

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1893.

NO. 17.

## DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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Chief Judge—Hon. James M. Sherry.  
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
State's Attorney—Edw. S. Eichelberger.  
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.  
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Tax-Collector—John F. Hopp.

### Churches.

#### Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinwald. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other day at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.

#### Reformed Church of the Incarnation.

Pastor—Rev. A. M. Schaffner. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other day at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.

#### Presbyterian Church.

Pastor—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock and every other day at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 8:45 o'clock.

#### St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Pastor—Rev. H. F. White, C. M. First Mass 6:30 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 3 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.

#### Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastor—Rev. Henry Mann. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 10:30 o'clock.

### Mails.

#### Arrive.

Way from Baltimore, 7 a. m., and 7:16 p. m. and 7:16 p. m., Frederick, 11:20 a. m., and 7:16 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:20 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:16 p. m., Eyster, P. O., 8:10 a. m.

#### Leave.

Baltimore way, 7 a. m., Mechanicstown, 5:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 5:25 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7 a. m., Baltimore way, 8:10 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 7:16 p. m., Frederick, 2:35 p. m., Gettysburg, 8 a. m., Eyster, 10:10 a. m. Office hours from 6:45 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

### Societies.

#### Massachusetts No. 41, I. O. E. M.

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F. A. Adelsberger, President; H. H. Witold, Vice-President; Geo. Seybold, Secretary; V. A. Riley, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stover, Treasurer. Meets the 1st Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West Main street.

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#### Emmitsburg Choral Union.

Meets at Public School House 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, at 8 o'clock P. M. Officers—President, Rev. W. Simonton, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

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### MARRIED AND GOING AWAY.

I am married and going away!  
Good-bye to the dear old home;  
Good-bye to girlhood's happy years,  
And welcome to the joys to come!  
Do not chide me that I weep,  
Weep on my wedding day;  
Life will be never quite the same—  
I'm married and going away!

I'm glad and willing to go,  
But a bride must have her cry.  
There are so many cherished friends  
That I must bid good-bye,  
So much that I dearly love  
That I leave forever to—  
What memories rest on everything  
When one's married and going away?

How happy was I that eve  
When Harry called me aside  
For a stroll on the moonlit lawn,  
And I went with my happy pride!  
For his eyes were burning bright!  
I knew what he meant to say  
By his grave and tender voice:  
Now we're married and going away!

Sweet words he spoke that night,  
The lawn grew doubly dear,  
The beautiful lawn I've loved  
For many a happy year.

And I gave my promise true,  
A girl loves not for a day,  
Alas, the world is bright and new—  
I am married and going away!

Kiss me, mother, I'll dry my tears  
I fear not my future life;  
My grief is in leaving you and home—  
My husband will love his wife  
And I shall be happy, I know.  
The carriage is ready, you say!  
So I'll leave the dear old home—  
We're married and going away!

### THE ICE KING.

IT IS perfectly ridiculous for me to take music lessons! Papa might as well as well throw his money into the street! I have to practice!" And Kitty threw herself down upon the lounge, and thought it awful that she must forever speak that horrid French! said Ethel, as she looked disconsolately out upon the fast falling snow.

There was silence in the room for a few minutes. Suddenly Kitty started up in a choking fit of sobs. "Sleigh bells," she exclaimed, and then held her breath in astonishment.

The window had blown up, and there, driving straight towards it, through the thickly falling snow—just as though it were the most natural thing in the world to drive through it—came a pretty little sleigh. On it came, the beautiful little reindeer seeming to fly. Kitty had scarcely time to wonder where this fine turnout could come from, when the reindeers pranced right over the window-sill and stopped upon the floor.

A pile of white fur was thrown across the room in the twinkling of an eye. A little girl, jumping quickly from her seat, extended her hand to the dimly lighted girl who sat in the sleigh. "I am an ice fairy, and my name is Christobel," began the lady. "I have come all the way from my country, where everybody is jolly, just because you two little girls are in such a bad humor. Now, if you will come with me, and keep your eyes and ears open, it will be much better for you than moping away the afternoon here in a bad mood."

Kitty's eyes were already dancing with anticipated pleasure.

"Then you agree with us," said she, becoming serious again, "and you also think that we have too much music and French?"

Kitty was too excited to notice that Christobel did not reply, and her eyes being fixed admirably upon the fairy's white silk gown, she failed to observe an odd little pucker about Christobel's mouth, and a slightly mischievous twinkle in her bright eyes.

"Jump in! His majesty awaits you!" cried Christobel, and away they went so fast that before Kitty and Ethel had ceased to marvel how they had ever managed to crowd themselves into that little sleigh they found themselves driving rapidly along a beautiful road.

"We are very near the king's palace now," said Christobel, "but before we reach it I have something to give you both."

She opened a silver box that hung at her belt, and took from it a plain gold ring, in which was sunk a plain diamond of such a wonderful brilliancy that it shone like a glowing coal. This she placed on Kitty's finger, and then, turning to Ethel, threw around her neck a fine gold chain. To this chain was attached a golden pebble that glittered all over with diamond sparks. The children were amazed at the courtesy that it shone for Christobel, and she, with a loud, clanging noise, and looking up they found that two enormous gates of mother-of-pearl, with silver hinges, had just closed behind them, and that they were in sight of the palace.

What a scene of enchantment! The snow lay everywhere, and from the arching trees overhead the icicles hung in gleaming masses, turning now green, now red, as they caught the brilliant rays of the sun.

"Merry!" screamed Ethel, looking around. "where is Fairy Christobel, who for Christobel, sleigh and all, had disappeared?"

"Well!" said Kitty, "what will happen next, I wonder!"

She had scarcely ceased speaking, when, upon the broad level road that led to the palace, there appeared a gallant cavalier.

"Those on horseback must be the nobles of the court," whispered Kitty, in an excited tone.

"The sleigh following them is empty," said Ethel.

The cavalier halted and one of the foremost horsemen, dismounting, bowed deeply before the two little girls, his plumed hat held low in one hand, the other placed gallantly upon his heart.

"Be pleased to enter, ladies," said this knightly-looking person, regarding his upright position and waving gracefully to the sleigh. "His majesty awaits you!"

Kitty and Ethel sprang in, the postillions cracked their whips, and off they went. The last bend in the road brought them up, with a grand sweep, in front of the palace doors. Here all was bustle and excitement. Sleighs were arriving from all directions, and elegantly dressed little ladies alighted from them, assisted by attendant cavaliers.

Kitty noticed all this as they were conducted up the broad marble steps of the palace. But she was not a little embar-

assed to find that she and Ethel were the object of all observers. They were now following a handsome page along a spacious corridor. Passing several curtained doorways, they reached the end of the hall, when the page stopped, and, drawing aside a violet silk curtain and bowing with a courtly grace, begged them to enter.

"You will find all the requisites for the toilet. Be as expeditious as may be. His majesty awaits you."

As the curtain fell behind them, Ethel looked at Kitty and dropped up in a divan which so perplexed an air that Kitty burst out laughing.

"Everything happens so quickly that my head is in a whirl, and oh, Kitty, I want to know why everybody starts at us so!"

"Oh," said Kitty, assuming a very grand air, "don't be surprised at that. Of course, fairies are very pretty and very courteous all that, but they must remember that we mortals know so much more than they do, and, naturally, they want to see what we look like."

"Yes," replied Ethel, a little reassured, "I never heard of fairies going to school."

Both girls started. A burst of silvery laughter rang out for a moment and was instantly suppressed. Ethel flew to the curtain and peered down the corridor. There was no one to be seen.

"I must have been a bell, after all," said Kitty. "But come let us dress, his majesty awaits us!" and Kitty wickily mimicked the manner in which those words had been repeated to them so often. They were soon ready, for everything had been prepared for them. Both costumes were made of some wonderful, cloudy material, in which blue faded into pink, and pink into white, while a diamond girle confined the soft folds at the waist.

"Why," exclaimed Ethel, "we look like the sunset, with the stars thrown in!"

"Are the ladies ready?" asked a voice from within. Kitty took Ethel's hand and whispering, laughingly, "what next?" drew aside the curtain. The page bowed low once more and, begging them to follow, led the way down the corridor.

Turning at last to the right and passing through one little apartment after another, they finally stepped in a sort of ante-chamber.

"What has become of all the people that we saw as we entered the place?" asked Kitty, addressing the page. "We noticed only pages and guardsmen as we passed through the halls and rooms."

The page put his fingers to his lips, and pointing to the other side of the room, said in a low voice:

"Li ten! His majesty is there!"

Kitty and Ethel looked in the direction indicated by the page and saw that what they had supposed to be a curtained alcove was in reality a portiere doorway. They could now distinctly hear the subdued rattles and movement of a multitude of people.

"Oh, let's see?" said Ethel, and, peering over the curtain she and Kitty drew it aside the least bit and took a peep. At first they were so dazzled and confused by the sight that met their eyes that they were barely conscious that some one, evidently of great importance, was speaking. Next a moment they heard the voice of the speaker, but Kitty and Ethel could only stare at the wonderful room. For a moment Kitty thought she was looking out of a window, so exactly did the vaulted ceiling resemble the sunset heavens, while the floor looked like the most perfect skating-ground upon earth. Still there was not the slightest chill in the air; on the contrary, a balmy, sweet-scented breeze suggested May rather than January.

All the ladies were in full dress, and all wore the same opalescent hues. Everywhere the illusion of a winter sunset gleamed in snow against the walls, and by the glories of the departing sun, was absolutely perfect. Even the men played their part, for their costumes, a cunning device in white silk, with here and there a point of green peeping through, gave the impression of so many living fire-trees glowing with snow. At this stage of her observations, Kitty was startled by hearing her own name.

"Kitty and Ethel," the speaker was saying, "are the names of two mortals that our faithful servant, Christobel, ever anxious for our enjoyment, has provided for our entertainment upon this our glorious feast-day. You all know our deep interest in the cause of education, and I do not doubt that these two ladies have been chosen by our liege subject, Christobel, as brilliant exponents of some branch of learning."

"Horror!" gasped Kitty, "how I wish I had practiced harder!"

"Don't tell me," murmured Ethel, that I shall have to speak French!"

The king, for he it was that had just been speaking, turned from the Fairy Christobel, with whom he had been talking in a low tone, and again addressing his court, pronounced these words:

"Miss Kitty is Ethel, the girl was not timidly, naturally, but somehow Kitty felt so mortified when she thought of the contrast between the description that the king had given of their attainments and the reality, that her usual confidence forsaken her. No need to a K Ethel how she felt. Her flaming cheeks told the tale.

"I never thought of being so ashamed of my ignorance before, did you, Ethel?" whispered Kitty, as they advanced at a motion from the king, faintly to slip a few steps upon the highly polished floor. Ethel could only sigh: "If I had listened to mamma!"

"We will hear Miss Kitty perform first," said the king, waving towards the piano.

"But, your majesty," began Kitty, "I can't play. I have not practiced much."

"Can't play! Not practiced much!" said the king, in great surprise. "Mortals know so much more than fairies. Again that mischievous laugh, or was it a bell?"

"And as for neglected practice, that is unknown in my kingdom, and which must not even be mentioned. We are ready to hear you!"

Kitty saw no escape, and seating herself at the piano, began her best piece. Oh, how she wished she had studied that queer little run in the introduction, but no, the same blurred effect was made that had been expiating her teacher during the last three lessons. On she went, from bad to worse, until, at the end of the third piece, she completely broke down.

She had scarcely lifted her hands from the keys when a perfect storm of hoos and hisses fell upon her. The formerly polite and smiling assembly seemed transformed with rage. The king was pale with anger, but repressing his feelings, he turned to Ethel.

"Surely this one cannot also be so silly as to waste her talents and her father's money in such outrageous fashion? Proceed!"

Ethel made a supreme effort of the memory and began the verse, "Trente Jours." But there her memory deserted her. "Trente jours" said she again and stopped.

"It seems as though you were going to take thirty days to recite your verse," said the king sarcastically. Then in a tone of great anger, he con inued:

"I see! Fairy Christobel wished to procure for us the pleasure that it is well known she takes in dispensing puns. Away with her to the block! Death is too good for such lazy people!"

Ethel had been nervously twisting her fingers through her gold chain during this harangue, and without knowing in her fright what she was doing, she lifted the gold pebble to her lips. Immediately the words of every French rhyme that had ever been dined into her brains, came surging to her lips:

Trente jours ont septembre,  
Avril, Juin et novembre;  
De vingt jours en juin,  
Tous les autres ont trente et un.

Ethel fairly gasped out her verse. The last word had hardly been uttered when Kitty, who had been wringing her hands in terror, discovered the power of her ring. Giving it one more frantic rub, she rushed to the piano and dashed off a brilliant Chopin waltz. Rounds of applause now greeted the girls from all sides, and the king, beaming with satisfaction was just about to present each of them with a bouquet of snow balls all sprinkled over with diamonds, when again that strange laugh burst out, this time more like a bell than ever.

Kitty started, rubbed her eyes, and springing from the sofa, ran rapidly down-stairs.

"Where are you going, Kitty?" called her mother.

"To practice, mamma, to practice as hard as ever I can!" replied Kitty.

"Very good, my little girl," said Mrs. Newbury, rather surprised at this new zeal, but come to dinner first. You must have been very sound asleep. Mary has rung the bell seven times."

Kitty looked thoughtful but said not a word about her wonderful dream, and she and Ethel were alone that night, in their comfortable little room. Then Kitty related her dream, and she and Ethel had a very serious talk.

"It seems as though I had never really thought how well one is paid for the trouble of practicing. My fingers seemed to fly over the keys without the least idea of a false note!"

"Mamma always says we must work hard for anything worth having," said Ethel in a meditative manner.

"Yes, but I never could quite understand it before, now I do. So kiss me and say 'good-bye' to my little Kitty, to-morrow she will not be here!"

"Well whatever you do I must do too," said Ethel, snuggling into bed, and in another minute both girls were sound asleep, dreaming of their good resolutions.

### A PAINTER OF BEARS.

Many distinguished artists have been more fond of painting animals than of portraying scenery on human figures. Rosa Bonheur, for instance, delights in making pictures of cattle; and Sir Edwin Landseer was at his best when putting the portraits of his favorite dogs on canvas.

Not long ago there was a Dutch painter, who was known as the Cat Raphael, because he painted cats so well; and now a young Swiss is called the Bear Raphael, because he has such a wonderful way of making pictures of bears.

In the city of Berne, where he lives, many bears are kept in the public gardens; and this young artist is never happier than when he is studying their habits and watching their movements. And, strange as it may seem to us, he thinks bears are very agreeable animals, and that the reputation we have given them is entirely undeserved.

The city of Berne was once called "Baern," and was given that name on account of the many bears that roamed around it; and as Her Hinzen was born there, he has had a fine chance to get acquainted with his four-footed favorites. His father was an artist, and the little fellow was brought up in the midst of paint brushes and pictures. At a very early age he showed that, if he were free to follow his own inclination, he would be an artist too.

One day his father found him in the woods sketching the outlines of a great bear upon a smooth, flat stone, and recognized the portrait of the oldest and biggest bear in the town garden. He recognized, too, that here was genius of a fine sort, and after that the child was given every chance to learn. All animals seemed to love him, bears especially; and when he would go to a high place above their garden, they would try to reach up to him in a playful way. He often said that bears were not appreciated, that people did not understand them; and his mother and father were always afraid that he would go out into the forest to get acquainted with some that had not been tamed by the prison life of a bear garden.

Some of these bear pictures have brought to the World's Fair, where we hope many of our young people may see them. The best ones, however, had to stay at home, as they were painted in fresco on the walls of public buildings in the city of Berne; and it is not easy to carry a whole house across the ocean, even to a World's Fair.

What George Was.

"George Washington," said Tommy in the course of his regular Friday "composition," "was a man who, if he pointed a gun at a man and told the man it wasn't loaded, the man would not get a bit scared."

Giving Her the Blues.

Mary, and Ella, an elder sister, were busy with their paint boxes. "Why, you've painted your dolly's face blue all over!" exclaimed Ella.

"Yes," was the quick rejoinder, "I'm pretending she feels blue."

The Violet and the Sunflower.

"Goodness me!" cried the Violet to the Sunflower, "I wish you would mov!"

"Why so?" queried the Sunflower. "Because," replied the Violet, "you cast me completely in the shade."

Cautious Little Dot.

Little Dot—"If you eat so much candy, you'll lose all your teeth."

Little Dick (munching away)—"Dentists can make new ones."

Little Dot—"Yes; but, if you spend all your money for candy, you won't have any left to buy new ones."

Not Enough to Say.

"Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "how do you like your baby brother?"

"Oh, lots and lots—only I don't think he's very bright!"

"Why not?"

"We've had him nearly two weeks now, and he hasn't said a word to anybody."

Due to Subsequent Action.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it?

Johnny (suffering horribly from indigestion)—Haven't been eating anything, mamma.

"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating?"

"Nothing, mamma, honest. I-I drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."

"That bowl of milk? Why, Johnny, there was nearly a quart of it. Are you sure it wasn't sour?"

"Yes'm. It was—boo-hoo—it was all right when—I swallowed it!"

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take BROWN'S HONEY BITTERS. All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

Four French sportsmen fired simultaneously at a rabbit, but it escaped; then they asked together, "I wonder who missed that time?"

An indignant orator at a recent political meeting, in refuting an opponent, thundered, "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the alligator."

"Miss Smiley is going to travel under an assumed name." "You surprise me." "Yes; she's going to be married next week and start on her honeymoon."

The Troublesome Twins—"Why do you call your twins 'Circumstances, Hawkins?'" "Because, my dear boy, they are something over which I have no control."

"I can't pay this bill, doctor. It's exorbitant. I'm no better than I was either." "That's because you didn't take my advice." "Ah—well—of course, if I didn't take it I don't owe you for it. Thanks. Good morning."

At the French Ambassador's Ball in Madrid. "—Sir, will you allow me to shake hands with you, as that will create an impression that there is somebody here whom I know?" "Delighted, sir, I am sure. I am in the same predicament as yourself."

The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray, and weeze, and cough in a most distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has!" said one of the men; "and, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?"

The celebrated Signora Howlinski was in the Middle of her solo when little Johnny Fizzlepot, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, asked: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "He is not hitting at her, her stick?" "Well then what does she holler so for."

"I wouldn't have minded so much," said the prisoner as she smiled a sad, sweet smile at the lady who had brought him the bouquet. "If the court had been a man of culture—" "Isn't it terrible to think of the dreadful, career, horrible fellows who are elected to honorable positions here in the west?" she murmured sympathetically. "Yes," he answered with a sigh, "to be tried and condemned by a man of his stamp was awful, and then when he said that I was to be 'hung' by the neck until dead it grated on my nerves more than I can tell you."

What George Was.

"George Washington," said Tommy in the course of his regular Friday "composition," "was a man who, if he pointed a gun at a man and told the man it wasn't loaded, the man would not get a bit scared."

Giving Her the Blues.

Mary, and Ella, an elder sister, were busy with their paint boxes. "Why, you've painted your dolly's face blue all over!" exclaimed Ella.

"Yes," was the quick rejoinder, "I'm pretending she feels blue."

The Violet and the Sunflower.

"Goodness me!" cried the Violet to the Sunflower, "I wish you would mov!"

"Why so?" queried the Sunflower. "Because," replied the Violet, "you cast me completely in the shade."

Cautious Little Dot.

Little Dot—"If you eat so much candy, you'll lose all your teeth."

Little Dick (munching away)—"Dentists can make new ones."

Little Dot—"Yes; but, if you spend all your money for candy, you won't have any left to buy new ones."

Not Enough to Say.

"Well, Tommy," said the visitor, "how do you like your baby brother?"

"Oh, lots and lots—only I don't think he's very bright!"

"Why not?"

"We've had him nearly two weeks now, and he hasn't said a word to anybody."

Due to Subsequent Action.

Mamma—Now, Johnny, tell me the truth. You have been eating too much of something on the sly. What was it?

Johnny (suffering horribly from indigestion)—Haven't been eating anything, mamma.

"Don't try to deceive me, dear. What have you been eating?"

"Nothing, mamma, honest. I-I drank a bowl of milk that was in the pantry. That was all."

"That bowl of milk? Why, Johnny, there was nearly a quart of it. Are you sure it wasn't sour?"

"Yes'm. It was—boo-hoo—it was all right when—I swallowed it!"

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take BROWN'S HONEY BITTERS. All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

THE PEARY EXPEDITION.

Despite the forebodings and false reports concerning Lieut. Peary, his expedition to the North appears likely to be a success.

Reflecting upon all this—that the fates seem to be with Lieut. Peary, and the intrepid character of the man—his previous experience, and his knowledge of the country—there is reason for the brightest anticipations from this latest expedition in the direction of the Pole.

Lieut. Peary is both competent and enthusiastic. Geographical discovery is most important; indeed, what is so important to us, outside of heaven, as the earth on which we stand?

COL. BONAPARTE'S DEATH.

In the death of Col. Jerome Bonaparte, a picturesque and interesting figure is removed. The halo that clings round the memory of the conqueror of Austerlitz does not grow dim, but brightens with the passage of time.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Review of Reviews for September is a number of fine variety and timeliness. It epitomizes and synthesizes the whole planet for the month of August, 1893.

The Irish Village book store at Chicago, has recently published two books that will interest all who go to the exposition and many others who are interested in the Irish exhibit.

Logue, Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, John Morley, Justin McCarthy, Michael Davitt and others.

THE THREE MERCHANTS.

MARY JOANNA PORTER

IT WAS certainly very warm weather. Every one was saying so, and what I aspired upon must have been a fact.

No 723 of Harper's Young People, among its varied attractions, will contain a diverting story by W. J. Henderson, one of his "Old Sailor's Yarns."

Harper's Bazar for September 2d, contains, in addition to two entertaining short stories and much other interesting and instructive matter, an eight-page supplement devoted exclusively to Edna Lyall's fascinating historical novel, "To Right the Wrong."

Andrew Lang has written for a new edition of "Letters to Dead Authors," four Letters addressed to Homer, John Knox, Rev. Increase Sizer and Samuel Pepys.

AN AWKWARD WORD.

A curiously awkward word, if it be a word, is "Mrs." It is not spelled as it is pronounced.

"No matter, I won't miss that," said the good-natured old gentleman, "I think you may get one more of the glass, so that I won't get my fingers sticky."

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

A few years ago an English professor caused quite a little excitement among a party of skaters on Serpentine river, by making a lens of ice and lighting his pipe with it.

Retort.

At a banquet given Edward Everett, he was introduced by Judge Story, who perpetrated this pun: "Applause shall follow the footsteps of fame whatever it [Everett] goes."

Queer Economy.

Little Dick: "Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?" Papa: "I did, my son."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years.

Through the village streets people were passing up and down, wiping the perspiration from their brows, complaining more or less of the heat, and for the most part, forgetting to speak of the gentle breeze which made it endurable.

One of the three, Tommy Liddon, was visiting with his mother at the "orchard's." This lady who was the aunt of Alfred and Albert, solved the puzzling question by asking another:

"Why don't you earn some money for the poor?" "The boys added a third. "How can we do it?"

"Very easily. I'll help you make some good lemonade. Then we'll ask Mamma Northcote to lend you a small table for a stand, and we'll get permission from Papa Northcote to take off the gate between the garden and the sidewalk.

The boys called out, in imitation of the street vendors, "Here you are! Good; cold lemonade, three cents a glass!"

"No matter, I won't miss that," said the good-natured old gentleman, "I think you may get one more of the glass, so that I won't get my fingers sticky."

"Very good lemonade those boys are selling," said he; "better stop and get some as you go along."

"Very good plan, very. Interests you and helps other folks at the same time. I'll recommend your wares."

"Aren't you thirsty, girls?" Of course you are. Going after soda water. I'll be once and patronize Northcote's boys instead.

"Oh, it's cheaper than soda!" exclaimed the girls. "That's a good idea—glad we met Mr. Moran."

"Well, you're going to be a chef, aren't you George? I thought you'd be a lawyer or doctor or something of that kind," said Ned.

"No," replied George, "I'm going to be an engineer, and mamma says when I'm out on surveying and construction parties I won't get dyspepsia from bad cooking."

"Well, you're going to be a chef, aren't you George? I thought you'd be a lawyer or doctor or something of that kind," said Ned.

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something more than the regular price for his glass of lemonade. Occasionally, as in the morning, there were several purchasers at one time.

"How a Father was Cured of Drinking." ONE day in a familiar instruction a priest said: "Do you wish to convert a family?"

These words were heard by a girl who had just made her first communion. How could she comprehend them? God knows the secret of it.

"Where's George?" "George? He's out in the gypsy kitchen making candy. Do you want him?"

"The gypsy kitchen! What's that, and where is it? Yes; I want to see George, and right now."

"Well, you take this path, and you'll see a little shanty down in the hollow. There you'll find George."

"Hollo!" he shouted as he came near. "Hollo!" answered back a voice, and George appeared at the door.

"Ned sat down and glanced curiously around. In one corner of the shanty, stood an old stove. On one side near the stove were a couple of shelves, with dishes ranged on one, and paper parcels and boxes on the other.

"This is my sister Mary," said George, introducing a rosy-cheeked girl of twelve. "We are making candy. This is the gypsy kitchen. It's lots of fun. Here, have a cookie. Mary and I made them. You shall taste of our candy when it's done. Mary, I think it's done now. This that you dropped into the water is hard. Here's a buttered slice to pour it into."

"What is that you're pulling, Ned?" "That's my sister Mary," said George, introducing a rosy-cheeked girl of twelve. "We are making candy. This is the gypsy kitchen. It's lots of fun. Here, have a cookie. Mary and I made them. You shall taste of our candy when it's done. Mary, I think it's done now. This that you dropped into the water is hard. Here's a buttered slice to pour it into."

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to be an engineer, and mamma says when I'm out on surveying and construction parties I won't get dyspepsia from bad cooking if I know how my food should be prepared, and then she won't worry about me.

Here Ned glanced at Mary, who seemed uncomfortable under George's disparaging remarks, which George observing hastened to add: "Mary is a very good cook, I can tell you; so is my mother; but she wouldn't want to be a chef anyway."

Bring in its midst a soul who knows how to suffer. Do you wish to bring back to God a soul that is dear to you? Suffer for it."

These words were heard by a girl who had just made her first communion. How could she comprehend them? God knows the secret of it.

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KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



The Baby's Comfort. The Mother's Friend. Dr. Fahrney's TEething Syrup

For all baby ailments; prevents Cholera Infantum; pleasant to take and perfectly harmless.

More, better AND BRIGHTER THAN EVER. MANY NEW Attractions.

Among which is the GREAT Myrtle Peak COMBINATION. LOW EXCURSION RATES AND EXCURSION TRAINS ON ALL RAILROADS.

Entries Close OCTOBER 7. P. A. WILMER, Sec'y, Hagerstown, Md.

Horner's ABSOLUTELY Pure Animal Bone Fertilizers, for All Crops and Permanent Grass.

HIGHER IN ESSENTIAL QUALITIES THAN ANY OTHER GOODS ON THE MARKET. WE WILL SELL EITHER BY ANALYSIS, OR WEIGHT.

WE ARE READY FOR FALL BUSINESS!

COMPLETE STOCK OF NEW SILKS NEW WOOL DRESS GOODS NEW COATS AND CAPES NEW BLANKETS NEW CARPETS

THE LEADERS G. W. Weaver & Son, GETTYSBURG, PA.

Swinging Around the Circle Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills.

Get your house painting done by John F. Adelsberger, who will furnish estimates upon application, work done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Geo. T. Eyster, who warrants the same, and has always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

EMMITSBURG Marble Yard CEMETERY WORK Of all kinds promptly done Orders filled on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed. W. H. HOKE, Proprietor, EMMITSBURG, MD.

BOOTS AND SHOES. The undersigned has always on hand a large assortment of Men's Boys', Ladies' and Misses' BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS of the very latest styles.

NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES. Classical, Scientific, Literary and Business Courses complete. Preparatory and Primary Schools for girls and boys.

FIRE INSURANCE. Insure your property in a home Company. The Frederick County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

CALL ON GEO. T. EYSTER, AND See his splendid stock of GOLD & SILVER, Key & Stem-Winding WATCHES.

THE Maryland State Fair In Combination with the Great HAGERSTOWN FAIR.

Composed of the County Associations of Washington and Carroll, Md., Franklin and Adams, Pa., Berkeley and Jefferson, West Va., Baltimore and Washington Cities, will be held at HAGERSTOWN, MD.,

OCTOBER 10, 11, 12 & 13, 1893. 20 RACES 20 Steeple Chases, Hurdle, Chariot, Running and Trotting Races.

THIS IS EVERYBODY'S YEAR TO ATTEND. EVERY DAY A BIG DAY. FOR PREMIUM LIST AND INFORMATION, SEND TO P. A. WILMER, Sec'y, Hagerstown, Md.

JNO. W. STONEBRAKER, Prest. sept 22-31

One of the grandest irrigation projects ever undertaken in Arizona is the one just started near Yuma, the narrows on the Gila River. The dam will be of solid masonry, 4,500 feet in length, 110 feet high, the water front covered with asphaltum finish, impervious to water.

DR. J. B. MAVER, 1010 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Hood's Cures



Sophie McKeldin. When 7 years old began to be troubled with eczema on the head, causing intense itching and burning, and affecting her eyes. Her mother testified: "We gave her six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and she is entirely well. I have taken it myself for that itching and it does me great good." Mrs. WILLIAM MCKELDIN, 404 stock-holm St., Baltimore, Md.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25 cents

DR. J. B. MAVER

DR. J. B. MAVER, 1010 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 18.  
South of the main branch of the Sept. 18 stands the dignified structure whose name heads this letter. A low dome graced with the gilded statue of Diana, the Huntress, is its chief architectural beauty. The statue is the already famous one from New York. Standing on one foot in the attitude of a runner the loose veil that carries about her form is blown by the wind in swelling folds back on the feet-floated huntress. In this position it proves a lever for the breeze, and a most artistic weather-vane. At each of the four corners of the building is a dome similar in design to the central one, but much smaller. These domes are surrounded by a group of statuary symbolical of the four seasons.

Somebody said, a man may visit the gallery and feast spontaneously for nothing. The exhibitors up there are offering samples, pickles, saucers, and what not. I saw a display of the breakfast table; cakes flavoured with this and that, made from that, horse-radish, potentilla, milk, new designs in cheese, cook books, pancakes, made with corn-meal oil as a lubricator; root beers, canned fruits, preserves, jellies, chocolates, loaves, wines, etc. And wherever something to eat is offered for sampling, how the ladies, old and young, gather around that spot. It is so consummately womanly. I stood by and observed one of the crowds. The gusto with which they smacked their lips and licked their fingers would have set a dyspeptic on his feet. They seem to be positively appetizing. I might have felt like stepping forward to get a taste myself, but never having been centre-rush in a game of flag football, I moved away feeling that my early education had been sadly deficient in such matters. I had thought of something in viewing the agricultural display made by the generalities of the States. While they are all there and have their displays set out in a most artistic way, the absolute lack of anything like completeness is most pronounced. I had expected to see such State exhibits as the home-made pride to make a showing of something that would be a little more than an A. B. C. acquaintance with its own products. I looked for an agricultural display that would be worthy of the name. I did not find it. As I understand the theory of the practice of agriculture, and farming the practice of agriculture. Consequently, when our States put out their hands to make a display in our Agricultural Hall, it is shameful to find them showing nothing more than vases of wheat, and corn, and a few stalks of cotton and barley, etc. Actually some of them have not a thing to show.

SAMPLES OF THE GRAIN  
produced in the State. Indeed some of the important products of the State. The one redeeming feature in the case is the fact that the agricultural department of the general government is represented. As with all things done by the government of the United States, thoroughness is the characteristic. What a magnificent result would be produced if in each State was established something like an agricultural bureau. What an object lesson such an affair with an agricultural museum attached would be to the farmer. It is all a matter of having agricultural schools, and to publish agricultural papers. The general view of these sheets do good, but as a rule, the theme is so vast that a lifetime's reading of them will fail to give the farmer an intelligent acquaintance with his business. An expert farmer is a very nice thing for the State to support. But in an agricultural museum a farmer can get more information in twenty minutes than in an experimental farm would give him in twenty years. The knowledge of an old farmer is the result of years and years of experience. He has learned out of a certain treatment of his land what will give him magnificent stalk, but I get weight grain. He has learned that the same fertilizer will not profit equally well for every kind of seed he puts in the ground. He has seen the most promising crops wither away, and a blight of insects. He has watched the birds that hovered over his fields, has studied the effects of certain food on certain animals. How much better off he would have been, if in some near museum he had been able to obtain his information in a minute. I saw certain soils classified, and these needs supplied, if various fertilizers readily obtainable in his country or absolutely needed to

SECURE THE BEST RESULTS  
for particular crops were set before him if he saw the wheat, or rye, or various forms of millet or blight presented to him, the cause and the cure suggested, if he were made to see that the bird he too often fancied to be his enemy, is his best friend; if in words the theory of the agriculturist were placed in such a way that the practitioner might get an intelligent acquaintance with it, then this would be an agricultural display. Agriculture has not to do with the products of farming only. Agriculture is the art of rearing animals, as well as plants, which are best suited to supply man's wants. Also, for the opportunity that has been missed in this Agricultural Building! Shame on the petty, miserable affairs that nearly all of our States have sent as agricultural displays. And what of the State Agricultural Offices? Where are they to be found at the World's Columbian Exposition? Is it not a shame that States which accepted the Government's gift of 30,000 acres—the act was passed in 1862—of the public domains for each Senator, for the establishment of such institutions, should not even have a dried knot from its museum, at this World's Fair? I wince under all this, especially when I saw a detailed completeness of the exhibits from foreign countries. It is all well enough

to write nice essays about making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. I judge from the displays of grain that you by the generalities of the States are an agricultural exhibit, one would be inclined to think that intellect had nothing to do with farming in this country. Some of the countries in South America have exhibits of agriculture in many respects which are superior to those of many of the States. The agriculturist who had anything to do with their so-called agricultural display, should hang their heads in shame when they see some of the South American countries leaving them. I do not say that these countries have any sugar or finer wheat, finer cotton or finer corn, but these are finer tobacco than the States display. But I do say that they seem to have had a more intelligent idea of what is meant by an agricultural display.

MISSOURI, FLORIDA AND NEW JERSEY  
have the best aggregate displays. Utah seems to have had nothing else in her head but irrigation. Kentucky, you would conclude, did not know of anything else under the sun but tobacco. You could imagine that the sky above and the earth below, and the horizon around, and the latitudinal and longitudinal lines that pass over Iowa, were made of corn. New Hampshire seems to be poverty-stricken, but comes forward with a little cabin, a few stalks of corn and an old-time spindle and carding machine, and, as a triumph of her agricultural display, shows the plow that Daniel Webster followed on his Marshfield estate, after he retired from politics.

And so might I go on, but a continuation of the theme only calculated to irritate. France has a grand showing—grand in its detailed completeness. Nothing seems to have been forgotten. All of her display is made with the utmost taste. Does she show a wheat sheaf, beneath it, she is in the board with the ear of it, and she shows the seed, as well as the grain, and the stalk, and the chaff, and the straw, and all of her products. Then, her agricultural colleges have a showing that is simply magnificent. Diagrams indicating the methods followed in many of the experiments in the book used in the schools, the volumes issued by her agricultural departments—nothing is forgotten, nothing omitted.

RUSSIA AND MEXICO  
deserve a similar meed of praise. I saw these exhibits and felt as though I had learned something. Indeed, I made up my mind to return and give them a more careful scrutiny. Some of the foreign products are of the variety scarcely represented in this country. A building, as a place in which to bring before the eyes of the world a special product of their country. Consequently, their coffee, or their tea, or whatever they have received all their attention—and the rest of the agricultural products of the country scarcely appear. Again, a disappointment to the visitor British Guiana makes a display that, for its completeness, is very satisfactory. She shows no end of her sugar products, from the finest whites to the heaviest and darkest browns. The crystals of these sugars are, as you know, large. They are not of the medium grades, but of the finest. Then the cassava product is of a very fine quality. This plant has several names. It is known in Brazil as maca, and in the United States is scarcely known by any other name save tapioca. Then comes another product, the banana, which is very much interested in the details of its display. One of the things that attracts its curiosity, being especially attracted, is the size of an ordinary tomato and formed as the tomato is, except that the sections are smaller, and consequently, more numerous. It is the seed, I understand, that is the most interesting. It is poured into a little paper weight. During my various visits to the Fair I had seen some of the workmen using very odd looking tools, similar in shape to the affairs usually placed on the head of a "Punch." They seem to be in use for making the common sack paper. They are of a dull, conical shape. I had often wondered what they were, but did not find out until I came upon this exhibit from British Guiana. The early flower stalk of the Tropic Palm has been given by Mother Nature such a covering. The natives transfer these to their heads. Some one had sold a number of them to the Fair, and this was the origin and nature of this strange head-gear I had seen. The

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE  
has a very creditable exhibit. Her showing of the wool produced is very noteworthy. Scotch leathers, mats from the fur of the springbok, the long and silky hair of the Zebra goat, may be seen in plenty. A number of objects more curious than anything else, have also been set up. For instance, the rude instrument of warfare used by the Zulus. Those spears called assegais, that have become historical because they brought death to many of the British soldiers of the Royal blood. Poor Louis Napoleon's brother Eugene, the mother that has remained to wear her darling's crust taking away! I hope she will never look on one of those awful weapons. In my wanderings I came on a very venerable and an expert in the art of glass. His work is based in glass, that bears a legend which states the year of its making. It is a piece of Chauder Cheese. Since I saw it I have been wondering why it has been so carefully preserved. I am inclined to think that its owner has kept it as a relic of an attack of cholera. I do not see any other reason better than that for the preservation of such an object. Certainly nobody would desire to eat a piece of cheese that has been in existence for nearly half a century! In the Annex of the Agricultural Building the inventors have a magnificent display. The implements that have rendered the farmer's work a comparatively easy task, are legion. How different today from the days when Ruth went gleaning in her kinsman's field! The machines of this blessed age scarcely leave a straw behind them. The corn harvesters now live alone in history and the poet's fancy.

Indeed, pastoral life itself is almost gone. The rattle of machinery is heard amidst the way-seen of cream when the ripened oats are falling in a broad swath than ever the sturdy reapers of yesterday could compass. Even the milkmaid's gentle task that brought the mellow murmur of the snowy stream to sound a soft accompaniment to her song, is changed. Also, some unpeppery dame, some silliness of the icy North has invented a rascally milking machine.

Quickly Forgotten.  
"Say, mamma, I want to tell you something."  
"Yes, dear?"  
"I learned something new to-day."  
"That is my own bright boy. What was it?"  
"I've forgotten."

BECAUSE HE DIDN'T THINK.

Once a little turkey fond of her own way, would, I ask the old one where to go or say she said: "I'm not a baby, here I am half grown!"  
Surely I am big enough to run around alone!"  
Oh! she went; but somebody, hiding, saw her pass.  
Soon like a snail her feathers covered all the grass.  
So she made a sup, for a sly young mink, "Cause she was so headstrong that she wouldn't think."  
Once there was a robin lived out of the door, who wanted to go inside and hop upon the floor.  
"No, no," said the mother, "you must stay with me!"  
Little birds are safest sitting in a tree!"  
"I don't care," said robin, and gave his tail a fling;  
"I don't think the old folks know quite everything."  
Down he flew, and kitted himself before he'd time to wink.  
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry, but I didn't think."  
Now, my little children, you who read this song, Don't you see what trouble comes from thinking wrong?  
Can't you take a warning from their dreadful fate,  
Who began their thinking when it was too late?  
Don't think there's always safety, don't suppose that you know more,  
Than anybody knows, who has gone before.  
But, when you're warned of ruin, pause upon the brink,  
And don't go under headlong, 'Cause you didn't think.

A BOY ASTRONOMER.

Edward Emerson Barnard was born in Nashville, Tennessee, December 16, 1857. His early education was limited to two months' attendance at a common school, and such instruction as his excellent mother could give him at home; and all of his acquirements in literature, the sciences, and languages in late years are the result of his own earnest efforts. Fatherless and destitute at the close of the war, he began at the age of eight or nine to work in a large photographic studio in Nashville, and continued to follow the occupation of photographer until 1883. During this time he had mastered every department of the photographic art, and had become invaluable to his employers as a faithful and accomplished assistant.

From an early age he had been interested in optical matters, and this interest was increased by the use of the various lenses employed in the gallery. In 1876 a friend happened to leave in the young photographer's possession for a few days, an old book, which he was delighted to find was a copy of Dr. Thomas Dick's *Practical Astronomer*. This book was studied with great avidity, and it awakened a thirst for astronomical knowledge which has never since ceased to be controlling. From the maps of the constellations and other engravings he speedily learned to identify the objects in the sky about which he had been reading, and the descriptions of celestial wonders had now a new interest.

Then came the desire to possess some kind of telescope, and finally he obtained the object lens of a common spy-glass, and mounted it in a paper tube about one inch in diameter, and of course was never intended for looking at celestial objects. Still it revealed the heavens as they can never be seen by the unaided eye, and showed the beautiful crescent form of Venus, and the disks of Jupiter and other planets.

About this time a traveling showman with a small glass for street exhibition turned up in Nashville, and young Barnard was a steady patron whenever nickles were sufficiently plenty to warrant such a dissipation. This was not much of a telescope, but it was superior to the home-made affair he had constructed for himself. He resolved to have a better instrument of his own, and after practicing the most rigid economy, he was enabled in 1887 to purchase a telescope of five inches aperture with a proper mounting, and a suitable equipment of eye-pieces and other accessories. From "Edward Emerson Barnard," by S. W. Burnham, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September.

A LITTLE GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I heard a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who had two faces! When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbors, she looked so bright and sweet and good that you would like to kiss her. With a nice white press on, and perhaps a blue sash, and pretty little shoes, she expects her mother's friends will say: "What a little darling!" or "What a sweet face, let me kiss it!" And so she always has a nice smile on her face, and when she is spoken to she says, "Yes, ma'am." "No, ma'am," when she ought, and "Thank you," very sweetly when anything is given her.

But did you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all like the same little girl. If she can not have what she wishes, she will pout, and scream and cry, and not one would ever think of kissing her then.  
So, you see, this little girl has two faces; one she uses in company, and puts it on just like her best dress; and the other she wears at home alone with her mother.  
I also know a little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home with her mother and wants her to be as useful as she can, and help her. I think I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would like most to resemble.

CURIOS AMERICAN HOUSES.

Among the 65,000,000 people in the United States there are probably not 500—outside of the locality—who are aware that at the mouth of the Mississippi there is a little village built upon wooden piles standing far out in the water. This village, which is called Balize, is reached from the mainland by canoes or boats, and its inhabitants have to climb a kind of pole-ladder to get up to the doorways of their homes. This is probably the only place in the United States in which "pile-dwellings" occur; but all along the Venezuelan coast and at the mouths of the Orinoco and Amazon, similar villages are met with, many of them being inhabited by the Indian fishing tribes of the Amazon estuary.

These strange inhabitants were first discovered by Alonso de Ojeda, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to this continent. In 1499 he undertook an independent voyage to explore the northern part of South America, and he took with him Amerigo Vesputi, who wrote a graphic account of the expedition. The following extract from a translation of Vesputi's work gives the origin of the name Venezuela, and tells of the connection between the curious village discovered there and the name Venezuela: "Proceeding along the coast, they arrived at a vast gulf resembling a tranquil lake, entering which they beheld on the eastern side a village, the construction of which filled them with surprise. It consisted of twenty large houses shaped like bells, and built on piles driven into the lake, which in this part was limpid and of little depth. Each house was provided with a draw-bridge and canoe. So from the resemblance of the Italian city, Ojeda gave the bay the name of the Gulf of Venice (Venezia)." The country itself was afterwards called Venezuela, or Little Venice, the original Indian name being Guicouaba.

In Lake Maracaibo, south of the bay of Venezuela, similar pile-buildings are still erected by the Guajo Indians.—From Harper's Young People.

WELL-DRESSED WOMEN.

A Few of the Things They are Wearing.  
The summer dress cloaks are stylish in appearance, and so becoming that they are worn on many evenings of the occasion. One of soft eoru or piron in the shape of the chateaubriand of the pilgrim, having straight fronts and loose hanging sleeves, with silk and woolen satins bound at the front and waist. Home-made vests of rich black lac-laid in sepiene folds over yellow, or d framed with fine gold trim, give a lace toilet a most distinguished appearance. Gimpes of the yellow silk or crepe de chine show upon the shoulders, and as the wrists of the sleeves. Russia green crepon trimmed with pale erca crepon bands bordered with jet and gold are fresh and stylish-looking to a degree, and very becoming.

Bright cloth jackets, made junty with covers and lace will be mooned over with light wool or silk dressings. Those who are so fortunate as to possess several of the pretty Etons need not concern themselves at all about the purchase of a new wrap, as nothing could be more stylish. A double-breasted Eton in black cloth can be worn with any costume. It is safe to say that if you wear a light-colored silk front and short skirt, or a home-made suit until after the fall openings.

TEACH CHILDREN TO GARGLE.

Importance of the Habit in Case of Epidemics.  
A physician, in a paper on diphtheria, urges upon parents the importance of teaching children to gargle at an early age, and mentions the fact that during an epidemic in his city, he taught his baby girl, only a little more than two years old, to gargle, as well as her nine-year-old brother, and kept up the practice regularly, three times a day, throughout the epidemic. This is a case of the benefit of the habit, which is a most reliable means of prevention, rather than relief. None, perhaps, except physicians and nurses, realize the obstacles which obstruct and spoiled children make of their cases of illness, and the helpless mother who stands by with her eyes peering "oh, what I can't do!" the situation. A child who is old enough to understand what is said to him, is not too young to learn that he must do his share in the fight for recovery, when sickness assails him.

The same paper states that it is noticeable fact that a much larger number of girls have diphtheria than boys, ascribing as a probable cause, that girls, as a rule, spend more time indoors than boys, and that it is worth the note of warning to mothers, and cause them often to turn the girls out of doors after school hours, than is done.

I HAVE BEEN A GREAT SUFFERER FROM catarrh for over ten years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some night I could not sleep and had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely. It is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for such cases of illness, and I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is curing my deafness.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

BEAN SAUCE.  
Beat together one cupful of sugar with three eggs. Add one-fourth of a cupful of water and stir in one cupful of flour, mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Str in two thinly-sliced bananas and half fill cups, which should be steamed one hour.

PEACH SAUCE.  
Beat a quarter pound of butter to a cream and add gradually a half cup of powdered sugar; beat until very light. Mash or press two large, yellow peaches through a colander, add a little at a time to the butter and sugar, beating all the while. When very light, turn into a pretty dish and stand in the refrigerator to harden.

LAWN PUNCH.  
Put one pound of sugar and one quart of water on to boil, and grate yellow rind of one orange and one lemon, skim and boil five minutes. Strain, and when cool add about one quart of chopped ice, juice of two lemons, two oranges, add one pint of small fruit, and serve. If in straw- berry time, add strawberries, but raspberries, cherries or blackberries will answer.

EGG PLANT BUTTER.  
Pare the egg-plant and cut into slices about one inch thick, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one cup of milk, half a teaspoonful salt and one cup of flour. Beat well, and add one level teaspoonful of baking powder and beat again. Cut each slice of egg plant into quarters, dip in the batter and fry in smoking hot fat.

PORT WINE SAUCE.  
Put into a clean saucepan six raw yolks of eggs and beat them with four tablespoonfuls of caster sugar until they become thick and white. Add one pint of white wine and stir unceasingly on a gentle fire until nearly boiling; then take it from the fire and pour it on the pudding immediately, or it will be spoiled. The pudding should be dished and kept hot while the sauce is being made.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD.  
Carefully scald twelve peach tomatoes and remove skin. Cut slice from stem end and carefully remove seeds. Cut across fine, add a little chopped chives (these grow wild in almost every sod). Put into a bowl a teaspoonful of salt, dash of cayenne, and six tablespoonfuls of olive oil; mix and add gradually sufficient vinegar to make a creamy whitish dressing. Fill the tomatoes with the cream and chives, pour over the dressing, place on lettuce leaves and serve.

RELIABLE GINGER POP.  
Allow four quarts of warm water, one ounce of white ginger root, two lemons, one pound of white sugar, half a tablespoon of cream tartar and half a cup of s ft yeast. Cut the ginger root fine and boil in a little of the water, grate in the pulp and juice of the lemons and put in the pulp and yeast. When nearly cold add the yeast. Put all in a stone jar, in a warm place, twenty-four hours, then bottle for use.

PEPPER POT.  
Boil six pounds of tripe for an hour, then take it from the water in which it has boiled, and put it in fresh water for two hours, then put some potatoes, onions, carrots, a little parsley and some celery stalk, or stalks of celery, or any other herb or vegetable your taste demands. Plenty of salt is essential, and considerable black pepper. When the tripe is tender, cut into small bits and put it back into the kettle. After removing the vegetables, make a nice gravy. Serve dumplings with it, if you like them. Steam them for three-quarters of an hour, so as to be thoroughly cooked. Drop them into the boiling gravy just before using.

DEVILED CLAMS.  
Drain twenty-five clams free from their liquor, which will be more easily done by pouring a cup of cold water over them. Chop very fine. Scald one cup of cream or milk. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour until smooth, add to the scalded cream and stir until it thickens. Then add two tablespoonfuls of dry bread crumbs, the yolks of two raw eggs, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Take from the fire, mix well together, stir in the clams, then add salt and pepper to taste. Do not add salt until after the clams are well mixed in, for they being salty may flavor the mixture sufficiently. Fill clam, searip or silver shells, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and brown in a hot oven. Serve on beds of water-cress.

POSTAL CARDS.

Perhaps it may interest some of your young readers to know how postal cards are made. Recently a contract was given to a paper mill, located at Castleton, Vt., for the manufacture of United States postal cards for the next four years. It calls for 11,000 tons, or 600,000,000 postal cards. The cards will be manufactured in two sizes, 3 1/2 by 5 1/2 inches, and the double postal card, 5 1/2 by 7 inches. The paper used in the cards is made into long sheets of a given width, which are run on reels. From these reels the paper is run through machinery, which prints, cuts, packs and bands the cards, and drops them out ready for delivery to the postoffice authorities to be sold to the people. Government officers are detailed to look after the cards at the mill, and see that they are shipped to their proper destination. The machine counts automatically every card, and the government officers and contractors are bound by this count, and must render account accordingly. With the delivery of the cards to the postoffice officials at the mails, the responsibility of the contractor ends.

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