As a perfume doth remain In the folds where it hath fain, So the thought of you remaining Deeply folded in my brain, Will not leave me; all things leave me; You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go. Other moments I may know, That shall want me, in their going. As a breath blown to and fro.

Fragrant memories, fragrant memories, Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain In my heart where they have tain, Perfumed throughts remaining, A hid sweetness in my brain. Others leave me; all things leave me; You remain.

-Globe-Democrat.

IN A TEACUP.

Never was the soubrette of a farce or Blainvail, who, in silent melancholy furtive glance in her direction. and somber black, observed with strict decorum the first months of her widow-

One bright spring morning in the lence the result of her silly scheme. month of May, Julie found herself hand she held an open note, and in the other a brush, which, with idle carelessness, she swung to and fro. The bit of tinted paper which so occupied her attention was neither more nor less than a love letter, a declaration of a most tender and absorbing passion, and this was the tenth time Julie had perused its contents, well pleased with the gush of sentiment and flow of soul. As she read the words so closely penned, she mechanically waved the feather brush to and fro, little dreaming of danger to her surroundings, and | broken cup; but Julie was prudent, and was suddenly awakened from her the accident was not repeated. This dream of bliss by hearing a crash as of a beavy fall and break, and, turning, days. Suddenly Madam Blainvail was ration. she saw that she had accomplished the destruction of a valuable china cup, and with an aspect by no means the most smiling she contemplated the wreck drink the mineral waters, so excellent her carelessness had brought about.

"What will madam say to me for having broken her Sevres cup?" she questioned doubtfully. "To make the matdead husband. I will certainly be well springs. scolded and perhaps discharged. What broken the bit of china I would then expected visit. The visitor was a man greeted the impulse. escape a volley of words and a storm of not particularly prepossessing apof frowns," added the girl quickly.

"I have an idea," she exclaimed, and, with these words, she ran hastily from he said, "you are a poet." the room and returned in a few mo- "It is a name and fame for which I ments with a stone, with which she strive," responded Ada/bert. the casement. Having done so, she it," continued the stranger, "and as a of the woman. laid the stone among the fragments of proof have come to order some of your ry to give a reason for the act, in order virons." to prevent Madam Blainvail from suspecting the ruse.

"Here is the very thing," said the of the accident. "There are no names felow, undertake the poetical matter? Madam Blainvail was alone. Adalbert mentioned, and it will answer perfect. If you accept you will be obliged to approached a small table, on which

could therefore well afford the sacri- two thousand francs will be paid you. fice. Quickly was the epistle wrapped Come, what is your answer?" around the stone, the entire arrangement promising great success. A half hour elapsed and Madam Blainvail entered the room. She was, as usual, sad and depressed, and clad in the departure, and soon the young Frenchdeepest weeds, which enhanced the elegance of her figure, and rendered by him. contrast all the more fair the ivory

people dare intrude thus upon my afflic- china cup. The opportunity was fa- ago?" tion-dare write me such effusions? I vorable for a literary debut. The book, can scarcely believe that it is for me, he knew, would be sumptuously bound you." and yet it must be intended for the, and exquisitely illustrated; and, with since I find it upon the floor of my bou- a thrill of ambition and high resolve,

That which most offended Madam wings and vowed to realize renown,

"At any cost I will discover the name of the man who has dared thus to ad- mentioned among those of the other dress me in such language," she said, guests who had arrived. One evening after a moment's thought. "It must be at a ball given in the hotel, she perfrom one of my neighbors."

been thrown opened upon the garden. curiosity the building, and subsequent- tirdy unobserved by the poet. ly made inquiry. On the ground floor an English lady with her two daughters lived in perfect retirement. On the pleted. Full of hope and bright expecfirst story an old general resided, who tuttion, he assembled his friends and a until Mathilde Blainvail was the wife bad long relinquished military life. Above, an honest family, consisting of those, in fact, in whom he entertained a father, mother and seven children. confidence-and confided his bright had been deceived.-From the French The third floor was to rent. Madani Blainvail had never looked at the warmly applauded. Rejoicing in their fourth story. She did so now, and per- praise, he sought the editor, and was ceived a young man standing at one of astonished that he did not appear to the windows. His eyes were raised to recognize him. heaven in thought. His face was expressive and attractive. On inquiry, Madam Blainvail found that he was a respecting the nature of his mission. poet by the name of Adalbert. For a length of time the young man stood in sorry to say business is dull; there is mute reflection, and then, without no demand for literature, and we are in the fresh halibut season, while the turning his eyes toward the widow, obliged to retrench our expesses."

vail, for the instant forgetting her an- please you." noyance, "and it must be that man; it can be no other.'

Having attained the ninth month of her widowhood, the moment was propitious for a new fancy-not that Madam | the name of heaven, am I to do with Blainvail did not mourn, but heg heart was softened by affliction and naturally yearned for sympathy, and recognized one corner at least in which consolation would be received. Under such circumstances the first applicant is most successful, if he but knows how to profit by his advantages.

Chance favored Adalbert, and served of the letter was a problem which excited curiosity and awakened interest. Had an ordinary admirer arrivel by the beaten track, Madam Blainvail would have scorned his addresses-would have turned a deaf ear-but one who made his declaration through the violence of breaking window panes and costly china merited consideration; to recollection of the proceeding. moreover, there could be no doubt as to the author, and there existed a singular and forcible contrast between the refinement of the young man's appearcance and the cavaller style of the letcomedy livelier, wittier or more pro- ter. Still the whole affair appeared odd voking than Julie Marau, and quite in the extreme, for why should a man livion," continued the publisher, as he the opposite of her mistress, Madame write thus who had never cust even a

The more she though of the matter the more deeply interested she became; and Julie, much amused, watched in st-

Again Adalbert returned to the winstanding in the center of Madame dow, and this time his eyes were turned Blainvail's charming boudoir. In one toward terrestrial objects. As he glanced in the direction of the Hotel charmed by her beauty and grace, deemed her an object worthy of his

"The distance is great between us," thought the poet. "I must lessen it." As we have said, it was spring. Madam B'ainvail had drawn her piano near the open window, and every morning was devoted to the practice of her music. Each time she entered her boudoir she glarced around for another state of affairs continued for about ten compelled to leave Paris, her health bethreatened. The physician induced her at once to hasten to Baden, in order to

for the recovery of health and spirits. The widow, unable to frame an objection to the suggestion, although unwillingly, nevertheless, yielded, and ac-

On the day of the departure of Madpearance.

"If I am not mistaken, monsieur,"

"Did you say Baden?" inquired Ada: assumed?" bert.

"And you will go to Baden?"

"Without delay."

man had left the gay city far behind you did accomplish that result; before Adalberf was much surprised at this

whiteness of her skin. The widow at streak of good fortune. He could not once perceived the shattered cup, and imagine how his talent, which was soon the anger she felt at the loss or scarcely above me liocrity, could have continued Adalbert; "but, at the same this frail relic of the past gave way to obtained for him this fine offer. He litindignation on reading the billet doux. Ce dreamed his success and renown "Is it possible," she murmured, "that sprang from the simple breaking of a the writer determined to spread his

Blainvail was the impertinence of the Monsieur Adalbert reached Baden style-the freedom of expression. Had and devoted himself to such research it been written in accordance with con- as his task required. The environs ventional rules, it would have produced were visited and explored, and not a single spot of interest was forgotten.

Madam Blainvail had heard his name ceived Adalbert standing in the midst The window through which Madam of a group of young men. On leaving of the offender." Blainvail imagined the missive had the party he passed the spot where s.e was seated, without appearing to Opposite was a large and elegant observe her, and then disappeared like ing the lovely widow a fresh charm in house, with the inhabitants of which a simdow. They met again and again, the lady was personally unacquainted. each time with growing interest on the For the first time she examined with part of the lady, who seemed to be en- fact.

After an absence of six months Adalbert returned to Paris, his labor comprospects. He read his work, and was

"I have brought you my manuscript," said Adalbert, in reply to his request

"Your manuscript! Ab, yes; but I am

"It is strange," thought Madam Blain. Adarbert; "but 1 hope my poems will

"Poems! What poems?"

"The poems you ordered, descriptive of Baden." "There is some mistake. What, in

poetry? "Do! Why, have you forgotten that you ordered me to write verses for the

new album?" "I! I ordered you to write verses?" "You did."

"Certainly you must be the victim of some strange dream. Why, I only publish books on jurisprudence. What, then, him as a passport. Even the insolence in the name of all that is just, am I to do with poems?"

"I cannot be deceived," continued Adasbert. "Surely you are the man who gave me the two thousand francs in advance."

"Oh, yes; now that you mention that circumstance, I do recall the fact," said his listener, as though suddenly brought

"I thought I was not mistaken," replied the poet. "Oh, dear, no; the commission was given you last May."

"Yes, in May." "You will excuse my momentary obreceived the manuscript and immedi-

ately paid the sum due on receipt. The volume was published shortly after, but without vignettes, and was wonderfully successful. Encouraged by this good fortune, Adalbert now dared to again turn his eyes toward the Hotel Blainvail, and to gaze fixedly upon the young and beautiful woman, so much the object of his thoughts, and who Blainvail he perceived the widow, and, had long been the recipient of his most ardent love.

Madam Blainvail, who was now only in slight mourning, gave a ball to celebrate the marriage of a near relative, Through the kindness of a mutual friend, Henry Adalbert was invited, and, for the first time, the widow and

her admirer spoke. On seeing Madam Blainvail near, and observing her very aparent agitation when he addressed her, Henri was surprised and pleased, and soon his conversation warmed into a tender and passionate avowal of his ardeat adm:

Mathilde Blainvail distened to what seemed to her but the reiterated expression of all that had been written months before.

"At last he has told me in person," she thought, "and in listening to the words I am happy."

Encouraged by her smile, Adalbert ter worse it was given to her by her companied by her uncle, started for the spoke on, and she in no look or word chided the utterance of so much love, or even the stealing of a kiss. The simif I charge some one else with having am Blainvail, Adalbert received an un. ple exclamation of "Oh, Henril" alone

To Adulbert this love was new; to Mathilde Blainvail it was an old story. for, in the letter she still treasured, she believed the heart of Adalbert had first found utterance, Adalbert, unconscious of the existence of said letter, looked proceeded to break a pane of glass in "I know of your talent, and esteem with surprise upon the easy conquest

"I must see to it," he thought, "May china. That this accident had occurred verses. You will not be surprised when it not be imprudent to marry a widow through an outside source it was Julie's I tell you that I am an editor. I wished who can so readily forget her dead Intention to imply; but, as windows are to publish an album for the New Year, spouse and seems to absorb with avidnot broken for nothing, it was necessa- an album entitled "Baden and Its En- ity an avowal which the sex are apt to receive coyly, even if that coyness be

Having determined to solve all "Yes, Baden, It will be filled with It. doubts, and loving while doubting, girl, as she took from her pocket the Justrations of this department; a fine Adalbert requested permission to call note which had been in part the cause artist has charge. Will you, my dear on the following day. When he arrived commence without delay, as there is no were placed some fragments of china. Julie knew the contents by heart, and time to lose. An advance payment of a stone, and a note tied with a blue ribbon. As he was about to extend his hand to examine a piece of the china, "That I accept," responded Adalbert. Madum Blainvail exclaimed: "Be careful, or you may break another cup."

'Another cup?" responded Henri in Hasty preparations were made for his surprise. "I do not understand you." "Perhaps not; but let me tell you that

> you are the pieces." "The pieces! The pieces of what?"

"Why, of the cup, to be sure." "I may appear exceedingly stupid," time, allow me to say I do not compre-

"Can you recall a morning six months "Yes, the one on which I first saw

"Well, and how about the letter?"

"Letter! What letter?" "The letter you set me."

"I never sent you a letter."

hend you."

"Not tied to a stone?" "Tied to a stone? No, upon my honor."

"I will refresh your memory. Look at this stone and then at this letter, which was thrown by you through that window. I understand your unwilllingness to acknowledge the authorship of the letter, which is by no means a creditable effusion; but I have long since pardoned the offense for the sake

This explanation at once cleared alt doubt in the mind of Adalbert, accordso much as her love had been his, even before he himself was aware of the

Having gained by the error, and fearing to dispel the illusion and perhaps call forth a rival, Adalbert accepted the proffered pardon, and it was not few of his old companions in misery of the poet that she learned, through the confession of Julie Manau, that she

Gloucester's Fishing Fleet.

The Gloucester (Mass.) fishing fleet comprises a total of 435 vesse's and boots above twenty tons burden, with a tonnage of 32,010 tons, a decrease of 18 yessels and 618 tons from last year. A large number of these vessels are engaged in the bank cod fishing, 50 sail remainder prosecute the mackerel, her-"I regret to hear this," responded ring, Georges and the inshore fisting,

WORLD'S COTTON SUPPLY.

3ome Interesting Facts Concerning the Great Staple.

It may be profitable to mass together ere some facts about cotton which will give to manufacturers and general readers information concerning one of the greatest of the world's industriesan industry, in fact, which is in touch in one way or another with practically

every human being who wears clothes. The American cotton crop of 1894-95 was the largest ever produced, be-Ing 9,836,860 bales, as against 7,532,350 bales of the preceding season. The consumption of cotton (including that produced by other countries) was as follows, in the year ending September 30 last: Continental Europe, 5,096,000 bales; Great Britain, 4,080,000 bales; United States, 3,148,000 bales. Comparing the use of cotton in 1890-91 with that in 1850-51 we find that the consumption in the United States increased 675 per cent., while that of Europe increased but 360 per cent. We shall soon be the greatest cotton spinning, as we are already the greatest cottongrowing, country in the world.

In 1893-94 the United States exported 75 per cent, of the total European supply. But we are also importers of cotton. Last season we took 59,418 bales from Egypt, 24,000 bales from Peru and 210 bales from China. The Egyptian cotton, being the long staple, is used for spnining soft varns for hosery. It is no better than our own Sea Island, but it is cheaper. The Peruvian cotton is coarse, and it is used only to mix with wool, which in some degree it resembles. This is the first importation of Chinese cotton since the war. The staple is coarse, harsh and weak. It

goes into rough woolens and carpets. India cotton is inferior even to our poor American cotton. The largest crop ever raised in that country was in 1890-91, and it amounted to 3,225,000 bales, of which 1,657,000 bales were exported. India sent to Europe last season only 462,000 bales. There has been a wonderful development of cotton manufacture in India under the stimulating influence of the protection afforded by silver demonstization. In 1863-64 India mills used only 23 per cent, of the domestic crop; in 1894-95 they used 54 per cent. The Indian consumption is increased from 550,000 bales in 1859-60 to 1,635,000 bales in

Mexico grows cotton. Her product is usually about 60,000 bales, all of which is spun at home, in addition to some 40,000 bales, more or less, imported from the United States. Of late years the Russian government has attempted with much success to encourage the cultivation of cotton in Asiatic Russia, where the annual crop of cotton is now about 300,000 bales. Cotton is grown also in Japan, Turkey, Persia and Greece. The product of the world was distributed in about this fashion

in 1893-04:
Bales
· Produced.
Europe 60,000
United States 8,925,000
Egypt 1,220,000
India 3,000,000
Turkestan, etc 300,000
Brazil
China and Corea
Peru and West Indies 30,000
Turkey and Persia 200,000
Japan 100,000
Mexico 60,000
Greece 10,000

Cremating the Killed in Battle. Recently the German Emperor called | CORN-Dry Pack...... for the opinions of the medical staff or the war department on the question of using cremation to disencumber a battlefield after a sanguinary combat. An invention of this kind would be of spprome interest to all governments as coming from a nation that most carefully studies the art of war. The idea is not novel, however, nor is Germany the first government to consider it. At the Intermitional Congress in Paris 28 years ago Dr. Bertoni, of Genoa, proposed cremation as the humanest, and from a sanitary point of view the soundest, method of disposing of the dead in battle, and his arguments were supported by Dr. Castighini, another Italian sanitarian.

Died on the Same Day.

After seventy years of married life togother, Snowden rules and his wife Eliza, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., died on the same day, within a few hours of each other, recently. Mr. Files was ninety-one years old and his wife was eighty-eight. Up to within a year the old man was in full possession of all his faculties and rode about the country on spirited horses. Indeed, he broke sevcred colts when he was nearly ninety years old.

A Sensitive Understanding.

"I do not know just what opinion to form of that woman," said the Boston lady. "I hope she doesn't mean just what

she says." "Why, I am sure she said nothing except what would indicate a person of

high character." "Didn't you hear her say that her husband's health worried her dreadfully? I hope for her sake and her husband's that she meant his lack of

Educating Chinese Children,

health."--Washington Star.

Dr. Eitel, the inspector of schools at Hougkong, says that the best educational theories of Europe, based as they are on observations of western children, are inapplicable to Chinese children, whose minds and environments are essentially different. In Hongkoug Chinese scholars spend from four to seven yours in studying English wiflout learning the language.

CABLE SPARKS.

The Spanish Cortes has been dissolved. The elections in Vienna passed off quietly. A large vote was polled and the anti-Semites carried everything.

The second reading of the evicted tenants bill was rejected by the House of Commons by a vote of 271 to 174.

Captain-General Weyler has prepared a proclamation to the Cuban insurgents offering fifteen days in which to surrender without molestation.

Nicaraguans are said to be generally arming, and the struggle between the Leonists and the government supporters is likely to

The Congress of Honduras has ratifled the treaty of union which was celebrated in June last between Honduras, Salvador and Nicaragus.

The Manitoba Legislature by a vote of 31 to 7 has protested against the interference with Manitoba's school laws by the Dominion government.

M. P. de Smet de Naeyer minister of finance has been appointe a premier in succession to M J. de Buriet, who resigned the presidency of the Beigian council of ministers.

It is thought in Paris that the coming debates on the proposed income tax will determine the fate of the government. The outlook is not considered bright for the minis-

Rev. Thomas Grace, rector of the Cathedral of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Sacramento, Cal., has been appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Sacramento, in succession to Rt. Rev. P. Monogue, D. D.

The choice of Mr. Aifred Austin as poet laureate of England, leaving such noble and in many respects incomparable singers as Algernon Charles Swinburne and William Morris out.of the reckoning, is an act which will call forth much criticism. Mr. Austin is a true poet, although not a master; is an able and industrious journalist, and even quotes his own poetry in his editorials, if his fellow journalists may be believed. He has also been an able special correspondent in the field. His verse is clear, correct and melodious. He has a liking for the conservative side of things, and will have small sympathy with the democratic leanings of the English masses. But as the poet who will probably be called to close the Victorian era with a "Memorial Ode," he must not blame the Anglo-Saxon world if at that period it sighs for Tennyson.

A Lesson in Humility.

"As you advance further in your art," said Gounod to a young poet, "you will come to think of the great poets of the past as I now appreciate the great musicians of former times. When I was your age I used to say 'I;' at 25 I said 'I and Mozart:' at 40, 'Mozart and I;' now I say 'Mozart.' "

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FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT..... 10 @

CHEESE-State.....

Opossum..... . 80 6.00 Otter..... NEW YORK FLOUR-Southern..... \$ 310 @ WHEAT-No. 2 Red..... 73% 743 RYE-Western..... BUTTER-State..... 13%

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 22

 BUTTER-State, .. EGGS-Fenna. ft.

Rats Are Clever Pupils,

Rats, according to a Russian showman who exhibits a tame troupe of the beasts, are more easily taught than dogs; they have a more retentive ear for language and greater adaptability than any other animals. Louise Michel, who is also fond of rats, has discovered many virtues in them. They have respect for the aged, family feeling and compassion for the urfortunate.

French Blue Laws.

One of the most curious applications of a Sunday law is reported from a French town, where a wheelman was arrested for repairing the tire of his wheel on the road on Sunday and condemned to pay a fine of 25 francs (\$5). The defense of the wheelman claimed the absolute and immediate necessity of repairing, a punctured tire being a proper motive for doing the work, which did not need the assistance of any professional laborer and which should not come under the law of Sunday rest. The court took a different view, however, and sentenced the wheelman.

If you have no bread to cast on the waters, then use taffy, of which the poorest has a supply.

What's a Bump?

In our peculiar vernacular, we say a bump on a log and a bump on a human being. What one might call a bump another one would call a thump. Thus we have a bump from a thump and a thump from a bump. In like manner, a bruise may cause a bump, and a bump may cause a bruise, or perhaps a thump may cause both. Well, what's the difference, so long as we suffer from either bump or bruise, we want to get rid of it. That's true, and the surest, quickest way to cure a bruise is at once to use St. Jacobs Oil. Then the question will be not what it is, but what it was, as it will promptly disappear.

Not a few men are like the amoeba-they live on what sticks to them.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family, and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

Meddlers are like mosquitoes; they torment but seldom hurt.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this: "In September, 1894, I made a misstep and

injured my ankle. Very soon aft

favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on, and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla," MRS. H. BLAKE, South Berwick, Me.

This and other similar cures prove that Hoods Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. \$1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills The best family cathartic and liver stimulant, 25c.

Mr. E. M. Cross, a special Associated l'ress reporter, who lives at 1916 Maple Avenue, Huntington, W. Va., has knowledge of the remarkable cure of Mrs. Martha Gilkison, the wife of a carpenter of the east end of the city, who, on the 22d of September, 1895, related her experience as follows: "For a good many years I have been bothered an awful sight with my stomach. I got so I couldn't eat anything at all without souring on my stomach. Lots of times while working I would spit up great mouthfuls of stuff bitter as gall. I kept getting worse all the time and took piles of doctor medicine, but I might as well took that much starch for all the good it done me. It run into neuralgia of the stomach and worked itself all over me. Dr. Gardener, the new doctor up on Twentieth Street, told me when I saw him it was my stomach that caused all the trouble and give me an order to the drug store. I took it there, and the boy give me a box of Ripans Tabules. I began getting better, and have used a little over two boxes, and am now sound and well. (Signed), MARTHA GILEISON, No. 1820 Fourth Avenue,

Huntington, W. Va."