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lon county, at Shirleysburg. [oct4, '78-tf TOR SALE -Stock of first-class old nt. Owner retiring from business.
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Companions on the Road.

Life's milestones marking year on year Pass ever swiftner as we nea The final goal, the silent end To which our fated footsteps tend. A year once seemed a century, New like a day it hurries by, And doubts and fears our hearts oppress, And all the way is weariness.

Ah me! how glad and gay we were, Youth's sap in all our veins astir, When long ago with spirits high, A happy careless company, We started forth, when everything Wore the green glory of the Spring, And all the fair wide world was ours To gather as we would its flowers! Then, life almost eternal seemed.

And Death a Jream so vaguely dreamed

That in the distance scarce it threw A cloud-shade on the mountains blue That rose before us soft and fair, Clothed in ideal bues of air. To which we meant in after-time, Strong in our manhood's strength to climb. How all has changed ! Years have gone by, And of that joyous company Who—who are left? Alas, not one! Love earliest loitered on the way, Then turned his face and slipped away; And after him with footsteps light The fickle Graces took their flight, And all the careless joys that lent Their revelry and merriment Grew silenter, and ere we knew, Had smiled their last and said "adieu. Hope faltering then with doubtful mind, Began to turn and look behind, And we, half questioning were fain, To follow with her back again;

But Fate still urged us on our way And would not let us pause or stay. Then to our side with plaintive eye, In place of Hope came Memory, And murmured of the Past, and told Dear stories of the days of old, Until its very dross seemed gold, And Friendship took the place of Love. And strove in vain to us to prove That Love was light and insincere-Not worth a man's regretful tear. Ab! all in vain-grant 'twas a cheat, Yet no voice ever was so sweet— No presence like to Love's who threw Enchantment over all we knew:

And still we listen with a sigh, And back, with fond tears in the eye, We gaze to catch a glimpse again Of that dear place—but all in vain. Preach not, O stern Philosophy! Nought we can have, and nought we see Will ever be so pure, so glad, So beautiful as what we had. Our steps are sad-our steps are slow-

Nothing is like the long ago, Gone is the keen, intense delight— The perfume faint and exquisite-The glory and the affluence That haloed the enraptured sense, That indeed the chraptured scines, When Faith and Love were at our side, And common life was defied.

Our shadows that we used to throw Behind us, now before us grow; For once we walked toward the sun, But now, Life's full meridian done They change, and in their chill we move Further away from Faith and Love. A chill is in the air—no more Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar, But creep along the level way, Waiting the closing of the day. The Future holds no wondrous prize This side Death's awful mysteries; Beyond what waits for us, who knows?

Blackwood's Magazine The Story-Teller. THE FAITHFUL GUEST.

New life, or infinite repose?

A NIGHT OF DANGER AT MAPLETON.

There was something, I forget what, to take grandfather and grandmother away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burn's Hollow. It may have been a funeral or some religious their best in the gig, with old Ajax harto the house for grandpa's spectacles, and had seen the gig vanish in the distance, I

he upper rooms alone. kitchen, Hannah Oakes and an Irish lad frame. Authory. I heard them laughing merrily It was a slight noise, but at that me

grand niece or nephew." "Who brought the news?" I asked. "Anthony, miss," said Hannah. "He

nah, 'she's a grand aunt.' " all night, and I feel nervous. To be sure, there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late." I repeated

in some peculiar danger. Hannah promised, and, after doing all I heavy shoes on the garden walk outside. Early as it was, I had dropped the cur tain and lighted the wax candles on the mantel, and I sat long over my tea, finding certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

an intimate friend. I waited, expecting turned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony to open the door, but, finding he Anthony's breast. did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only | Then ten minutes after-ten minutes in make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch; but when I spoke it advanced, and by the light of the hall lamp rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old I saw a black man. I had always had a Ajax were heard without, and my grand sort of fear of a negro, and instinctively parents were with me. shrunk away, but as I did so he spoke in a husky whisper: "This is Massa Mor ungrateful to our preserver; needless, alton's isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied; "but grandfather is I retreated as he advanced

"Please, Miss," he said, "Judge B. sent afford an opportunity, he had decoyed me here He said Massa 'ud help me on. Hannah away with a lie, and hid in the Let me stay here a night, Miss. I's trab study. He knew nothing of the negro's bled five days since I left him. Hidin' presence in the house, and, being naturally lub ob heaben, Miss, let me hide some submitted without a struggle. Morton 'ud help me, and it's kept me up. slave no longer, met his wife and children Missus will, I know."

admitting a stranger in his absence. Caution and pity struggled within me.

At last I said: "You have a note from the Judge, I suppose, sir?" "I had some writin' on a paper," said the man, "but I's lost it de night it rained

so. Ah! Miss I's tellin' de truff-Judge sent me, sure as I's a sinner. I's been helped along so far, and 'pears like I get to Canady. Can't go back noways. Wife's dare, and the young uns. Got clear a year for the rich, but it won't do for the poor. ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebry day of

you, Miss.

rap had come, and the kitchen was close at somebody. Good nature is the cheapest hand, I led him thither. When I saw commodity in the world; and love is the how worn he was, how wretched, how his only thing that will pay 10 per cent. to eyes glistened, and how under his rough could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. have a false standard of greatness in the blue shirt his heart beat so that you I brought out cold meat and bread, drew United States. We think here, that a a mug of eider, and spread them on the man must be great, that he must be notofind Anthony, to whom I intended to give his name must be on the putrid lips of directions for his lodging throughout the Rumor. It is all a mistake. It is not

bout the house or garden. Hannah must have taken him with her the legal tender of the soul.

cross the lonely road to Mapleton. It was natural, but I was angry. Yet I longed for Hannah's return, and listened very anxiously until the clock struck 9. Then, instead of her footsteps, filled with divine affection. No matter I heard the patter of raindrops and the whether you are rich or poor, treat your rumbling thunder, and looking out saw

that a heavy storm was coming on. Now, certainly, grandpa and grandma would not come, and Hannah, waiting for did thing to think that the woman you the storm to pass, would not be here for really love will never grow old to you? hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone, and I felt a certain pride the mask of years, if you really love her, in conducting myself bravely under these you will always see the face you loved and trying circumstances.

Accordingly I went up-stairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters, and carried them kitchenward. carried them kitchenward. on the settee yonder, and be easy for the hand and heart. I like to think of it in terrible storm as this, and no doubt grand

pa will assist you when he returns home. Good night "Good night, and God bless you, Miss," still speaking in a very husky whisper .-

And so I left him. But I did not go up stairs to my bedroom. I intended for that night to re main dressed, and sit up in grandpa's arm chair, with candles and a book for company, Therefore I locked the door, took the most comfortable position, and opening a vol-

ume, composed myself to read.

Reading I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was awakened by a w sound like the prying of a chisel. At first it mixed with my dream so completely that I took no heed of it, but at last I understood that some one was at anything. work upon the lock of the door. I sat perfectly motionless, the blood

curdling in my veins, and still chip. chip, chip, went the terrible little instrument, until at last I knew whence the sound Back of the sitting-room was grandpa's tudy. There, in a great old fashioned

chest, were stored the family plate, grand ma's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and valuable papers. The safe itself stood in a closet recess, and at the closet the thief was now at work. The thief-ah, without doubt, the negro I had fed and sheltered. Perhaps the next act would be to murder

me if I listened. The storm was still meeting, for they both drove off dressed in raging, but though the road was lonely, better that than this house with such hornessed to it; and after I had tucked in rible company. I couldn't save my grandgrandma's iron gray silk skirt and ran back father's property, but I could save my own

I crept across the room and into the hall felt lonely. Burn's Hollow was a lone- and to the door. Then, softly as I could, some, rambling mansion, which might have I unfastened the bars and bolts, but, alas! sheltered a regiment, and had a ghostly one was above my reach I waited and listened. Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing There were but two servants in the so I struck my shoulder against the door

together, for, though Hannah was an old ment the chip of the chisel stopped. I oman, she was full of fun, and in five heard a gliding foot, and, horror of horninutes the door opened and Hannah came rors, a man came in from the study, sprung toward me, and clutched me with both "Please, miss," said she, as she set it hands, holding my arms as in a vise, while down, "may I run over to Mapleton to he hissed in my ear: "You'd tell, would night? My sister's daughter had a boy you? You'd call help? You might bet last night, they say, and I want to see it, ter have slept, you had; for, you see, nat'rally—it's the first I've ever had of grand niece or nephew."

you've got to pay for waking I'd rather hev left a chick like you off; but you know me now, and I can't let you live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled met George-that's my niece's husband- with an awful surprise; for now that it when he was out after the cow, straying was close to me I saw, not the negro, but as she always is, and told him to tell Han- our own hired man, Anthony-Anthony, whom I had supposed to be miles away "You may go," I said, "but don't stay with Hannah. He was little more than a late. Grandpa and grandma may be away youth, and I had given him many a present, and had always treated him well.

I pleaded with him kindly. "Anthony, I never did you any harm; this injunction with a sort of fright steal I am young; I am a girl. Don't kill me. ing over me-a presentiment of evil, I Anthony Take the money; don't kill

might say -and something prompted me to add: "Be back by 9." Why, I can"You'll tell on me." said Anthony dognot say; but I felt as if by 9 I should be gedly; "likely I'd be caught. No, I have got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my required, went away, and I heard her shoulders, and clutched my throat fiercely I had time to utter one suffocating shrick then I was struggling, dying, with sparks in my eyes, and a sound of roaring water in my ears, and then-what had sprung upon my assassin, with the swift silence of a leopard? What had clutched me from I sat thus a long time, and was startled behind, and stood over him with some from my reverie by a rap at the door-a thing glittering above his heart? The timid sort of rap, so that I knew at once mist cleared away—the blurred mist that that it was not a member of the house nor had gathered over my eyes; as sight re-

> The fugitive whom I had housed and fed had saved my life.

> which but for that poor slave's presence I would have been hurried out of life-the

> It is needless to say that we were not so, to tell Anthony's punishment. It came out during his trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that, the absence of my grandparents appearing to

like. I'se awful huagry, 'pears like I'd superstitious, had actually fancied my pro drop, and ole massa's arter me. For the tector a creature from the other world, and to town loaded with new wheat almost wheres, and gib me jes' a crust. Massa Long ago-so we heard-the slave, a

I knew that grandfather had given suc- are broken for all inothis free land, doubtcor to some of these poor wretches before; less his fears are over, and he sits beside but I felt that I might be doing wrong by his humble Canadian hearth when eventide

Select Miscellany.

Col. Ingersoll on Love.

Some people tell me, your doctrine about loving, and wives, and all that, is splendid I tell you to-night, there is more love my life of you'll be so good to me. Tank in the homes of the poor, than in the palaces of the rich. The meanest hut, with For somehow when he spoke of wife and love in it, is a palace fit for the gods and children I had stepped back and let him a palace without love, is a den only fit for wild beasts. That is my doctrine? You It was the back hall door to which the cannot be so poor that you cannot help borrower and lender both. Do not tell me that you have got to be rich! We The negro ate, and I left him to rious, that he must be wealthy, or that necessary to be rich, or to be great, or to To my surprise, Anthony was nowhere be powerful, to be happy. The happy man is the successful man. Happiness is

> wealth. It is not necessary to be great to be happy, it is not necessary to be rich to be filled with divine affection. No matter wife as though she were a splendid flower -and she will fill your life with perfume and joy. And do you know, it is a splen-

Through the wrinkles of time, through won. And a woman who really loves a man, does not see that he grows old; he "Here," I said, "make yourself a bed same gallant gentleman who won her night. No one will follow you in such a that way; I like to think love is eternal. And to love in that way, and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, and the birds of joy and love sing once more in the leafless branches of the tree of age. I believe in the fire side. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the fam ily. I believe in liberty, equality and

Never Forget.

A successful business man told me two hings which he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterward of great use to him, namely:

An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall

I do then?" "You must not lose it!" "I don't mean to," said the young man, but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to; I shall make no provision for any such oc currence; you must not lose it! This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing, he could do it. He made such provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter

of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down in his mind, fastening it there and made it stay. He used to say "When a man tells me he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think

of it again." I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient for neglecting any important task to say, "I forgot it." I told him that would no answer in the case. If he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remem ber. It was because he did not care years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and careless habit, which he cured.

The Wife's Victory.

For half an hour before the circus opened yesterday an anxious looking mid dle-aged man was observed walked around nervously, as if he had a free ticket and was afraid the show was on the point of busting up. When the ticket wagon was opened he made a rush for it and bought a pasteboard, but while on his way to the tent, ticket in hand, a woman dodged into the procession, seized his col-

lar, and for half a minute the air seemed full of heels. "Going to the circus, eh !' exclaimed the woman as she slammed him around "Sneaked out of the back way and made a bee-line for here did you?"

"Let up on me-stop-for heaven's sake! stop this disgraceful conduct!" "Gentlemen," she said to the crowd, as "see them shoes? Iv'e worn 'em better nor a year, and there hain't nothing left but the heels and shoe strings. All the children are just as bad off, and we don't method of supplying a sufficiency of car have half enough to eat That explains bon in a form that may be readily approwhy I'm bouncing him-why I'll make his good for-nothing heels break his good

for nothing neck !" They fell over a rope as she grasped him, and in the confusion he broke away, leaving the ticket on the ground, A boy handed it to her, and wiping the mud off her nose with an apron, she said:

"I hain't seen no giraffes, nor clowns, nor snakes, nor hyenas for twenty-five years, and being this 'ere ticket is bought I'll walk in and view the gorgeousness. and the children shall cume to night if I have to pawn the washtub to raise the money!

An infidel is generally one who wants to get God out of the way, so that he can have a good time all to himself and no questions Coming from the funeral of a friend, a Danasked.

THERE is something nice about the balance of trade. A worthy farmer who comes always goes home loaded with old rye.

WHENEVER you have ten minutes to And we don't think a better location can a death-like silence would pervade sobeyond danger; and, now-that the bonds spare go bother some one who hasn't.

The Dying Tramp.

BY MR. SMITH.

The eye of day was being shut beneath its western lid

When a guest arrived at a cottage door in a wealth of ivy hid; No band was stretched to welcome him, no voice was raised to greet
This veteran of the tireless host that live upon the street.
For many a man of his turn of mind had been

that way before, And the little woman had often vowed she never would heed them more.

He leaned against the arbor, heaved a subterranean sigh, And asked, with the air of a broken man, "if he might lie down and die Beneath that rustling ivy, mid the sun's de-

clining rays, And close his eyes in a spot so like the home of his early days. 'Twas on a distant river's bank, my mother's

But my mother married a nobleman, and To earn my bread by the sweat of my brow

to the golden West When the Star of Hopes seemed beckoning me across the Ocean's crest. I've struggled mid encouragements, I've struggled with despair,

When the only hour I spent in peace was the one I spent in prayer. I've prospered and I've failed in turn, with Till now in seeking the land of my birth I fear I've found death.
Right over yonder, gentle friend, that house

in the locust trees, Where the Universalist parson lives, they gave me poisoned cheese, I suppose it's a part of their creed to think 'twas better for all concerned To give me a boost to the only bourne whence

a tramp has never returned know my life-work's ended ; there's a rattling

an animated goat.

Tell my sister—there she stopped the man, and soothed him as he lay,

"I'll go and get the doctor, just half a mile The sufferer rolled his bloodshot eye-" 'Twere more than he could ask; And the gratitude of that hollow voice would sweeten a vinegar cask.

Though her feet were tired, she hastened on, for her strength was from above, And a labor of pity is nearly or quite as light The professional man began to frown at the

And taking her in, they started off at a mor than professional pace. t was all too true, his spirit had fled, but his careass had done the same, And the missing silver testified he had won

mention of the case.

to write as well as he knew how to talk, 'Twas true my life-work's ended, but death I still decline :

"Never forget anything, "never lose The average Bingen soldier, with a half-inch infe of the drunkard or dipsomaniac. The Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle Can reel off a dirge of fourteen rhymes without once taking a rest. Then how could you think that a seasoned

> ounce of pounded glass? We're not that sort, I'll go you, now, my spoons against your stamps, 'Twould ruin a wholesale druggist to poison a dozen tramps." The evening "blacked the eye" of day and

bung out her silvery lamp,
And the Man in the Moon with a kindly leer looked down on a prostrate tramp
In a sheltered nook by an old stone wall,
where the snakes and wild flowers grew, With his mouth wide open and eyes well shut he hauled in the evening dew.

Though the spoons were his pillow, the earth his couch and his garments covered with dust,

Yet his sleep, if not sweeter, was certainly deeper than most of the "sleep of the just." Treatment for Consumptives.

The Medical Record contains the de-

summer and winter. A Minneapolis physician, whose cinchona recipe for the cure of drunkards reduced, but in definite quantities. He is carpet bag and went on, with one boot and bread, but in definite quantities. He is hard, trying to button up his vest. cently attracted attention, recommends this highly carbonaceous mixture in the treat quantity precisely as a steam eogine retain that old woman had kept her curtain pullment of consumption. One-half pound finely cut up beefsteak (fresh); one dram tions Man supplies these needs automatpulverized charcoal; four ounces pulverized ically. He has appetites and desires, and the night.—Milwaukee Sun sugar; four ounces rye whisky; one pint he measures his wants. But all these have she held up one foot and then the other, boiling water. Mix all together, let it to be regulated by a higher faculty. He stand in a cool place over night, and give must guage his wants by his reasons, and from one to two teaspoonfuls, liquid and meat, before each meal. The value of this priated is obvious.

> "WHERE is my angel?" asks a poet .-Ten to one she is lying on a lounge read deaths from driak, and, for the rest, most use is dyed black. The poorest quality ing a sensational novel, while her mother persons will agree with Dr. Farr's asser kitchen. Poets' "angels," are that character of girls.

HE was a countryman and he walked to its duration." along our busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing es tablishment, "Cast-Iron Sinks." It made know that. THE spirit of emulation in funerals

bury young woman said to her mother: "Did you ever see such a cheap-looking cornse? An exchange asks: "If there's a place for everything, where is the place for the boil?" It has been said that the place for such an ornament is on some other fellow.

be discovered!

The Effects of Stimulants

they effect the system and tissues, says the London Telegraph, is but imperfectly un-

derstood, and the question of its elimina tion from the body or its retention and oxidation there, has been angrily debated. It was long supposed, even by experienced endless windings of the drifts have their chemists and physicians, that alcohol passed from the system wholly unchanged, acting while there only as a stimulant. Some valuable scientific evidence was given a short time ago upon this point before plicity believed that no death ever took a committee of the House of Lords. According to the opinions expressed by the some kind. "You see," he said, "death eminent authorities examined, the view never comes of a sudden upon the men in that alcohol is eliminated from the organs unchanged is now no longer held, but is dents and tell how something gave way or wholly refuted by the result of experi-ment. Prof. Binz, of Bonn, Germany, has ain't so. There's always some warning. conclusively demonstrated that, to the ex- When I see my lantern begin to burn low home and mine,
In a village whose name you may have heard
—'Old Bingen on the Rhine.'

When I see my lantern begin to burn low down and blue, I know there is danger sorbed into the system, and oxidizes there, ahead. If it keeps on for a few days and sorbed into the system, and oxidizes there, this oxidization producing the agreeable feeling of warmth and comfort which induces many persons to drink spirits. To this extent, too, it may be regarded as definite in many a grievous shift;
And when I arrived at man's estate I turned food, producing, as it does, a definite leans over (as if it was being worked by a amount of certain forms of force. Accord- blow pipe) and points to a man, death has ing to Dr. Brunton, alcohol in small doses, increases the gastric secretion, and Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the thus promotes and aids digestion. As a flame of my lantern pointed right to thus promotes and alus digestion. As a theraputic agent, medicinally used, it has a powerful and beneficial effect. In fainting of the heart, constitutional or temporary, owing to shock or otherwise, alporary, owing to shock or otherwise, alcohol stimulates and rouses the process careful about the blast. Well, he got of circulation. Contrary to expectation, through that all right, and got on the cage. it lowers the temperature of the body As we went up, the candle kept acting when administered to persons suffering strangely, and at times would stretch out from fever. In the form of port wine it long and thin towards Bill. At length it has a valuable sosthing effect upon the patient, reducing the burning heat of the one side and was caught in the timbers. blood, and calming the delirium of the I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared brain It has also the power of arresting down the shaft, and while he was boundfermentation and preserving animal mat ing from side to side, dashing out his in my throat,
And my vitals feel as though I'd swallowed fermentation and preserving animal mat ing from side to side, dashing out his ter, while it seems to binder the developbrains and scattering his flesh down to the ment of organic disease germs in certain bottom, my light went out. I never lit zymotic maladies. This fact is of the ut- that lantern again. It hangs up is my most possible importance, though, as yet, but insufficiently understood and investimore in a candle flame than people think. gated. There can be little doubt that the I'd rather see a cocked revolver pointed

powerful and stimulating beverages pro-duces the most disastrous effects. Caus-There are plenty of miners on the Coming a rush of blood to the surface of the stock who have just such superstitions. body, it leaves the internal organs cooler, Some believe that bad and good luck come the cooler the external air, the greater in streaks, just as quartz and prophyry. the liability of the system to be chilled down. It further contributes, when taken cident in the North Consolidated Virginia And the missing silver testined the back that his little game;
But that wasn't all, on the kitchen door they found an inscription in chalk,
Which showed that the vagabond knew how to talk,
Which showed that the vagabond knew how to talk,

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Which shows the vag the liver, the heart, the spleen and the and more accidents might be expected. kidneys. When the degeneration has al- Yesterday two men were injured by fall It ain't so easy to kill a man from Bingen on ready commenced, owing to incipient di- ing thirty feet into the dump. This was sease, it hastens the destructive process, caused by the breaking of a two inch plank iffe of the drunkard or dipsomaniae. The Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle. tramp, who can live for a week on grass, Would yield to a spoonful of arsenic or an they drink are adulterated, and the vile concoctions they occasionally swallow are

consequences of excessive drinking. treme hot weather need be guarded against. while they derived pleasure, from a genial reasoned with the man, told him he was The patients sleep with the windows open, cup of wine. "Man," says Dr. Farr; "has in a street car and got his clothes on and in his hand, trying to button up his vest quires water and fuel in certain propor ed down, wouldn't have been any tr (hic)

judge of what is necessary for him by re peated experience. Herein too, lies the remedy for intemperance and excessive indulgence in all fleshy appetites and sen sual excessés. Improved education, tend continue to reduce the proportion of frying slap jacks for supper in the tion that "the present mixed dietary of vegetable and animal food, while yielding the maximum energy of life, is conducive

An old Irish soldier who prided himself upon his bravery, said that he had him mad. He said that any fool ought to fought at the battle of "Bull Run." When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape as the others did on that famous occasion, he replied, "Be jabers, those that didn't run are there vit.'

> "Spell love," said a young man to his girl one night. "Y-o-u," she timidly essayed. The courtship had been a protracted one, but they are married now.

IF falsehood paralyzed the tounge, what ciety.

Singular Superstitions.

The action of stimulants in so far as HOW SOME MINERS THINK THEY ARE FOREWARNED OF DEATH.

There are wonderful things to be studied

in the vast labratory where nature has stored her treasures. The men who toil in the caverns of the ground and tread the presentiments of coming calamity, and at times feel the touch of death in the very air. A Chronicle reporter was talking with an old minor a few days ago who implace in the mines without a warning of use of stimulants—of course, in modera at me than a candle-flame; a revolver tion—does, as Dr. Farr implies, act as a sometimes misses, but a candle flame is sure preventive of infection and contagion with to kill when it starts towards a man. I those who temperately indulge in good must start for my shaft now. Don't give wine or even pure spirits. On the other hand, an excessive indulgence in these who would laugh at me." The man here

Give me the Lower Berth

The evening of the third day of the case an intoxicated man, smelling like a a frequent cause of illness, apart from the horse blanket, and carrying a dyspeptic indulgence itself. Even middle class peo-ple should be careful of the wine they are in the habit of drinking; for M. Pasteur, stumbled in. It was one of those summer in his work Maladies des Vins, shows that cars with canvas-back curtains, one of poor wines undergo a peculiar change, of those refrigerator cars that make cold chills the nature of a disease, and this, Dr. Farr run up your trouser's legs to look at them. points out, accounts for many of the sad A colored barber was standing on the back platform, and the intoxicated man Irrespective, however, of all medical handed his carpet bag to him and went in, and scientific testimony as to the beneficial reeled up into the corner as though lookeffects of stimulants when taken in moder- ing for something. "Gimme a lower berth ation, there is one decisive test which has in the middle," said he to the colored long ago settled the question. The uni man as he felt around in the corner for versal experience of mankind throughout the door-knob to the drinking fountain. centuries in various conditions and under The colored man laughed and told the all circumstances is conclusive as to the necessity of a beverage partaking of the tails of a treatment for consumptives that, nature of a food and stimulant. It is only car—an old man going to the depot, a so far, has been very promising in its re sults: The theory of cure is to clear the that the 5,000 individuals who annually and an old maid going to the topo, a reasserting a commonplace truth to say young couple going home from a pienic, and an old maid going to—the Lord only lungs by a mechanical effort, chiefly man | kill themselves by indulgence in excessive | knows where. The drunken man, who ipulating the muscles of the throat so as drinking are merely so many cautions was evidently from the country in attendipulating the muscles of the throat so as to cause more forcible breathing; second, to establish perfect digestion; third, to promote a process of healing the tubercles, so they shall become chalky or calcified so they shall be come chalky or calcified so they shall masses; fourth, to compel the patients to take plenty of fresh air, sunlight and out door exercise. To secure perfect digesenough that he forgot it. I drilled him door exercise. To secure perfect digeswith this truth. He worked for me three tion, a special diet is ordered in every case, tiously taken, it is a virtual poison. To been condemned by the Board of Health. and the food is changed as the power of abstain wholly from the use of wine and He pulled off his coat and vest, tried to fermented liquors through fear of becom hang his hat on the bell cord, when the To promote the calcifying of the tubercles, the salts of lime, which are found in going near or on a river for fear of drown

Resides

Resides

Hang his hat on the bell cord, when the driver saw him, and leaving the mules he came in and took the man by the shoulder most vegetable and animal food, must be ing, instead of learning to swim. Besides and said, "None of that Boss." The man, supplied in a soluble condition; the theory this, the implication that a man must be who evidently imagined he was behind the is that too much heat in ordinary cooking cither a total abstainer or an habitual currence of a sleeper, said: "Shay, con destroys the natural combination of these drunkard is mischievous and dismeditable (hie) ter, I want to be woke up at Camp salts with albumen and renders them in- to rational beings. The w sest of men and Dug's sure," and he began to make the soluble to a weak digestion. Out-door ex- the most renowned of nations have ever preliminary movements toward taking off ercise is regarded as so important that the enjoyed in moderation the "goods the gods his trousers. Sliding his suspenders over patients are instructed to go out in rain, snow, dampness, or even night air or dew, to the meetings at the Mermaid, where the the habit thus acquired neutralizing the days to the meetings at the Mermaid, where the assembly included Shakespeare and Ren dumb, and the old maid pulled the belldanger of catching cold from such ex- Jonson, the wisest, wittiest, and worthiest strap, and as the car slacked up she jumpposure. Only strong head winds and ex of mankind have ever found inspiration, ed off yelling for a policeman. The driver

ouble at all. And he wandered off into Manufacture of Hair Cloth.

Hair cloth is made from the hair of horses' tails, which is brought, some of it from South America, but more from Rus sia. In the latter country it is collected ing to a higher degree of intelligence, will at the great fairs of Nizni Novgorod and Isbilt. It is of all shades of color, and for sells for about 50 cents a pound; the best for \$4, the price rapidly increasing as the wines and ales, in due proportion with length exceeds twenty-four inches. In the fabrication of hair cloth the hair is wet with water, and when well soaked is put in the loom to be woven with a cotton wrap. The weaving mechanism is so perfect in its operation that if one of the hairs forming the west is missed, the device acting upon it continues to work until it has grasped it, all the other parts of the machine standing still.

> In blissful ignorance of the recent visit of the stencil marker, he sat down on a cotton bale to watch the passing steamers. Now he is more puzzled about matching the color of his pearl cassimeres than he is to account for their beam bearing a five inch D in a nine inch diamend.

PERHAPS there is nothing in the wide world so innocent in itself as an umbrella that has caused so much anadulterated sig.