. He was also an authority on the culture of roses, and possessed one of the finest and most unique collections in Germany. Sir William Temple relaxed his mind from the affairs of state by clipping his apricots or cultivating his tulips. Gardening was an exercise in which he much indulged. Other great men have also loved gardening; it was Martin Luther's favorite amusement. Archbishop Whately was seen to most advantage at Redesdale, his country seat near Dublin, gardening, tree-cutting, grafting and romping with his children and dogs. With him, as with many eminent men, Bismarck, Sir Walter Scott, Hogarth, Rubens, Henry Irving, and others, dogs were great favorites. We all know how Cowper cheered his melancholy hours with the gambols of his pet hares, "Tiny, Puss and Bess." While Kepler worked out the secret of the heavenly bodies, "going over his calculations sixty times," he now and then turned aside to write almanacs for his daily bread. So the weary worker took his recreation. It used to be a pet amusement with Moliere, the French dramatist, to ensconce himself in the corner of a barber's shop and there silently watch the air, gestures and grimaces of the village politicians, who in those days, before coffee houses were introduced into France, used to congregate in this place of resort. The fruits of this study may be easily discerned in those original sketches of character, from the middle and lower classes, with which his pieces everywhere abound, and which made his plays so popular among his countryman. Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, found his only relaxation in daily walks, during which he studied the phenomena of nature. Some of the most learned writers have found their relaxation in composing works on odd subjects. Doctor Johnson somewhere observes that it seems to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer, the bees of Virgil, the butterfly of Spenser, the quincunx of Sir Thomas Browne, and the "little celandine" of Wordsworth.

Worth More Than Gold.

Some drugs are worth more than gold. Cocaine is common enough today; but a few years ago it cost over five hundred dollars an ounce. Now it is just three cents a grain. Other drugs used in medicines are exceedingly costly. There is eserine or physostiquine, which costs at the manufacturer's thirty cents a grain; that is one hundred and thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents an ounce. It is very rarely used—generally by oculists for the purpose of dilating the pupil of the eye, in opposition to atropia. It has just the contrary effect to opium. Opium makes the eyes heavy and dull. You see them encircled with dark rings. Eserine causes the eyes to shine and sparkle. "Generally speaking, costly drugs are used in infinitesimal quantities," said a druggist. "In an ounce you may have a supply for four hundred and thirty-seven possible patients. Think, then, of the length of time an article will remain on one's hands! Yet these medicines must be kept, for the simple reason that you must have them when prescribed. Here in this tiny bottle is a drug so valuable, and used in such minute doses, that to recover the money it cost and the profits on dispensing, we have to sell to forty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty persons. Think of the number of druggists in the city, think of the comparatively small number of people for whom this particular medicine is prescribed, and then you will agree that the druggist requires a fair interest to compensate him for the length of time he must await for any return for his invested capital."

Mrs. Logan's Cigar.

Mrs. John A. Logan is a woman who possesses the somewhat rare feminine ability to comprehend and intelligently converse upon politics. She and Gen. Grant had many a heated battle. The story is told that in the midst of a discussion which had been particularly long and interesting the general lost sight of the fact that he was talking to a woman. He was vigorously refuting one of her statements when he reached into an inside pocket, pulled out and opened a cigar case and offered Mrs. Logan a cigar. She took it, and apparently not noticing the incongruity of the situation, quietly concealed it. The general lit his and launched on in oblivion. Among the most treasured of Mrs. Logan's possessions is that cigar.—Washington News.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

The Exalted Talent of a Reportorial Genius was Not Appreciated.

"Now," said the editor of the *Quohosh Genius of Liberty* to his reporter, "in your work I shall look for a calm, dispassionate statement of fact. My paper is noted for its veracity, and no exaggeration is allowed on any subject. Do you think you understand that clearly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may attend the Skimgullet-Dumsquizzle wedding, which takes place at noon to-day, and I'll see how you handle it," said the editor, turning to his desk.

This is what the new reporter handed in after the festivities were over:

"It is the custom of most newspapers, in giving accounts of local weddings, to speak of the bride as beautiful, even if she is as ugly as a mud fence. The *Genius of Liberty* scorns such flattery, however. If a woman is beautiful we hesitate not to say so, but if she is not, it is not our fault. We proclaim the fact. We wish we could say that Miss Melinda Dumsquizzle, who became Mrs. Dennis Skimgullet at noon to-day was lovely in form and feature, but we cannot. While we have seen uglier girls, it must be conceded by all impartial observers that brick-dust hair and a multitude of freckles do not look well on a bride. However, she did the best she could under the circumstances in wearing a tolerably thick veil, and rigged out as she was in a dress of cream satin, looked quite presentable at a distance.

"Hardly so much can be said of her husband, who walked with a limp, and whose sparsely settled chin whiskers of a pale dun-color would have improved his appearance if they had been shaved off. We ascertained by careful inquiry that Skimgullet is old enough to be his wife's father, and has, in point of fact, committed the offense of matrimony twice before. Some say that both his former wives were starved to death; others, that he worked them to death. Which is correct, the *Genius of Liberty* does not pretend to say. The statements are given for what they may be worth. What Miss Dumsquizzle saw in him to marry is a mystery, unless she thought she would be more successful than her predecessors in getting hold of the money which he is said to keep buried somewhere on his farm. We heard it said that her father owed Skimgullet one hundred and thirty-five dollars, and that the latter threatened to have him arrested on a charge of forgery if he did not get Melinda to marry him; but this statement has not been verified yet. The presents were not very numerous, and the most expensive one that we saw was a peachblow vase worth a dollar at retail. The couple left on the accommodation on a bridal tour of two days to Podunk. We asked the Rev. X. E. Geticks how much the groom gave him for tying the knot, and he said seventy five cents. This, therefore, can be relied upon as official."

"Young man," said the editor, after reading the reporter's account, "you are far too high a genius to bury your talent in a small place like Quohosh. I would like to keep you, but I am sure that would be doing you an injustice. I think you had better go to New York, where you talents will be appreciated as they deserve. And, by the way, when you go to the station to buy your ticket, avoid making the fatal mistake of buying a return ticket. We are fond of you, but not so very fond that absence could fail to increase it."—Harper's.

A PASTEL IN PROSE.

How Twilight Silence Sounds When It Breaks.

It was evening, says the Detroit *Free Press*. Softly came the summer zephyrs from the shadows creeping in the valleys, cooling as the breath from scented fans, yet with no touch of chill. The lowing herds, now silent on the lea, lay resting in the fragrant fields of gently waving grass, where daisies nodded kisses to the red-lipped clover. The dusky air, low lying on the shaded hills, rose purpling to the sky above their tops, and here and there, far off in the stilly distance, twinkled one or two lone stars, the first to come, and they stood there blushing near the dark blue curtains draped above the threshold of the night, uncertain yet if they should enter now or wait until the gay and glittering throng in which they moved had come to bear them company. The song of birds was stilled in every bush and tree, and every warbling throat was tucked away beneath a tired wing. The hum of insects resonant all day, had hushed itself amid the quiet leaves and every fluttering tinsel wing was resting till the morn. The lazy stream had seemed to stop, and now no longer babbled to the flowers which grew upon its pretty banks. Above, below, beyond, the soft delicious stillness of the bedtime of day pervaded the air and touched the earth and floated to the sky. They sat there in the gloaming, he and she, and watched the silent shadows creep slowly out from those dim hiding spots in which no man can find them in the day. Suddenly they heard a heavy crash, as if some one had struck a heavy timber with an axe and shivered it.

"What's that man breaking?" he inquired, with a start.

"The stillness of the twilight hour," she murmured softly, and the man passed them on his way to the woodshed with a stick of kindling on his shoulder.

Three things are known only in the following way: A hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.—Arabic.