AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 23. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

TWO CAPTAINS.

A MARYLAND WAR STORY.

BY HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

Well, no, I wasn't no soldier, but somehow I always feel bound
To lend a hand decoratin' whenever the day comes around.
I didn't go out with no rifle, the same that my gran'father bore,
But I can't help havin' the feelin' that some way I fit in the war.

You see it were this way. When Lincoln come into the President's chair,
An' some States begun their secedin', an' rumor of war filled the air,
Our boys had just growed up to manhood, strong, patriotic, an' bright,
An' so they was ready for fightin' for what they believed to be right.

Now mother were kind of romantic, an' talked of the rights of the State,
But the nation my gran'father fit for seemed all right to me up to date;
An' so we was kind of divided on which were the way it should be,
An' Edward, he sided with mother, an' William, he sided with me.

An' after some time of hard fightin' an' neither seemed gainin' the day
Why, William, he went for the Union, an' Edward, he put on the gray;
An' mother an' me kept on tendin' the farm as we'd done for long years,
Both wishin' the war it were over; it brought to us sadness an' tears.

An' when there were news of a battle, no matter which side it were won,
We knew that success of one side meant the certain defeat of one son.
I heard then there guns at South Mountain a-boomin' as plain as could be,
An' I thought that the noise it were thunder, so I looked up at Parr's Ridge to see.

If the storm it were comin' towards us, for the way it passed over would show
Whether we'd ketch the rain, or it, leastwise, would pi'nt out the way it would go.
So I looked at the sky, and then mother, she come to the door with a sigh,
An' she said, "I reckon they're fightin'." "They're fightin'; yes, mother," says I.

At last the long fight were nigh ended, the terrible struggle near done,
An' we hoped that the time were approachin' when we could once more have a son.
Well, man he makes plans for the future the way he would like things to be,
But God it is who disposes an' fixes the final decree.

At Petersburg Grant went a-poundin', determined on winnin' the day,
An' both of our captains was in it—one captain in blue, one in gray;
An' after the battle were over they lay in a tent side by side,
Our boys, they'd never come home, for they fit, an' they fell, and they died.

One died for the Union he fit for, a victor who gained but a grave;
The other for States' right fell bleedin', a martyr defeated yet brave.
Each gave up his life for his duty, as duty appeared in his sight.
Each fit an' each fell like a hero, an' God alone knows which were right.

An' so I come out every season, an' brings along laurel an' bay
To put on the graves of the heroes who fell on both sides of the fray;
An' though I wasn't no soldier, an' never no firelock bore,
I can't help but havin' the feelin' that some way I fit in the war.

—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Select Story.

IN HAPPINESS AGAIN.

"But the child will be wet through—quite wet through!"

The cry came from the village school-mistress, who was standing in her open doorway.

She was beckoning and calling to the nurse who was hurrying past with the little lady of the hall bundled in her arms.

The schoolmistress was right. The rain was pelting down in a genuine wintery fashion, with no trifling about it. It evidently meant business, and as the business it had in hand was the thorough drenching of the two hurrying figures, Nurse Norah was not sorry to hear herself hailed.

"Indade, then, an' it's true for you," she said. "An' if ye'd be after lettin' the little lady wait here a bit wid yez, till I'd be comin' for her in the carriage. 'Tis little Miss Lilias from the hall. But she's that shy wid strangers, bless her heart!"

The schoolmistress was holding out her arms to the child, who straightway contradicted Nurse Norah by putting out her arms in turn to be taken.

Perhaps Miss Patience's rather tremulous smile was the magnet; perhaps the gay wood-fire crackling away in the wide hearth. At all events the baby was laughing when Miss Patience carried her in out of the cold and wet, and shut out the dismal afternoon, and sat her in the big arm chair before the dancing flames.

"It's like Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf" Lilias remarked presently, in her baby voice, with a nod at her scarlet cloak drying before the fire; and then looking up into Miss Patience's face, as she sat on her lap, "Gran'mamma, what great eyes you've got? What makes them so big and queer? Norah hasn't got them. I want Norah."

She had put up her lip with a pitiful expression of distress, starting at the great blue glasses Miss Patience always wore.

Miss Patience promptly took them off.

Such a soft pair of brown eyes smiled down at the little one that it was no wonder that she smiled back. More especially as the two pairs of brown eyes were so wonderously alike that each seemed to be the reflection of the other.

But the small critic had not finished yet.

"You've got a cap like Norah. Only it isn't like Norah's; it's so big and ugly. I wonder if you've got red hair under it like Norah, too?"

Miss Patience's unsteady white hands went up and put aside the cap. Off with it came a frontlet of grizzled hair.

But that which shone on Miss Patience's own head was certainly not red like Norah's, but of spun yellow gold.

Daring little Miss Lilias pulled it down over Miss Patience's shoulders, and fell to matching it with her own sunny curls.

"It's most like them. Papa says it's a little sunshine got all tangled up in my curls. I think it must be really sunshine, don't you know?—for it hurts papa's eyes sometimes till the tears come into them—just like when you look up at the sun, don't you know!"

It must have hurt Miss Patience's, too; her eyes had filled up suddenly.

She pressed the little head down on her breast.

"And what does mamma say about the sunny curls—eh, little Lilias?"

"Mamma? But I haven't got any mamma!" the child said wistfully. "Why haven't I got any mamma? I want one. All the other girls have got one. I asked Norah why I hadn't got one the other day."

"And what did Norah say?"

The question was rather indistinct; Miss Patience's lips were pressed among the shining curls.

"Oh, Norah said may be papa'd bring me a new mamma some day. But when I asked papa, he just put me down off his knee, and went away, and forgot to tell me if he would. Do you think he will, some time?"

"No, no; not that, my Lily-bell—not that! And you have your father, my darling. You can do very well without a mamma. Mammas are not always good; they don't always deserve to have a Lily-bell like my darling."

She was kissing the girl's bright hair over and over. Her voice had the sound of tears in it.

The child's brown eyes stared wonderingly into the fire, as if she were thinking.

"Nobody ever calls me Lily-bell but papa," she announced presently. "Do you think, if I ever got a mamma, she'd call me Lily-bell, too? Miss Patience, I think—don't you think you would come and be my mamma?"

Miss Patience's two hands were over her face; the child was pulling softly at them.

"Because," she said, "I think you'd be a very pretty mamma, without that ugly cap and those big ugly eyes, you know, and that queer hair. Oh, Miss Patience, Miss Patience, you're crying! But that'd never do for a mamma. Now would it, papa?"

Nobody had heard him come in, but there he was.

Lilias took his presence as a matter of course.

"Now would it, papa?" she said again persistently.

Mr. Ferguson came forward.

"I beg you pardon for entering without knocking," he was saying to Miss Patience, whose back was toward him. "But I never supposed the school-room was occupied at this hour. I suppose the heavy rain drowned my step. It came pelting down so, just as I was passing, that I was glad for any refuge. And then I heard the voice of my little chatterbox here——"

He broke off, for he was now standing on the hearth, facing the school-mistress.

Miss Patience had made one hurried effort to reach out after her discarded cap and glasses, which she knew, when she laid them off, that she could easily adjust at the first sound of the approaching wheels of the hall carriage.

But the cap and front had slipped to the hearth-rug. Mr. Ferguson had set his foot inadvertently upon them.

Feeling something underfoot, and seeing that the little schoolmistress made him no manner of answer, but kept her face bowed on Lilias's curls, he stopped and in some amazement picked up the grizzled front.

Certainly he did not know what to do with it. He looked askance at the schoolmistress's bowed head. Or was the shining head hers, or was it Lilias's? They both glittered alike, with their wealth of golden hair, there in the fire-light.

He let that grizzled front fall from his hold. He forgot all about it in looking on that little schoolmistress.

"Bell!" he said very low; "Bell!"

"Do you mean Lily-bell, papa?" asked the child.

He did not even hear her.

"Bell!" he said again.

This time the schoolmistress lifted her gleaming head. She looked up at him with eyes wild with pain. Her arm tightened about the child.

"Yes," she said hoarsely, "I know I will have to go away. I know I was mad to come here. I was mad—wild and mad for a glimpse of the child. But I will go away."

He came a step nearer to her.

"Bell, before you go away the second time I demand to know why you went the first."

"You can ask me that!" she said between her teeth. "You!"

"I, who have the right to know why my wife deserts me and her child."

She pressed her eager kisses on the child's hair, the child who sat and played with the great blue spectacles on her lap, not heeding anything of the low and thrilling voices around her.

"I left the child," she answered him, "because I knew I could trust her, at least, with you. And it was better for her; she would be quite happy, she would forget. And—— Harold, do you think I did not care, that it would be better and happier for you to have Lily-bell's little innocent life in your keeping?"

She held her left hand, ringless, in the fire-light.

"That night I found I had no right to wear your wedding-ring——"

"Bell! Are you mad?"

"That night"—she went on, trying to steady her trembling lips—"that night that other woman came and told you to your face that she was Harold Ferguson's wife, flaunting her marriage-certificate before you and daring you to prove that she lied——"

"Bell! And I was so sure you had not seen her!"

The poor thing hid her working face in the child's curls.

"And you would condemn me utterly?" he said; "without a word, without giving me a chance——"

"What could be the good of that—or of this?" she answered brokenly. "You never denied that marriage certificate; I could see as much in your stricken face before I crept out at the library window on the terrace, where I had fallen asleep among the curtains, when you and she came in there. Oh, I never thought you meant it Harold! No doubt you had married her long before, when you were so young you hardly knew what you were doing—and you thought the woman was dead. No doubt it was all her fault, the—the mistake, she looked a cruel and a wicked woman. But what else could I do than just to creep away?—to die I thought. But misery does not kill!" she cried out with a bitter laugh.

"Bell, did you ever hear I had a brother?"

"A brother? Never."

"A brother who had fled the country for the crime of forgery? It is no wonder that you never heard of it. My proud old father would never let his name be mentioned among us when we moved to this distant part of the country, and built our fortunes anew—here where no one had ever heard of the crime and shame of Harry Ferguson."

"Harry—Ferguson?"

Her voice died in a gasp.

"Ah, now you see how you misunderstood the name on that certificate, and how it was a thunderbolt to me."

There was one long, long moment of dead silence.

Then Bell Ferguson put the child from her lap and fell down on her knees, her clasped hands raised, her pale face wet.

"Go, Lily-bell—ask papa if it is too late indeed—if he could let me come and be your mamma?"

* * * * *

And so when Norah presently arrived with the carriage from the hall, it bore back not the little lady only, but also, as Lilias triumphantly announced, that new mamma whom Norah had said papa would be sure to give her one of those bright days.

The fruit of the coco-de-mer, which General Gordon belived to be the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden, has been exported to Europe. The nut weighs twenty pounds and measures twenty-five inches across. The palm on which it grows (lidoicea sechellarum) is 100 feet in height, and is only to be found on the Seychelles Islands. Hundreds of years before the Seychelles were discovered these nuts were washed out on the Maldive Islands, and the wiseacres of those days told the people that this sea-born fruit had grown on a submarine tree, and that it had a mysterious power of counteracting poisons. Hence the name—coco-de-mer. It is probable that Gordon met with allusions to this wonderful nut in Arabic MSS., and afterward visiting Seychelles was struck by the beautiful and isolated group of islands and their double cocoanut.

Millet contains nearly 50 per cent. more nutriment than corn does.

The cows will enjoy the brush or card as they begin to shed the hair.

FOR THE SENTINEL.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

The Original Package Decision.

FLEMINGSBURG, KY., MAY 30TH, 1890.—It may seem presumptuous for me at this distance to discuss in your columns a question which is agitating the country just now, namely, the late decision of the Supreme Court, which will go down to posterity, stigmatized with as much infamy under the name of the "original package" decision, as the one which, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, blowed the Democratic party higher than the proverbial Gilderoy's kite, and is derisively known at this day as the Dred Scott decision. That decision, like the one under discussion, was given more to cement the ties of Democracy, and to make what we now know as the Solid South, than to do justice to the interests involved. That party has never had a leader (I am speaking of the modern Democracy, not of the days of Jefferson) who could see far enough into futurity to predict with any certainty the results to follow their arbitrary legislation. This is notably the case in the Dred Scott decision. It split the party into smithereens, and it took twenty-five years of penance, before the people again trusted them with power, and the indications now are that this virtual decision in the favor of free whiskey will at once become as unpopular in the public mind as that more ancient decision as to the right of property in man. The great mind which conceived and delivered that opinion, although one whom we delight to honor as one of Maryland's great sons, died, I am sorry to say, almost "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," while one who was stigmatized as an obscure, uncouth rail-splitter, died about the same time with such words on his lips as "with malice toward none, with charity for all," which will be quoted with reverence through all future generations; and his death was mourned by all the nations of the earth. The greatness of men, in this country, is measured by the honor in which their acts are held by the people, after they are dead. While this "original package" decision may have the effect to hold the party, in whose interests it was given, solid in the state of Iowa for a short time, it will eventually act as a boomerang, and sooner or later return to break the heads of those who launched it forth.

The principles of Prohibition are right, and any principles that are right, no matter by what name you may call them, are bound to succeed, in the end. Like the Republican party, which was in its infancy when I was a young man, although its followers were denounced as fanatics, abolitionists, nigger party and every other vile epithet which could be applied to them, they kept right on in the principles of right, equality and justice before the law for all men regardless of caste, until they overwhelmingly accomplished the object of their existence and placed the country in a more prosperous condition, in a few years, than had been done in three-fourths of a century preceding. These are historical facts and need no comment.

I wish to say to my friends in good old Carroll County, where the days of my childhood were spent, that I am now living in a Prohibition county in Kentucky. Although I must admit there is more Bourbon whiskey distilled in Kentucky than in all the other States combined, it is confined to a few counties. Bourbon county, from which the article takes its name, is the great centre of production. Notwithstanding the amount manufactured, there are more local option counties than in any other State which has not a State prohibitory law. I have not the statistics, but there are over forty "dry" counties, besides many towns and districts. We voted Prohibition in this county three years ago, by over 300 majority, and so strict a law that a liquor seller cant shut his eyes tight enough to evade it. Only one saloon keeper defied the law—treated it with contempt—said it was unconstitutional, &c., and kept right on selling whiskey and making drunkards. After paying $1200 in fines for his superior wisdom, he concluded to shut up.

Dire results were predicted for our little city by the whiskey men when the law was put in force; the same old cry that is heard everywhere under the same circumstances. The town would die, grass grow in the streets; nobody would stop here, no commercial men come here to sell goods; nobody attend our stock sales, &c. Now mark the result. We had five whiskey saloons, and each reader can estimate for himself how many dead beats were always to be found loafing around them, bloated and soaked. Now they are gone, business houses in their stead. Our jail always had from 8 to 15 occupants, now there is but one, and in another year we think we can rent the jail for some other purpose. The criminal court was always occupied from two to three weeks with petty criminal cases, besides from three to five murder cases. Now three days is sufficient to clear the docket of all such cases. Our city marshal resigned his office, for there were not drunks and disorderlies enough to keep him in breakfast beefsteaks. Fact—heard him say so, and the office now goes begging for an applicant. We are now building a $20,000 public school building; then we had no building worthy to be called such. I might go on and fill a column with advantages, and the universal verdict here is that the city and county has never been in as peaceful and prosperous a condition as it has been during the past three years; besides property has advanced at least 20 per cent. The secret of it is that the mechanic and the laboring man have spent their money for the necessaries and comforts of life; the merchant and the business man have spent no surplus for whiskey but have given employment to the laborer. So both are mutually benefited.

O. T. B.

'Neath the Turkey's Foot.

There is clinging to some of the early settlers of Hendricks and Morgan counties, Indiana, an impression that buried beneath a huge stone somewhere in the fertile valley of White Lick creek there are valuable treasures. The story is that when the Delaware Indians were forced to vacate their hunting grounds along the creek they believed they were to be sent from their lands temporarily, and rather than risk carrying their wealth into a strange country they buried it under a huge rock until they returned. The rock was marked with a turkey's foot carved in the stone projecting above the earth.

Early settlers along the stream say that several years after the tribe had vacated the lands a lone Indian came through the country in search of a treasure which he said had been buried under a stone. He disappeared as mysteriously as he came, but he left behind him that tradition with some people to this day.

Following the disappearance of the Indians the settlers began to search for the treasure. Then it was found that there were plenty of huge stones marked with "turkey tracks," it seemingly having been a favorite pastime of the red man to carve out the imprint of turkeys' feet upon all the great stones along the stream. Notwithstanding this obstacle, many farmers excavated beneath huge stones and were disappointed at not being rewarded for their labor. It is doubtful if there is a great stone within three miles of the creek that has not been burrowed under in search of the treasure. As late as ten years ago the story of the treasure was revived along the stream, and rocks that had never been disturbed were burrowed under.

Statistics as to Hunchbacks.

Ten years ago a remarkable ch[illegible] acter died in Paris. He was kno[illegible] all over France and the greater p[illegible] of all Europe as "The Learn[illegible] Hunchback." He was very wealt[illegible] and spent a mint of money in t[illegible] last fifty years of his life, travel[illegible] in all directions making researc[illegible] concerning his hunch-backed bre[illegible] ren. It was in the milder portio[illegible] of Europe that he found the misf[illegible] tune the most prevalent. Spain su[illegible] plied the greater number, and in [illegible] circumscribed locality at the foot of the Sierra Moreno he found that there was one humpbacked person to every thirteen inhabitants. They were also found to be quite numerous in the valley of the Loire in France. The little humpbacked statistician came to the conclusion that there was one humpback in every 1,000 inhabitants, or an aggregate of 1,000,000 against the estimated one thousand millions of the entire earth

After the death of this eccentric individual his heirs found in place of a will a voluminous manuscript of 2,000 pages, all concerning humps. The last page, although it said nothing about the disposition of property, expressed the author's wish to have a hump of marble raised over his grave, with this inscription: "Here lies a humpback who had a taste for humps, and who knew more about them than any other humpback."

The total value of property in Massachusetts has increased 56 per cent since 1880.

Marriage is a partnership for life. We all know who isn't a silent partner, now, don't we?

The Wear of Worry.

The main problem of this world is that of right living. We all have a desire to live as long as possible, but we are not prompted by that desire to so train our habits that the physical mechanism will run without the friction that wears and finally destroys prematurely. A person who is absolutely well has no evidence of the existence within his body of the vital machinery upon whose smoothness of operation so much depends; therefore, when good health prevails, we are apt to slight the duty of watchfulness and care as to our manner of living and thus establish conditions which finally result in disease. When the first symptoms of trouble are manifested, we pass them without serious consideration, and rarely bring ourselves to realize the necessity of making a vigorous stand against the attack of disease until an ailment has secured a good grip upon us. Then, when we come to a full understanding of our condition, we experience thought in regard to the blessing of good health which would have remained foreign to our minds had we not broken down physically.

People who are struggling against a declining tendency of life's powers look upon the hale and hearty octogenarian with wondering interest. They marvel as to the reason for the immunity from wearing disease which has resulted in his existence beyond the biblical period of three score years and ten. They would like to question him as to his habits of life, and glean, if possible, some clue to right living which might lead them to the level of health. This desire for advice is responsible for the iteration of symptoms and experience by invalids, who never let their friends forget the fact that they are sufferers.

Dr. George Murray Humphrey endeavored to induce information that might be valuable as a guide to people who desire to live through life's allotted span, and he has given the reading world the result of his investigation in a book entitled "Old Age." He sent carefully arranged circulars, containing questions concerning men and women over eighty years of age, to be filled out by physicians. From the nine hundred answers to these circulars, Dr. Humphrey was able to draw only two legitimate inferences. The first inference is that civilization is prolonging the average of human life; the second is that old age is being so ameliorated by modern science that its progress has lost much of its pain and terror.

The inquiry noted failed to educe anything reliable as to the influence of right living in promoting longevity. Centenarians were discovered who had always lived intemperately and irregularly, and one man of one hundred and three declared that he had all his life got drunk, and always would do so. Neither was it made patent that observance of the old saw, "Early to bed, and early to rise," etc., had any beneficial influence upon the aged people who were systematically catechised. It was discovered that small eaters and hearty eaters alike defied death, and that there are octogenarians who have been uniformly [illegible]

A habit of "throwing worry to the dogs" has probably more to do with longevity than most people imagine, and there are not a few people who can trace their recovery to the time when they simply forgot all about their troubles. Therefore, while we should endeavor to avoid wearing indulgence, we should at the same time cultivate placidity.

The brick manufacturers of McKeesport, Pa., and Pittsburg are becoming interested in a patent chemical process for making brick without the usual burning which has always proved neccessary. It is claimed that the brick can be made and hardened in two days at a cost of two dollars per thousand, or at one-half of the average price. Another feature is that the process will permit the brick to be made in all colors, and that the article for street improvement can also be made.

Breed up. If you will not breed up, better go out of the business altogether. There is no use in spending your time and energy in making a cent when the same expenditure would make a dollar.

"Upsetting" Moses.

"I say, Deacon, Darwin's theory of evolution is a little hard on Genesis. Of course we don't know yet how it will turn out; but it looks a little as though they were going to upset Moses."

The Deacon made no answer. He surely must have heard Jim's remark. Presently he was observed to be counting his fingers slowly, and with pauses for thought between each numeration. After awhile Jim ventured to ask: "Counting your saw-logs, Deacon, aren't you?"

"No," said the Deacon; "I'll tell you. Your remark set me to thinking. I was just counting up how many times in the course of human history somebody has upset Moses. First of all, two old jugglers, named Jannes and Jambres, undertook this, but they failed. Then a certain king named Pharaoh went at the work of upsetting. He must have found it more work than he anticipated, for he has not reached home yet. Then three leaders of liberal thought, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, went at the job. They failed in the upsetting part; but they secured a bit of ranche for themselves which they and their children hold quiet possession of until this day. Later on a king named Nebuchadnezzar entered upon the upsetting business. He did not succeed either. He spent seven years chained to a stump; and when he had changed his mind was a sadder and wiser man. His successor met with still greater disaster in a similar attempt. Since that time there have been no end of persons who have tried to upset Moses. Some ancient heathen; Celsus and Porphyry, and Julian the Apostate; and latterly these German critics and these scientists, so-called, are at the same thing. Years ago, when I was in Boston, I heard of a meeting of Freethinkers at a place called Chapman Hall. I could not resist the temptation to go just once and hear what they said. I found about twenty persons there. Three or four of them were women; all the rest were men. And what do you think they were doing? They were engaged in the old enterprise of upsetting Moses. And yet Moses hath to-day in the synagogues of Boston more persons that preach him than he ever had before.

"It is astonishing how much upsetting it takes to upset Moses. It is like upsetting a granite cube. Turn it an which face you will, there it stands as solid as ever. The cube is used to being upset and does not mind it. It always amuses me when I hear a fresh cry from some new quarter, averring that some man whom nobody has ever before heard of has found out a sure way of doing what all others have failed in. And now here comes Jim Manley, and Moses has to be upset again. Ah, well"—and the Deacon sighed.

There was a roar of laughter which made the rafters of the saw-mill ring, and all joined in it except Jim.

Some cases of obstinate cough reported by Dr. A. D Palmer show how remarkably close are the relations to each other of different parts of the body, and demonstrate the folly of indiscriminately dosing symptoms. In the case of one patient, forty-five years old, examination of throat and lungs failed to reveal any cause of the cough (which was accompanied with little expectoration), when by accident it was discovered that the ears were much inflamed and very sensitive, and that slight irritation of them was followed by paroxysms of coughing. The ears were treated and the cough ceased. Two subsequent cases of troublesome cough—in one of which repeated consultations for supposed lung trouble had been held—proved to be due to ear disease.

A recent communication to the Academy of Madrid instances a case of globular electricity which is interesting. In a town in the northwestern part of Spain, at nine o'clock one evening, there suddenly appeared, without the slightest sign or warning, for the heavens were clear and the air was quiet, a ball of fire as large as an orange. It fell directly upon an electric light wire, which it slowly followed into the station where the dynamo was in motion. First it flirted with the armature of an interrupter, then it struck the moving dynamo and twice jumped back and forth between the conductors and the dynamo. Then, as if having accomplished its mission, it jumped on the ground, burst into innumerable fragments with a loud explosion, leaving no trace of its presence.

The orderly mother with a walking baby in the house has a place for everything—and the baby knows where it is.

Found His Stay Cut Short.

A French traveler in this country last summer gave an account of a visit which he had paid to Russia to illustrate the manner in which the government of the czar guards and preserves its power.

In 1863 M. de B——(an elder brother of the narrator) spent some time in Russia, and on returning to France published an account of his travels, with some stringent comment on the condition of the lower classes. The book was, of course, prohibited in Russia and had but a limited circulation in France. It long ago dropped out of public notice.

In 1883, just twenty years later, the younger brother of the author, in making a tour through Europe, came to St. Petersburg.

"I arrived," he said, "at night and was driven to a hotel. The next morning an officer in a gorgeous uniform called on me, and after an introduction and most ceremonious salutations, inquired: "Your name, I believe, is M. de B——?"

"Yes."

"From the province of Blank in France?"

I assented.

"A kinsman, it may be," with still more profound bows, "of M. de B—, who, in 1863, published a certain volume entitled?——giving the name.

"He is my brother," I replied. "What of that?"

"Nothing. But I have the honor to be detailed to accompany monsieur to Memel."

"But I am not going to Memel! I am going to travel through Russia."

"Pardon," with the most extreme suavity, "monsieur is going to Memel by the noon train, and these gentlemen and myself will bear you company." He opened the door; two gendarmes were in the corridor.

It was useless to resist. He accompanied me to the train, sat beside me, that I might not speak to any other person, was civil, but a jailer. At Memel he took leave of me with the utmost courtesy.

"Monsieur is now outside of Russia," he said. "A mere hint is sufficient to a person of his intelligence. He will probably remain there."

She Had Been There Before.

Some Edinburgh students on a foot ball tour to Glasgow wished to secure a carriage all to themselves. Just as the train was about to start up rushed an old woman, who sought to push her way into the carriage. To deter her one of the students exclaimed:

"My good woman, this is a smoking compartment, don't you know?"

"Weel, weel," returned the old woman, "never mind, I'll make it dae," and in she went.

"Smoke her out," was the word passed as soon as the train started. Accordingly all the windows were closed fast, every pipe was taken out, and soon the carriage was completely filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. The effect, however, was not all that could have been anticipated. The old woman seemed to be in the height of enjoyment, but one of the young men began to show decided symptoms of being exceedingly sick. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he leaned back with a dejected air, whereupon the old woman, leaning forward, said in a wheedling tone:

"If ye are dune, sur, wi' yer pipe, would ye kindly gie me a bit draw, as I forgot mine in my hurry to catch the train?"

In Africa, the palm-tree is cultivated not only for its fruit, but almost all parts are useful for conversion to some purpose or another. A very stringent resin is produced from the cellulose or fiber of the tree, which is made use of in pharmacy for healing wounds. The pollen of the male plant is made use of in preparations for the skin, the roasted stones of the dates are employed largely as a substitute for chicory and even coffee, while various pharmaceutical and other products are obtained from the roots, leaves and branches.

Cow's hair, says an exchange, has never been highly valued as a textile production, but through recent inventions that almost valueless substance may take an important position among the natural productions of the country. For generations it has played an important part in the mason's trade, and when mixed with lime, sand and water adds greatly to the mortar's sticking powers. But it is likely to appear as a rival of wool, and cows will be cultivated for their hair, as well as for the present manifold reasons.

A wash of fresh buttermilk is said to kill lice on hogs. The milk needs to be well rubbed into the bristles.

In a driving storm the clouds do not hold the rains.

Interesting Relics.

Until recently there was stored in the big vault of a Dearborn street safe and lock company a set of burglar tools that figured in one of the boldest attempts at a bank robbery that has been recorded in many a year.

About ten years ago fifteen expert safe burglars conceived the grand plan of robbing the Louisville National Bank at Louisville, Ky., and getting away with about $1,000.000 in cold cash stored away in the bank's vaults. They went about the hazardous undertaking systematically and carefully. They had a leader, a trained safe-blower, who had cracked dozens of safes, and he occupied a full month in laying plans, perfecting means of escape, and preparing his tools with which to open the avenues to the golden treasure. Although there were fifteen men in the gigantic conspiracy, but five were to do the actual work, the balance were to be on watch at different points. The orders were to silence all passers by or watchmen who discovered anything, but to do the work with as little noise as possible, using revolvers only as a last resort.

The burglars got to work about eleven o'clock in the night, having captured two watchmen, chloroformed them, and stowed them quietly away in a rear alley, where two confederates watched over them. It took two precious hours before the daring men got into the building, they being compelled to saw through some immense window-bars. About 1.30 in the morning they got at the doors of the big vault, where paper money, gold and specie, to the value of over $1,000.000 were stored. There were about four inches of solid chilled-steel to bore into before a charge of powder could be successfully inserted and touched off; but these men accomplished all this, and at about four o'clock in the morning there was a dull roar, the building shook, and a heavy piece of the vault door flew off and crashed to the floor. A golden stream flowed out of the orifice, and the thieves crept back to where the treasure was, and began filling the heavy canvas-bags they had brought with them. They secured in all about $20,000, this being all the money within reach, the hole in the vault door not being large enough to admit a man. When they had gathered all that they could the intruders started out. They were met at the point where they entered by a half dozen detectives, who captured the whole lot. At the trial it developed that one of the burglars was a detective, who had learned of the gang's robbing scheme, and had ingratiated himself with them, finally becoming one of the crowd. The company that furnished the vault that was blown open secured the tools the burglars did their work with, and exhibited them as an advertisement in their business, the claim being made that with the charge of powder the burglars used half the building ought to have been torn down, while in reality but a comparatively small piece of the vault door was wrecked.

An Interesting Time in Maine.

The skunk is mighty. He always is for that matter, but just now he rules three or four villages in the vicinity of Bangor with an irresistible odoriferous rule. Hampden has been over-ridden of late with a herd of active and strong-breathed skunks who have made things interesting for folks who ventured out at night. A whole prayer-meeting was demoralized by them recently when the worshipers were returning home. That was the only nice thing about it. Had the attack been made on the way to prayer-meeting it is doubtful if the exhortation would have been delivered in the same spirit of good will and peace. They might have been more earnest and fervent though. The up-river towns have had similar experience. A fellow and his girl going to a ball met a skunk and didn't go. The fellow swore and the girl cried, and they went home and put their clothes in pickle. The skunk can be spared. He is unnice.

Says a broom-corn dealer: "A few years ago all broom corn was so bleached with sulphur fumes as to make it so white that it nearly destroyed its pliability, and it sometimes broke to pieces much more rapidly than it should have done. Now the broom-makers have gone to the other extreme. They dye their broom corn so green that housekeepers are afraid to break off one of the splints to test a cake with, for fear they may be poisoned with Paris green."

Women, like poker players, raise the blind to see what their neighbors have got.

Some men lose their nerve when they go to the dentist's, and others wish they had.

The bee has managed somehow to get credit for industry, but it's a regular hum bug.

When watermelons come up from the South, they invariably go down in the North.

Few men sow their wild oats without getting more or less rye mixed with them.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2297-0289