Music Teachers will Do Well

TO USE

For Piano Scholars, Mason's Pianoforte Technics ($2.50) a book of sterling merit, with about 500 Technical Exercises, which may be expanded to many thousands, if desired. Admirably prepared by Wm. Mason, assisted by W. S. B. Mathews.

Have you read the last Musical Record? 8c. each.

For Organ Scholars Clarke's Harmonic School for the ORGAN. ($2.00.) The newest and the very best Organ School. Teaches composition as well as playing. By Wm. H. Clarke.

Subscribe for the Musical Record. $2 per year.

For Thorough Bass Scholars, JOHNSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THOROUGH BASS. ($1.) The simplest and best method to teach Chord playing, in Hymn Tunes, Glees, Part-Songs, &c. Ask for the NEW Method.

$12 pages of music per yr. in the Musical Record.

For Singing Classes, ONWARD! (Singing School Book, by L. O. Emerson.) $7.50 per dozen, and JOHNSON'S Method for Singing Classes, $6 per dozen, are splendid books, differing in price and contents, but accomplishing the same excellent result in diverse ways. Examine both!

Ask at news stand for Musical Record!

Any book mailed post-free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 843 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW BOOK FOR THE 1,000,000.

OUR WESTERN BORDER One Hundred Years Ago.

A Graphic History of the Heroic Epoch of American Border Life. Its thrilling conflicts of Red and White foes. Exciting Adventures, Captivities, Forays, Scouts, Pioneer women and boys, Indian war-paths, Camp life, and Sports.—A book for Old and Young. Not a dull page. No competition. Enormous sales. Agents wanted everywhere. Circulars free. Address,

J. C. McCURDY & CO., 26 S. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE PERFECT TONIC."

THERMALINE

A Safe and Reliable Substitute for Quinine.

The only 25 cent ACUE REMEDY IN THE WORLD CURES

CHILLS & FEVER

and all MALARIAL DISEASES.

Sold by all Druggists. Mailed FREE on receipt of price. Write to DUNDAS DICK & CO., 25 Wooster Street, New York, for their ten cent book, mailed to the readers of this paper FREE on application.

Sold in Cambridge by Wm. Thomas, Chemist & Druggist; Elliott & Craig, Druggists & Apothecaries.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Of importance to every member of any deliberative body. A new edition of

CUSHING'S MANUAL.

Of Parliamentary Practice, revised by Hon. Edmund L. Cushing (brother of the author), has just been issued printed from new electrotype plates. Cushing's Manual is the standard authority in the Legislatures of nearly every State in the Union, and is generally adopted as the authority in all deliberative assemblies. Its general acceptance in this respect caused it to be reprinted in Germany and France, where it is largely used as a legislative guide. This work should be in the hands of every citizen as a ready reference upon the formality of any proceeding or debate in any deliberative assembly. Price 75 cents. For sale by all booksellers or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address,

THOMPSON BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston.

I Cure FITS.

To the Editor:—Dear Sir—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the cure of the above disease, and that by its use, in my practice, I have cured thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing, and will give ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for a case it will not cure or wrongly recommend. Indeed, so strong is my faith, I will send ONE BOTTLE FREE, together with a valuable treatise, to any sufferer addressing me, giving their name, express and P. O. address.

DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 PEARL ST, N.Y.

WANTED Agents at $100 a month to sell our Patent Horse Collar and Cow Milker. $5 Samples free. Address with stamp, Smith & Son, 24 Dey St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the growth of the nations of modern Europe, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains 672 fine historical engravings and 200 large double column pages, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address,

National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO CONSUMPTIVES AND INVALIDS.

The WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE of LIME and SODA. For Consumption, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and General Debility, it is an acknowledged Specific Remedy, proved by 20 years' experience. TRY IT!

Price, $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, and sold by Druggists. 36 John St., New York.

FREE TO AGENTS—Name Writing and Darning attachment for sewing machines. Address, with stamp, ROSENFIELD & THOMPSON, 24 Dey st, N Y

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

Demonstrated best by HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS FOR TWELVE YEARS: at Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; and Grand Swedish Gold Medal, 1878. Only American organs ever awarded highest honors at any such. Sold for cash or instalments. Illustrated Catalogues & Circulars with new styles and prices sent free. Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., Boston, New York, or Chicago.

BRYAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS.

Self Cure, without medicine, and the most Wonderful Restorative, Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, Impotency, Weakness, Physical Prostration, and Premature Decay, and all diseases arising from a debilitated condition are speedily cured by its use. Medicines are useless in these cases, but electricity is positively curative. It acts in harmony with Nature's laws, and is specially beneficial for recuperating the system, and in restoring the procreative powers, when injured by imprudent habits or excesses, or when impotency is threatened by sickness or old age. Low Power Belt, $3; Medium Belt, $8; High Power Belt, $10. Adapted to all ordinary cases. Send for illustrated pamphlet.

BRYAN APPLIANCE CO, 147 E. 15th st, NY

BEATTY

PIANO Another battle won, high prices, ORGAN War with monopolists renewed. Organ monopolists defeated, retreat cut off, their ranks broken, complete route and defeat of the enemy, strong in truth. See Beatty's latest Newspaper for full reply, free. Before buying PIANO or ORGAN read latest circular, Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs, beautiful Instruments! Challenge comparison. Rivals are jealous of my success! Most successful house in America! Commenced a few years ago with a dollar; sales now nearly $2,000,000 annually. Cabinet Organs, price $50 only $35. Elegant Rosewood Pianos, $175. 15-stop Church Organs, $115. Tremendous bargains now ready. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J., U. S. A. WAR

PIANOS Retail price $900 only $220. *Parlor Organs*, price $240 only $65. Paper free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured, without the injury trusses do, by Dr. J. A. Sherman's method of support and cure externally applied. Office, 251 Broadway. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents. Beware of imitators.

CURE OF

RUPTURE

Cures of rupture and the dreadful injuries resulting from their eventual horrifying results, loss of energy, physical incapacity, impotency, and treatment the patient can exercise freely and privately. SHERMAN IS NOW IN BOSTON and may be consulted at his Office, 49 Milk St., nearly opposite the Post Office. Undoubtedness reference to gentlemen of the highest standing, before and after treatment and cure, can be seen at his office and leave for home same day. Books, 16 cents.

BOSTON IS NECESSARILY LIMITED. Broadway, New York.

The Cambridge Era.

AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

Published Every Saturday,

—AT—

Cambridge, Dorchester Co., Md.

By JAMES E. REESE & CO.

Office on High St., over the *Chronicle* Office.

TERMS:

$1.50 A YEAR, Invariably in Advance.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country.

The Cambridge Era.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF DORCHESTER COUNTY.

VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1878. NO. 38.

The Cambridge Era.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 25

Six lines of minion type constitute a square.

A reasonable deduction made for monthly and yearly advertisements.

Business notices inserted at the rate of 10 cents a line for first insertion, and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices 5 cents a line.

All advertisements considered Cash, and collectable at any time after the first insertion.

Job Printing a Specialty.

THE LAND OF NOD.

Far away in the land of Nod,
Where only in dreams man's foot hath trod,
Dwells the slumber king on his shadow throne,
Where he patiently sits till day is done.

Then he rises and puts his thinking cap on
Now, as he thinks, he doth often smile,
And he busily nods his head the while;
Then the elves of sleep, as he sees them come,
Quickly lay hold of them, one by one,
And fly to the homes of earth, 'tis said,
Where they place a nod on each one's head,
Till the eyes can no longer keep open wide;
The head, with the weight, turns from side to side,
And little by little doth on them creep
The wondrous blessing of quiet sleep.

But ere the grown folks find repose,
The king's son, Jack Nod, on his tip toes,
First comes to the children, the cunning elf,
And he brings the sand man as well as himself.

Then the poor, wee people rub, rub their eyes,
Until gentle sleep takes them by surprise,
And they never can tell of what they can think
Just the minute before their last blinky wink.

Sometimes in the day time, so I am told,
This same Jack Nod, so cunning and bold,
Throws dust in folks' eyes, the saucy chap,
Which makes them take what is called a nap.

The Three Rings.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

One night before a Christmas not many years ago, two young clerks in a well-known insurance company stumbled against one another in a muddy street of the metropolis.

"Hallo, Jones!" said one, a stout, fair-haired, handsome fellow. "Which way?"

"Nowhere particularly, Smith," said the other, slim, black-haired, and good-looking. "What was your direction?"

"Hadn't any," said Smith, scraping his heel industriously on the curb-stone—"though, by-the-way, I had a little commission for one of my people in the jewelry line."

"And that reminds me," said Jones, "that I was to get an article for one of my folks of that description."

"Hum!" said Jones. "Christmas present, I suppose?"

"Ahem!—yes," said Smith, "very likely."

Then they both looked over each other's shoulders, pulled up their separate coat collars, nodded, and Smith walked on up town, while Jones pursued his way in an opposite direction. He hadn't gone a block, when he met another of his fellow-clerks. But this time his face brightened; he held out his hand and hailed his comrade jocularly.

"Hallo, Robinson, old boy! glad to see you."

"I was going to Smith's," said Robinson, who was neither light nor dark neither stout nor slim, handsome nor ugly.

"Hum!" said Jones, scowling; "I've just parted with him. Conceited puppy, that Smith! I tell you what it is, Robinson, if he don't stop interfering with me, he'll come to grief. He's intruding his attentions where they're not appreciated, and it won't take much of this sort of thing to make me tell him so. He told me just now he was in search of an article of jewelry for a Christmas present. Now I've no sort of doubt, Jack, it's for Miss Sophy May; and can you think of anything much more impertinent than that? With the little encouragement he's had, it's simply monstrous."

"I suppose every man is a fool at some time in his life," said Jack.

"But, heavens and earth! Robinson, there's reason in everything. The fellow hasn't had any show at all. Miss May has merely been courteous to him—you know what a pleasant way she has."

"Yes," said Jack, "I know," and whistled a melancholy little bar under his breath.

"And I've no doubt he'll go and spend every cent he can raise on some gaudy trinket."

"I hope not," interrupted Jack, "for I want to get up a purse for Higgins this Christmas. I ought to have been about it long ago, but I didn't really know how bad matters were in that quarter. Higgins slipped on the ice, you know, some months ago, and broke his arm and collar-bone, and his son's sick with rheumatism; little girl there, too, a hunchback. It seems wrong somehow to have so much misery in one place; and an accident, you know, might happen to you, or me, or anybody."

"Confound it, Robinson!" said Jones, a genuine air of regret upon his handsome face; "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to do a good turn for Higgins. I will next month, upon my honor, but just now it's impossible. The little money I have I must use in a certain way."

"Well, good-night, then," said Jack; "I must try elsewhere." And he jumped into a car going down town.

Presently in got Smith, and hailed Jack with enthusiasm.

"Going down town?" he said, taking a seat by Jack's side.

"I was going to your house," said Jack, "but I just met Jones—"

"Humph!" snorted Smith, "an egregious ass, that Jones! I don't know a vainer idiot or a more offensive one. There's one thing very certain, Robinson—he's about gone to the length of his rope, and he'll be brought up short pretty soon. It's simply melancholy the way that fellow flatters himself. There's a certain young lady, a mutual friend of ours, Jack, the daughter of one of our officers—"

"I suppose you mean Miss May?" said Jack.

"Exactly," said Smith. "Well, now Jones fancies because she's ordinarily polite to him—you know what a frank, genial manner she has."

"Yes, I know," said Jack, and began to whistle another melancholy refrain.

"He fancies all sorts of impertinent things, and makes a sickening spectacle of himself."

"Men will do these things,' said Jack.

"But, Robinson, think of his having the audacity to purchase a Christmas present for her! for of course it was for her. I've no doubt he'll throw away a lot of money."

"I hope nobody will do that," said Jack; "it might better go to Higgins." And then Jack went on to tell the wretched condition in which the poor man was placed, and his own rather tardy effort to get up a purse for him.

Smith's handsome face kindled with sympathy. "I wish to heaven I had the money, Jack," he said; "but just now every penny is needed in another way. I'll drop down and see you, though, this week, and make some permanent arrangement for Higgins's benefit. At this present moment I'm bound hand and foot; but of course it's only temporary."

"I'm afraid I'll have to give up the purse," said Jack. He bade Smith good-night and left the car. Presently the sadness of the smile relaxed into something positively humorous, and Jack burst into a hearty laugh. The laugh was not altogether at Smith's or Jones's expense. He confessed to himself that he was, perhaps, the best subject for the joke of all the three. "To think," he murmured, "that every mother's son of us, that Smith and Jones and Heaven knows how many more, have each gone and bought a ring this Christmas, hoping to win over the dear little heart of the secretary's daughter, and wheedle her into an open expression of preference! Why, at this rate, the little woman can set up a jewelry shop;" and Jack took up his mournful whistle.

All this while Smith twisted and turned and wriggled upon the upholstered stool, and wiped away the perspiration that started to his forehead. He held between his fingers a ring, and looked upon it with a moodiness that amounted to ferocity. He appealed desperately to the clerk, who sometimes bowed, perhaps shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, or smiled pityingly. The clerk's manner was polite almost to reverence, but not at all colloquial, and his gaze seemed vaguely absorbed in something going on across the street. The whole place was as still as the grave, the people going about apparently on tiptoe, and the voice of Smith, as he haggled over that miserable diamond, sounding like a trumpet in his ears.

In the mean while Jones had journeyed down town to a good friend of his in the jewelry line, and had told him frankly his desire, and what money he had to humor it. The ring was a present—to a lady—a friend—nothing more than a friend as yet—although he hoped—but that didn't matter.

And while Jones hesitated, the ring was inclosed in a showy little case and coaxed quietly into Jones's pocket, his business friend telling him a little business joke as they walked affectionately down the store, and waving him a jocular business farewell as he went off the step.

At about this hour the young lady who was the unconscious cause of all this bitterness of spirit was about lighting the gas in the second-story back-room, preparatory to retiring for the night.

When Mr. May leased this house up town, the back of it was really nicer than the front, for it looked out over pretty trellises and graperies and flower pots, and little Sophy spent many an hour watching the goats browsing upon the tender green pasturage of the vacant lots beyond. The second-story back-room was the most cheerful in the house. Mr. May had his easy-chair by the table, and of a genial summer evening delighted in that outlook upon the western sky. But all at once an army of men began to dig in the vacant lots that held the goats and green herbage, outside of the fences of Mr. May and his neighbors, and before one could scarcely take breath to realize it, a tall row of houses reared themselves under their indignant noses—indignant, because it was an outrage to put up these tenements upon property of that kind. Double-deckers, too! Four families upon a floor! "Monstrous!" said Mr. May, and immediately interdicted Sophy from that side of the house. It might as well have been a lazaretto, as far as he was concerned himself.

Upon this Christmas-eve in question Sophy was to sleep in the back-chamber, because two young friends of hers were already stowed away in her room.

It was quite late when Sophy tripped across the threshold of the guest-chamber with a match in her hand. But the gas-jet was at the window-side, the shade was up, and Sophy saw through the lace curtain a confusion of lights and shadows in the myriads of windows opposite. Suddenly her eyes fell upon one big bare window, through which could be seen the whole of a big bare room, with a miserable cot in one corner, and a rickety bed in another, and an old table fronting the window, where a man sat and stared straight ahead of him into the big bare desolate night. And it seemed to Sophy that his eyes were like coals of fire, that burned into the black infinite nothingness of space, and hungrily asked for the solution to some mystery that was driving him mad. Little by little Sophy's straining eyes discerned upon the cot in the corner an emaciated creature, either dead or asleep. The white lids were down on the sunken eyes, and it was perfectly still. And upon the bed in the other corner was a little misshapen figure of a child or a woman. The face was pale and shrunken, and bore a fatal resemblance to the miserable one upon the cot. All these figures were motionless, the one upon the bed, the one upon the cot, and the man by the table.

It was a relief to Sophy when suddenly the man moved. He glanced furtively from one side to the other, from the cot to the bed, from one pale emaciated face to the other, and his left hand began to grope in the old table drawer. Sophy could see that his right hand was helpless, splintered up out of the way; but this left hand that groped in the drawer somehow made Sophy's blood run cold. She couldn't tell why, but it seemed to her that there was something sinister about it, and the temporary relief she had found in the first movement of the man was now absorbed in the fear that he was going to do something dreadful. When that left hand lifted something out of the drawer that shone sharply through the grimy window-pane, Sophy felt, she hoped, that it was all a terrible nightmare brought on by that little supper around the corner, and it was of no use to try to scream; but she gasped out, Papa! papa!" And Mr. May, who had crept about the second-story front room on tiptoe, that he might not arouse Mrs. May, and had put on his dressing-gown and lighted a cigar, and adjusted the shade over the lamp so that it shielded the closed eyes of his wife, but reflected brightly upon his evening paper—Mr. May had just put his slippered feet on the top of a chair, and commenced an article on the financial outlook, when he heard that shrill, terrified cry of his precious only daughter.

In two seconds he was there by her side, looking out of the second-story back-room window into that gloomy, terrible room beyond.

"Why, good God!" said Mr. May, dropping his cigar, "It's Higgins! I didn't dream he had got to this; why—why—"

"Papa! papa!" cried Sophy, putting her hands over her eyes, "he's going to—to—"

"To shave himself, Sophy," interrupted Mr. May. "Lots of people do at this time of the night; it's quite a common thing. Here, help me get on this infernal sleeve, Sophy. I'll go around there at once;" and Mr. May began to tear off his dressing-gown.

"Quick! quick, papa! you'll be too late. Oh, thank God, somebody has come in over there! He's saved, Papa, thank God!"

And Mr. May, with his dressing-gown hanging to his left arm, turned to the window again. "Why, God bless my soul!" he cried, "that's Robinson—Jack Robinson! You know Robinson, Sophy?"

"Yes, papa," said Sophy; and a faint color crept into her pallid cheek, which deepened and glowed as she watched Jack walk over to the wretched man and fling his arm about his shoulder, and take that wicked left hand of his in a genial grasp, and then walk over to the bed and lift that poor little body in his strong arms, and bring it to the knees of Higgins, and then sit close down by them both, and take something out of his vest pocket. Mr. May thought it was money, of course.

"Reckless young scalawag!" said Mr. May; but in the secretary's face could be read bright things for Jack. Sophy thought it was money too; but it was not. They could plainly see him take something out of a little case and hold it up before the light, and, stretching across Higgins, catch the little thin hand of his daughter, and put upon one of the long slim fingers a ring.

Then Higgins bent his head, and sobbed over that little hand all his wrath and bitterness away. And Jack's head also bent before that shower of penitential tears. Mr. May choked and blew his nose, notwithstanding his desire not to awaken Mrs. May; and as for Sophy, she neither wept nor bent her head, but as she looked over there at Jack, a tender look of resolve deepened in her face, and as it was the only thing it wanted to make it entirely beautiful, it was a thousand pities that it should be half hidden upon the dressing-gown that still clung to Mr. May's left shoulder.

"He's given that poor little dear a ring, papa. Wasn't that sweet and beautiful?"

"But, Sophy, the absurdity of it—a ring, when they want bread! They want bread, and Jack gives them a stone. Think of it!"

"No matter, papa. They'll have bread, all they want. You will give them bread, papa, right away. But it's only Jack that could ever have thought of such a sweet, beautiful thing as giving that poor little dear a ring."

* * * * * * *

The next evening every blind at the back of Mr. May's house was secured and closed in such a way that no possible view could be obtained of that row of back tenements.

To do Mr. May justice, he had made a tour of the place on Christmas morning with Jack, and saw that none of the inmates were without the present necessities of life. As for any permanent relief, that was out of the question, of course, but Higgins was well provided for. Mr. May and Jack managed to get a carpet for Higgins's floor, provisions for his closet, and blankets for his beds. Jack didn't get through tacking down the carpet and putting up the shades till late in the evening. Then he took a bite of cold turkey and a cup of tea with Higgins and little Belle, read the Christmas Carol to the rheumatic boy in his very best style, and went home to dress for Sophy's Christmas party.

As he put on his Piccadilly collar with his nose close to the looking-glass, Jack couldn't but own that as far as manly beauty went, Smith and Jones distanced him completely—also for style. He sighed, and began to whistle a melancholy refrain, and as he went out into the wintry night, he thought to himself,

"Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

But he did care, nevertheless. And when he got to the house of the secretary, and found his beautiful daughter floating about, a bewildering angel in a cloud of tulle, with her hair more distractingly fluffy than he had ever seen it before, with her eyes glistening and beaming and brimming over with that kindly, genial expression to which Jones and Smith had so feelingly alluded; and when she glided up to him and put her hand on his arm, and whispered that she wanted him to steal down with her to the front basement and see the tables; and when on the stairs she had lingered a step or two above him, and, resting her little kid-gloved hands on his shoulders, putting her soft cheek to his, had whispered in his ear, "Where's my Christmas ring that you promised me?" Jack felt his head spinning round. It was a mercy he didn't tumble down on poor Mrs. May in the corridor below.

And Jack says he don't know how it was—his heart beat so that he thought it would burst the buttons off his new vest, and the Piccadilly collar might as well have been a halter about his neck—but that he turned to the dear little woman and told her that he worshiped the ground she trod upon, as she very well knew; that he loved her with his whole heart and soul; but as for bringing up the rear-guard of an army of fellows with rings, he couldn't do it. Smith and Jones, and Heavens knows how many more, had gems in their pockets for her; but as for him—

"As for you," said Miss May, in her low musical voice, "you gave my ring to somebody else, I saw you. I was looking out the second-story back-room window, and saw you come in and save the life of that poor man, and give such a delicate, sweet pleasure to the poor little girl, and make them all so happy; and oh, Jack, I—I want you to be happy too. I love you, Jack."

And by that time Jack said they had got to the front-basement door. But he never saw such tables; they were tipping about all over the room—meats, confectioneries and all—and the floor went up to meet the ceiling, and the ceiling went down to meet the floor, and his eyes were so blurred with happy tears that he couldn't see straight for half the night; and later on he thought it would help him to realize it all if he went out and told the cold wintry night that he had been mistaken when he sang that little song; and there he found Smith leaning moodily up against the window-shutter on the front balcony.

The full, happy heart of Jack went out to Smith. "What's up, Smith, old fellow?" he said.

"Why, the fact is, Jack," said Smith, "if there's bloodshed between me and Jones, you'll know whose fault it is. Through some despicable chicanery of his, he's got the better of me with Miss May. She refused a Christmas present from me a little while ago—a ring, in fact—and told me that she had decided upon an individual preference which would preclude the possibility of accepting any presents this year. Of course it's that scoundrel Jones. Now I wouldn't care, Robinson if she had chosen an honest fellow that would make her happy; but to pick out a fellow so wretchedly inferior!"

"Women will do these things," said Jack; "the most perfect of God's creatures will stoop to the most insignificant. But it isn't Jones—it's me!"

"What!" roared Smith.

"Yes," pursued Jack. "I'm as much surprised as any body. I've worshiped her this many a day, but I never hoped she would care for me. It was all brought about by Higgins."

And then Jack went on to tell of the whole circumstance of the night before, of his timely visit to Higgins, and Miss May's presence at the back-room window.

"Her dear little heart was melted," said Jack.

"And so is mine," said Smith. "I wish to Heaven this ring could be melted too. See here, Jack, take the thing and raffle it off for Higgins, will you? You're a good fellow, Jack, and deserve to be happy. Can't I go and have a dance with Miss May, and tell her so?"

"Certainly," said Jack, and as he lingered in the corridor to see Sophy through the quadrille, he found that Jones was also watching her moodily, from under the stairway.

"I suppose you know," said Jones, emerging from his lurking-place, and furiously bearing down upon Jack—"I suppose you know that Miss May has desided to trust her future to that villain she is dancing with?"

"No," said Jack.

"Oh yes," said Jones; "it's a settled thing. She told me so in as many words when I offered her a little Christmas token to-night. I didn't mind her refusing the ring; but to tell me that it was because of a preference she had decided upon that would hinder her from accepting any presents, it was too much. Robinson; it favored of Smith too strongly. He's got to answer to me for this trickery. To think of her choosing such a shallow, vain, miserable peacock! If it had been an honest, straightforward fellow like you, Robinson—"

"Thank you, Jones," said Jack, "that's the very one she has chosen—it's me, Jones! It was all brought about by an impulse of generosity on her part," said Jack; and then he went up to tell Jones all about it.

"Good heavens, Robinson!" said Jones, "something must be settled upon for Higgins till he gets strong."

"That's what Smith says," said Jack; "he's just given me a ring to raffle for him."

"Here's another," said Jones, taking out the gaudy case; "take charge of it, Jack, will you?"

"With pleasure," said Jack.

And when all of them met at Sophy's wedding in the ensuing spring, Higgins, who had a position in the company, wanted to make some arrangements to pay back the money for the rings.

"No, no," said Smith; "I was sick of my ring, anyhow."

"As for mine," said Jones, "I never was so glad to get rid of any thing in my life."

The Electric Light.

The state of expectation in which the public mind allows itself to be held with reference to the so-called "divisibility" of the electric light by Mr. Edison is somewhat surprising, seeing that all the time this divisibility is a *fait accompli* in England, and may be witnessed and tested any night of the week at the *Times* printing office. Armed with an order for this purpose I went there the other evening, and this is what I saw:—From gas light we merged suddenly into what seemed a flood of daylight, which came from six small lamps placed at intervals round a large room, in which compositors and others were busy at work. These lamps were suspended so as to be raised and lowered at will. In compliance with the wish of one of the gentlemen present one of these lights, selected at haphazard, was turned out by means of a tap, and it remained out without the slightest perceptible increase in the volume of light in the other lamps. Then another light at a distance was treated in a similar manner and with a like result. These two were then relit by a turn of the tap the reverse way and turned on full power. Then one was slightly "lowered" so as to give about a third of its full light, as with ordinary gas. In short, we found there a useful and agreeable light, which can be moderated and arranged to suit all circumstances. This is the Rapieff light. I am no electrician, and shall not attempt to give a technical description of the apparatus employed, but it seemed to possess great simplicity. M. Rapieff says he can burn ten lights in one circuit; that his carbons will burn for ten hours; that they can be easily renewed, and without extinguishing the lights. He further estimates its comparative cost with gas as less than a third. His statements may be taken for what they are worth; but, judging from what I actually saw in the *Times* office, I should say the sooner gas shareholders begin to "hedge" by investing in electric light shares the better.

In Chicago.—A clever rogue has done a good stroke of business in Chicago. He advertised his readiness to renovate old and rancid butter by a secret process, but would only handle large quantities. Some dealers, to test him, sent him a lot, which, according to promise, was made the equal of fresh creamery butter and stood the test of keeping. They then sent agents all over the State, purchased heavily and sent the stuff to him. To their horror he declined to operate on it, but as a special favor offered to buy it at considerably less than they paid for it. Being of no use to them, they had to let him have it at a loss, and then he converted it to his own double profit and immense saving of trouble.

An Appeal.—Catholic circles in France are elated by the decision of the Court of Appeals in favor of the brothers of Cardinal Autonelli and against the woman who sought to have the Cardinal's will set aside on the ground that she was his daughter. After a long and exhaustive hearing, extending over many months, the Judges, who gave the claimant every facility for proving her claim, have found themselves compelled to pronounce it false, unfounded, and fraudulent. The claimant will appeal the case to the Court of Cassation.

—None but the rich can read their title clear. Most of them have put it in their wife's name.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

Fruit in the Cellar.—The great abundance of apples and consequent low prices at the time of harvest, is very likely to lead to neglect in caring for them, and it would not be surprising to find good fruit scarce next spring. There has been, in some localities, premature ripening, and this indicates that the fruit will keep badly. This calls for unusual care in selecting that which is to be stored, and in its management during the winter. The main point to be looked after, is the temperature, which should be kept as low as possible and not freeze the fruit. One great advantage in having a detached fruit cellar, or one not under the dwelling, is that ventilation is not necessary. In the home cellar the carbonic acid given off by the fruit must be carried off, or the family will suffer. In the special cellar this may accumulate, and by excluding the air, greatly promote the keeping of the fruit.

Cions, whether to be used during winter for root-grafting, or to be kept until spring for topgrafting, should be cut early. They are much more likely to succeed than those taken after exposure to severe winter weather. Sawdust, damp as it comes from the mill, is the best packing material, as it leaves no grit to dull the knives.

Pruning of large branches may be left until the severity of winter is over, but knife work may be done at any time; young trees may be cut back into shape, and large ones may be trimmed.

Manures.—The orchard is the only part of the farm that is expected to yield two crops, and so long as the practice prevails of taking off a crop of hay or grain in addition to one of fruit, so long shall we have complaints of bitter rot and other evils. Not only should the land be given up to the trees, when of bearing age, but these should be manured, if not every year, at least every third year, not by putting a small heap next to the trunk, but by spreading a good dressing over the whole surface. If the season allows, this may be spread now and turned under by shallow plowing. If the ground is frozen, draw out the manure and leave it until spring.

Various Matters.—Root grafting may be done on stormy days; work upon one variety at a time, to avoid errors; as soon as grafted, place the roots in boxes of earth, correctly label, and keep in a cool cellar until spring. Destroy the eggs of the Tent Caterpillar if seen on the ends of the twigs.

FRUIT GARDEN.

But little is to be done, except to finish up fall work and get into winter quarters as soon as possible.

Unfinished pruning of grapevines, currants, and gooseberries, may be done in mild days.

Strawberries should have their covering when cold weather fairly sets in.

The care for winter pears is the same as that for winter apples; when they begin to come into eating condition they are much improved by bringing them, a few at a time, into a warm room to finish off.

If tender raspberries are not yet covered with earth, do it before freezing prevents.

Apply coarse manure around currants, gooseberries, hardy raspberries, and blackberries; in the spring rake off the straw, and fork in the rest.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN.

Cover gradually all crops that are stored out of doors. If celery in trenches is covered at once, there will be loss by decay, or it may be so warm that the plants will start into growth and the stalks become hollow. This, and roots in pits, etc., should have only a few inches of covering at first, to be thicker as the weather gets colder.

Cold Frames will need special attention. It must be remembered that the cabbages, cauliflowers and lettuce stored in these are not to grow, and that to allow them to start into growth will be very sure to ruin all. Only in very cold weather can the sashes be kept closed all day with safety. When the mercury is at ten degrees in still weather, the sashes must be lifted slightly, or pushed down an inch or two. If at fifteen or twenty degrees, more air must be given, and when it is at thirty degrees or above, remove the glass altogether.

Seeds should be cleaned, properly labeled, put away in a dry, cool place. Keep no stock concerning which there are doubts as to kind or quality. Some seeds, like the parsnip, are not good the second year, while others, like cucumber, etc., keep good a long time; hence a seed need not always be discarded because it is old. The works on gardening usually state the time that the seed of each vegetable retains its vitality.—*American Agriculturist for December.*

Paid for His Joke.—At an early hour in the morning a Jersey City police officer met a man on Newark avenue carrying a suspicious looking bag. When the officer inquired the contents of the bag the man told him it was none of his business, and added, "I have got Stewart's body, if you want to know." The officer took the man to the police station, where he registered as James Burke and was locked up. The bag contained old clothes, and the Judge fined the man $5 for his joke.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The snow is falling so soft and slow
This beautiful, busy night:
The mists reach down to the earth below
And all is one sheet of white.

The snow it falleth so soft and slow
From the angels' clouded bars;
The feathery flakes at the window blow
And dot it with tiny stars.

The snow it falleth so soft and slow
O'er the grave of the dying day;
Earth's rounded bosom is full of woe
And the skies wear a shroud of gray.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Fall suits are cut on the buy-us.

—Indians never kiss each other, and, having seen a few Indians, we can't blame them.

—The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest yell of duty.

—Show me the size of your chromo and I'll tell you how many pounds of tea you bought.

—One active tongue can keep two ears full all the time and only feel that it is taking healthy exercise.

—Felons are differently located. Sometimes at the end of the finger, and not unfrequently at the end of a rope.

—Every man's roof covers a little corner of Paradise, unless he has a scolding wife, in which case the climate changes.

—The Parisians have introduced square umbrellas. They'll be just as bad as the other kind—never round when it rains.

—How sure it is that if we say a true word, instantly we feel it is God's not ours, and pass it on—Elizabeth B. Browning.

—A young lady who has a young man "keeping company" with her who is employed in a telegraph office, calls him "the electric spark."

—It is always safe to follow the religious belief that our mother taught us—there never was a mother yet who taught her child to be an infidel.

—The dying words of President Raymond ought to be written on the sky: "How easy—how easy it is to glide from our work here to our work there."

—One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal: "I hope, my lord, if you ever come within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night."

—The young man who will turn up his nose at cabbage in connection with corned beef at a cheap restaurant will consume it with effusion in the guise of pure Havana cigars—three for ten cents.

—As when we are in prosperity we are ready to think our mountain will never be brought low, so when we are in adversity we are ready to think our valley will never be filled up.—Matthew Henry.

A New York belle besought her father for a new seal-skin sacque. "My dear," he responded fondly, but seriously, "we paid over $5,500,000 to the British Government last Thursday, and I can't afford it."

—A man very much intoxicated was taken to the station-house. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend. "Bail him out!" exclaimed the other, "why, you could not pump him out."

—The temperate man is dear to the Deity because he is assimilated to him. The first and best of victories is for a man to conquer himself; to be conquered by himself is of all things the most shameful and vile.—Plato.

"Yes," said a venerable and benevolent-looking old man, "I've always really enjoyed living in an unhealthy climate." "That's queer," said a bystander. "What's the reason?" "I rather think," responded the venerable and benevolent-looking old man, "that it is because I am a physican."

—The old negress had a philosophic brain and saw far into the significance of this enlightened nineteenth century who said, when some one asked her to define a rogue: "A rogue? Wy, bress you, my chil'n, a rogue is a man who steals jest like other folks till he gits kotched, an' de minit he gits kotched he's a rogue."

—The little folks wanted the head of the family to spend the evening with them. Father said he thought of attending a meeting. Various measures were discussed for keeping father at home, when Tommy, aged five, addressed his brother, aged seven, as follows: "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll put a sign on the front door, 'No admittance to go out of this house nights.'"

—Dr. Barton, of Trivoli, has a habit of talking to himself when riding along the road. On a certain occasion, whil indulging in this eccentric habit he was met by a friend, and thus accosted: "Hello, Doctor! What the deuce are you talking to yourself for?" The Doctor pulled up his horse and replied: "For the very reason, sir, that it pleases me to talk to a gentleman who is capable of minding his own business—get up, Paul."

—"What," the young man asked the young woman who was waiting for him to ask for his hat, "do I put you in mind of?" "A French clock," she said softly. And pretty soon he arose and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The horologist said, "Why, it never goes." And the young man was sorely cast down, and he grieved and told no man of his hurt.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_66-0151.jpg