W. E. Todd 1 92


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Hillsboro, Md.
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## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

This night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left to me, was in October, 1870. I was at that time a telegraph operator in the little town of Deering, upon the line of the Pacific railroad, between the cities of D—— and G——. Six miles farther west was the more pretentious town of Paris, upon the direct road to D——.

Deering was by no means a model residence. There were lager beer gardens, drinking saloons and gambling houses out of all proportion to the more respectable stores and residences. We had had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl among the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid little blue eyed woman had come from Vermont to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived in Deering I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraphic business at Deering, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper. There was a small room next the office, with a window, but only one door communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing table and mirror, a washstand and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt and pickles for my office repasts. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction I come to the story of that October night and the part my blue eyed Alice, only 18 and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about 7:30 o'clock, when one of the city officials came in all flurried, saying:

"Stirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road today?"

The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office on the east side.

"No, I have not."

It was a special providence took me there then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth tonight, and if the midnight train comes from D—— there will be a horrible smashup."

"The midnight train must stop at Paris, then," I replied. "I will send a message."

"Yes. That is what I stopped in for. The other track is clear, so you need not stop the train to D——."

"All right, sir."

I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot, and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterward. As I ate we chatted.

"Any messages today?" my wife asked.

"One from D—— for John Martin."

"John Martin!" Alice cried. "The greatest ruffian in Deering. What was the message?"

"Midnight train."

"Was that all?"

That was all. Mr. Hill has just been in here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Paris. The passengers must wait a few hours there and come on in the morning after the track is cleared."

"Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not reach Paris till half past 11, and it is not, yet 8. Yes—it is just striking."

"Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident, you would never forgive yourself. Send it while I put some clean towels in the washroom, and then I will come and sit with you till you can come home."

She went into the dressing room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram when the door opened and four of the worst characters in Deering, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the D—— train. You will not send that message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is half a million in gold in the express car. Do you understand?

"You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it?" I cried, horror struck.

"Exactly," was the cool reply. "One-fifth is yours if you keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way from San Francisco."

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment and easily plundered by the villains, who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "will you join us?"

"Never!" I cried indignantly.

"We must force you then! Tie him fast."

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake, I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered I could not take the blood of the passengers on the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied hand and foot to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the washroom was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered; then the light was blown out, and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall around my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert!" Alice said.

"Yes, love. Speak low. There is a man under my window."

"Are you alone in the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Paris. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim and reach Paris in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you will know I am safely on the ground."

"God bless and protect you," I said and listened for her signal. Soon the cackling noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy and threatening a storm, and as nearly as I could guess close upon 9 o'clock. I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman, starting alone up the dark ride, through a wild country, with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash, told me a thunderstorm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock. The rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lightning flashing! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road overcome by terror or perhaps stricken by lightning?

Eleven o'clock. The storm over, though still the night was inky black. No sound to cheer me; none to make the hideous suspense more endurable.

Would the next hour never pass? Once the clock tolled midnight. All was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me by mental agony one hour; chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged slowly along. In the dead silence a faroff sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away a faint whistle came through the air. Nearer and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train, growing more and more distinct.

The midnight down train was coming swiftly, surely to destruction. Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumble of the train was far more the bitterness of Alice lost than the horror of the doomed lives it carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move. I writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried to loosen even one hand.

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train and did not stop at Deering station, but as I listened, every sense sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man on the front watching. I crept round the house, and I saw him, so I did not dare be seen!"

"But have you been to Paris?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Paris the train had not come from D——."

"But it is here?"

"Only the locomotive and one car. In that car were a sheriff, a deputy sheriff and 20 men armed to the teeth to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the train when the speed slackened so that I could run here and tell you all was safe."

While we spoke my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen claspknives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

As for the praises showered upon my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The would be assassins and robbers were taken to D—— for trial. John Martin, on his deathbed, turned state's evidence. His antemortem testimony sent the survivors to the penitentiary.

Alice and I left Deering for a more civilized community the following year. But before we went there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railway company at Paris. We accepted, had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea service as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down train, the express company and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by her heroism.—Montreal Star.

### Made a Man of Him.

Here is a beautiful and true story, full of pathos and suggestion: A family man discovered once upon a time that he was being robbed of small sums of money. At length, one night, a slight noise in the room awakened him. He opened his eyes quickly to see a small figure creep past the bed to the chair where his coat lay. It took out his pocketbook, abstracted a bill and stole silently away. He recognized his own son, a little boy. The next day the father called the child to him. "I have been thinking," he said pleasantly, "that I shall want your help in my money affairs. I am going to make you my treasurer, if you will do that for me. Here is my purse. It has $50 in it. Now, when I want to pay for anything at the house I shall come to you." After that speech and that transfer the pilfering ceased. The boy became an honorable and honest man.—New York Mail and Express.

## HOW TO LIE IN BED.

### The Influence Exerted by the Centrifugal Force Developed by the Earth.

In what direction should the bed be placed? Is their any advantage in arranging it in any one direction? It would seem so, says a Portuguese paper, to judge by the observations of M. Charles Mussett on the action of the rotation of the earth on trees and plants.

An examination of hundreds of trees has led to the discovery that the trunk is not exactly round, but bulges toward the east, the western side being slightly flat. It is the same with the branches. This marked tendency to an increased bulk toward the east is ascribed to the rotation of the earth.

It is generally known that every revolving body develops what is called centrifugal force. The earth develops a tremendous amount of this force, which tends to drive all bodies on its surface from west to east, and although such bodies may be too heavy to be moved the force exists none the less and affects it in some way.

It is explained that the reason why some waterfalls incline toward a particular side is because the centrifugal force of the earth acts upon them.

In the same way M. Musset says that the sap of the trees is gradually driven toward the east, causing the trees to develop more on that side.

Now, what has this to do with the position of our bedsteads? A great deal. Every individual who remains in a fixed position for several hours falls under the influence of centrifugal force, which will tend to drive the liquids in his body from west to east.

If, therefore, the individual's bed is arranged so that his head is toward the east, there is a tendency on the part of the blood to flow toward the brain. He sleeps uneasily and is less fresh when he awakes. If his feet are toward the east, his sleep is peaceful.

Should his bedstead be placed north to south, he should lie with his head to the north, as the centrifugal force acts from north to south in our hemisphere.

### One Picture of Hell.

An English dramatist in one of his works represents a man in a dream talking with several of his departed ancestors. One of these told the man that he was in hell, though there was no such place as heaven or hell in the way in which these terms were commonly understood. This man's hell was a condition of feeling in which he had no interest in anything. He felt no enjoyment, no ambition, no pleasure, no passions, no desires. He could go to heaven, he said, if he liked, but he had no desire. He was not interested in anything he might find there or anywhere else.

This condition is to a certain extent exemplified in club life, in society and in the general lives of the rich and idle. They have exhausted every source of enjoyment and tapped all fountains of enthusiasm. New schemes have to be constantly provided to stimulate even a little their appetite for pleasure. Hell, according to this writer, is this condition carried to its extremity. It is a condition without hope, feeling, ambition or desires—one of the most horrible states in which any man or woman could be placed.

### The Kiss Cure.

Two gentlemen on a train were seated behind a young girl and an elderly woman. One of the men offered to bet that he could kiss the girl without her objecting. The bet was taken. It so happened that the girl was suffering from neuralgia in the face, and she continually pressed her hand to her cheek to allay the pain. The gentleman who had made the wager sympathized with her and said that he could cure the ailment by a touch. "Allow me to kiss your cheek once, and the pain will disappear," said the osculatory young man. The girl objected, stating that she would sooner go to an infirmary. It was then her companion spoke up, "Say, Maggie, let the gentleman kiss your cheek, and if it takes away neuralgia maybe he can cure my rheumatism."—Boston Home Journal.

### Tom Reed at School.

Ex-Speaker Reed, when a boy, was tall and slender, with none of his present chubbiness. He was decidedly outspoken and noted for his independence. Once, while at school, he gave a great bite to a red cheeked apple and remarked at the same time, "If any one knows why this apple should not touch the lips of Tom Reed, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace." The birch rod of the master came out with promptness, and the pedagogue replied, "If any one knows any reason why this rod should not warm the jacket of Tom Reed, let him speak now or forever after hold his peace."—Exchange.

The physician had employed an assistant to an old gentleman who was partially paralyzed, but who took a walk every day supported by the nurse.

"Now," said the doctor, "you must be very careful with the old gentleman and watch him closely so he will not fall."

"Yes, sir," was the respectful response.

"And you must go very slow, very slow indeed, for it will injure him to walk at any ordinary gait."

"I can do that, sir," replied the new man confidently. "I have always lived in Philadelphia."—Exchange.

### Anglomania.

Chollie—Oh, she is perfectly lovely; she paid me such a compliment.

Fweddie—What was it?

Chollie—She said I was so un-American.

Fweddie—How delightful!—Detroit Free Press.

### One of Nature's Wonders.

The most picturesque as well as the most striking manifestation of the tidal rise and fall is at the mouth of the St. John river at St. John, N. B. Here may be witnessed on every tide a change of conditions as sudden and as complete as a quick change of scene in a drama, the beauty of the landscape, enhanced by the handiwork of man, adding greatly to the impressiveness of the phenomenon. This is locally known as the "reversible falls," although "reversible rapids" would be more appropriate. In a map of St. John and its environs, drawn in 1784 by an officer of the St. John's Loyalists, the matter is referred to in a marginal note:

"The falls in this river are justly ranked among the curiosities of the world. They are at the mouth of the river, about one mile from the entrance, and are navigable four times in 24 hours, which commands great attention, as only a few minutes are required to pass in safety.

"The tide rising from 20 to 24 feet at high water is six to eight feet higher than the river, which occasions a fall in the river as well as out, the whole water in the country having to pass between two rocks 60 yards distant."

The scene of these rapids is a beautiful gorge through which, in remote ages, the river appears to have forced its way. For 20 minutes on each ebb and flood the river here is as placid as a mountain lake on a tranquil day. Suddenly a streak of white spreads across the gorge, and in a few minutes the calm is succeeded by the turmoil of rushing, whirling waters. The reflections of the rocky shores and of the graceful outlines of the suspension and cantalever bridges which span the mouth of the gorge are obliterated as if a mirror had suddenly been ruthlessly shattered.—Scribner's Magazine.

### An Editorial Boomerang.

The editor of a small provincial Austrian print was either in great difficulty to find a fit subject for his leading article or else was too intent upon other business or upon pleasure to provide one. The last moment had come, and the editor was in despair. He tortured his brain in vain, when he was suddenly inspired by a happy thought and dashed off the following lines:

"After carefully perusing the leading article written for the present number by one of the ablest of our contributors, we have arrived at the conclusion that it may be misinterpreted by the authorities and regarded as an attack upon the government. We ourselves consider it to be perfectly innocent, but as we are unwilling, for our readers' sake as well as for own, to have our newspaper confiscated, we have very unwillingly, though, as we think, prudently, resolved to withdraw the article. This must serve as the apology to our readers for the blank space in our present issue."

The journal was published in the evening, and the sly editor, after performing this smart little piece of stratagem, left the office in high good humor with himself. As soon as he arrived in the office on the following morning a clerk came up to him with a doleful expression and said, "Herr Redaktor, the paper is confiscated by the police!" "For what reason?" said the astonished editor. "For malicious ridicule of the institutions of the Austrian empire by the omission of the leading article," replied the man.—Kleine Zeitung.

### Ventriloquism.

Ventriloquism is but the peculiar method of vocalization, which, differing from the ordinary colloquial way of making articulations forward in the mouth, alters the directions of these sounds by so managing the conformation of the mouth and lips as to keep back the vocalized sounds and cause their utterance to be so muffled and hollow as to appear like sounds more or less remote. It may be described as the art of speaking in such a way as to cause a hearer to believe that the sound comes not from the person speaking, but from a different source. The sounds are formed by the same organs as the emissions of sound commonly—the larynx, the palate, the tongue, the lips, etc.

The art of the ventriloquist consists merely in this: After drawing a long breath the performer breathes it out slowly and gradually, dexterously modifying and diminishing the sound of the voice by the muscles of the larynx and the palate. Besides this he moves his lips as little as possible and by various contrivances diverts the attention of his audience.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Literature and Journalism.

Mrs. Deland calls journalism "the big brother of literature." What she meant as sarcasm is a fact. Journalism is the big brother without whose aid 99 litterateurs out of 100 could not live. This is the age of daily brains. Those who fancy that book and magazine writers are superior to journalists would revise their opinions did they realize how many more words to ideas are found in most books and most magazine articles than in newspapers, where space is of far more importance. Journalism is driving so called literature out of the market. The people are the gainers. They buy the contents of a book for 5 cents and less. When their taste becomes classic, the newspapers will be classic, too, even in the wording of murders and prize fights.—Kate Field's Washington.

### Long Lived Clergymen.

An English statistician has ascertained that clergymen, as a class, live to a greater age than men of other vocations. Even gardeners and farmers, whose work is supposed to be conducive to longevity, are beaten by the ministers. After these, in respect to long life, come, in their order, grocers, fishermen, lawyers, commercial travelers, plumbers and painters, blacksmiths, railway laborers, tailors, doctors, liquor dealers and lastly hotel men, including bartenders. Probably the statistics concerning newspaper men were too harrowing to be printed.—Buffalo Courier.

The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and like people in the dark we fall foul upon the very thing we search for without finding it.—Seneca.

## MOLECULAR LIFE IN DIAMONDS.

### The Flashing Gems Declared to Be Masses of Enormously Active Atoms.

If you think your polished diamond is a mere aggregation of inanimate crystals, you are away wrong. If you imagine that its components are devoid of orderly, coherent motion, you are equally mistaken. It has come to pass that we are given to understand that diamonds are masses of active molecules. Inasmuch as every compact body is composed of multitudes of exceedingly small yet not indistinguishable molecules, it might be concluded that in a solid at least these particles would be clustered together in an indivisible mass.

This theory as applied to diamonds is incorrect and has been completely overthrown by the researches and experimentations of Sir Robert Ball of Liverpool. The facts set forth by Mr. Ball with reference to the structure of the diamond are fascinating. He asserts that were the sensibility of our eyes increased so as to make them a few million times more powerful it would be seen that the diamond atoms which form the perfect gem, when aggregated in sufficient myriads, are each in a condition of rapid movement of the most complex description.

Each molecule would be seen swinging to and fro with the utmost violence among the neighboring molecules and quivering from the shocks it receives from encounters with other molecules, which occur millions of times in each second. The hardness and impenetrability so characteristic would at first sight seem to refute the supposition that it is no more than a cluster of rapidly moving particles, but the well known impenetrability of the gem arises from the fact that when attempt is made to press a steel point into a stone it fails because the rapidly moving molecules of the stone batter the metal with such extraordinary vehemence that they refuse to allow it to penetrate or even to mark the crystallized surface.

When glass is cut with a diamond, the edge which seems so hard is really composed of rapidly moving atoms. The glass which is cut is also merely a mass of moving molecules, and what seems to happen is that as the diamond is pressed forward its several particles by their superior vigor drive the little particles of glass out of the way.—New York Herald.

### The Name of California.

Thomas E. Sleven, LL. D., in a lecture on the "Origin of the Name California," said: The word California was first used in a work on Spanish chivalry published in 1510. This work was an alleged history of the adventures of "Amadis of Gaul and his son Esplandiam." It was of great length and divided into a great number of short stories, one of which was the manner in which "Califia, the queen of the island of California, a country inhabited only by women, who lived as amazons and had gold without end," saved Constantinople from an attack by the Persians. This story, as well as others, was widely read by the people of Spain, and by many regarded as fact. Among the stanch believers were the members of the Cortez expedition, who, upon landing upon the peninsula of lower California, imagined that they were on an island, which, owing to its apparent riches, they named after the fabled isle, and Cortez himself called the new country "California."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Synonyms.

Steal a chicken, and you are a thief; steal $1,000 from your employer, and you are an embezzler; steal $5,000 from the government, and you are a defaulter; rob your competitor on the Stock Exchange of $10,000, and you are a financier; rob him of $100,000 to $500,000, and you are a wizard or a Napoleon of finance; wreck a railroad and gather it in, and you are a magnate; wreck a great railroad system, and you are a railroad king; conduct a "negotiation" by which a strong nation plunders a weak nation of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory and makes the weak nation pay millions of money indemnity for the wrong it has suffered, and you are a diplomat. Truly, "the times are out of joint."—Religious Herald.

### Cannon's Time Was Soon Up.

Representative Cannon of Illinois tells a good story on himself. It is reminiscent of the days when "Sunset" Cox was in congress. The New York representative had had some things to say about a citizen of Mr. Cannon's state, and the Illinois man wanted to defend his constituent.

"Will the gentleman from New York yield to me?" said Mr. Cannon.

"Certainly," said Mr. Cox.

"For how long?" inquired the speaker.

"As long as the gentleman from Illinois will keep his hands in his pockets," said Mr. Cox laughingly.

Mr. Cannon accepted the terms and proceeded with his remarks. He uttered just one sentence and a half, and then his hands, which had been snugly stuck into his pockets, came out and were flying through the air like a couple of windmills.

"Time's up," said Mr. Cox, who knew his man, and then Mr. Cannon sat down.

Anybody who ever saw Mr. Cannon gesticulate will appreciate the spirit with which he tells of his first and only effort to talk without the use of his arms.—Washington Post.

### A Truthful Fisherman.

"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish dealer.

"Throw them!" queried the dealer.

"Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—Pick Me Up.

### Language of Postage Stamps.

Of late years the postage stamp has been invested with a language of its own. When a stamp is inverted on the right hand upper corner, it means the person written to is to write no more. If the stamp be placed on the left hand upper corner inverted, then the writer declares his affection for the receiver of the letter. When the stamp is in the center at the top, it signifies an affirmative answer to a question or the questions, as the case may be, and when it is at the bottom it is a negative. Should the stamp be on the right hand corner at a right angle, it asks the question if the receiver of the letter loves the sender, while in the left hand corner means that the writer hates the other.

There is a shade of difference between desiring one's acquaintance and friendship. For example, the stamp at the upper corner at the right expresses the former and on the lower left hand corner means the latter. The stamp on a line with the surname is an offer of love; in the same place, only reversed, signifies that the writer is engaged. To say farewell the stamp is placed straight up and down in the left hand corner.—Baltimore Every Saturday.

### La Fontaine.

La Fontaine, the famous French poet and writer of fables, was a notable example of the eccentricity of genius. When he lost his entire fortune, a lady, who was one of his best friends and an ardent admirer of his works, hastened in alarm and distress to find him. She met him in the street, penniless and cheerful.

"You must come to our home," she said.

"I was going there," he replied, and then began a visit which prolonged itself into years, during which La Fontaine never seemed to be troubled by a thought that he was dependent. Nor did the lady or her family have any other feeling than one of delight and pride that he made his home with them.

Some one adopted one of his sons when the child was a baby. Knowing that the boy was in good hands, he seemed to forget all about him. Years afterward at a dinner party he met a young man whose wit and charm of manner pleased him greatly.

"Why, that is your son!" he was told.

"Indeed! I am pleased to hear it," was his remarkable reply.—Youth's Companion.

### Keeping Earlier Hours.

"One of the most noticeable changes that have come about in my experience," says a Maine traveler of 50 years, "is in the evening life of our towns and cities. Why, it isn't so many years ago that in any Maine city the places of business would all be open of an evening. Lawyers would be in their offices, the mechanics in their shops, the merchants in their stores and everybody pegging away busily.

"Mills and factories even would run until 7:30. Now go through almost any Maine city or village of an evening and you'll find the business wheels at a standstill. The lawyers, mechanics, merchants, in fact almost everybody, is idle. No one now attempts to do much of an evening. Social life claims its own when the sun goes down, and either the home circle, the club or the theater has the people. Perhaps 50 years hence we'll no longer work afternoons."—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

### An Indian's Idea of Time.

When the railway was first opened in new parts of India, it took a long time and many bitter experiences to convince the natives that a train always started on time. Shortly after the opening of the new line a deputy commissioner sent his native servant with his letter bag to put on board the mail car. Presently the man returned with the bag, having missed the train. "You had not a half a mile to go, and you knew that the train left the station at 3 o'clock," said the angry commissioner. "Yes, truly," answered the native in an aggrieved tone; "but, sahib, when it strikes 3 here, the train goes from there."—New York Clipper.

### Driving the Herring.

It is a novel and interesting sight, says a Lubec paper, on dark nights to watch the fishermen in the bay "drive herring." The fishermen arrange a pole with a shallow scoop on the end filled with birch bark, which is set blazing where the fish are supposed to be. In a short time the water will fairly boil with them, so eager are the silly and frantic fish to get near the light. A large net is let down very carefully and filled and then drawn into the boat. The herring taken in this way number hundreds of hogsheads in a season and are used for canning and smoking purposes.

### Secrecy.

There is often a duty of secrecy where no definite promise has been exacted. We are not sensitive enough or delicate enough in this respect. We sometimes say, "It was not told to me in confidence," when a very little reflection would show us that such was intended and taken for granted.—New York Mail and Express.

### A Busy Scribe.

First Reporter (big daily paper)—What's the matter?

Second Reporter—I worked for two mortal hours over that lost child and spent about $2 for candy and toys trying to coax him to tell what his name was, so I could take him to his parents and write it up. Thought I'd get about a column of affecting scenes out of it.

"Didn't you succeed?"

"Yes. He told finally."

"Then what are you grumbling about?"

"He's my own son."—Sioux Falls Leader.