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An Unexpected Result.

"Mary! Mary!"

The landlady's voice echoed shrilly down the deserted hallway of the King's Cross hotel.

Deserted, we say, for at this time of the year little traveling patronage was vouchsafed to King's Cross.

The postmaster boarded at the hotel, and the town clerk had a room there, and the farmers dined there of market days (which only came once a week), but the arrival of a real live guest from the railway station, four miles away, always created a flutter.

King's Cross was a dreary little hamlet, scattered, in an inconsequent fashion, along the ragged Maryland coast, with a round lighthouse, whose eye of revolving flame glared wickedly out to sea at stormy nights; there was a bathing beach, more or less washed away by the capricious tides, and an irregular street of old stone houses and wooded cottages.

There was a post office, a village store, and an ancient stone church, whose graveyard, on a steep side-hill, seemed to be slipping down the bank, in a succession of rude terraces, until its downward course was promptly arrested by a hedge of gnarled and hoary yew, at the foot.

And this was King's Cross—one of the oldest and ugliest villages on the Maryland coast.

"Mary! I say, Mary, where are you?"

Once more Mrs. Yorke's voice sent its cracked burden down the paved hall, and a tall pretty girl came hurriedly up through the tall, purple spikes of the lilac-trees in the back garden.

"Were you calling me, Mrs. Yorke? Oh, I am very sorry, but—"

"Calling you!" Mrs. Yorke put her hand plaintively to her throat, and rolled her eyes up toward the ceiling, by way of evincing great mental and physical prostration. "Calling you! And where may I venture to ask, have you been?"

Mary Folyott was a pale, violet-eyed girl, with hair of the real Scotch gold, a delicate profile, and sensitive red lips.

"I—I have been to the graveyard," she murmured, "with some wild roses and white lilies. Oh, Mrs. Yorke, pardon me! I ran both ways; but it was Decoration Day, and I did not want his grave to be desolate and neglected, while every one else's was loaded with flowers."

"Mary Folyott, I'm surprised at you!" said Mrs. Yorke. "He's dead and buried, and, by all accounts, though I never saw the young man, you couldn't treat him decently while he was living. I don't think it signifies much about flowers now that he's gone. And you're here, I beg you to remember, to work for me, and not to carry flowers to other folkses' graves!"

Mary Foyott hung her head; but she was well accustomed to eat the bitter bread of dependence.

How brief a while ago it was that she was the petted darling of fortune! Now, orphaned, penniless and alone, she was drudge-in-chief to Mrs. Yorke, of King's Cross Hotel, her father's second cousin.

"Come, make haste!" said Mrs. Yorke. "There's a gentleman came in the nine o'clock stage. He's in Number Nineteen, and he wants his breakfast, and old Cassy's got the toothache, and won't lift a finger. Stir up some muffins and fry some eggs, there's a dear, and I'll be broiling chicken and getting the coffee ready."

Mechanically Mary obeyed. It was rather a monotonous life for a girl of eighteen; but after all Mrs. Yorke was fairly kind in her way when there was no especial hurry, and when Cassy, the cook, did not aggravate her, or Mr. Yorke give way to his particular failing of too much Bourbon whiskey.

Mary stood in the cool shadows of the vine leaves that veiled the milk-room window, listening to the rush of the surf on the shore, and watching the robins dart in and out of the old button-ball trees, and stirred the English muffins with busy fingers, while her thoughts went sorrowfully back to the grave under the shadow of the yew hedge, where she had left the white lillies and the crushed heap of fragrant roses.

'Not even a sunbeam!" she had said, rebelliously, as she pushed back the gray-green yew, breaking off the branches and bending back the spurs in a sort of hot anger. "He shall have sunshine on his grave—to-day at least."

And as Mary worked, the slow tears trickled one by one down her cheek.

She had loved Hugh Derby very dearly, but she had a coquettish element through her nature—like most women, unfortunately—and he had gone away to the far South, believing that she did not care for him.

And then had come the dreadful railroad accident, and they had brought back his body to be buried at King's Cross, because the railroad corporation owned a lot in the old churchyard, and it was the most convenient place for the interment of the poor victims of the mishap.

There they lay, side by side, their graves marked only by rude stone crosses, inscribed simply by the name and death date of each sleeper.

And Mary felt that her heart was broken and lifeless within her forever.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Yorke had said. "It won't last—nothing lasts. Why, I had just such experience when I was a gal. There was Abe Alexon, as drove a tin-peddler's wagon, the likeliest fellow you ever set eyes on. Me and him was as good as engaged, but we had a spat and parted, and the very next week he fell over King's Cross Cliff of a dark night and was killed. Bless you, I felt as if the whole world had come to an end; but here I be now married to Hiram Yorke, and as happy as most folks. Hiram ain't perfection, to be sure, but Abe was pretty partial to old rye, too, or he'd never have drove his old horse over King's Cross Cliff instead o' 'round it. And I reckon things al'ays happen for the best, take one year with another," contentedly added the stout matron, as she stirred a saucepanful of onions with a ponderous tin spoon, while Mary Folyott winced at the unpalatable parallel.

What was there in common between handsome Hugh Derby and the luckless hero who, once on a time, peddled tin and drank too much?

The muffins were baked, the eggs fried to the exact shade of golden brown, and the breakfast for "the gentleman in Number Nineteen" safely off her mind, when Mary Folyott stole down to the graveyard once more, with a basket of delicious white rhododendrons, which a little colored girl had just brought her from the woods.

"I done knowed yo' loved white posies, missee," said Cora Anne, who was in Miss Folyott's class at Sunday school, "so I done brung yo' dese yar!"

It was golden noontide now; the clusters of sweet fern exhaling aromatic scents; the cows standing in the shadow of the hazel copses; the ocean sparkling like a plain of blue diamonds.

The task of decorating the graves—for which King's Cross usullay turned out with a band, a covered wagon, and a concourse of straggling villagers—would not commence until three o'clock.

"They shall see that he has not been forgotten," said Mary, as she toiled along under the bowery apple branches, and past the rippling music of the little brook. "Oh, Hugh—my Hugh—if only I could recall one short hour of the past!"

She strewed the white rhododendrons on the green sod, as the words escaped involuntarily from her lips.

"Oh, Hugh—dear Hugh—if I could only speak to you once again!" she uttered, aloud.

"Speak, then, dearest Mary! My Mary, if I were indeed dead and in heaven, I think I could not be happier than I am now."

The basket of rhododendrons fell to the ground. Mary Folyott would have fallen, too, if she had not been caught in a pair of strong arms.

"Darling Mary, do not turn so white!" pleaded her lover. "I am not a ghost, no phantom! I am Hugh Derby's self, alive and well, come back to lay my heart at your feet, and claim the love that is so precious to me. It isn't so impossible as you think. I'm not dead, and I never have been dead. But the poor fellow who had the bed next to mine in the Accident Ward of the St. Monica's Hospital, died the night they brought him in, and the cards at our bed-heads got accidentally changed. I was No. 4, and when my number was affixed to another bed, I lost my identity at once. We are not Smith or Brown in a hospital, Mary—we are only Six or Four, as the case may be. So when poor Maurice Blenheim died, in the bed labelled '4,' they turned to their books and made out a burial certificate for Hugh Derby, one of the victims of the railroad accident. And before I recovered from the brain fever that followed on the blow I received from the end of the car seat when I fell they had me duly buried with all the honors of book and bill. I couldn't make 'em believe that I was Hugh Derby, and not Maurice Blenheim, and so I left off trying. And, after all, what did it matter much? What charm had life left for me?"

"But, Hugh, I loved you."

"But, Mary, I did not know it; and so I dawdled away the sunshiny hours on those sweet Floridian shores, feeling so strange to be wandering alone, like a disembodied spirit, with out any identity at all, and half disposed to wonder for what especial use God had given me back my life, when all of a sudden the strong desire came upon me to travel northward to King's Cross—to look upon my own grave. Mary, I believe to heaven it was your love attracting me like an invisible magnet. Sweetheart, you have brought me back to you and now I never shall go away without you."

"I—I don't want you to!" whispered Mary Folyott, her soft cheeks suffused with blushes, her eyes shining like wet stars. "Oh, Hugh, I am so very, very happy. I haven't deserved this, Hugh, but I will never be silly or capricious again."

"Mary! Mary!" screamed the shrill falsetto voice of Mrs. Yorke. "Why, what has become of the child? She's here, and there and nowhere, like a will-o'-the-wisp. Mary! is that you coming up the lane? And Cassy sick, and old Betsey gone home to her sister's funeral! I should like to know what is to become of Number Nineteen's dinner, with the chickens scorching, and the bread-sauce to be made, and the cherry tartlets not looked at? You are getting too careless for anything, and—Oh, good gracious me, sir," with a prodigious start, "I'm sure I beg a thousand pardons, but—"

"Am I always hereafter to be known by a number, like a lottery ticket? said Hugh laughing. "Never mind the dinner, Mrs. Yorke—Miss Folyott could tell you that I am an old friend of hers."

And when Mrs. Yorke heard the story, she was quite willing to concede that truth was stranger than fiction; and for an instant it seemed almost possible that Abe, the tin-peddler, might yet appear in this mundane sphere.

"One thing wouldn't be more impossible than t'other," said she, as she weighed out spices for a pudding.

While Hugh and Mary, walking by the sea, watched the purple portals of sunset close on the beautiful Decoration Day which had brought such a gift of happiness to their hearts.—*Saturday Night.*

HOW TO USE SALT.

One of the Very Best Things Used on the Farm When Properly Applied.

It should not be used on cold, heavy or moist soils, and if any one does, he will be disappointed in the result, as its tendency is to keep the ground cool and moist. It will do such soil more harm than good. It should not be cast upon very young and tender plants of any kind, as it will be very sure to kill them.

Judgment should be employed in using so strong and active an agent, but I think, indeed I know, that some men do not use any. I had a friend who heard me in a lecture recommend salt on onion beds, when I strictly urged that it should be dragged or worked in before the seed was sown; but forgetting what I said, or thinking it would make no difference, he did not salt until the onions were about two inches high, and it killed them all; which he laid to me, and meant to give me a fearful scolding, but sowing another root crop that turned out splendidly, he gave up the scolding. Had he waited until the tops were as big as a large pipe-stem, he might have covered the ground an inch deep, and his onions would have done finely.

Onions should be sown on the same ground year after year, as they continue to improve. There are yards a hundred years old, and their yield would astonish the common grower. The tops when cut off should be scattered over the ground (do not leave them in lumps), as they make the best food for the growing onions; then sow salt, and then put on a coat of manure.

I do not think salt is much of a fertilizer in itself, though plants take it up, as you can tell by tasting and by the stiffening and glazing of straw of a plant grown in salted ground. I think it acts upon and assimilates the gross matter in the soil so as to make it available food.

I learned the use of salt from the late General Wadworth, who told me he sowed from seventy-five to one hundred barrels on his home farm every fall, at the rate of two to the acre. I followed his rule, but sowed in the spring, as I plowed then, and every spring, put two barrels to the acre on all my plowed ground as long as I kept it up—usually four years—and dragged it in.

Having a hillside pasture which could not be easily plowed I thought I would try salt, which I did on one-half of it, casting on also what little wood-ashes I had, and the result was surprising. It killed all the weeds but the thistles, and caused a rapid and great growth of grass, and I doubt if one of my horses, cattle or sheep went on the unsalted part to feed during the whole season. The next season I sowed the other part in the same way, and so on for two or three years, until thoroughly redeemed. Wheat, grass, onions, potatoes and most root crops will stand a ton and a half to the acre, though it is not necessary to use this quantity, as they will thrive well with less.

In conclusion let me say my long experience in its use has fastened the conviction in my mind, whatever the rest of the world may say, that used it under proper conditions, in a proper way, and for certain purposes and ends, there is nothing equal to it, and that it is one of the very best things used on the farm.—*C. E. Hewes, in Country Gentleman.*

The Position Taken During Sleep.

A very larg number of adults form the habit of sleeping in one particular position, such as lying upon their right or left side. A smaller number sleep upon the back. Some persons sleep with the head greatly extended; more often it is flexed considerably upon the trunk Many must have the head greatly elevated; others can only sleep with the head very low. Some observation made by Dr. G. Nosovitch (*Wratsch*) upon 235 soldiers showed that 375 per cent slept upon the right side, 23 per cent on the left, and 6 5 per cent on the back.

It has yet to be determined wether any particular harm can come from sleeping in a certain position which the indivual unconsciously assumes. A popular belief exists to the effect that the liver, being a heavy organ, tends to press the abdominal viscera when a person lies on the left side. At any rate more persons, sleep on the right side than on the left, as an experience and Nosovittch's statistics show. The author in question believes, also that the posture in sleep influences the extension of a bronchitis. He found, for example, that in 235 cases referred to, all of whom had this disorder, in 97 it was left-sided, in 72 right-sided, and in 66 on both sides. He thinks that the preponderance of the bronchitis on the left side was due to the tact that there was a greater expansion of this side during sleep, and, consequently, a greater ingress of cold air or of the morbific particles causing the disease.

Some writers have thought that the position in sleeping has an influence upon the fæces through the colon, the position on the right side being especially unfavorable to emptying the colon. Repose on the left side, on the other hand, favors the gravitation of faeces from the traverse into the descending colon, and is therefore to be preferred by those suffering from habitual constipation (J. S. Jewell).

A recent writer has argued strongly for that view that the head should be lower than the feet during sleep, and he claims that more perfect health and greater longevity will result from such approximatetopsy-turviness. The contrary position; with the head and trunk considerably raised, sometimes relieves cramps in the legs. It is well known that some chronic nervous affections, more particularly nocturnol epilepsy and some forms of insomnia, are sometimes benefited by sleeping in a partially erect posture.

It appears, that the posture during sleep is a matter deserving some attention from physicians, and that some actual therapeutic result may be obtained by looking after its details.—*Med. Record.*

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	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yea
1 square	$ 2 00	$ 4 00	$ 5 00	$ 6 00	$8 00
¼ column	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	18 00
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GENERAL TAX LAW FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

AN ACT

REGULATING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES IN THE SEVERAL BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.,* That the qualified electors of each borough and township in this Commonwealth shall, on the third Tuesday of February of each year hereafter, elect an officer, to be styled collector of taxes, whose term of office shall commence on the first Monday of April next after his election.

SECTION 2. The courts of quarter sessions shall have power to fill, by appointment, all vacancies in the said office, within their respective counties. And, if any person elected to fill said office shall fail to give bond and qualify as hereinafter provided, on or before the fourth day of the term of said court next ensuing his election, the said court shall declare his office vacant and appoint a suitable person, resident in the proper borough or township, to fill the same.

SECTION 3. The collector of taxes shall, before he enters upon the duties of his office, take and subscribe an oath of office, and file the same in the office of the court of quarter sessions of the proper county, and shall also enter into a bond to the Commonwealth, in double the probable amount of taxes that will come into his hands, with at least two sufficient surities; said bond to be approved by the said court or a judge thereof in vacation, and filed in the office of the clerk of the said court; the condition of which bond shall be, that the said collector shall well and truly collect and pay over or account for, according to law, the whole amount of taxes charged and assessed in the duplicates, which shall be delivered to him.

SECTION 4. The several county, borough, township, school, poor and other authorities now empowered, and which may hereafter be empowered, to levy taxes within the several boroughs and townships of this Commonwealth, shall, on or before the first day of August of each year after the first election of collector of taxes under this act, issue their respective duplicates of taxes assessed to the collector of taxes of their respective boroughs and townships with their warrants attached, directing and authorizing him to collect the same, but road taxes may be worked out as heretofore: *Provided,* That such special and other road taxes, as it may be lawful and necessary to collect in money, may, at the discretion of the supervisors or road commissioners, be placed in the hands of the collector of taxes, with their warrant for collection by him; for which he shall receive five per centum of the amount collected by him, or the same may be collected by the supervisors or road commissioners as heretofore. *Provided further,* That the limitations in this act, as to time and the requirements hereof relating to keeping an alphabetical list of persons charged with taxes, shall not apply to road taxes.

SECTION 5. The collector of taxes shall have all the power for the collection of said taxes, during his term of office, heretofore vested in collectors of county taxes under existing laws, and be subject to the same liabilities and penalties for neglect, or violation of the duties of his office.

SECTION 6. The collector of taxes shall provide an appropriate book, the cost of which shall be allowed to him in the settlement of his accounts, in which he shall enter in alphabetical order the names of all persons charged with taxes in the duplicates aforesaid, and showing the amount of such tax charged against each person, which book shall be at all times open to the inspection of each taxpayer, and shall be delivered by the collector of taxes at the expiration of his term to his successor in office.

SECTION 7. Where any duplicate of taxes assessed is issued and delivered to the collector of taxes, it shall be the duty of said collector to give public notice as soon thereafter as conveniently can be done, by at least ten written or printed notices to be posted in as many public places in different parts of the township or borough, that said duplicate has been issued and delivered to him; and all persons, who shall within sixty days from the date of said notice make payment of any taxes charged against them in said duplicate, shall be entitled to a reduction of five per centum from the amount thereof; and all persons, who shall fail to make payment of any taxes charged against them in said duplicate for six months after notice given as aforesaid, shall be charged five per cent. additional on the taxes charged against them, which shall be added thereto by said collector of taxes and collected by him.

SECTION 8. The collector of taxes shall, in person or by some person duly authorized, be in attendance for the purpose of receiving and receipting for taxes on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during the last two weeks of said sixty days, between the hours of two o'clock and six o'clock in the afternoon, at his residence, or some other place in the proper township or borough, to be designated by him in the notice aforesaid.

SECTION 9. The collector of taxes shall collect the taxes charged in said duplicates and pay over the same to the respective treasurers or authorities entitled thereto, after deducting his commission for the collection thereof, which is hereby fixed at two per centum on all taxes paid to him on which an abatement of five per centum is allowed, and at five per centum on all taxes afterwards collected: *Provided,* That where the total amount of taxes charged on a duplicate is less than one thousand dollars, the said collector shall receive three per centum on all taxes paid to him on which an abatement of five per centum is allowed.

SECTION 10. Exonerations may be made by the authorities and in the same manner as heretofore.

SECTION 11. The accounts of collectors of taxes shall be settled by township or borough auditors of the proper township or borough, and he shall state a separate account for each different tax collected by him; but collectors of county and State taxes shall settle with the county commissioners as heretofore.

SECTION 12. Taxes charged upon unseated lands shall not be collected by the collectors of taxes, but shall be certified and returned by the several authorities levying the same to the county commissioners to be collected as heretofore.

SECTION 13. So much of all general acts heretofore passed, as is inconsistent herewith, is hereby repealed, but this act shall not apply to any taxes, the collection of which is regulated by a local law.

APPROVED—The 25th day of June, A. D. 1885.

ROBT. E. PATTISON.