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Very Respectfully,

T. C. HACKETT.

Queen Anne, Md, November 4, 1893.

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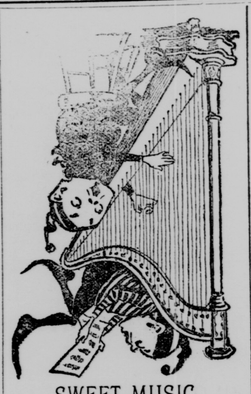

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Suits that were $15 cut down to $12.

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ESTABLISHED 1884.

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George A. Fisher,

33, 35 and 37 Gansevoort Street,

West Washington Market,

New York City.

The farmers and dealers of Caroline and elsewhere are respectfully informed that I will remain in New York all the fall and winter and will be prepared to handle to the very best advantage of the shipper all consignments of dressed and live poultry, and produce of all kinds. The location of my commission house, 33, 35 and 37 Gansevoort St., West Washington Market, is one of the best in the city, giving my shippers the advantage of the very best prices obtainable.

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Valuable new house, either furnished or unfurnished; all the modern conveniences; new outbuildings, etc.; situated on Main street, Federalsburg. For information apply to GEO. WILSON TODD,

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A DREAM.

I dreamt that over the winter world
The winter winds were sighing,
And into the orioles' empty nests
The flakes of snow were flying.
The vines along the garden wall
With crystal ice were gleaming,
And in the garden dull and bare
The summer flowers were dreaming.
The snow lay deep over withered grass,
The skies were cold and gray,
And slowly the dreary night came on
To end the weary day.

I woke. High up in the orchard boughs
A hundred birds were singing,
And in the birch trees' pleasant shade
The orioles' nests were swinging.
Along the river, tall and green,
I saw the rushes growing,
And daisy petals white as snow
Among the grasses showing.
The flowers held the sunshine bright,
The breezes were at play,
And swiftly the dreamy night came on
To end the happy day.

—Angelina W. Wray in Harper's Bazar.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NOISE.

Aversion to Disturbance Is a Symptom of Neurotic Degeneration.

A woman suffering from neuralgia stations her son to keep boys from making a noise in front of the house. A boy comes by whistling—a performance in which we must recognize a natural, wholesome and boylike act, whereupon there ensues a short, sharp fight between the pair, in which one is accidentally cut. The upshot is not important; the origin of it is.

It has long been usual to accord special privileges to invalids in relieving them against noise. Formerly straw would be strewn in the street, and thousands of persons who were not sick would be inconvenienced to ease the pains of one who was. In part, this custom was one of ostentation. It could be practiced only by the influential who were exalted by making themselves a nuisance. When death ensued, a hatchment was set up in the same spirit of vainglory. All the windows in the house were closed for a term, the duration of which was fixed by custom, but which bore a relation to the estate of the deceased and the consequent degree of exaltation descending upon his heirs.

All healthy animals delight in noise. The description includes barbarous folk and children. Dogs bark (cats only sneak off), birds scream, boys shout, girls clap hands to their ears in sweet confusion, horses paw, all animate nature responds to the exhilaration of noise. The sick do not. In every form of sickness the nervous function is deranged. As we have seen above mankind has shown its appreciation of this fact by its customs. Excessive sensibility to noise is thus one symptom of neurotic degeneration. It is the mark of one broad distinction between the state of civilization and its opposite. It testifies to one part of the price which that state exacts from man on his physical side.

Within civilization itself indifference to noise is one of the distinctions of a system rudely healthful, both in body and mind. The converse of this proposition is equally true. Whenever a person displays peculiar sensitiveness to noise we may know that the case is one of an unwholesome mind in an unwholesome body. From the fact that the disturbance is essentially a neurotic one it follows that it is controllable to a great extent by the will. Much of the disturbance that is experienced from noise can be put completely aside by exercise of the will. A barking dog may keep one person awake while his healthier or wiser neighbor sleeps the sleep of the just. Under the pinging of the cable car bells a valetudinarian subsides into frenzy while his younger clerk is lapped in dreams of the equally unconscious typewriter on the next floor. The contrast here need not be one of relative strength of mind merely; one of the two minds is sick.

In such a case the will power is impaired. It would probably be found that the complaining person is also irritable, passionate, perhaps consumed by self contemplation. In many cases of this order relief could no doubt be gained through treatment by suggestion. But in vastly the greater number the patient is competent to minister to himself. He is still capable of exerting the will, and in this exercise lies complete and permanent cure. Furthermore, the cure does not apply alone to the particular noise that may have called for it. It will be found to have influenced the mind permanently. The injurious effects attributed to noise do not proceed from without, but from within. They do not inhere in the aerial vibrations, but in the mental response made to them.

Finally it ought to be observed that the disease is one that increases by being yielded to. The noise that is first noticed as an annoyance in some moment of irritation, anxiety or other nervous disturbance can be nursed into an object of horror. Time was when folks thought sensitiveness to noise to be evidence of high strung character. They were rather proud of it and trotted it forth in public. The world knows better now. It erects hospitals for the Mrs. Wittitterlys, whom it rather admired in Nicholas Nickleby's time. It no longer holds poor Tom of Bedlam for inspired, and since it has learned how much sickness is either a fruit or a phase of ignorance it is getting a little sick of those sick folks, at least of whom it has a right to look for something better.—New York Evening Sun.

Fruit Good at Any Time.

All fruit is said to be most wholesome the first thing in the morning—and surely no fruit is so cleansing and refreshing and very little so delicious at that hour as a big juicy melon, cooled over night and almost cracking open and voluntarily exposing its red heart after the knife has gone partly through it. Such a melon, however, is just as good at other hours in the hot days, for which it seems to be especially provided as a refreshing experience, something more than the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. It is no wonder the southern darkies are so fond of watermelons. In these most trying days of the long summer of the south the melon is more refreshing than chill dewdrops on the early morning grass, and to the overheated, overwearied and thirsty soul a good juicy ripe one "comes home to the business and the bosoms" of darky and white man alike.—Hartford Times.

What an Old Lady Fears.

"I'm almost afraid sometimes," said a white haired woman at a club meeting not long ago, "when I see the attention given to athletics, the Delsarte system, physical culture or whatever name under which the enthusiasm exists that the coming woman is going to be a superb animal—nothing more."—New York

The Beauty of Wrinkles.

And now an authority inveighs against steaming the face as a preventive against wrinkles, alleging that this is the swiftest and surest process by which to produce them. "The second layer of the skin becomes attenuated, and there is a decrease in bulk of the superficial layers," is the technical explanation which the laity will not understand and does not need to. The simple fact is sufficient. But why should wrinkles be such a red rag to every woman? They must inevitably come if one lives long enough, and barring the suppression of the habit of frowning and the avoidance of dangerous cosmetics it seems useless to fight them.

Time was when we were taught that they were the lines of character, and time is when character, as shining forth in the expression of the face, makes the wrinkles forgotten. Watch the soul behind the wrinkles. Take as much care of that as you strive to of the outer layer of cuticle, which is its external semblance, and the wrinkles will be lost or overlooked in the serene and steady eye and quiet but smiling mouth. "Think lofty things," says a preacher, "and the countenance will show the thought."—New York Times.

The Natives Had Scruples.

Once an amusing story was told me by a South sea trader, writes Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. He had been in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton and a fish for sardines.

It happened that the firm who furnished the mutton thought it a good plan to change their labels, that their goods might be more easily distinguished from others. The mark chosen was a red dragon.

The natives came with their copra to trade as usual. The new tins were shown them, but they recoiled with horror and gave the trader to understand that they had had some religious instruction and were not to be deluded into eating tinned devil:

The trader was forced to eat his stock of mutton himself, for not a native could be persuaded to touch the accursed thing.

"More Haste, Worse Speed."

Of all the "tournaments" I ever saw, one among the "dairy maids" at an agricultural show was perhaps the last to associate itself with that heroic procedure which such a word suggests. There were about 40 of them armed with "churns" and started at the same moment to make butter against time. Each came provided with a watch, and the temptation was almost irresistable to turn the handle of the machine as quickly as possible. But no, butter must be "hummored," not driven. The silent lists were filled with the provokingly deliberate "flip, flop" of 40 churns. One of the slowest combatants won the race. I never realized more plainly that "most haste is worst speed."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Telegraph Line Before Morse's.

Honor to the pioneers in the vast field of science! Mr. John Sime has published at the Chiswick Press in pamphlet form a very interesting memoir of Sir Francis Ronalds. Twenty years before Wheatstone and Cooke or Morse had patented their improvements in the telegraph, indeed while the first two were respectively lads of 12 and 14 years of age, Ronalds had sent messages over eight miles of overhead wires of his own construction and had laid and worked a serviceable underground line of telegraph of sufficient length to demonstrate the practicability of communication by telegraph between long distances.

Details of his overhead telegraph wires were published by him in 1823. Ronalds' residence at Hammersmith, where these experiments were carried out, is the house now and for long past occupied by Mr. William Morris, the poet, who has caused a tablet to be placed on the wall bearing the inscription, "The first electric telegraph, eight miles long, was constructed here in 1816 by Sir Francis Ronalds, F. R. S.," etc. An autotype facsimile of a portrait of this father of electric communication accompanies the publication.—London Telegraph.

Calculating the Distance of a Storm.

Although lightning and thunder occur always simultaneously, an interval of shorter or longer duration is usually observed between these two phenomena, which is due to the fact that sound travels only at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, while the passage of light is almost instantaneous. Based upon this fact, it is an easy matter to tell, at least approximately, how many miles a thunderstorm is away. A normal pulse will beat about one stroke to the second, and by counting the pulse beats during the interval of the lightning and the thunder the lapse of seconds is arrived at and consequently the number of feet, which can be reduced to miles.

For example: If 30 seconds elapse between the flash of the lightning and the crash of thunder, the storm center is at a distance of 33,000 feet, or about 6¼ miles. An almost accurate calculation can be made by using a watch with a minute dial.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Use Pure Water Freely.

Unhygienic habits report themselves unmistakably in the skin both in color and odor. To health and beauty it is essential that one should use pure water (rain water is best) frequently and freely and follow its use with brisk friction all over the body with a piece of coarse flannel, which is a wonderful aid to a soft and glowing skin, as it stimulates healthful circulation. Sun and air baths are necessary to the proper nutritive functions of the skin, and daily attention to the promptings of nature is imperative to save it from becoming a vehicle for offensive exhalation. Care will do much to put off the evil day of wrinkles and decay.—Exchange.

They Make Auroras to Order.

Artificial miniature auroras of the borealis variety have been produced by both De la Rive, the French savant, and Lenstrom, the Swedish astronomer. In Professor Lenstrom's experiments, which were made in Finland, the peak of a high mountain was surrounded with a coil of wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. The wire was then charged with electricity, whereupon a brilliant aurora appeared above the mountain, in which spectroscopic analysis revealed the greenish yellow rays so characteristic in nature's display of "northern lights."—St. Louis Republic.

WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY A MAN IN A SHORT SPACE OF TIME.

A Story Showing the Remarkable Swiftness With Which the Mind Works When It Is Supposed to Be Taking a Rest—How Long It Took to Do Ten Hours' Work.

A few evenings since a number of newspaper men were in an office awaiting the arrival of a gentleman who was to call together a meeting that they had been directed to report for their respective papers.

A number of topics was discussed, and one of these was dreams and the extreme rapidity with which mental operations are performed. A number of experiences were given, but the one that attracted the most attention was that of a Call representative, who narrated what he had done in a dream.

"It was," said he, "in 1868 that after a hard day's work I reached home and lost no time in retiring. Glancing at the clock as I turned off the gas I noticed that it was just 16 minutes after midnight.

"Shall I tell you at this point how long I was dreaming or tell first what I did in my dream? That you all may better appreciate what was done, I will defer the matter until the end. Bear in mind that what is to be told was all in the dream. Seated in the old office on Commercial street, above Montgomery, I was endeavoring to put into presentable shape the facts of a trial that had taken place in the district court, when in came E. A. Rockwell, who was the chief editorial writer, and calling me by name said: 'You had better get ready and go to San Leandro. There's been a terrible railroad accident. There's 50 or 60 people killed, and I don't know how many injured.' George E. Barnes, at that time one of the proprietors and managing editors, had overheard Rockwell, and in that quiet way of his suggested that no time be lost in reaching Oakland, and there procuring a buggy and a pair of horses, to go to San Leandro or wherever the accident was.

"Rushing down to the ferry landing at the corner of Pacific and Davis streets, I reached there in time to find that the steamer for the other side of the bay had just pulled out, and that I would have to wait half an hour for the next boat. The delay was vexatious, and then when the ferryboat did move eastward it seemed as if she would never make her landing, she seemed to be going so slowly. When the slip on the other side was reached, there was some accident to the local train, and there was not any prospect of starting for an hour or more. There was not a team of any kind at the landing, so I had to walk to Oakland.

"A desire to make up for the time lost urged me on, and I think the time made from the landing to Broadway and Washington street has never been beaten by man. Near the corner I went into a livery stable and ordered a pair of horses hitched up. There was a delay there, for the proprietor had his doubts about the ability of the team making the trip out and back. Finally I started, and the way those horses flew over the road was a caution. When the scene of the disaster, some distance beyond San Leandro, about 14 miles from Oakland, was reached, I proceeded at once to gather the facts.

"Down on the notebook were penciled the names of 30 odd men, women and children who had either been killed outright or burned to death in some of the cars which had caught fire. Then followed the names of about 40 who had been injured, a description of their injuries and the opinions of the physicians who were in attendance as to the possible outcome in each case. Now, any of you who have had experience in gathering information of that kind can fully appreciate that it was not child's play, for the injured were in different places, and it required time to get around to them all.

"Then there was the obtaining of data about the dead. A number of them were well known residents of this city, others were from San Jose, so it became necessary to obtain enough to give each a decent obituary notice. In addition to this it became a part of my duty to get the statements of passengers, so as to describe their feelings when the train derailed and went over on its side down a little gully and be able to write up the narrow or fortunate escape of each. Then there were railroad officials to interview, and, as you all know, they are the hardest kind of people to obtain facts from.

"Well, it took nearly three hours to get all the matter that was needed for a sensational article that was to appear under a half column scare head. Then there was the ride back to Oakland settlement with the livery stable man, who swore that he would never rent a team to a newspaper man again, a rush in a hack to the ferry landing and the trip to this city. Without waiting to get anything to eat I made my way to the office and at once commenced to write up, telling every one who came to ask for details to let me alone. I did not write in copper plate style, and for that matter I never did, but I wrote and kept on writing until I had enough to fill what would make about four full columns of The Call of the present day and wrote that big scare head. As I handed the last line to the foreman to set up I heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed, 'Thank goodness, that's done!' That is my dream.

"At that moment I felt a hand on my shoulder, jumped from the bed and heard my wife ask, 'What are you dreaming about?' I lit the gas, looked at the clock and discovered that it was 17½ minutes after midnight, or, in other words, that in my dream of less than two minutes I had performed all that I have related.

"I have figured on the time it would take me to do what I did in that dream and find that it could not be done in less than 10 hours under the most favorable circumstances."—San Francisco Call.

Origin of the Peach.

The peach is an improved variety of the almond. The almond has a thin shell around the stone which splits open and exposes the stone when mature. This outer skin has simply become fleshy in the peach; so that is all that gives it its specific character. It seems now clear from investigation in the history of ancient Babylon that in their gardens, now nearly 4,000 years ago, the peach was cultivated then as it is now. It must have been many years before this that the peach was improved from the almond, and this fact goes to show the great antiquity of the fruit.

An Unreasonable Mermaid.

"This here show business," said the dime museum man, "ain't what it's cracked up to be by a long shot. A man's allus runnin agin things that do him up."

"What's troubling you?" inquired the advance agent.

"Why, that durn mermaid of mine is gettin me into debt over my head. Now, you know I've got the only genuine mermaid on exhibition. She's a maid of the sea, she is, a living example of the storied nymphs of the wave of old, as my programmer says. I pay her a big salary, and she puts all my other attractions in the shade. It would put your eye out to see the way the people look at her. I tell you, she's the greatest freak in the business, and the best of it is she's genooine. But to come down to cases, as I wuz saying, she keeps me in hot water all the time. There ain't a day that I don't have to do somethin special for her. I don't dast refuse, for I can't get along without her in these dull times. Sometimes, though, she makes me crazy by her unreasonable requests. What do you suppose she wants now?"

"Couldn't imagine," replied the advance agent, "unless it is fresh sea water every day or something like that."

"Huh!" said the dime museum man disgustedly, "that would be easy. That durn mermaid don't want a thing but a pair of button white kid shoes."—Buffalo Express.

A Conversation by Noted Authors.

"I never heard distinguished people talk among themselves but once," declared a young lady the other day, "but then I was quite satisfied. It was even more interesting than I had expected."

"What did they talk about?" asked her companion curiously, "and who were they?"

The young lady named them—two noted authors, a gentleman and a lady. "And they talked," she added, with a smile, "about pokers."

"Pokers?" ejaculated the friend incredulously.

"Pokers!" repeated the first speaker firmly. "The authoress had just built a new house, and her furnace did not work well. She thought her companion had one of the same kind in the house and asked about it.

"He gave her information and advice, and then they branched off to pokers and the iniquity of manufacturers who make them of soft iron so that they bend out of shape the first time they are red hot. You have always heard, haven't you, that his style is exquisite and his English singularly clear and vigorous? Well, it is so, I assure you, when he talks of pokers, and she is charming when she talks in a humorous vein about back dampers and cold air boxes. I was delighted with the entire conversation, though it certainly was not what I anticipated."—Youth's Companion.

Two Remarkable Cures.

An old Irish woman's cow was sick unto death, so she turned to the priest to save it. "I can't do anything to keep your cow from dying," he said impatiently.

"Fath an begorra it's you that can if any one can," the answered in simple faith.

Unwilling to have her reverence in him shaken, the old man went to her cabin. The sick cow was brought out into the yard and propped up, then the priest began a solemn march around it, chanting monotonously, "If you die, you die; if you live, you live." When at last the tired priest sat down, the cow was reviving, and it afterward lived to a green old age. Some years later the priest was at the point of death with a terrible quinsy, when the old Irish woman presented herself at the house and told the doctor she could cure him. She was laughed to scorn, but at last had her own way. She insisted upon having the dying man's bed brought out into the middle of the floor, and around it she slowly cantered, singing, "If you live, you live, and if you die you die." The humor of the situation tickled the suffering priest so that a hearty laugh broke the quinsy, and he also lived—to a green old age.—Springfield Homestead.

Women's Influence Over Men.

I do not believe a man was ever reformed by scolding or sarcasm. Tears and repinings and complaints soon grow to be an old story to him. He can find more pleasure among his convivial companions than he finds in such a home. Alas, that it should be so.

Good women ought to study the art of pleasing more than they do. No woman can afford to fall back on her goodness to reform a man. It is a dangerous experiment and one that rarely succeeds. The average man must be entertained.

A man who has been a hard drinker or opium victim cannot suddenly give up his vices without some stimulant to take their place for a time. A man accustomed to the excitement of gay company cannot suddenly become satisfied with the dullness and stupidity which many good people allow to creep into their homes.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Mouse as a Pet.

A winsome pet is the common brown mouse, and now I fancy I hear the most vigorous protests from my readers, who, though they do not shriek and take refuge on chairs and tables like Howells' feminine characters, still have a strong feeling of distaste to him. Nothing can be imagined more dainty, graceful and altogether captivating than the tricks and manners of this humble resident within our walls.

Once allay the poor little creature's fears of his big, clumsy human persecutors, and his delightsome qualities are apparent. Frisky in movements, droll in conceits and eccentric of action, he is a never ending source of entertainment. Moreover, he is as teachable as the rat, absolutely neat in his ways and most loving to his friends.—Harper's Bazar.

Good Lawyers.

Some of the most pious, the most consecrated, the most consistent, the most humble Christians we have known personally and intimately have been or are now lawyers. We could name several who have through long lives lived close up to their Heavenly Father in sweet and gracious communion. We say further that many of the purest, noblest men we have known—patriots in a high sense, with lofty ideals and a morale comparable to the best—were lawyers. They were an ornament to their country and the human race. We know some of this kind who still survive.—Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.

VISITS OF CONDOLENCE.

A Chat About a Social Task to Which No Cast Iron Rules Apply.

"One of the hardest trials to me in a social way is this paying visits of condolence," remarked a sympathetic woman the other day. She had just returned from two such visits. She sat down with her feet on the fender and questioned if she had done any good by those visits.

"I never pay them," said her listener.

"How do you manage?" she asked.

"I write a note of a few perfunctory sentences covering the case. I believe to most people—nine out of ten—in trouble a call is a far worse ordeal than it is to the caller. The tenth person sympathy would be wasted on. In my note I speak of calling when the mourner feels equal to receiving. When people say they will 'be happy to see you,' the hardest pangs are over."

The sympathetic woman smiled. "I believe I have never lost my childish awe of persons clothed in deep mourning. While I was a child, but old enough to be an observing one, several members of the family died. I heard much talk of the 'proper' way to behave during such episodes. I have never forgotten it. It seemed very strange to me then that people should consider such trifles at such a time. And I think so yet."

"Certainly. That's the absurdity of it."

"Yes. But, my dear, you can't altogether blame people for it. It is sometimes the fault of education. And different temperaments bear grief differently. Some people talk continually of the deceased—his virtues and habits, his sufferings and death. They appear to think of nothing else. Others are so reticent they shrink visibly at any mention of the lost one's name. They answer your well meant speech by a look of disapproval, a short reply or an immediate turning of the subject. Who is to decide which of the sufferers feels the most keenly? I knew one family who, when a loved son died, put his portrait into the attic and dropped his name from family use as completely as if he never had lived at all. Does such extreme sensitiveness show the greatest affection?"

"Well," said the other woman, "it is certainly easier to call upon people who are complacent over the fact of wearing correct clothes and are anxious to know exactly which of their friends were at the funeral. You know how to satisfy them, although you may remain secretly skeptical of the love that takes pride only in forms and retails its secrets to careless outsiders."

"Perhaps!" and the sympathetic woman shook her head. "It is best not to make cast iron rules, even about that."—Harper's Bazar.

The Pumps of the Egyptian.

A representative piece of mechanism occurs frequently on the sculptures of early Egypt. It has the appearance of and is generally believed to be that of a portable pump. The hydraulic screw is also attributed to this people, but their main reliance seems always to have been the Shadoof, seen everywhere along the banks of the Nile, an invention so simple and so well adapted to their needs that it remains today substantially the same as it has through all the centuries since history began.

The same may be said regarding the chain pump in China, an invention the origin of which antedates the Christian era. This simple machine, which seems never to have been improved upon, is in such common use that every agricultural laborer is in possession of one. Where irrigation is conducted on a larger scale the chain pump is made proportionately larger and moved by a very simple tread wheel, and still larger ones are operated by yoking a buffalo or other animal to a suitable driving machine.

The application of steam to raising water is of uncertain origin. Long before the Christian era certain applications of fire to vessels containing water, by which effects were produced calculated to astonish ignorant worshipers, were practiced by the priests of Egypt, Greece and Rome, but their knowledge seems never to have been turned into any channel of secular usefulness.—Engineering Magazine.

We Owe the Hat to Asia.

We owe the hat to Asia, for it was in that country that the art of felting wool was first known, and from the most remote periods the art was carried on by the orientals. In India, China, Burmah and Siam hats are made of straw, of rattan, of bamboo, of pith, of the leaf of the Tallport palm and of a large variety of grasses. The Japanese made their hats of paper. The modern hat can be traced back to the petasurs worn by the ancient Romans when on a journey, and hats with brims were also used by the earlier Greeks.

It was not until after the Roman conquest that the use of hats began in England. A "hatte of biever," about the middle of the twelfth century, was worn by one of the nobles of the land. Fraissort describes hats and plumes which were worn at Edward's court in 1340, when the Garter order was instituted. The merchant in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" had "on his head a Flaunderish beaver hat," and from that period onward there is frequent mention of "felt hattes."—Washington Star.

No Law Against Removing a Dead Body.

"Where in the world," asked the lawyer who volunteered information without a retaining fee, "did people—especially people in the country—get the idea that one cannot touch or remove a body until the coroner has arrived? That is almost a general belief in the country, and there never was a more ridiculous and absurd piece of nonsense than this. I have seen a body lie in everybody's way because the people thereabout thought that it was unlawful to touch it. This foolish tradition amounts almost to a superstition, and you may be sure no coroner takes the trouble to enlighten stupid ignorance upon the subject. The coroner is only too willing to aggrandize his influence and power, and therefore rather encourages than discourages this silly superstition."—New York Tribune.

Ristori's Dual Nature.

I have never met with a more passionate, fiery actress than Ristori, with one possessed to the same degree by the demon of tragedy. Yet when she came to Paris for the first time she was nursing her last child. Well, on the days she was acting she brought her baby with her to the theater, put it to sleep and went to give it the breast during the intervals of "Myrrha," which is simply the most monstrously passionate of all dramatic works. Did the part of nurse detract from the part of the tragic actress? By no means. Did the part of the tragic actress detract from the part of the nurse? No more than in the other case. I am, no doubt, quoting an exceptional fact, which may be solely accounted for by the strength of organization possessed by Mme. Ristori, but La Malibran also showed us numberless contrasts of feeling altogether unlooked for.—"Recollections of Sixty Years."