

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

PAUL MOTTER & CO., Publishers.

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TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance

VOL. XVI.

EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1894

NO. 2.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge—Hon. James M. Sherry.
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney—Edw. S. Bishberger.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

Orphan's Court.
Judge—Hon. Colliflower, John R. Mills.
Recorder—Hon. James K. Waters.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—William M. Galtier, Malville Crompton, Franklin G. House, James H. Shaffer, D. P. Zimmerman.
Tax Collector—J. W. Buchanan.
Surveyor—Edward A. Bland.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Rottzahn, David O. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Rohltz.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—John B. Weaver.
Justices of the Peace—M. F. Shuff, J. M. Kerrigan, Wm. G. Blair, Paul J. Corry, I. M. Fisher, Frederick D. S. Toney.
Constables—W. P. Nimmaker.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigle.

Town Officers.
Wardens—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, C. S. Dea, D. Prager, Philip J. Shaffer, Miss 10 O'clock a. m.
J. Harting, M. F. Shuff.
Constable—H. E. Hann.
Tax Collector—John E. Hopp.

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church. Services every Sun. morning and evening at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sun. 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 Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m. Midweek service at 7 o'clock. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m.

Presbyterian Church. Pastor—Rev. W. C. Simpson. D. D. Morning services at 10:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Pastor—Rev. E. J. O'Neil, C. M. First Mass 7:30 o'clock a. m. and 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 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Arrive.
Way from Baltimore 6:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. M. & E. 11:15 a. m. and 1:15 p. m. B. & O. 1:15 p. m. and 7:00 p. m. E. & A. 7:00 p. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Leave.
Baltimore 7:45 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. B. & O. 1:15 p. m. and 7:00 p. m. E. & A. 7:00 p. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Massachusetts No. 41, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. O'Connell, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Andersen, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. F. Kinchloe, Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

A FINE DISPLAY OF GOODS.

I have just received a large and varied assortment of General Merchandise, and you will find it to your advantage to call and examine my stock. Below is given some of the goods with prices. WHITE GOODS: INDIA LINENS from 1) to 20 cts.

DOTTED SWISS, HAMBURGS, PERCALES,

Satin Glorias, Silks, Calicoes,

HOSIERY, CORSETS, GLOVES,

etc., all at greatly reduced prices. A full line of

HOME MADE PANTS,

at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$3.50 per pair. This stock is first class in every particular. I have an unusually large stock of Men's, Boy's, Ladies' and Misses' Shoes and Slippers of all kinds and at prices to suit you. Sole agent for the

CELEBRATED EVITT SHOES,

from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per pair. Men's fine shoes from \$1.50 to \$3. Satisfaction guaranteed. Full line of GROCERIES, Syrup at 25 cents a gallon, Brown Sugar 4 cts.; granulated 5 cts. My stock of

CARPETS & MATTINGS

is complete. Matting 12 1/2 to 25 cents per yard.

J. HENRY ROWE,

Emmitsburg, Md.

KNABE

Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.

These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE

Which establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY.

SECOND HAND PIANOS.

A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated

SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS AND OTHER LEADING MAKES. Prices and terms to suit all purchasers. WM. KNABE & CO., 22 & 24 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore. July 5-14.

THE WANDERER.

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah! who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day.

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang—
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide—
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may—
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home,
Of thee! —EUGENE FIELD.

MEANINGS OF NAMES.

Susan is Hebrew, a Lily.
Alma is Latin, the Kindly.
Guy is French, the Leader.
Job is Hebrew, the Mourner.
Paul is Latin, the Small One.
Rachel is Hebrew, the Lamb.
Hugh is Dutch, the Lofly Man.
Clara is Latin, the Bright One.
Margaret is Greek, the Pearl.
Ernest is Greek, the Serious One.
Adeline is German, the Princess.
Martin is Latin, the Martial One.
Gilbert is Saxon, Bright as Gold.
Eunice is Greek, the Fair Victory.

Jacob is Hebrew, the Supplanter.
Lucius is Latin, the Shining One.
Peter is of Latin origin, the Rock.
Minnie is a diminutive of Margaret.
Ruth is Hebrew, and means Beauty.
Sophia is Greek, and means Wisdom.
Edwin is Saxon, a Happy Conqueror.
Arabella is Latin, the Beautiful Altar.
Rosmond is Saxon, the Rose of Peace.
Florence is Latin, the Blooming One.
Agatha is a Greek name, the Good One.
James is of Hebrew origin, the Beguiler.
Isaac, a Hebrew name, means Laughter.
Lucy is the feminine of the Latin Lucius.
Edith and Editha are Saxon, Happiness.
Lionel, the Latin name, is little Lion.
Leonard, the German name, is Lionlike.
Douglas is Gaelic, signifying Dark Gray.
Louisa is German, the feminine of Louis.
Esther is a Hebrew word, meaning Secret.
Dagmar is German, the Joy of the Danes.
Daniel is Hebrew, meaning God is Judge.
Olive is of Roman origin, an Olive Tree.
Sarah the Hebrew name, means Princess.
Matthew, a Jewish name signifies a Gift.
Keturah, a Hebrew name, means Incense.
Harold, the Champion, is of Saxon origin.
Cesar, the Latin name, means Hairy Man.
Agnes is of German origin, the Chaste One.
Moses, a Hebrew name, means Drawn Out.
Meredith is Celtic, The Roaring of the Sea.
Huldah, from the Hebrew, means a weasel.
Eugenia and Eugenie are French, Well Born.
Ursula, the Latin name, means a She Bear.
Roxana is a Persian name, The Day Dawn.
Naomi is a Hebrew name, the Alluring One.
Deborah is of Hebrew descent, signifying a Bee.

Dorcas is from the Greek, signifying a Wild Roe.

Catherine, a Greek name, means the Pure One.
Joseph, of Hebrew origin, means an addition.
Zenobia is Greek, and means Life of Jove.
Herbert, a German name, means Bright Lord.
Maurice is of Roman origin, The Son of a Moor.
Frederic, a German name, signifies a Rich Peace.
Charlotte is a French name, meaning all Noble.
Edgar, a Saxon name, means Happy Honor.
Egbert, a Saxon designation, is the Ever Bright.
Beatrice is Latin, the One who makes Happy.
Silas was of Latin origin, meaning a Countryman.
Helen is a Greek name, meaning the Alluring One.
Theodosia, the Greek name, means Given by God.
Edward, a Saxon name, means Happy Keeper.
Phyllis means a green bough.
The name is Greek.
Christopher is Greek, signifying Christ Bearing.
Reuben, Jewish name, signifies the Son of a Vision.
Mark is of Roman origin, meaning the Hammer.
Honora, an Latin name, signifies the Honorable One.
Ophelia comes from the Greek, and means a Serpent.
Horatio, an Italian name, means Worthy to be Seen.
Ignatius, from the Latin, signifies The Fiery Man.
Philip, from the Greek, means a Lover of Horses.
Walter is an old German word, meaning Conqueror.
Toby, a Hebrew name, means The Goodness of the Lord.
Manfred, the German name, signifies a Great Peace.
Denis is Greek, meaning belonging the God of Wine.
Bridget is one of Celtic origin, and means the Shining One.
Blanche is of French origin and signifies the Fair One.
Edmond is from the Saxon, meaning a Happy Peace.
Chloe comes from the Greek, and signifies a Green Herb.
Godwin is German or Saxon, The Man Victorious in God.
Bernice comes from the Greek, the One Who Brings Victory.
Mabel, a favorite Latin and French name, means Lovable.
Jonathan was a Jewish name, meaning the Gift of the Lord.
Vivian, a Latin word, may be translated the Loving One.
Hercules, from the Greek, was the Glory of Hera or Juno.
Emma is German. The first of the name was a nurse girl.
Aaron is from the Hebrew and signifies a Lofty Mountain.
Eudora is from the Greek, One Who Prospers in Her Way.
Cassandra is from the Greek and means a Reformer of Man.
Jane and its several combinations are the feminine of John.—Baltimorean.

The Devil's Looking-Glass.

"One of the most peculiar of stone formations is the 'devil's looking-glass,' on Nolachucky River," said a Tennessean to the Globe-Democrat man. It is a palisade which arises abruptly from the river to a height of about two hundred feet. It is perfectly smooth, and about one hundred feet wide. When the sun is at a certain stage, it throws a shadow over the water, and reflects the sunbeams as a mirror would, dazzling the eyes of the beholder, sometimes almost blinding him with brightness. To go upon the river in a skiff and look down into the water, is to see an image reflected, but always distorted. It is this which gave the name to the formation, and there are several interesting legends connected with it, some of which are devoutly believed by the mountaineers. One of these is that every night at midnight, when the moon shines, the devil goes there to bathe and makes up his toilet, using the rock, with the reflection of the moonlight, as a looking-glass."

THE CARE OF FARM HORSES.

It is apparent even to an indifferent observer that the general run of farm horses do not have that smooth and well cared-for look that the majority of the horses of city transportation and car companies possess; though the latter, on an average, do vastly more work in a year than the horses upon the farm. The secret of the matter is in the care and feed, says the American Agriculturist. Farm horses receive, as a rule, too little attention as to grooming, and are fed too commonly without regard to a balancing of the ration. Farm horses almost invariably eat too much hay, which distends the stomach when taken in large quantities, prevents that organ from doing its full duty, and makes the horse dull and weak.

Many farmers have no regular ration for their horses, but throw down a forkful of hay almost every time they enter the barn. As a result, many of these horses are eating hay from morning till night, to the manifest disadvantage of the haymow, and the manifest disadvantage also of the horses, whose bodies become distended, skins dry and coats rough, while the digestive organs are thrown out of gear, so that the animal's whole system becomes impaired. The farmer declares that he cannot afford to feed such a ration as is fed to horses in city stables. Well, the value of the hay that is worse than wasted, when fed in the enormous quantities mentioned, if expended for grain, would make a vast improvement in the condition and appearance of the horses, and would involve no extra expense whatever. This is a point that farmers ought to consider, for on it hinges a horse's measure of efficiency in doing his work well.

A small ration of hay, fed with regularity three times a day, and a suitable grain ration, carefully incorporated with it, with water twice a day, and a thorough grooming, will make of a spiritless, rough-coated horse, with distended body, in four cases out of five, a much more alert, a handsomer and a vastly more efficient animal. The grain ration should be of ground or cracked corn, and ground oats or bran, the grain being mixed with the hay, so that the hay and grain will have to be eaten together, as it has been found in this way the grain is much more fully digested. As to the amount of grain that shall help to make up a ration, that must depend on circumstances, the ability of the owner to provide the grain, or, perhaps better, his inclination to provide the grain, and also the work which the horse is called upon to do. The thing of chief importance is to get farmers to discard a part of the hay ration and substitute for this discarded hay at least its value in the more condensed nutrition of corn, oats or bran, the rest will naturally follow. Corn has too much oil to be fed alone.

The same idea holds good in respect to growing colts, with the exception that corn should not be fed to them. On hundreds of farms are to be seen dull-eyed, rough-haired, undersized and spiritless colts, whose distended bodies during the winter season show plainly that they are the victims of too much hay and too little of the condensed and nutritious oats and bran. Thousands of colts are annually raised that are not worth even the care and cost of the hay that they consume; but, if a colt is worth raising at all, it pays to fully develop its possibilities by adequate and nutritious feed. If it does not pay to feed an animal on the farm properly, it is pretty certain that it does not pay to keep that animal on the farm at all, and the sooner the farmer recognizes that point the better it will be for his pocketbook.

No Chance to Forget.
Mr. Prozey—I never shall forget the time I was in Chicago at the Irreverent Daughter—I don't see how you can forget it, papa, when you tell us about it every day.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Wouldn't Do It.

"No use in trying to be what you wasn't intended for," remarked the pastry cook to the head waiter. "Now, when I'd been cookin' for a year or such a matter I took a notion to try being butler and houseman to a lady. Of course I didn't know anything about it, but I thought it was easy to learn and jumped right in. Got along all right the first day till evening; then I answered the door bell, and a gent was there I used to know as a high roller when I was an office boy in a gambling house. He was trying to marry the lady; she had money and he didn't. Well, I carried his card upstairs to her reception room.

"Who is it, William?" says she, taking the card.

"Major Short, Miss," says I.

"Show him up, William," says she, peckily.

"What, miss," says I, staggering.

"Show him up, can't you?" says she, peckily.

"Yes, miss," says I, "I can, but I won't."

"What do you mean?" says she.

"Just what I say, miss," says I.

"That's what I hired you for," says she.

"I'm willing, miss," says I, "to show anybody else up, but not the major; he's been too good a friend of mine to give him away like that."

"Then you ought to see her tear around. I hadn't said anything I oughtn't, as far as I knew, but somehow she thought I had; and one word brought on another till I packed up and got out. But that wasn't all. The major took it up, and I had to jump the town to save my life. Since then I've kept close to my cooking and minded my own business."

Birds Guided by the Stars.

Did you ever venture any conjecture as to migratory birds manage to keep up their flight in a due north direction after night? It has been proved that on clear nights they often "wing their Northern flight" in the rarefied atmosphere three miles above the earth's surface. This being true, it is clear that guidance by the topography of the country is out of the question; how, then, are they able to keep their beaks pointing toward the North Pole? The scientific ornithologist comes to the rescue with the declaration that they are guided by the stars, and in support of his opinion cites as evidence the fact that when the stars are obscured by clouds the birds become bewildered and at once seek the ground.—St. Louis Republic.

A Dream of Wealth.

His beard was very shaggy; his clothes were very old and his air was that of a discouraged man. "Mister," said he, "if somebody'd give me ten cents I'd have just three dollars even."

"Indeed?"

"Yes sir. It has taken me three weeks of economy to get that two dollars and ninety cents together. But I am now on the eve of realizing the one great ambition of my declining years."

"What's that?"

"I've been poor all my life, and yet I have always hungered for the sensations of riches. As soon as some kind hearted man gives me ten cents I'm going to take my three dollars and mingle with Coxey's army and feel like a capitalist.—Washington Star.

A Human Tomb.

The only case on record of a disconsolate widow swallowing the remains of her dead husband is that of Artemesia drinking a glass of wine in which the ashes of Mausolus had been stirred for that purpose. The parties to this remarkable transaction were brother and sister, and also husband and wife. Mausolus was King of Caria, and reigned about 300 years before Christ. After his death his remains were burned and the ashes disposed of as related.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.
NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and pleasurable spot of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. Terms—Board and tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior.

SOLID SILVER

American Lever Watches,
WARRANTED TWO YEARS,
ONLY \$6.
G. T. EYSTER.

Zimmerman & Maxell!

—AT THE—
BRICK WAREHOUSE,
DEALERS IN

GRAIN, PRODUCE, COAL,

Lumber, Fertilizers, HAY & STRAW.

June 14-y

SUBSCRIBE for the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE.

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1894.

Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Oct. 1, 1893, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7.50 and 10.00 a. m. and 2.55 and 4.50 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8.30 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.25 and 5.20 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.26 and 10.37 a. m. and 3.30 and 5.29 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 8.56 and 11.07 a. m. and 4.00 and 6.59 p. m.

WM. H. BIGGS, Pres't.

Established 1837.

Wetly's all rye whiskey. It has no rival for superiority, is absolutely pure, and has a reputation of the highest standard for excellence and purity, that will always be sustained. Recommended by physicians. Also Old Kentucky Whiskey and Speer's celebrated Wines for sale by F. A. DIFFENDAL.

A populist party has been organized in Montgomery county.

MEMORIAL DAY was observed at Thurmont last Saturday afternoon.

It is stated that about 700 Commonwealthers are now congregated at Bladensburg.

JESSE SCALLES, colored, died in Prince Frederick, Md., recently, aged 102 years.

THE tax rate of Washington county has been increased from 70 cents to 75 cents on the \$100.

On last Friday, Josiah Harp, a well known miller, died suddenly in the Middletown Valley.

BENJAMIN HOOVER, of Wolfsville, who threatened to kill his wife a few days ago, has been declared insane.

THE Emerald Beneficial Association, of this place, will hold a picnic at Crystal Fount, near town, on July 4.

TWENTY-ONE graduates of the Misses' Training School, at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, received diplomas.

AMONG the graduates at Lutherville Seminary, who received diplomas for the academic course, was Miss Julia Osler, of Thurmont.

THERE were 73 deeds filed in the clerk's office at Frederick in May, 53 mortgages, 27 marriage licenses, 15 bills of sale and 9 chattel mortgages.

DENTAL NOTICE.—Dr. Geo. D. Fonke will visit Emmitsburg, professionally, June 13th, 14th and 15th. Office at the residence of Mr. Philip Lawrence.

THE Confederate Memorial Society of Frederick will hold appropriate services on the 14th instant, in connection with the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead.

WHILE riding on a heavy wagon Mr. Summerville Condon, of Mt. Airy, fell under the wheels, which passed over his leg, crushing and breaking it between the ankle and knee.

MR. JOSEPH BAKER, of Liberty township, Pa., brought to the CHRONICLE office on Tuesday, a stalk of rye 7 feet, 4 inches in length, the head of which measured 6 1/2 inches and was well filled.

MISS SARAH WHITE, a well-known and wealthy lady, living at the home of George W. Dean, at Harmony Grove, died suddenly of heart disease, Monday morning just as she was about to partake of her breakfast.

THE first new potatoes of the season were sold on our streets this morning by the Messrs. Gilson Bros., of near town, at one dollar a bushel. The potatoes were quite large ones for the first run.

MR. CLEM BUTLER, of Belair, who a week ago had muric acid put into his eyes by mistake instead of a simple eyewash, has lost the sight of one eye and the other has been so dimmed that he can hardly see to read.

WHILE digging holes for fence posts on his farm, Richard Jamison, of this county, unearthed a gold medal about the size of a \$20 gold piece, engraved with a portrait of General McClellan, and the date on which he entered the war.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

A VALUABLE and highly prized ring, lost twenty-six years ago by a member of the family of Rev. H. C. Holloway, then pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, of Westminster, has been found under the flooring of the residence of Mr. Charles Schaeffer, on Pennsylvania avenue. The house was formerly the church parsonage. The ring was sent to Mr. Holloway, who now resides at Millintown, Pa.

Frederick Water Bonds.

In order to pay for the new reservoir of the Frederick city water works now being constructed the mayor and board of aldermen have authorized the issue of \$35,000 4 per cent. bonds. This issue is authorized by act of Assembly of 1894. The bonds are to be exempt from county and municipal tax, to run for thirty years, redeemable after ten years.

Judge Vinson has a Fall.

Judge John T. Vinson fell down the flight of stairs in front of his residence at Rockyville Sunday evening and received slight injuries.—News.

Large Steer.

One day last week Mr. Jacob Hoke, of near Fairfield, sold to St. Joseph's Academy, at this place, a fine large steer which weighed 1,875 pounds, live weight.

COUNTY Commissioner W. T. Stevens, of Queen Annes county, had a gosling hatched on his farm a few days ago with four perfectly formed legs. The gosling is doing well, and uses all of the limbs with perfect ease.

The commencement exercises at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, will begin on Sunday, June 17, and end on Thursday, the 21st. The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by President H. W. McKnight, D. D., L. L. D., at 10.30 a. m. June 17.

The noble chief's robe offered by Oriental Castle, Knights of the Golden Eagle, of Hagerstown, to the largest eagle present at the recent demonstration in Hagerstown, has been awarded to Harmony Castle, of Rising Sun, Md.

Asthma, Hay Fever

and kindred ailments absolutely cured by a newly discovered specific treatment sent by mail. Pamphlet with references, mailed free. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main Street, Buffalo N. Y.

A Fine Headstone.

Mr. Wm. H. Hoke, of this place, has just finished a very fine large headstone and has it on exhibition in his display room on West Main street. The headstone is dedicated to the memory of the late Susan Crise, wife of Mr. Geo. W. Barwick, of Rocky Ridge, and will be placed in the cemetery at that place.

Public Sale.

Mrs. Catharine M. Motter will sell at public sale at her former residence on West Main St., in this place, on Saturday, June 9, 1894, at 1 o'clock, P. M. a lot of personal property, consisting of bedsteads, bureau, wardrobe lounge, table, stand, walnut side board, etc. See bills.

Strawberries.

Mr. Samuel Gamble presented to this office three boxes of the finest strawberries we ever saw. They were almost as large as ordinary apples. Mr. Gamble takes much pride in cultivating strawberries, and the success he has attained in this line is quite flattering.

Carroll Electric Power Company.

The Carroll County Electric Light and Power Company has been organized at Westminster with a capital stock of \$5,000. It is proposed to furnish electric light and power of any purpose to which electricity may be applied. Ground will be broken in a few days for the plant, and the company expects to begin operations by August 1.

Escaped From Prison.

While Sheriff Charles Wegman was repairing a cot in one of the cells of the Garrett county jail a prisoner named Albert Obover turned the key in the door and imprisoned the sheriff. After he had secured the sheriff he walked out of jail and took to the woods. Several other prisoners refused to take advantage of the opportunity and effect their escape. Obover was pursued and recaptured.

Officers Elected.

An election for directors of the Emmitsburg Water Company took place at the Banking House of Annan, Horner & Co. on Monday afternoon and resulted as follows: Directors, Messrs. L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe and Nicholas Baker. After the election the directors organized by electing I. S. Annan, President; L. M. Motter, Vice-President; E. R. Zimmerman, Secretary, and O. A. Horner, Treasurer.

Hagerstown Demonstration.

Extensive preparations are being made to make the second annual convention of the Maryland State Volunteer Firemen's Association, to be held at Hagerstown June 13 and 14 in connection with a firemen's demonstration parade and tournament, one of the largest and most successful gatherings of firemen ever held in that section. Six hundred dollars in gold will be awarded to the successful contestants in the drills, races and water throwing contest. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Hagerstown fair. About fifty volunteer fire companies from the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia have given official notice that they would be in attendance. Nearly fifty bands of music are expected to be present.

A Golden Key.

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these? Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

The golden key, to which those who desire to open the door of health, should turn to in days like these, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The poor man's pence can secure it. The rich man's millions can buy nothing better.

Mrs. NEAL, of Crockett Mills, Tenn., had an attack of measles, which was followed by bronchitis and pneumonia. Her husband writes: "I feel gratified with the effect of your wonderful medicine. I can recommend it to anybody, and feel that I am doing them justice. My wife was not able to perform her household duties for six months. She has used two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and is now able to do all her work. I think it the finest medicine in the world, and I am gratefully, your life-long friend. Yours sincerely, J. B. NEAL."

That Fashion Book and Tidy.

About the middle of May a well dressed man with anything but a pleasing countenance spent a few days in town soliciting subscriptions to the Standard Fashion Magazine. He offered the magazine at 50 cents per annum, and showed a handsome tidy which he said was given to each subscriber as a premium. The premium tidy was a fine piece of work and the ladies were at once delighted with it—so much so that between twenty and twenty-five ladies of this place, invested their fifty-cent pieces in this well dressed gentleman and took his receipt for the money. They have been waiting patiently for the arrival of the fashion book and tidy, which were to be sent in a few days, but they have not yet arrived, and all they have or possibly will ever receive from their good investment is the small piece of paper on which the receipt for the fifty cents is written.

We have before us copies of letters from the Standard Fashion Company of New York, stating that the man is a swindler. At Burkettsville and Petersburg he gave his name as W. J. Young, and at Hagerstown he used the name of Hooper. We have been unable to learn the name used by the man who was in this place.

The ladies who invested in this finely dressed man are now more or less grieved over their loss, but they have no one to blame but themselves and possibly their experience with this stranger may prove a profitable lesson to them, and hereafter avoid investing their shekels in well dressed and smooth tongued fatouers.

SABILLASVILLE ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Winters and little daughter Ruth, of Royer's Ford, Pa., have been visiting the family of Rev. J. R. Lewis, of this place.

Mr. J. P. Harbaugh, of this place, has gone to Baltimore to attend the Sailer's, Bryant and Stratton Business College.

Master J. Reese Lewis, of this place, has gone to visit relatives at Royer's Ford, Pa., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Poole and little son, have returned home, after spending a few days with relatives at Quincy, Pa.

Children's Day Service will be held in the Reformed Church, at this place on Sunday.

Mrs. A. H. Anders, her three little daughters and Mrs. C. N. Stem, of this place, are visiting in Waynesboro, Pa.

The saw-mill at this place was destroyed by fire on Monday morning and created quite an excitement. Some men of our village managed to save the lumber by throwing water upon it. It is supposed to have been set on fire by tramps.

The Why and Wherefore.

There is nothing marvelous in the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla should cure so many diseases. When you remember that a majority of the disorders "flesh is heir to" are due to impure or poisonous condition of the blood, and that Hood's Sarsaparilla is an effective and radical blood purifier, the whole thing is explained.

Besides its blood purifying qualities, Hood's Sarsaparilla also contains the best known vegetable stomach tonics, diuretics, kidney remedies and liver invigorants, and is thus an excellent specific for all disorders of these organs, as well as for low condition of the system, or that Tired Feeling.

Crossing the Atlantic

Usually involves sea sickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong induced must be the stomach that can stand it without vomiting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, mariners, all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weakly travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Kinney's efficacy is its for chills and fever, kidney and rheumatic trouble and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medical safeguard against the effects of vicissitudes of climate, hardship, exposure and fatigue.

Children's Day.

The Sunday School of the Church of the Incarnation will render the service: "Gather them in," on the 10th of June at 10 a. m.

Children's day in the broader view is a new feature in the Reformed church. At the meeting of the General Synod of the church at Reading, Penna., last summer, a Sunday School secretary was elected who has the general oversight of this particular phase of church work. The service has been prepared by the secretary, and it is to be hoped that much good will come by giving a regular service to the cause of the Sunday School. All are cordially invited to be present.

THE June *Edict* opens with an article on "Constantinople as a Historic City," by Mr. Frederick Harrison. Lady Coole's series of essays on the customs of the people of all times, ends with that on "Modern Habits." Count Leo Tolstoi's reply to a challenge to define his ideas of "Religion and Morality" finds a place in the selection of articles, and Sir John Simon's paper on "Early Social Self-Government" closes the list of the heavier sort. "Emerson's Meeting with De Quincy," and a well written paper on "Quotation," from *Temple Bar*. Mr. Grant Allen's "Origin of Cultivation" discusses a curious subject in a vigorous manner. An article on "Modern Surgery" is of even more interest to the general reader than to the specialist who knows already these triumphs of his profession. There is a larger number of less serious articles, among them an entertaining account of "Hachisch Eating." "When Life Stirs," from the pen of the writer who calls himself "A son of the Marshes," while the short story, "And One Unknown," is a bit of quite but dramatic writing. In all, this number contains eighteen good and readable articles, with the usual selection of Miscellaneous and Literary Notes.

Contracts Awarded.

Sometime ago the Commissioners of Emmitsburg caused written notices to be posted at several places in town giving notice that proposals for furnishing the corporation with coal oil, lamp globes, stones for on streets, etc., and also bids for constable, tax-collector and lamplighter, would be received until the 5th of June.

The commissioners met on Tuesday evening, when the bids were opened and the following contracts awarded: To Messrs. T. S. Annan & Bro., coal oil, 150 degrees, water white, at \$4 cents per gallon; wicks for lamps at 90 cents per gross; matches, (200 count) 13 cents per dozen, and globes for street lamps at \$4.50 per dozen.

The contract for furnishing the corporation with stone, delivered, broken and spread on the street, was awarded to Mr. James M. Welty, at 65 cents per perch.

Mr. H. E. Hann was appointed tax-collector, constable and lamplighter, and will receive for his services \$135 00 per year, divided as follows: As constable, \$50; as lamplighter, \$65, and tax-collector, \$20.

The advisability of giving the three offices above mentioned to one person was advocated by the CHRONICLE about the time the late municipal election took place, and as the responsibility of the three offices has been trusted to Mr. Hann, a great change over the manner in which the town has been lighted will be expected at his hands. What the people want more than anything else at this time is that the street lamps be kept clean and in proper burning condition, and that every lamp be lighted regularly, not part of the town lighted, whilst the other part remains in total darkness, as has been the case in former years. As the new lamplighter enters upon the discharge of his duties, it is to be hoped that his only desire will be to fill the office in a manner that will be creditable to himself and satisfactory to the citizens. This can be done if the appointee desires to become a faithful officer.

St. Euphemia's Colored School Exercises.

The annual exercises of St. Euphemia's Colored School, was held in the music hall of St. Euphemia's School building in this place on last Friday afternoon. The audience was unusually large, and the excellent manner in which the colored pupils rendered the highly colored pupils rendered the well arranged programme, called forth much applause from the spectators.

The colored department of St. Euphemia's School is under the management Sister Elizabeth, who has taken much interest in the colored children, and whose untiring efforts in teaching these children, have met with marked success.

The following scholars merited respectively, 100 per centum, for marked success in lessons, adherence to school rules and politeness in conduct:

Sixth Grade.—Jas. Ed. Landers, Clara M. Hill. Fifth Grade.—Mary Constance, Augustine Landers, Annie Craig, Rose T. Hill, George Parker. Fourth Grade, 95 per cent.—Stella Hill, Olivia Beatty, Nellie Brown, Rose Williams, Francis Williams, Gertrude Constance, Agnes Landers.

Third Grade, 90 per cent.—James Brown, Eddie Craig, Sandy Craig, Annie Milberry, Louise Brown, Mary Crig.

Second Grade, 85 per cent.—Hilary Butler, James Ross, Claude Brown, Alice Landers, Isabel Abey, Marie Abey, Eddie Williams, Rose Richardson, Louise Ridout, Marie Richardson.

For being good little girls: Carrie Abey, Rose Constance, Florence Parker, Marie Butler.

First-rate little boys, trying not to throw stones: Willie Sims, Eddie and Ambrose Hill.

We are requested to announce that the thanks from parents and children are appropriately offered to Miss Belle Hann for graceful rendition of accompaniments on this happy occasion.

PERSONALS.

Mr. J. Stewart Annan is visiting in Chambersburg, Pa.

Mr. Stoner, of Sylvan, Pa., is visiting at Mr. J. H. T. Webb's.

Mrs. Charles N. Baker and daughter, Katherine, are visiting in Washington, D. C.

Master Howard Wachter has gone to Tennallytown, D. C., where he has secured employment.

Miss Anna E. Annan attended the commencement exercises at New Windsor College, this week.

Mr. Geo. M. Steckman, of Mt. Holly, Pa., was in town this week. He returned home on Monday accompanied by Mr. Jacob Smith.

Mrs. C. M. Motter and daughter, Miss Edith Motter, of Baltimore, are the guests of Misses Louise and Hallie Motter, of this place.

Mr. Samuel Eyster, of the National Military Home, Ohio, is visiting his brothers, Messrs. Geo. T. and H. W. Eyster, of this place.

Mrs. Harry K. Danner, of York, Pa., is visiting friends in Emmitsburg and vicinity. She is now visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. Martha Danner, who lives with Mr. Samuel Gamble, Mrs. Danner is quite feeble from old age, being in her ninety-third year.

Cleared \$877.50.

The fair and festival at Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association's Hall, at Mt. St. Mary's, for the benefit of Mt. St. Mary's Parish Church, which opened May 22, closed last Saturday night, being a grand success. The receipts amounted to \$966.75; the expenses were \$89.19; net profit \$877.50.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

Miss Ethel Joyce McNair, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. McNair, of this place, and Mr. William G. Speed, of Baltimore, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in the Church of the Incarnation, in this place, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. Alfred M. Schaffner, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends of the contracting party.

The altar was very tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers, and the marriage was an exceptionally pretty affair. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of the processional wedding march from Mendelssohn, rendered by Dr. J. K. Wrigley on the organ. The four ushers Mr. Harry Cochran, of Baltimore, Mr. Joseph D. Zepp, of Westminster, Mr. Wm. C. VanCleave, of Gettysburg, and Prof. E. B. Fockler, of this place, lead the procession, followed by the groom and his best man, Dr. J. D. Feldmeyer, of Baltimore, Md., then the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Scott McNair, sister of the bride, Miss Emily Annan, of Emmitsburg, Miss Clara Bankert, of Westminster, and Miss Mary Speed, of Baltimore, sister of the groom, then came the maid of honor, Miss Alice Annan, of this place, followed by the bride leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The bride was attired in a handsome suit of white silk and wore gloves and hat to match, carrying a beautiful bouquet of roses.

The bridal party marched from the church to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, and proceeded to the depot where they took the 4.50 o'clock train for Baltimore, from whence they started on a wedding tour to several Northern cities. They were accompanied from this place to Rocky Ridge by a large number of friends.

The newly married couple were the recipient of a large number of valuable and useful presents and the best wishes of their many relatives and friends go with them for a happy and successful journey through married life.

Among those present from a distance to witness the ceremony were: Mr. and Mrs. E. Bankert, Mr. and Mrs. W. Zepp and Miss Zepp, of Westminster; Mrs. John L. Dyer and Miss Elsie Dyer, of Norristown, Pa.; Mr. W. Scott, Mrs. Samuel Roop, of Westminster; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Speed, of Baltimore, parents of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Speed, of Baltimore; Miss M. Lillian Erb, of Westminster; and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McAllister, of Union Bridge, Md.

Protection Against Small-Pox.

The State Board of Health has issued an address to the people of Maryland, urging the necessity of vaccination as a prevention against small-pox. The report says: "A genuine vaccination affords complete protection from small-pox for several years, often for life, and partial protection always through life. A revaccination renews the full protection. Vaccination is always a safe operation, attended with little inconvenience, provided it is intelligently performed with all the safeguards which science has thrown about it. It is a more effective means of protection than anything else known to man."

Gettysburg Classis.

The Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed church, met at Littlestown, May 24th, the opening sermon being preached by Rev. G. B. Resser, of Hanover, at request of the President, Rev. F. S. Lindaman. The following officers were chosen: President, Rev. W. E. Krebs; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. P. E. Heimer; Stated Clerk, Rev. T. J. Barkley. The new constitution submitted by the General Synod was adopted. The reports showed that all the charges in the classis are prospering. The next annual meeting was fixed for May 15th, 1895, at Fairfield.

Economy and Strength.

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medicinal value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength and is the only remedy of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.

Election of Officers.

An election for seven directors of the Charlotte Milling Company took place at the Rowe Bros' store, in this place, on Monday afternoon, when the following persons were elected directors: Messrs. James W. Troxell, Joseph C. Rosensteel, William Morrison, Chas. F. Rowe, Albert Maxwell, Peter L. Ritter and D. S. Gillelan. The newly elected directors organized by electing Mr. James W. Troxell, President; Joseph C. Rosensteel, Vice-President; Charles F. Rowe, Secretary and Treasurer.

Struck With a Bat.

While a game of ball was in progress Monday evening in Frederick, Jos. Thomas struck Thos. Murdock in the head with a bat, knocking him senseless. They are both colored men, and the assault is the result of an old grudge. The condition of Murdock is serious, and he may die. Thomas has been committed to jail, in default of \$500 bail, to await the action of the grand jury.

Maryland War Claims.

Among the war claims presented by Representative McKaig, of the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland, that have been acted upon favorably by the Court of Claims and certified to Congress for payment, are the following from Frederick county: John R. Farrell, \$590; Thomas Hilleary, \$627; George W. Padgett, \$2,280; A. T. Snouffer, \$983.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Mr. Wm. Gelbach, the hotel keeper, at this place is improving the hotel by having a new roof put on it. He has made other improvements. He keeps a first-class house.

Zac. Myers, Esq., Mr. P. H. Riley and Mrs. John Myers are on the sick list.

The apple crop in this section will be very short. The corn is growing very slowly on account of the cold. Good weather for wheat. The potato bugs are making their appearance.

Mr. Harry Boyd, who lives with Mr. Wm. Dubs, Highland township, went to Keyville about a week ago and somewhere between the toll gate on the Waynesboro pike and Keyville lost his pocket book containing \$10 in money and a promissory note for \$100. The finder will be rewarded by returning the same to owner. His address is Fairfield.

The Jr. O. U. A. M., of Fairfield, made a success of their festival, taking in about \$90. The Order extend their thanks to all who assisted in any way to make it a success. About 75 large cakes were donated by the citizens of this place. Fairfield cannot be beaten for getting up suppers or festivals.

Mr. McCloskey, of Buchanan Valley, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Gelbach, of this place.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Gelbach, of Martinsburg, W. Va., and Mrs. John Butt, of Glenwood Mills, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Shulley, of this place.

Among the visitors to this place are the following: Mr. James Scott, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. J. Caldwell, of Gettysburg; Mr. Oscar Sprengle, of Quincy, Franklin county, Pa.; Mr. Charley Myers, of Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Moore, of this place, are visiting at Winchester, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Grove, of this place, were called to Hanover last Friday to attend the funeral of their uncle, Mr. Zimmerman, an aged gentleman of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Neely, of Gettysburg, are visiting in this place.

The G. A. R., of Fairfield decorated graves in four cemeteries this year, Fountaindale, Chamberlains and Fairfield. A large procession marched from town to the cemetery. After the G. A. R. services, Prof. Sowers, of Gettysburg, delivered an appropriate address for which he has the thanks of the G. A. R. The G. A. R., of Fairfield, assisted by Sergeant Jacob Kitzmiller, of Post 9, G. A. R., held G. A. R. services at Marsh Creek Cemetery. Prof. R. K. Stultz deserves credit for the part he took in the decoration. Prof. Stultz had the pupils of his school to meet at the Quarry Schoolhouse and march to the cemetery. About fifty children or more, each one carrying a flag, on entering the cemetery sang "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Clay." After marching into the cemetery and halting at a grave the G. A. R. services were conducted. After which the school sang several patriotic selections, three or four of the scholars recited recitations, after which W. Hersh, Esq., of Gettysburg delivered an appropriate address, for which he has the thanks of the Post. Sergt. Kitzmiller also spoke. The G. A. R. extend their sincere thanks to Prof. Stultz, and scholars and all who attended. This was the first decoration at the cemetery and about one hundred persons turned out to do honor to the soldiers by strewing their graves with flowers.

Mad Dog Killed In Town.

On Saturday morning last Mr. W. A. Conner shot and killed a dog on Church-st., that manifested indisputable signs of hydrophobia. It had been followed from the south end of town by Mr. John Peddicord with the intention of killing it. The dog snapped at some cows, bit into a palling fence and attacked Mr. Stokes' dog on Water-st. and when hit with a stone made no sound. It was very likely mad; Mr. Stokes at once poisoned his dog.—Thurmont Clarion.

Will Graduate.

Mr. William H. Seton, of this place, will graduate from Seton Hall college, at the annual commencement, which will be held on June 14, and will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The Newark Evening News says: "William Henry Seton is a nephew of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Seton, of Jersey City. He is also directly related to Mother Seton and the late Archbishop Bayley, who was primate of the Catholic church of the United States."

Fell on a Circular Saw.

Samuel Snyder, of Heidelberg, Adams county, Pa., fell on a circular saw Tuesday, and by a miracle came out still alive, although his arms were torn off. He was a visitor at the saw mill on the farm of ex-Senator William A. Martin, and in passing the rapidly revolving saw slipped off the narrow gangway into the teeth of the saw. Mr. Snyder is a man of about sixty-five years of age, but his physicians think he may recover.

Injured His Right Arm.

The Columbia, Pa., Daily Spy, of May 19, says: "Joseph Gamble, employed by the Atlantic Oil and Refining Company, was badly injured May 1

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

As sweet as love first spoken,
And fair as the life's ray,
She stands in the window looking out,
When the day is at its close.

She's half concealed in the curtain,
And I, in the twilight haze,
Am watching the sun's last splendor die
And tint her cheek with its rays.

Her eyes, like a lamp's current,
Reflect while the sun's light
The calm of a heart inured to pain,
Or the peace of a promised morn.

I fancy her lips like rose leaves,
Fresh, curled at the wake of day,
When the dew comes out from the sweet
Lips, and the heart is glad.

To honey them with its spray,
Her throat's adorned by a necklace,
She must be dressed for the ball,
And, too, her hair is powdered white,
And her hair's shoulder's a shawl.

The sun has sunk in its setting—
That circle which bands the skies—
And still I dwell on the night
Till my vision numbs my eyes.

But still she does not see me—
Intent on my evening star,
Like a Venus there in the new moon's light,
She beams so near and yet so far.

When, lo, the room is lighted,
And the candle's a gleam
Reflects the face of Venus there—
"All things are not what they seem,"
—Robert Fitcher Woodward.

JACQUITA.

Midway between Europe and Africa,
Its shores washed by the blue waters of the
Mediterranean, lies the little island of
Minorea. Out of the beaten line of
travel, overlooked by energetic tourists,
it holds its only direct communication
with civilization through tramp steamers
and an occasional yacht.

Minorea has well high forgotten the
outside world, and with true southern
indolence dreams over its own petty in-
terests unless awakened to sudden but
evanescent activity by some event out
of the common.

The largest city—Port Mahon—climbers
up and down the cliffs of its lovely
harbor in an aimless way, and on its
approaching two things strike you, the
dazzling whiteness against the intense
blue of sea and sky and the monotony
of the flat-roofed, chimneyless houses.
The cobble-paved streets are marvel-
ously clean, and the people, in their
gay costumes, stand out with prom-
ptness against the stuccoed walls which
line the way.

On a cliff overlooking the harbor and
the city is a plaza called the Alameda,
where a few trees afford a grateful
shade. On one of the low stone benches
many a pleasant hour may be dreamed
away, watching the shadows chase each
other over the swelling hills and mead-
ows beyond. Now and again the soft
winds waft perfume from the almond
blossoms which like flakes of snow
on the bare fields stretching away to the
blue water.

One evening, not long ago a young
girl was seated on the low wall watch-
ing the sun sink in the cloudless
west. The night breeze conveyed to
her the faintest perfume of the flowers
which she saw in the distance. She
looked up at the stars, and her long
slender fingers toyed with the
cable hanging over her shoulders. She
represented one of the better class, with
the intense southern beauty of the peo-
ple. Her black hair waved
off a low forehead, guileless of the
pointed "frit" which disfigured the
face of those who ape the Parisian fash-
ion. Her brows were heavy, and her
dark eyes, riveted on the harbor below,
seemed to reflect the sunset light. She
was wearing a large velvet which,
with all its softness, was glowing slowly,
like some slowly kindled, to its anchorage.

The rattling of the anchor chains
roused her and broke the long silence
which she had so peacefully main-
tained. She turned and saw a young
man of Spanish type. A mixture of
southern blood heightened his olive com-
plexion and refined his sensuous southern
features. His waist was cinched by a
red sash, and his workman hands twisted
in a bright colored turban, fashioned
from a large handkerchief.

His passionate gaze contrasted
strangely with the girl's indifference.
"La Bella Jacquita," she was called,
and well did she deserve her name!
What was he that he should win her,
after all?

Jacquita looked up and smiled.
As when the sun, breaking through
the clouds, bathes the fields in warmth
and light, so did that smile transfigure
the girl's fair face.

The distant clank struck 6.
Rising, she drew the folds of her man-
tilla closer, and lifting her eyes to his
said softly, "A Riverdale, Felipe!"
His gaze met hers—pride, anger, pas-
sion in his eyes. Mastering his ex-
pression, he spoke: "Jacquita, be careful!
I am not like these silly lads who come
and go at a girl's nod. Today I offer
you my life, my heart! A man's dearest
hopes and desires have I laid bare. How
have you answered?"

He waited. Jacquita pushed the
gravel reluctantly with her foot, watch-
ing the pebbles fly, with a half mocking
smile on her lips. Again he spoke:
"I know you are 'La Bella' of Ma-
hon, but I, too, have pride! Keep your
rejoice of admirers, but know that from
today there is one less—no man more
is nothing in the scale of your conquests.
You are 'La Bella,' and a man who
makes you love him must needs be more
than a human—stronger than Felipe.
Never again will I be ridiculed, mocked,
as I have been today!"

Jacquita trembled slightly, but still
smiled. She waited. Then, looking up,
she said, "Felipe, I am sorry," but
Felipe had gone.

That night Jacquita wept with fear,
excitement and the triumph of having
brought Felipe so low as to beg her as
he had done that evening. "He will re-
turn," thought she. "They always do."

Next day the party from the yacht
made the tour of the town. A little boy
of about 6 years of age was the life and
center of interest of the group. Clad in
a sailor suit, his golden curls waving
under his white cap, he formed a strong
contrast to the dark skinned children
who stared as he passed them by. A
pale blond girl followed with an elderly
gentleman, and as she went along
Jacquita, seeing her exquisite fairness,
thought, "The angels must look like
that!"

All that day Felipe came not, and the
speech of gentle reproach which Jacquita
had prepared was not delivered. She
began to wonder whether she had bet-
ter accept him. The fun would then be
over, but, supposing the other thing!

Life would be as nothing with Felipe
left out!

Evening came and found Jacquita
and her mother seated at their door con-
versing with the neighbors, leaning out
of window or strolling past. The "sum-
mer-winter," as they call our "Indian
summer," lingered late that year.

A group gathered, among them Fran-
cesca, the rival beauty. She was larger
in every way than Jacquita. To many
she was more attractive, being less char-
y of her brilliant smiles and jests.

"Hast heard the news?" she was say-
ing. "As the 'Inglesi' were walking
back to the yacht this afternoon down
on the quay the little boy, catch-
ing sight of a large dog ahead,
ran after him along the edge of
the water. Suddenly, 'Ah, Santissima
Maria!' he cried out—and then the wa-
ter closed over him! Felipe was there
and jumped in after him. There was
no danger," she added, glancing mal-
iciously at Jacquita's pale face, "and in
a moment more he was being embraced
by the pretty young lady. But Felipe!
Milord overwhelmed him with thanks,
offered him money, which the fool re-
fused, and finally asked if he knew the
sea and would care to come with him
as a sailor. For a moment Felipe hesi-
tated, but—here the bright look
on Jacquita's face faded—'he finally
said, 'Yes, Milord,' and so he goes to-
morrow! Ah, but he is a brave lad, that
Felipe, and a lucky one! Some of us
will care, but to those who have no
heart!"—and here she glanced coldly at
the girl sitting silent beside her—"to
those it will make no difference."

Just then Felipe himself sauntered
up. There was a difference between this
nonchalant young sailor, bearing his
honors so lightly, and the passionate
lover of the night before. "Good luck,
Felipe!" someone called, and Francesca,
again the spokeswoman, cried, "Your
fame has flown before you, and your
good fortune makes us envious."

Felipe turned to Jacquita. She was
talking animatedly to a young fellow
beside her—scarcely oblivious of all
else. Felipe's face darkened. Then,
laughing, he turned, saying: "Come,
friends, let us have a merry time on this
our last night together. Come, drink
my health and prosperity with me!"
"Sit!" they answered.

Jacquita alone declined. She was
"too tired," she said haughtily. Fran-
cesca, shrugging her shoulders, mur-
mured: "One of her ugly mood! San-
tissima! what a temper!"

Jacquita listened to the retreating
footsteps, and her downcast eyes filled
with tears, why, she would not own to
herself. A quick step sounded, a voice
said, "Jacquita!" Something—false
pride perhaps or fear lest Felipe should
see her weeping—held down her eyes,
but she smiled.

"Thou didst not say 'Addio,' or even
a lucky wish, Jacquita!"

Silence, then a smothered oath broke
from her lips, and she could frame
the words of farewell still lingering on
her tongue she heard him striding down
the street. As he turned the corner,
snatches of a waltz—one of Francesca's
favorites—came floating back to her.

Early the next morning, while the
Alameda yet lay wrapped in sleep, a girl
leaned over the sea wall, gazing with
burning eyes at the beautiful beach be-
low. The bustle of departure reached
her straining ears, and she saw a ro-
bust speed out to the ship. A cheer rose
from those on shore as with a final pull
the anchor was hauled aboard. The
broad sails filled slowly, and she slipped
away as silently as the came—away into
the purple mists of the morning, away,
and bearing with her a whole life's grief
and disappointment.

"La Bella Jacquita" is going daft,"
cries Francesca as every night the girl
walks to the Alameda, watching for a
boat that never comes.

One evening she sat gazing at a tramp
steamer just anchored. She recalled that
other night, and the boat now so far
away. Alas for the pride of "La Bella
of Mahon!" The setting sun covered her
with its golden light. Her dark eyes
grew larger with unshed tears. Then a
voice said softly, "I have come back to
see if thou wilt yet say 'Addio,' mia
Jacquita!"—Raymond Hunt in Ro-
manca.

Names of Mining Claims.

"In traveling through the mining
region of Colorado one is often surprised
and amused at the queer and fanciful
names given by the miners to their
claims and mines," said a Denver man.
"Down in a deep gulch I came upon a
brawny, full bearded man wielding a
pick vigorously in the tunnel of the
'Baby Belle' mine. Near by was the
'Girl I Left Behind Me,' owned by a
handsome, strapping young fellow, who
no doubt had many happy, helpful
thoughts of the girl he had left behind
him while working eagerly and hope-
fully on the claim that might make
them both rich. In another gulch were
claims called 'Little Susie,' 'Daddy's
Delight,' 'The Pretty Polly Pemberton,'
'Thompson's Mule,' 'Starvation,' 'Bust-
ard,' and numerous other claims whose
names were really interesting. The
owners of these claims are likely to be
quite as happy without as with the for-
tunes for which they seek. In many
cases they are better off so—king wealth
than they would be in the sudden pos-
session of it."—St. Louis Globe-Demo-
crat.

Steamships Steered by a Finger.

Marvelous progress has been made in
marine architecture and equipment
within the past few years. There was a
time when the wheelhouse of a big
ocean steamer contained eight stalwart
men, who, in rough weather, would find
it almost a herculean task to manage
the wheel. Nowadays the light touch
of an infant's hand upon the wheel is
of sufficient power to turn a vessel com-
pletely around. Huge boats are now
steered by a steam apparatus, which is
as quick and effective as the touch upon
the ordinary electric button.—Phila-
delphia Record.

The titles of Jewish rabbinical writ-
ings are often fanciful. One commen-
tary is called "The Heart of Aaron,"
the introduction to the Talmud is the
"Bones of Joseph," and other treatises
are termed "Garden of Nuts" and
"Golden Apples."

It is estimated that since the "con-
founding of languages" at Babel there
have been something like 5,000 different
forms of speech. This estimate reckons
1,500 distinct languages and 3,500 col-
loquials.

Queen Victoria's garden at Osborne
is only some three acres in extent, but
is a blaze of color, with a background
of undulating, close cut lawn and ex-
tensive shrubberies.

UNCLE PETER'S SERMON.

"What's yo' rec'ol', tremblin' shan't?
What's de titles yo' bringin' in?
Deyo' s'pect 't be a winahol
Fo' yo' Christ-iah, w'at begin?
Inse-ep! Seseah yo' lodgin
What de golden lante'n's glow,
Pol day w'en yo' do doglein
W'en de ho'n begins 't blow."

"Tend ter w'ink an be-a-savin.
Yo' no' l'ish-ah my song?—
Des-a-wat'n' t'wain a raven
Cum-a-t'win grub along!
Yo' may hab a peaceful lodgin
W'at de stream o' n'avy flow,
Dat dey w'en 't do doglein
W'en de ho'n begins 't blow."

"Put away de fids dreamin!
Lif' Em'eevul's banah high!
Don't yo' see de lante'n's gleamin
Ou de luzzum o' de sky?
Ah, yo' can't deadbeat yo' lodgin
W'at de hebenly roses blow,
An yo' won't be yo' doglein
W'en de ho'n begins 't blow."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SHOEMAKER.

In mountain girt Salzburg, noted if
only for being the birthplace of Mozart,
there dwelt once a shoemaker of the
name of Siebold Veit. Notwithstanding
the lowliness of his station, this disciple
of St. Crispin burned incense assiduous-
ly before the muses. Like the village
Milton immortalized by Gray, Herr
Veit had been debarr'd in youth by
"chill penury" from the acquisition of
knowledge, but mature days brought
him many a recompensing opportunity
for a glance at the pages of wisdom.
All was grist that gravitated to our
shoemaker's mental millstones, and the
stores acquired thus promiscuously from
reading and hearsay were never lost or
suffered to mold for want of expres-
sion.

Indeed his application of what
he gleaned was frequently inapprop-
riate as to excite the laughter of his
honest but critical neighbors. Yet he
paid little heed to their merriment,
and today was as ready to excuse the
shortness of their boots with "brevity
is the soul of wit" as to assure them
tomorrow that their old shoes were
brought "never too late to mend."

Siebold was a kecheler from choice,
but often let parts of the house, a quaint
red tiled, low ridged, many gabled
dwelling at the end of one of the serpen-
tine streets characteristic of Salzburg.
At the time we peep into his life we
find him landlord of Gabriel Stoss, a
student. Herr Veit's proximity to so
animated a cyclopaedia proved such a
stimulant to his love for learning as to
be well nigh insupportable. The mere
creak of the stairs, as the scholar went
to and fro, was sufficient to make the
shoemaker's imagination reel in visions
of the feast of reason that the very steps
grained to support.

Occasionally in the evenings the stu-
dent would drop into his host's cozy
workroom and read him versions of the
Greek and Roman writers, and, carried
along by his listener's whole-souled at-
tention and undisguised rapture, would
not infrequently continue the inspiring
myths away into the night. At such
times the simple tailor's delight culmi-
nated in nothing short of ecstasy. Once
when the student had retired with his
little red margined volume of legends
his admiring auditor actually stole into
the vacant chair to satisfy himself that
an exchange of seats did not entail, a
priori, a transfer of knowledge, and
hastened to bed, where he lay down
to rest, and to his neighbor's regret,
lost sight of scold and hampering real-
ity in the blissfulness of a dream that
brought in its sequence the attainments
of the professor of ancient languages in
the very college attended by his lodger.

One summer evening, having finished
his work early, the shoemaker sauntered
out upon his porch to smoke and med-
itate the while on a recent narration of
the student's. The story took his fancy
so much to incite him to action. Dur-
ing Herr Veit's musings the sun set.
The retired street grew still and dark.
Lights appeared here and there behind
small diamond shaped panes and em-
phasized the descent of night. Suddenly
knocking thashes from his meerschaum,
the shoemaker entered his domicile, and
acting upon his convictions, took down
his time worn fiddle and drew from it a
few strains—a return to his former mis-
tress, music. Away back in his youth
he could recall the days when he hand-
led the bow with no mean skill, but
for many a year he had neglected music
to delve in the more alluring field of let-
ters. Now again he applied himself to
his instrument with a fervor which
made use of every spare moment until
his old art returned so ravishingly that
the wondering neighbors strayed in to
hear him at his new caprice. But they
withdrew ever with joyful faces, for
they try as they would to refrain from smiles
Herr Veit was sure to elicit merriment
in the end by some such observation as,
"We're never too old to learn!"

It was on a morning after he had been
predicting five months that the shoe-
maker closed his shop, locked up his
rooms, and mounting the steep, bare
steps that led to his lodger's quarters
left the key with Gabriel, adding that
he was not to be looked for until his re-
turn. Leaving the youth at the head of
the stairway, key in hand, gazing won-
deringly after him, our itinerant musi-
cian covered carefully his violin with
his long gray cloak, drew his broad
topped wooden cap over his eyes and
passed into the street, free at that early
hour of pedestrians. He made his way
over a bridge across the Salzach to the
brown meadows beyond the town. It
was a most exhilarating morning. The
Salzach, as it flowed between the peaks
sentineling its banks, tree clad Ka-
puzinberg to the right, gully, rugged
Munksgarten to the left, seemed to bawl
more jubilantly than ever of its descent
from the distant Tyrolean Alps. The sun
had not yet risen above the misty
mountain tops, so the city lay in shadow,
but the color suffusing the sky, and the
glistening of the frost on the fallow
meadows, and an occasional strain from
some stirring songster betokened day's
advent. The fresh air seemed to impart
unwonted buoyancy to Herr Veit. He
strode lustily on and soon passed the
open country adjacent to the city. Up-
lands and bowlands he traversed for sev-
eral days, pausing often to break the
stillness of dell and glade with the dul-
cet voice of his violin.

At last he came upon a hamlet nest-
ling, like his own picturesque town, in
a stream threaded valley at the foot of
a range of hills. The dampness of the
dew veiled the hilltops heavily in mist,
a circumstance which seemed to disturb
the simple villagers very much. They
were gathered in a knot in front of the
mountains regarding wistfully the sum-
mits of the nearest range. The wander-
ing musician, following the path that
skirted the base of the hills, loomed
suddenly in sight, and with one impulse
the peasants hailed him as a being sent

from other realms—to aid them per-
haps. They conjured him to disperse
the clouds that for several days had
hung about the mountains and prevent-
ed their getting to their flocks grazing
on the heights.

The traveler replied serenely in an
unintelligible dialect that the clouds
certainly were fine evidences of a
dull day, but that the herdsmen were
not to be further alarmed, as he was
provided with the sovereign remedy for
such exigencies. Seating himself on a
stump near by, Herr Veit began confi-
dently to woo the sun god with sweet
music. The anxious rustics concluded
that this procedure was the magical way
to dissipate the mists and went by twos
and threes contentedly about their vari-
ous callings.

As the hours wore away, however,
with no marked lightning of the at-
mosphere, the people began to doubt the
stranger's power and to exhibit signs of
surveillance, some manifestations being
so stormy as to affect the musician—and
his measures—tremulously. Phobos,
too, apparently was angry, for though
Herr Veit, with his liveliest notes, be-
sought an audience, the day closed un-
blessed with a glimpse of the sun god's
radiance. As the night became darker
and darker, the music grew more and
more faint, but it was only when the
weariest villagers had sunk to rest that
the melody ceased. In order to give their
would be deliverer sufficient time, the
inhabitants had resolved to leave him to
his methods until the following day.
Bright and early next morning the sun
appeared, but long before its rays gilded
the mountain tops Herr Veit, fearful
of another trial, had stolen from the
scene of his exertions—gliding after
many hardships the familiar roofs of
Salzburg.

One evening soon after Herr Veit's re-
turn the student was asked to sup with
him, and over the coffee the adventure
was recounted. The legend which had
turned the shoemaker's head must have
been of Amphion, under whose magic
music the ramparts of Thebes are re-
puted to have arisen, for when the epi-
sode had been rehearsed nine host, pre-
facing by way of momentum, "A little
learning is a dangerous thing," reflected
that in the olden time it must have been
no small matter to build up a wall by
the power of music, seeing that nowa-
days it was most difficult to move even
a cloud by the same.

"True," Gabriel acquiesced, "such
feats seem practicable enough on paper;
but, success granted, I warrant that the
achievements one comes across in chron-
icles were not the crust breaking per-
formances that the old bards report.
Times, moreover, have changed. We
live in another age; different conditions
environ us. Waiving enigmas abroad or
in remote periods, there are problems at
our very doors clamoring for solution.
Reviewing it all and recalling a trench-
ant observation touching the happiness
of home keeping wits, I am more than
ever impressed with the force of our
adage—

"Schuster, Leib! bei deinen leis-
ten!" (Shoemaker, stick to your last)
anticipated Herr Veit gleefully, and for
once at least aptly.—L. L. Summeccles
in Kansas City Times.

Discovered.

There were many queer characters in
Ballantyne's printing house in Edin-
burgh, and one of them declared that
he knew who wrote the Waverley novels,
"almost as soon as the master," Mr.
James Ballantyne.

"I had just begun a new sheet of
'Guy Rammerey,'" he would say, "one
night awhile after 12, and all the com-
positors had left, when in comes Mr.
Ballantyne himself, with a letter in his
hand and a lot of types.

"I am going to make a small alter-
cation, Sandy," said he. 'Unlock the
form, will you? I'll not keep you many
minutes.'"

"Well, I did as I was bidden, and
Mr. Ballantyne looked at the letter and
altered three lines on one page and one
line on another.

"That will do now, Sandy, I think,"
were his words, and off he went, never
thinking he had left the letter lying on
my bank. I had barely time to get a
glimpse at it when he came back, but I
knew the hand well and the signature,
and it was 'Walter Scott.' I had a great
long ballad (ballad) in Sir Walter's
hand o' write at home, so that I was
no stranger to it. So, you see, gentle-
men, I knew the grand secret when it
was a secret."—Youth's Companion.

She Didn't Go.

He (after a tiff)—Going home to your
mother, eh?
She—Yes, I am.
He—Huh! What do you suppose
she'll say to you?
"She'll say, 'I told you so.'" He
made up.—New York Weekly.

Consolation.

Mr. Slimmy—I don't like that Miss
Biter. She said I was a perfect idiot,
don't you know?
Mr. Bunno—She didn't mean it, of
course, Slimmy. Anybody knows that
nothing human is perfect.—Detroit
Free Press.

The Course of True Love.

She—There is one serious obstacle be-
fore us.
He—Your parents?
She—No; but my little brother is un-
alterably opposed to our attachment.—
Baltimore Life.

Kept Her Word.

Two young ladies were walking in the
woods one day, when they were accosted
by an old and much shriveled gypsy,
who politely offered to show them their
husbands' faces in a brook which ran
near by for a slight remuneration. So,
paying the sum, they followed the hag
to the brook, as they were very curious
to see how she could do so wonderful a
thing and what she said to their fu-
ture husbands. But instead of behold-
ing the faces of the men they so fondly
hoped for they saw their own. "We can
see nothing but our own faces," said
one. "Very true, mem," replied the sa-
gacious fortune teller, "but these are
your husbands' faces when you are
married."—Exchange.

Wouldn't Give Up His Seat.

A certain English duchess used to be
quite a fixture at the casino at Monte
Carlo, and if she missed getting a chair
at the tables her companion would pick
out the vacant seat for her. But one day
she was gathered in a knot in front of the
mountains regarding wistfully the sum-
mits of the nearest range. The wander-
ing musician, following the path that
skirted the base of the hills, loomed
suddenly in sight, and with one impulse
the peasants hailed him as a being sent

AN UNSUCCESSFUL WOOING.

A Pretty Girl's Request That Crushed Her
Enchanted Admirer.

The drummer was leaning up against
the hotel counter talking to the clerk.
"You look worried about something,"
said the clerk.

"I am," responded the drummer
promptly. "I saw the prettiest girl on
the train today I have seen in a dozen
years of travel."

"That oughtn't to worry you."
"Pretty women have worried better
men than I am," ventured the drum-
mer.

"Who was she?"
"Blonde if I know."
"Didn't get acquainted with her?"
"Of course not. You must think I
got acquainted with every woman I
see."

"You do, don't you?"
"No, I don't, nor do any of us.
That's a little slander on the profession."

"Did you try to?" asked the clerk,
with a smile of doubt.
"No, I didn't."

"Then what's worrying you?"
"The way she treated me."
"What did she do?"
The drummer fired his half smoked
cigar at the cuspidor viciously.

"Well," he explained, "after I had
been gazing at her for an hour or so, I
thought I'd try her with a newspaper.
She declined it with thanks and a beau-
tiful smile. Then I tried her with a
new novel, with the same result. Then
I sent over some nice fresh fruit, and it
came back. Then I wanted to fix the
window for her, and again the thanks
and the declination. That lovely smile
is what broke me up," sighed the drum-
mer, "and I was sure if I had half a
chance I would get acquainted. About
10 minutes after I had made the last of-
fer the train stopped at a station, and
she nodded for me to come over. By
George, I was sure I had made a 10
strike, and I fairly flew to her.

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked,
with that same enchanting smile, as if
I wouldn't have done her a million,"
and the drummer sighed again.

"Certainly, with the greatest pleas-
ure," said I.
"Well," says she, "suppose you get
off at this station and take the train for
Detroit that comes along this evening.
You make me dead tired where you
are."

The clerk's eyes filled with tears, and
the drummer went out and stood in the
door gloomily.—Detroit Free Press.

Solomon Might Have Hesitated.

Solomon had to sit in judgment in
many difficult cases, but wise as he was
even he might have hesitated before de-
ciding the simple case in which a lat-
er day justice pronounced a judgment.
A woman was summoned to answer a
charge of withholding a pithfork.
She had been lent to her by a neigh-
boring gardener. She straightway de-
clared that the fork had been the prop-
erty of her late husband, and in proof
thereof showed the justice her hus-
band's initials, "M. W.," cut in the
handle. The complainant demurred, and
turning the fork the other way asserted
that the initials "W. M." were his.
The justice was in a quandary and con-
fessed his inability to determine which
way the fork was to be held in reading
the letters, but the women ruined her
case by interposing, unasked, that al-
though she knew the implement had
been her husband's property, she
wouldn't want to swear to it.

"Anyway," she added, "my husband
died. He had a fork, and he didn't take
it with him. If that isn't it, where is
it?"

In the absence of better proof, judg-
ment was given for the plaintiff.—New
York Herald.

Night Air.

"It always amuses me," remarked
Dr. T. L. Goodwin of Chicago, "when
I hear people say that they are afraid
to have their bedroom windows open at
night, owing to the night air. What
other kind of air can we breathe at
night but night air? The choice is be-
tween pure air from without and foul
air from within. It has been proved
that a large number of the diseases we
suffer from are occasioned by people
sleeping with their windows shut. An
open window most nights in the year
can never hurt any one. In large cities
the night air is the best and purest to
be had in any of the 24 hours, and it
would be a great deal healthier to keep
the windows closed during the day than
at night. The absence of smoke, etc.,
tends to make the night the best time
for airing the rooms."

King of Belgium's Bodyguard.
Under the Belgian constitution the
king's valet is responsible to parliament
for the safety of the royal person. At
night, therefore, when the Belgian mon-
arch has retired to his suite a con-
siderable number of soldiers, uniformed
and locked himself in the antechamber,
where he himself sleeps, by turning the
key also of the outer door. If, therefore,
a miscreant had any designs upon the
person of the king, he would first of all
have to force the door of the antecham-
ber of the valet and then unlock the door
of the royal chamber.—London Tit-Bits.

Swallowed Her Dead Husband.
The only case on record of a discom-
plicated widow swallowing the remains
of her dead husband is that of Arte-
mesia drinking a glass of wine in the
ashes of Mausolus had been stirred
for that purpose. The parties to this re-
markable transaction were brother and
sister and also husband and wife. Mau-
solus was king of Caria and reigned
about 300 years before Christ. After
his death his remains were burned and
the ashes disposed of as related.—St.
Louis Republic.

Flatiron.
"The Chinese are a very ancient
race."
"Yes. You will discover in our Amer-
ican cities that they belong to the age
of iron."—Boston Gazette.

Cooking is in reality a partial diges-
tion of food previous to its introduction
into the stomach. It is employed by man
alone and distinguishes him from all
other creatures.

According to federal law, each state