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The American Union.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD.

E. W. EMERSON.

TERMS:

$1.00 per annum. Invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than six months.

The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XXV. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885. NO. 49.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions,	–	$ 1.00
1 " "	1 month,	– –	1.50
1 " "	3 " – – –		2.20
1 " "	6 " – – –		5.00
1 " "	12 " – – –		10.00
¼ column,	one year,	– – – –	15.00
½ "	" – – – – –		30.00
1 "	" – – – –		60.00

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A SUMMER NIGHT.

Yonder sleep the lilies white;
Through the starlit summer night;
Fitful breezes rise and fall;
Fire-flies flash and wild birds call.

Here the river winds along.
Deep and silent, swift and strong;
Mighty river—toward the sea
Float my fancies forth with thee!

On the sea the white ships go,
Noiseless, winged, to and fro;
To and fro, and o'er and o'er,
Fancies float from shore to shore.

Happy fancies they, to know
Stars that shine and winds that blow
Ships that sail, and seas that lie
Silent 'neath a silent sky.

—*Alice Boise Wood, in St. Nicholas.*

OLD PETE

"Mr. Lawkins," said the internal revenue collector, addressing me, "you will at once proceed to the northern part of the State, and see why certain people in the upper part of Acton county think that they should make a living by cutting cedar timber that belongs to the government."

"Yes, sir," I replied."

"I don't think that you'll have any trouble with the men. They are undoubtedly thieves, but otherwise they are harmless. Perhaps they do not know that they are infringing on the rights of the government. Take your time, Mr. Lawkins. You have been faithfully engaged during the entire winter and spring, and now that summer has come, a rest will do you good."

I thanked the colonel. That I was much worn by excessive work, any one could see. I had been in the revenue service during several years, and had done more work than any of my co-laborers, but this was the first time that any one had even hinted that a "lay off" was due me.

Boarding a steamboat at DeVall's Bluff, I proceeded up White river, the most attractive stream of navigable water I have ever found. The water is so clear that it seems to be but little more den e than the atmosphere itself. A chip floating on the surface looked as though it was being wafted through the air. Grass and graceful trees grew on each side, down to the clearly cut edges of the stream, while here and there, islands arose, like great ships with green sails. I thought to myself that I did not care how long the journey continued.

"Goin' fur, cap'n?" asked a man, approaching me as I sat on the lower deck. He was a grizzly little old fellow, with a smile oozy with tobacco "juice." He wore a blue flannel shirt, a woolen hat, which repeated pulls had rendered bell shaped.

"Don't exactly know how far I am going," I replied.

"Air you out airter land?"

"No."

"Cattle?"

"No."

"Marketin', mebbe?"

"No."

"Don't want to buy nothin', I reckon?"

"Your idea is about correct."

"Whar do you live?"

"Oh, most any place."

"Not thinkin' about buildin' fences?"

I looked at him and wondered if he were crazy. He smiled in his oozy way, but bore no facial evidence of insanity.

"Tell you why I asked," he continued: "Ef you want to build fences, plank fences, I ken furnish you with the finest lot of cedar posts you ever seen."

"How many have you?"

"Just oceans o' them. The woods up my way is full o' them."

"Do you own the land?"

"No, oh, no. Don't nobody own it." "It must belong to the government, then."

"Yes, I reckon it does, but the gover'ment don't want no posts."

"How far do you live from here?"

"Wall, I reckon it's nigh onto a hundred an' seventy-five miles."

"What is your name?"

"Plummer. Old Pete, they calls me."

"Mr. Plummer, I am an overworked man, and——"

"Overworked!" he laughingly exclaimed. "W'y, podner' you ain't been doin' no work. You ain't sunburnt, an' I don't reckon you've got any lumps in your hands."

I explained that my work had been mainly done in an office.

"In the shade all the time, wan't you?"

"Of course."

"Wall, that wan't no work. Lemme tell you: Ef I didn't hafter do nothin' but set in the shade I wouldn't think that I had been doin' work a' tall."

"I shall not argue the question, Mr. Plummer, however well I may know that you don't know what work is. Mr. Plummer, I would like to go home with you and stay until I am rested. Of course I expect to pay you."

"Pay me nothin'. You air welcome to come to my house, but dinged if you can pay a cent. I ain't that sort o' a man, let me tell you. Don't put on no style up thar, but live at home, world without eend."

Here he pulled down his hat and strode up and down the deck. I told him my name, but did not explain that I was a revenue officer. I had found the very man I wanted.

Mr. Plummer lived but a short distance from the river. His house, a rude structure, was made of cedar logs. He said that his wife and child years ago, had been drowned in an overflow. Since then he had lived alone. The first morning after my arrival, he went out and killed me a mess of squirrels. It seemed as though he could not do enough for me. He explained how he cut cedar timber and rafted it down the river. I asked him if he did not know that he was violating the law. He replied with a sharp satire on the human family:

"Everybody violates the law," said he. "When a man cusses, he violates the law of the land, an' when a man gits mad, he violates the law of God."

"That is very true," I replied, "but the violation of such laws do not place a man in that immediate danger which he incurs by violating the revenue laws of the government. Now, I am going to be honest with you: I am a revenue officer."

We were eating supper at the time. He put down a cup of coffee, looked at me for a moment and said:

"It ain't possible that you have come spyin' round here to take me to jail, is it?"

"I shall not take you to jail, Mr. Plummer, but when I return to Little Rock, I shall be compelled to make a truthful report."

"Ef you wa'n't in my house I'd hang you."

He glared at m

"You are a fine man. You come up here, makin' me believe that you air a gentleman. Now you show that you air a wolf."

"I am compelled to discharge my duty."

"But a man ken discharge his duty without bein' a scoundrel!"

"Look here! Don't be so abusive in your remarks."

The little old fellow laughed. "I am in my own house," said he.

"And I am in a house built of government logs," said I.

"Lemme tell you something. I fit for this here union. I toated a flag whar a good many men was afeerd to go, and I don't want no man to come around an' say that my house belongs to the gover'ment. So, when you go back to town you air goin' to tell them fellers that old Pete oughter be put in jail, air you?"

"I shall offer no suggestions. I shall only make a report. The officials, who are generally pretty well informed, may take such action as they choose."

"Some people mout call you brave," said he, "but I call you a fool."

"Why so?"

"'Cause nobody but a fool would come up here like you've done."

"My dear sir, I could have been dishonest with you and could have gone home without telling you my business."

The old fellow laughed again. "Let me tell you something. Us fellers ain't such fools as you think we air. We've got a man in Little Rock that knows all about the revenue business. Jest about the time you get ready to start up here I made my 'rangements to meet you. It was our plan that you should come to my house. Haw, haw. Come in, boys!" he called.

Several men, as rough men as I have ever seen, entered the room. Each man carried a gun. I sprang to my feet and drew my pistol. A powerful fellow grabbed my arm.

"Put up your pop, bub," said he, taking my weapon. "Set down thar!" forcing me on to a bench.

"He's a very nice lookin' chap, Jack," said old Pete, addressing the man who had taken my pistol.

"Yas, a young rooster, a sort o' spring chicken. Lige, did you fetch the rope?"

"Got her right here."

"Young feller," said old Pete, "what have you got to say fur yourself?"

No use in denying it, I was scared. I am not a brave man. I had, with reasonable courage, fought Indians on the plains, but to be hung! It was awful.

"What have you got say?" repeated old Pete.

"This is an outrage!" I exclaimed.

"Fellers," said Jack, "he's gettin' a little too active. Reckon we'd better tie him."

They tied me. It was useless to struggle.

"Set him up agin' the wall, Jack," said old Pete. "Now, I'll get the jug an' we'll commence to enjoy ourselves. We ain't hung a feller sence we strung up that old chap what come pokin' roun' some time ago. "Good old feller, too."

One of the men threw the rope over a beam. The awful cord dangled before me. With admiration we read of men who have faced death on the field of battle, of men who have risked their lives to save the lives of others, but can any of us admire the poor wretch who, slyly entrapped, is strangled to death in the wilderness? I gave to each face an eager look, but on no countenance could I see a light of pity."

"Gentlemen," said I, "are you going to murder me?"

The house shook with an uproarious laugh. The jug was passed from one to another.

"Probably you do not realize that I am representing the government of the United States. If you hang me, certain death awaits you all. You cannot go so far, you cannot find a place so remote—"

"That's all right," said Jack. "We know all about jestice an' the United States. We've been in both sections of the country, haw, haw!"

"Gentlemen, I have done you no harm."

"Sorter like the ole song o' the ragman that said to the bagman—won't do you no harm," replied old Pete. "Oh, you ain't done us no harm, an' we don't 'low that you shall. Boys, tell you what we'll do. We'll lay down an' take a nap. When we wake up, we'll 'tend to the gentleman. Hand over the jug."

In despair I looked upon the men who lay on the floor. That they would hang me I had not a doubt. The jug had prolonged my life but could not save it. I had never been very religious, had never been known as a man who turned frequently to the efficacy of prayer, but in imagination clasping my hands—I could not clasp them in fact—I poured forth a prayer that would have done credit to a revivalist. I don't know how long the men had slept, probably three hours, perhaps not more than three minutes, when one of them turned over and looked at me. His face did not appear to be so ferocious as the faces of his companions. He propped himself upon his elbow, scanned my face closely and said:

"The boys are putty sound asleep."

"Yes," I replied.

"They'll give it to you when they get up. If you've got anything to say to your folks, jest say it an' after you air dead I'll write it down an' send it for you."

I told him that I had nothing to say. There was much that I could say, but I would not entrust it to an outlaw and a murderer.

"Jest thought I'd ast you. Fellers sometimes wants to send a few words home. We strung up a good lookin' feller 'tuther week an' I didn't think he ever would quit talkin'. Tuck me about two days to recolleck an' write down what he had said. Blamed if we oughtenter have one o' these short han' reporters."

"Look here, my friend, is there no way to escape this horrible death? Just think of it. How would you like to be in my place?"

"Wouldn't like it so mighty much, let me tell you."

"Well, then, assist me in getting away from here."

"Then who'd assist me in gettin' away? If the boys wuster wake up an' find you gone they'd pitch onto me."

"It is awful to die here alone."

"Oh, we won't let you die by yourself. We'll stay with you. We never leave a man while he is in distress."

"My friend, what would you take to cut this rope?"

"I'd take a knife to cut it, I reckon."

"I mean how much money."

"You ain't got enough money to hire me to put myself in sich danger, but let me tell you what I'll do. I'll turn you aloose, just because I feel sorry for you."

He arose, took out a knife, cut the cords that bound me, and said:

"Go down this path to the river. Tied to the bank you will find a canoe. Hop in, pull around the bend and about a half mile up the stream you'll come to the government snag boat."

I turned to thank him, but he had sunk down upon the floor and was giving a very good imitation of profound sleep. I hurried from the house. I found the canoe. What if I should not find the snag boat? The water was very swift, and having to pull near the shore, I momentarily expected to feel the powerful grasp of the man who had taken my pistol. Eagerly I stretched my neck as I rounded the bend. The moon was shining. Thank heaven, I could see the snag boat. With the excited play of every muscle, I pulled against the current. At last! oh, at last, I reached the boat. A man who was walking the deck came forward and assisted me to climb on board. He noticed my excitement and asked me to explain.

"Come up," said he, leading the way. I followed him and entered a neatly furnished room.

"Now tell me what is the matter."

"I have just escaped a horrible death," I replied.

"Ah! You must have engaged board in this neighborhood, and run away without eating a meal."

"Before I could reply, a loud laugh made my hair stand on end. Several men rushed into the room. A pleasant-faced man, whose voice bore a close resemblance to the voice of "Jack" said:

"Allow me to introduce Colonel Watson, known to you as 'old Pete.' He owns fifteen hundred acres of land in this neighborhood, and is the president of the White River Packet company. These other gentlemen are employed on the snag boat, and I am Captain Hinklin, at your service."

The whole thing was a joke, in which the revenue collector was interested. Well, I had a good time on the snag boat, and after all, the government lost more than would have been lost had I been hanged.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Lumsden's Exploit.

A good story is told in Washington, says a letter to the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, of Sir Peter Lumsden, the British commissioner on the Afghan boundary question. Lumsden, it is said, is a good deal of a student and a linguist, and amused himself a good while ago by studying the Hindustan dialects until he was able to speak them well.

When Sir Frederick Roberts was on his way to Candahar a few years ago it was of the utmost consequence that he should have some accurate knowledge of the route, and the forces likely to oppose him in the mountain passes. This information Sir Peter Lumsden volunteered to obtain. Three days elapsed and he had not returned, and General Roberts began to be seriously concerned for the safety of his staff officer.

The general was sitting in his tent the fourth day when a fakir, or holy man, suddenly appeared riding furiously down the mountain side and wanted to pass the sentinel. He was almost naked, the only garment he wore being a pair of dusty trousers made of goatskin. His hair nearly reached to his waist as it hung down his shoulders and back, and the arms were covered with a paste made of sandal wood ashes mixed with castor oil. A rude water bottle was suspended from a belt at his waist, which also held a tulwar, the Indian short, heavy sword, twenty inches long, habitually kept as sharp as a razor. A rosary of sandal wood, consisting of ninety-nine beads, beads, completed the equipment. The man dismounted from his mountain pony, leaving the beast, whose heaving flanks told of hard riding, standing, and in a dialect of Pushtoo or Afghan asked to see the head sahib. The Highlander did not understand and motioned him back. Just then General Roberts came out, and keeping a wary eye on his visitor, asked him what he wanted. The visitor, in barborous jargon, made the general understand that he desired a private interview.

Thoughts of assassination flashed through the Englishman's mind, but, being armed with a revolver of tried excellence, he concluded he could hold his own in any case, and asked the man to come into the guard tent near at hand. When they were alone the fakir said: "Don't you know me?" It was Lumsden, whose disguise, dirt, wig and all, had been so perfect as to be even unsuspected. The information he obtained enabled Candahar to be captured and rendered the campaign a successful one. For this service General Lumsden was in July, 1881, commissioned a major-general of the Bengal staff and given a large grant of money, amounting to about $100,000.

Dangerous Things to Fool With.

A German chemist advertises that he will furnish Koch's common bacillus—the supposed infective germ of cholera—"ready mounted on slides for popular use in microscopes." That does not seem to be a sort of traffic that ought to be encouraged. Among the host of amateur microscopists, who are almost as numerous as the amateur photographers, not all can be relied upon to preserve and handle with proper care such very dangerous subjects for study as cholera germs. Dr. Koch, the discoverer of the cholera bacillus, says that those interesting atoms have an unpleasant way, however dead they may seem when dry—as they are on the microscope slides—of coming to vigorous life when they are moistened. They are liable to accidents that may detach them from the slides and drop them where the vivifying moisture may reach them. Worse yet, a really enthusiastic student or observer will hardly be content with seeing them in a dried up condition, but will be apt to wet them, to see them come to life and note how they act. And then, if they get away to where they can reproduce and multiply, as Dr. Koch says they do with astounding rapidity, there will be a fine chance for the starting of a cholera epidemic. One or two of them in a pitcher of drinking water will do the business effectually. We will do well if we can keep out of the country the invading bacilus that emigrants and goods will be likely to bring to our shores, without offering it a free entrance through the mails. And that mention of the mails suggests another possibility of danger, that the dried bacilus may be dropped out of the German chemist's package, mixed up in the mail and so put in course for the lively development in unexpected places. Really, it is not a good thing to allow everybody who can own a microscope to monkey with the germs of infectious diseases, and the enterprise of the German chemists should be repressed.—*New York Cook.*

Chattanooga, Tenn., has grown since the war from a clump of whitewashed warehouses and shanties to a city of 25,000 inhabitants.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

What he Would do.

He placed a soggy baked potato back in the dish, turned a dyspeptic cut of underdone veal disparagingly with his knife, shivered dismally over a cup of cold, muddy coffee, and then remarked:

"Do you know what I would do, my dear, if I had an enemy upon whom I wished to inflict a dreadful and irreparable injury?"

"Goodness, no," his wife exclaimed. "What would you do?"

"I would invite him here to dinner."—*Mail and Express.*

Didn't Care for the Dog.

Anxious Mrs. De Fashion—"Oh mercy! Run for the doctor, quick!"

Calculating husband—"Running increases the action of the heart, leads to aortic disturbances, and should, therefore, be avoided by those of adult years except in cases of actual—"

"Dear me, can't you understand? My Fido has swallowed a penny."

"Do you know the date? Some old coins are very valuable."

"He has swallowed a penny, I tell you. It must be got out. Why don't you go for the doctor, quick?"

"Well, my dear, I can't see the use of giving a doctor $2 just to get a penny." *Philadelphia Call.*

Wa'er—a Wail.

Water is Dame Nature's most characteristic blunder. It is a thoroughly feminine creation. As a fluid, it is unnecessarily wet; as a solid, it is perniciously slippery; and as a vapor, it is unreasonably explosive.

But Nature is proud of it, and revenges herself for any slight upon it. The antediluvians refused to believe in it, and were nearly all drowned. And ever since that time the bad weather has been ninety-nine per cent. water.

Man has sought out many inventions to mitigate the evils of water. He adopted milk. Nature invented milkmen. He built houses to protect himself from the obnoxious element. She follows him up with plumbers.

She lies in wait for him with it. The sunshiny and seductive cucumber, which doubles him up, and the melancholy watermelon, which flattens him out, are made almost wholly of water.

When a boy, she tempts him to go swimming, and he gets flogged; when a man, he goes sailing for pleasure, she makes him seasick. She lures him into the exasperating occupation of fishing, and straightway he destroys his moral character with fish stories.

Each season torments him with a watery woe of its own. In beautiful spring the freshet sweeps away his property; in summer the tornado blows him from the face of the earth; in winter he sits down hard upon the ice.

He digs himself a well and the neighbors become a visitation upon him. He makes a cellar beneath his house, and the floods prevail against it.

He comes into the world—to be washed; he goes through life carrying an umbrella; and when disgusted, he dies, his friends think it necessary to weep more water over him before he is left to sleep with his fathers.

Verily all is vanity and—water.—*Texas Siftings.*

Sloan's Joke.

"I wonder what is the trouble between Puffer and Gambol and Sloan. They hate him like poison," remarked the judge.

"Haven't you heard!" inquired the major.

"No; what is it?"

"You know what a terrible hand Puffer writes? Some one told him once that he wrote a *distingue* hand, and it set him up so that he now writes worse than ever. Well, that happens to be his sensitive point. He prides himself on it. Gambol has a weak point, too—his eyes. He can't help being cross-eyed, but it worries him all the same. When he goes to the theatre he sits with his back to the stage to see the performance. He is a first-rate fellow, though. About a month ago, Gambol asked Sloan to introduce him to Puffer. Now, Sloan can't help playing a practical joke any more than he can live without eating. 'I'll arrange that for to-morrow,' answered Sloan: 'but you had better take a pad of paper and a pencil along with you. He is deaf as a post, poor fellow. He can't even hear the foreman swear at his copy. He is terribly sensitive about it, too. So when you meet him just act as if you knew all about it. I'll see you at his office at noon to-morrow.'

"A few minutes later Sloan was seated in the editorial rooms of the *Leader*.

"'I want to bring a friend up here to meet you to-morrow,' he remarked to Puffer.

"'Glad to meet any friend of yours,' responded the editor.

"'He is a friend of yours, too,' replied Sloan. 'He greatly admires your editorials. There is one peculiarity about him, though.'

"'What's that?'

"'He's deaf as a clam. He can't hear it thunder. He doesn't know it's raining until he misses his umbrella. He is very touchy on that point, and you had better have some paper and a pencil ready for him when he comes, and act as if you always knew he was deaf. It will make him feel easier.'

"The next day at noon Sloan and his visitor enter the *Leader* office. Puffer was waiting for them. Sloan took their cards, and gave Puffer's to Gambol, and vice versa. Both men smiled at each other encouragingly, and, producing pads of paper big enough to write a President's messsage on, sat down beside the editorial desk.

"'I am glad to meet you,' wrote Puffer on his pad.

"Gambol took the scrawl and looked at it, first out of one eye and then out of the other. A puzzled look came over his face. Finally he turned the paper upside down, and a light of intelligence brake upon his countenance. Taking up his pencil, he wrote:

"'I am exceedingly sorry to hear it. Did you ever try Simpson's extract?' and handed it back to Puffer.

"When Puffer read this his mouth opened with astonishment. He took his pencil and wrote on the bottom of the sheet:

"'I don't want any extract. I am not sick. I simply said I was pleased to meet you.'

"Then he shoved the paper over to Gambol, und waited for a reply. If Gambol was puzzled at the first communication, he was in reality stricken dumb at the second. He glanced appealingly at Sloan, who was at that moment attentively looking at a picture on the wall, with his handkerchief in his mouth to smother his laughter. Finally he struck what seemed to him a clue, and he wrote in reply:

"'Yes, thanks, don't care if I do; but don't you think we had better go to lunch first?'

"Then he handed back the roll to the editor, and smiled a smile of mingled self-satisfaction and relief.

"When Puffer saw the answer his disgust rose beyond his control. He rose up in his chair, took the paper, and handed it to Sloan.

"'See here, Sloan!' he shouted: 'See what this grandson of a lunatic has written. This cross-eyed fool evidently doesn't understand his own language. What in Tophet did you want to bring such a strabismic ass up to this office to meet me for? Here, take this paper and write to him that I am sick to-day, or dead, or anything, and don't want to write any more; and the next time you bring a deaf and dumb idiot up here to see me just let me know, and I'll run out of town for a week or so.'

"'That's all right!' yelled Gambol, as he danced around the table; 'that's all right, but if I wrote a hand like your's I'd print my letters. I'd spell them out on my fingers. I'd hire a schoolboy to write for me. I'd'——

"'Say, gasped Puffer, 'ain't you deaf?'

"'No,' replied Gambol, 'ain't you?'

"Then both men looked at each other a minute and simultaneously exclaimed: 'Where's Sloan?'

"But Sloan was a wise man. He was gone."—*Puck.*

Painting Black Eyes.

"You see I'm pretty busy," said one of Philadelphia's most successful bruise disguisers to a reporter for the *Press* of that city, as he ushered a very pretty young lady out of his office and resumed his seat, placed within easy reach of the implements of his profession. "Here are my materials," he went on, pointing to a collection of tubes containing variously colored paints, and taking a bottle filled with healthy, slimy, squirming leeches. You would be interested to see the patients that will call here to have their disfigured beauty made perfect again. There are all kinds, from the well dressed, daintily gloved lady, who, for once, uses the street-cars instead of her carriage, down to the ragged pot-boy at some concert den, who has been trying his powers as a bare-knuckle boxer."

"Do your visitors tell you how they receive their wounds?"

"Oh, yes; though I never ask. They are generally eager to explain how stupidly they ran against a door left ajar in the dark. That is almost always the story told by the ladies, although some vary it by describing the fall down stairs, caused by a torn ruffle in their dress. Yesterday morning a young lady, evidently a bride, came here with a badly swollen and blackened eye. While I was leeching it she told me how she had struck her face against the corner of a dressing-table in stooping to pick up her scissors, which she had dropped on the floor. I, as usual, offered my condolence, and as I was about to apply the paint to her eyelid the door was hastily opened and a gentleman appeared, with a face very much like worse for three long scatches on the left cheek. The lady looked up, started, clenched her small hands, grew white with anger, and perhaps there would have been more blood spilt had not the new arrival, evidently recognizing my visitor, beaten a hasty retreat. There was no more talk of dressing-tables that day."

"Do you remedy bruised faces as well as blackened eyes?"

"Oh, yes; no matter what the injury is, I can generally render it invisible through my skill with the paint pot. I never ask for names, and, if possible, avoid any conversation, because in some cases where people have been quarreling and afterward apply to the courts for a settlement of their difficulties, I am apt to be called in to testify as to their appearance when they called on me."

"How often do you have to treat your patients?"

"About every three days the paint becomes hardened and creased, and the first coating has to be removed and a fresh one applied. If the eye is swollen I leech it before painting, and I can, in almost every case, entirely conceal the bruise. The paint I carefully apply with my finger, rubbing it well in, and taking great care that the blending of the colors is exact."

The Seventeen-Year Locust.

According to Professor C. V. Riley, the United States entomologist, we are to experience this year a very extended appearance of the insect known as the Periodical Cicada, alias the "seventeen-year locust." Professor Riley, who has made many original observations on this insect, and who seventeen years ago published an account of the twenty-two distinct broods, and first announced that there is a thirteen-year race of the species states that we shall witness this year the conjunction of two distinct broods, one a seventeen-year and the other a thirteen-year brood.

It is 221 years ago, or in 1664, since these two broods appeared simultaneously. The thirteen-year brood is located principally in the Mississippi valley, reaching up as far as the mouth of the Missouri, and having its thickest centers in Union county, Southern Illinois, and in Kansas, Missouri, Georgia, Louisiana, Tennessee and Mississippi.

The seventeen-year brood is one of the largest of all those known to occur, and will appear on Long Island in Kings and in Monroe counties, New York; at Fall River, in the southeastern portion of Massachusetts; in parts of Vermont, and very generally in Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Delaware and Virginia, also in Northwestern Ohio, in Southern Michigan, Indiana and Kentucky.

This curious insect, according to race, remains either for thirteen or seventeen years underground, developing slowly, and sometimes burrowing far below the frost line. Professor Riley says that they will begin to rise from the ground about the latter part of May in the more southern portions of the country, and early in June in the northern portion, and that the woods will resound with the hoarse rattling noise which the males make, the females being noiseless, a fact which the Rhodian bard Zenarchus recorded in his couplet:

"Happy the cicada lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives."

The seventeen year brood that is to occur this year has been well recorded for the years 1745, 1732, 1759, 1766, 1783, 1800, 1817, 1834, 1851 and 1868. Professor Riley witnessed it himself in 1868, and while the underground life of the insect has been hitherto inferred only from the periodical appearance of the perfect insect, he has since then been able to establish it by direct observation of the development of the larvæ from year to year.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The matches consumed in the United States require wood to the annual value $3,298,562; the railroads use about $3,000,000 of wood for fuel and $2,000,000 for ties each year.

The sons of five of the most prominent shoe manufacturers in Germany are now in this country employed in different shoe factories, their object being to study the best features of the American methods of shoe-making. It is reported that more Germans are coming here for the same purpose.

A traveled bachelor recently from Japan gives a description of a Tokia belle. He said she was powdered about the cheeks and chin, in the shape of a man's beard. It was like a thick paste spread on her face. Over this, on her cheeks, she was painted bright red; her eyelashes were dyed black as well as her eyebrows. "Oh, how disgusting," a listener remarked. "Not at all," he replied. "Her eyes sparkled, her hair was caught up with a jeweled pin, and her robes were magnificent. At first the paste on her face annoyed me, but I soon got used to it."

Cornstalks are never stacked or taken into account in some parts of the country. In a few places yet the corn itself is never husked or harvested, but is left standing, while cattle and hogs are turned into the fields in winter to help themselves. In Virginia ten per cent. of the crop, or nearly 3,000,000 bushels was left in the field over winter last year; in Tennessee, five per cent., or 3,286,000 bushels; while Kentucky and Ohio had each nearly 6,000,000 bushels. Illinois left 18,118,000 unharvested. Thrifty Kansas left twenty-three per cent. of her crop, or 21,905,000 bushels ungathered, while in the whole United States 119,811,000 bushels were left to the mercy of winter weather under this primitive form of husbandry.

The fashionable girls of Philadelphia have taken up the fiddle and the bow. The outlay for instruments is often extravagant. One young belle has what she declares is a Stradivarius, 150 years old. She has had it inlaid with pearl. The addition has ruined its tone. Still, that doesn't matter, since she has made the instrument an oddity and can say that its cost has been nearly $700. Another enthusiast has a fiddle that she declares was a favorite of Paganini's. Its present extraordinary tone may be due to the fact that it is all tied up with old gold ribbons. Her teachers warned her that the tight bands would impair the quality, but the young woman answered that the difference didn't seem much to her mind, and in any event she was determined to retain the ribbons, because they suited her complexion.

The New Haven *Register* declares that under the elms of Yale flourishes a private detective, who has established a bureau of information there for the benefit of parents for young men who spend more money there than they ought to. The detective is said to keep a number of books which contain in regard to each victim "the precise number of marks each of this class of students has in college, the correct number of times each man has taken more stimulants than was necessary, and just how far his sprees extend; the names of the city girls he happened to be sweet on, his losses at cards and how many times he has visited the faro banks; an estimate of the amount of his indebtedness, especially his saloon bill; whether he is a frequenter of the skating rink or not, whether he has ever been arrested or not, and if so how much he was fined, and what his offense was."

Queen Victoria is sixty-six years old and has reigned forty-seven years. She has outreigned Elizabeth, and lacks only Shakespeare to make her records the brightest in the world's history. Three English kings have ruled longer than Victoria—Henry III. and Edward III., Plantagenets, and George III. the Hanoverian madman. Victoria Alexandrina has had fourteen ministries and no really big war. Within the Victorian age belong all the electric inventions, the postoffice, the world's fairs, the sewing machine and type writer, the daguerreotype and all its results, the steam hammer, the spectroscope, nitro-glycerine, the mitraille, the theory of the persistence of forces, nearly all the great archeological discoveries, and the investigations of Darwin and his pupils. Great men, in her time, have died by the thousands, from Wellington to Garibaldi, from Paganini to Wagner, from Talleyrand to Beaconsfield, from Bentham to Darwin, and from Sydney Smith to Carlyle.

The medical faculty have recently given some little attention to what they are pleased to call "Surgery and Dynamite," by which is meant the effect of dynamite explosions upon those in their immediate vicinity. It is interesting to learn from these discussions that the jar or shock which the system receives differs altogether from that which is the result of a blow upon the head or body, or resulting from railway collisions. These latter follow a comparatively well-localized and gross form of violence, whereas the shock coming from a dynamite explosion is diffused and divided. In the case of the two young women who were injured by the recent explosion in the Tower of London, neither suffered from contusions, nor did they bear any marks of wounds save a few scratches received from falling upon a pile of rubbish. The sensation they experienced was not that of being violently knocked down, but of being "pushed back." Both suffered from severe pain along the right inferior dental and auriculo temporal nerves, and a profuse catarrh showed the meatus had been injured. Cole, the policeman, suffered from no complication through a fracture of his ribs, but, as in the case of the young women, his chief ailment came from a general enfeebling of nerve function, which caused a depression in the heart's action and a temporary loss of sight and hearing.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gives the following statement as to the course of study at Fisk university, Nashville, Tenn. It is an institution founded by the American Missionary association, which has for its chief object labor among the negroes, Indians and Chinese. All its schools and churches, however, are open to white and black alike, and one of its most prosperous colleges, that at Berea, Ky., has about as many whites as colored people among its students. From Fisk university c[illegible] the world-renowned Jubilee Sing[illegible] Fisk university, which, per[illegible] well as any of the colleges m[illegible] by the association, shows what the colored people can do in more advanced studies, we have in the Freshman year algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, with the Æneid, Cicero de Senectute and Latin prose, the Memorabilia and Phædo, for classics. In the Sophomore year the Iliad or Odyssey, Horace's Odes and Satires, and French, conic sections (calculus optional), botany, with an herbarium of at least fifty specimens required. In the Junior year Livy and Tacitus, Demosthenes on the Crown, and the Antigone, with German the entire year, and beside Norton's Physics, Lockyer's Astronomy and physiology and hygiene. In the Senior, beside the usual course in metaphysics, there is chemistry, with laboratory practice, geology, zoology and mineralogy, with field and blow-pipe work. During the entire course there are weekly exercises in declamation, essays, writing, and the delivery of original orations. This institution has also a preparatory department, in which three years are given to Latin and two to Greek. The cost or tuition is paid by the A. M. A., and the students for twelve dollars a month have furnished rooms, board, light, heat and incidentals."

The Herb Doctor's Paradise.

United States Consul Wright, of Santos, Brazil, encloses in a letter to the state department notes upon the medicinal plants of that country. The compilation is the work of S. S. Schindler, a native-born citizen of the United States, who is now in Brazil. From Mr. Schindler's notes it appears that the country abounds in herbal remedies, and that alvelos, the new cancer cure, is but one of hundreds of plants possessing properties of value, as yet almost unknown to materia medica.

Alvelos is a shrub, Mr. Schindler writes, discovered by an eminent physician of Pernambuco to be a specific for cancerous ulcers. The juice is a powerful caustic. Applied to cancer, it produces an irritating effect, which increases to a strong inflammation, and a' length cicatrization takes place. The manner of application is this: A camel's hair brush is dipped into the juice, which is applied to the cancer and allowed to dry. Twenty-four hours afterward a little lint dipped in water is applied to the cancer, and in another twenty-four hours the juice of alvelos is tried again. Dr. Velloso advises for a speedy cure the application of the juice every day, using an infusion of tobacco instead of the arabica and water. This course of treatment is more rapid. The inflammation is much stronger, but can be regulated by the physician according to the nature of the cancer and its proximity to vital organs. Mr. Schindler says that the alvelos treatment has proven successful in every case of cancer of the lips, tongue, nose and breast where it has been tried.

Baycuru, Mr. Schindler says is a curious plant of Brazil, which buries itself in the sand, a number of leaves rising above, seven inches long by two inches wide. The flowers resemble a saxifrage. The plant is sometimes for days together covered by the sea. The root is six to seven inches long, one inch thick, and of tortuous shape. Externally, it is chocolate brown, internally, flesh colored. It is an unfailing remedy in all kinds of enlargements and glandular swellings.

The juice of the fruit of the cajueiro tree is one of the most powerful blood purifiers known.

A decoction from the bark of the root of the calunga schrub is a remedy for dyspepsia and intermittent fevers.

The leaves of the camapa plant contain a narcotic principle, and the juice of the root and fruit is found excellent for rheumatism and liver diseases

Boiled fruit of the arvore do pao tree makes a powerful poultice for ulcers.

The fruit of the cabacinho has an admirable effect upon dropsy.

The most stubborn coughs yield to a tea made from leaves of malvarisco shrubs.

Papaw has been found to possess the property of destroying the false membranes of croup and diphtheria.

Papaine is another diphtheria cure.

Poracary is a sure antidote for bites of snakes.

Sapucareira bark makes a decoction which seems to be nature's remedy for kidney ailments.

There are no less than 312 plants or trees in Brazil which possess strong medicinal properties. Mr. Schindler's catalogue of them contains a remedy for every ill known to human flesh, and the wonder inspired in the reader is that people should ever die in that country.

Victor Hugo's Last Days.

A Paris letter to the New York *Courrier des Etats Unis* describes the scenes at Victor Hugo's bedside during his illness. On Holy Thursday several guests, including M. de Lesseps, dined at Hugo's house, and the poet was in high spirits, and gave no token of approaching illness. In the middle of the following night he was seized with some trouble of the heart, which rapidly developed into the malady that ended his life. In a few days he became convinced that he could not recover, and to those who spoke to him encouragingly of his condition, he replied:

"No, it is the end. I feel that I am going to die."

On the morning of May 19, three days before his death, Mme. Lockroy asked him:

"How do you feel, father?"

"Well, very well," he replied. "It is death; it is welcome."

Then to M. Lockroy he said: "My friend, it is a dying man who speaks to you." He added an instant later:

"Death is very long; it is too long." In the course of the preceding night, during a moment of delirium, he pronounced in a loud voice a French line. Then he talked of his grandchildren. Between his fits of delirium he conversed freely with the members of his family. One day he seemed buried in recollections of his youth; then he talked rationally with the bystanders, and suddenly, in the midst of the talking, he began to recite verses of a Spanish poet. He had always had a liking for Spain, in which country he passed part of his childhood.

As soon as the attacks passed he would resume his cheerful mood.

There are 430 officers in the United States consular service. They are designated respectively as consuls general, consuls, vice consuls, consular agents, consular clerks and commercial agents. Of this number, 203, or less than one-half, receive regular salaries. The others are paid by fees received at the different agencies. These fees are allowed at the discretion of the secretary of state.

The mosquito always makes himself to hum.—*Boston Star.*

SLEEP.

My little child, holding a battered toy,
Resisted slumber at the close of day,
Because he would not leave his pleasant play;
But sleep at last seized the rebellious boy.

He knew not when—nor I; his treasures small
Lay all about him; no low-lisped "good-night"
Fell from his lips; in the fast waning light
I laid him down and kissed him; that was all

Baby caresses would have touched my lips
If he had known; he would have said a prayer;
I should have seen the mystic quiet there
Touch his blue eyes and rosy finger-tips.

We fall asleep at eve, forgetting all
The pleasure and the pain that filled the day;
If in our slumber we should pass away,
And silence on our hearts and lips should fall.

We should go out from our accustomed places
Without regret, nor crave the life we leave
No bitter parting would our spirits grieve
We should be spared the last sad fond embraces.

Oh, loving friends and true, come not to weep,
If I should sleep, and painless pass away;
He whom God loves has little need to pray
Surely to His beloved comes death in sleep.

—*Helen Erwine Grigg.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Figures often lie—in hammocks.

No matter how you may tread on it, and hammer it down, the carpet is always prepared for attack again.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Julia Pease, a Vassar graduate, cultivates 6,000 acres of land in Texas. This is the biggest patch of Pease on record. *Lowell Courier.*

The inventor of a flying machine, if he doesn't soar very high, has the satisfaction of being sore when he drops.—*St. Paul Herald.*

"A man and his wife may differ," says an essayist, with great gravity. They may, they may; and, what's more, they generally do.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"There is a balm for those that weep,
A rest for the weary pilgrims