

**IN MINOR KEY.**

Now that the winds are wild and bank the snow  
Across the paths my feet were wont to know  
In summer time,  
I sit beside the fire and turn a rhyme  
Of long ago.

Alas, the music takes a minor key,  
It hears the wind's deep rolling melody,  
And murmurs too;  
Dear heart, 'tis never thus as long as you  
Were here with me.

For then, together, I could always bring  
From winter's desolation gladsome spring;  
Your sunny face  
Was like a rainbow in which happy place  
A bird might sing.  
—Frank D. Sherman in Times-Democrat.

**DANGERS OF HYPNOTIZATION.**

**Uses of Hypnotism in the Treatment of Imbecile or Refractory Children.**

At a late meeting of the association of scientists at the congress of Nancy, France, nine papers were read by members, illustrating in the most vivid terms various phases of this subject. It had been found effective in the case of imbeciles, and in controlling the natural habit of mind and strength of will exhibited in a normal state. M. Liegeois, professor of law, in a summary of suggestions, pointed to the danger to humanity from the exercise of the hypnotic power. The subject may be made the victim of all manner of hallucinations, and be reduced to a condition in which he is incapable of defense against criminal violence, and in which the most serious acts committed against him, leave no impression upon his memory after he is recalled to the natural state. He may receive suggestions tending to the commission of any given crime or misdemeanor during the lapse of several hours or days, and he will commit the act at the appointed time with a fatal certainty. The conclusions were that the persons suggesting a crime to a hypnotized subject should be held responsible for it to the law, and that hypnotization should not be permitted, save in the presence of a witness, in whom entire confidence is placed.

Dr. Liebau, from experiments in seventy-seven cases, was enabled to say that hypnotic treatment had been successful in curing children, adults and aged persons of weaknesses in connection with the natural functions of the body. By means of suggestion during induced sleep he was enabled to re-establish the disturbed harmony in every instance.

Dr. Brillon formulated the following conclusions in regard to the use of hypnotism as an educating influence: That in the treatment of children who are merely indolent, indolent or mediocre the power should be limited to verbal suggestion in the wakeful state; the children being inspired with the most perfect confidence. Each child should be isolated, and, with a hand placed upon its forehead, should be addressed in language indicating gentleness, precision and patience. The hypnotic state might be induced in the treatment of children who are impulsive, refractory, incapable of the least attention or application and manifesting an irresistible tendency toward evil. During the hypnotic sleep the suggestions have more power. They make a profound and desirable impression. It is possible in many cases, by frequently repeating them, to develop the faculty of attention in subjects hitherto intractable, to correct bad tendencies and to recall to virtuous spirits which otherwise would be hopelessly lost.—M. L. Holbrook in Herald of Health.

**Rather Too Much Healthy.**

Of the 300,000 people who admired the magnificent chariot in which the king rode at the storming of the ice castle, only a few knew of the semi-comical adventure some of the carnival directors had with the vehicle just before the carnival opened. On the Saturday before the opening of the carnival it occurred to Manager Van Slyke that he had better make a trial of the chariot to see that it was in good running order. It was brought and a team of horses hitched to it. Daniel Moon was prevailed on to impersonate the fire king.

Mounted on his throne, the amateur fiery monarch was being driven in royal state toward the palace grounds, when the fire runners of the vehicle suddenly dropped into a rut and pitched the gasoline tank forward, which had been negligently left uncovered. Mr. Moon was suddenly impressed with the belief that there had been a volcanic eruption in that neighborhood and that he was the Vesuvius down whose sides the fiery lava was pouring. It was a close call for both himself and the driver. By dint of exertion on the part of Mr. Van Slyke and the other gentlemen who composed the fire king's extemporized body guard, and by a good deal of rolling in the snow and wrapping in blankets, the amateur fire king and his chariot were rescued. But there was some scorched hair and eyebrows and seven pairs of spang new blankets burned in a few moments.—St. Paul Globe.

**The Caves and Cave Dwellers.**

One of the curiosities of Vicksburg during the siege was the caves and the cave dwellers. There was no lack of hills in the city, and into these the poor "non-combatants" especially—burrows like rats. And here they slept, drank and ate—and sometimes died. Of course these places were of all sizes, big and little, some mere holes and others very commodious habitations containing a number of rooms. The size or style of the house depended entirely upon the whim or wants of the builder. The best were dug on the steep, straight sides of the highest hills, through which they sometimes extended, with several entries and exits by which one might have some chance of escape in case of danger. The most of them, however, were the veriest death traps. A cave in was a matter of frequent occurrence, as the fall of a shell on the top of one of these hills was almost sure to bring down the upper part of the cave. One night, during a heavy bombardment, the Rev. Mr. Lord came to Mrs. Eggleston's and asked permission to stay there all night. His cave had fallen in and one of his children had been buried in it. The child was rescued alive after considerable difficulty.—W. C. Wilde in Philadelphia Times.

**Every Danger Removed.**

A good story is told of a French advocate who had made it a rule never to take up a case in which he did not thoroughly believe. One day he chanced to be entertaining a distinguished company at dinner when he was informed that a client urgently requested a few minutes' interview. It turned out to be a man who had been on the charge of stealing a watch he had that morning procured. Appearances had been strongly against the prisoner, who, it was thought, had been not a little assisted by the character of his counsel. Doubtless the poor fellow was impatient to express his gratitude, and in audience was not unwillingly acceded. He looked somewhat abashed at the presence of the guests, but, reassured by the kindly tone of the host, began:

"Monsieur, it is about that watch?"

"Yes, my friend, I congratulate you on the triumphant vindication of your innocences."

"Then the trial is quite over?"

"Why, of course!"

"And I can't be tried again?"

"Certainly not!"

"They can do nothing more to me?"

"How could they?"

"Then I may wear the watch?"—Boston Beacon.

**A FROSTY SUNRISE.**

Ah, bitter beauty! How fair, false frost  
Burdens each leafless spray! The ice buds grow  
Thick midst the crystal foliage of the snow,  
Heaping their mockeries on life. Embosomed  
With peary wreaths, the dimly high domes have  
lost  
Their latticed outlines, and their full curves  
glow  
From the dim climbing glory hid below  
The level bars of sunrise vapor crossed.

So let us stand and bear right patiently  
The surface comment of the world's cold  
breath;  
Since its poor blame and undelighting praise  
Reflect the light of better things to be.  
So spread our roofs in silence underneath,  
And garner up to flow in summer days.  
—F. A. Frideaux in The Spectator.

**A DETECTIVE'S STORY.**

It was a very singular, mysterious and complicated case.

In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London bridge railway station a man was found dead, hanging by a small cord to a hook driven into the wall, his feet resting on the floor.

He was discovered some days after his death, and by reason of the strong smell sent forth from the decomposing body.

He was a stranger whom no one knew, and why he should have come to that place to commit suicide was a mystery.

He was well dressed, had a gold watch in his pocket, to which was attached a heavy gold chain; he had a diamond stud in his shirt front, and a cluster ring of diamonds on one finger; he also had a pocketbook on his person containing over £200 in bank notes.

It was therefore evident that he had not committed suicide on account of poverty, nor been murdered for his money.

Was it suicide, or was it murder?

There was no scrap of paper on his person to tell who the stranger was, nor his motive for the murderous deed, if he did it.

The room, which was an upper story of an old building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a commission agent, contained no article of furniture.

It had been rented about ten days previous to a rather venerable man, who walked a little lame and wore goggles, who said he wanted it for an office for the sale of a patent that would become very popular with sea going people.

When questioned about the patent, he said he would not then explain it, but would have some things on hand for an exhibition in the course of ten days or two weeks.

The dead man was not the one who had taken the room, however; and how and when he had got access to the apartment no one knew.

There was an old fashioned fireplace in the room, and some paper ashes in this attracted the attention of a detective, who happened to be no other than my humble self.

In turning over these ashes I discovered two or three little bits of paper not entirely consumed, and they had these words written on them, though now barely distinguishable:

"found her and locked"

"private room"

"meet you"

"station"

"G."

Now, after reading these disjointed sentences, I began to study and ponder them.

Might not this be a portion of a message sent to the dead man to lure him on to the city for the purpose of putting him out of the way?

But for what motive?

Ah, that indeed I could not know—that was something only to be found out after a serious investigation, in case one should be made.

I examined the charred paper as well as I could, and reached the conclusion that what I had read was a part of a telegram which had been sent by somebody from London and received by somebody at a distance, and that either the sender or receiver intended to destroy it.

Now, if the deceased had received it, it must have been sent to him by somebody, and that somebody intended to meet him, and probably did meet him, at the railway station.

Well, then, where was that somebody, and why had he allowed his correspondent to visit that out of the way room and commit suicide without ever going near him afterward?

And why should the man come to such a place to kill himself?

And could he have found the room without a guide, and did he get access to it unknown to any one, if he were not the man who had rented it in the first place?

But then it was certain that he was not that man unless he was in disguise when he hired it; and why had he gone to all that trouble merely to hang himself, when he could have done it quite as effectually in 10,000 better places?

No; looking on it—reason as I might—I could not bring myself to believe that the stranger hanging in that bare room had put the rope around his own neck.

I told the coroner of my belief; but whether he coincided with me or not, it is certain his jury did not, for they brought in a verdict of suicide.

The body was placed in the mortuary for recognition, and I requested that it should be kept there as long as possible, for I had a desire to see what I could do in working up the case.

I started out with the bits of paper I had secured to see if I could find at any telegraph office any messages recently sent off embodying the words I had transcribed in their consecutive order.

I was soon fortunate in getting possession of what I believed to be the original message.

It was addressed to Horace Granger, 187—street, Manchester, and read as follows—

"The words I found among the paper ashes I inclose in brackets:

"I have found her and locked her up in a private room. Come and use a parent's authority. Take the last train and I will meet you at London bridge station.

"G."

Judging from this it was a case of a runaway daughter, whom "G" had followed and captured in London, and whom the anxious father had come on to see and probably to take back with him.

As the dead man appeared to be not far from 35 years of age it was natural to suppose that no daughter of his could be beyond her teens.

A school girl, perhaps, who had played truant and ran away.

But, then, if she had been caught and locked up it was not reasonable to suppose it had been in that bare room, in a mercantile building that contained no other lodgers.

And then again, if the father had come on and found her, what had become of her, and of "G," who had sent the message? and why had the father remained behind to hang himself?

Or had the girl, assisted by "G," murdered her father?

In any event the affair was one of great mystery, and on privately reporting my discoveries to my chief I received the welcome order to work it out to the end.

To do this properly I immediately went to Manchester.

The address took me to a large, elegant mansion in the suburbs, which led me to believe the owner was a man of means.

I did not ring, enter and state my business, but visited the nearest apothecary, as the man most likely to know the general facts about his neighbors.

"Would you be kind enough to answer a stranger in the city a few questions?" I said to the dispenser of medicines.

"Proceed," he replied, looking curiously at me.

"Do you know a gentleman by the name of Horace Granger?"

"I do."

"Has he a family?"

"A wife and a daughter."

"About what age would you judge him to be?"

"About 35."

"And his daughter?"

"Fourteen."

"Is Mr. Granger at home?"

"I cannot say. I have not seen him for more than a week."

"Is his daughter at home?"

"I think not. I think she is away at a boarding school."

"ardon me, sir, if I seem to be inquisitive," said I, "but I have a reason beyond mere curiosity for all the questions I ask, and some time, if not just at this moment, you shall know all. Can you tell me if he is on good terms with his wife?"

"It is rumored—mind you, I only say it is rumored—that he is jealous of a certain gentleman of whom he has no reason to be, and that he has all confidence in one who may yet turn out to be a treacherous villain."

This was becoming very interesting to me.

"May I venture to ask the name of this second party?"

"Well, sir, as you are a stranger to me," replied the druggist, "I will not mention any name; but if you should ever happen to have business with the lead clerk of Horace Granger, it is my opinion you will be within 100 miles of the party."

"Thank you," I said, feeling now pretty sure of my course.

After some further questions I left the apothecary, and repaired to the office of Horace Granger, the street and number of which I had ascertained.

I found a tall, dark, muscular, sinister looking clerk, about 30 years of age, standing at a desk behind a counter.

"Is Mr. Granger in?" I asked.

"No, in the court reply."

"Will he be in soon?"

"Don't know."

"Has he been in to-day?"

"Can't say."

"Was he in yesterday?"

"Can't say."

"Will he ever be in again?"

The man started, and looked at me for the first time in a quick, searching way.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Has he come back with his daughter?" I questioned in turn.

He again started, came forward, and sharply scrutinized my person; but, as I fancied, with a guilty conscience.

"Who are you? What do you want here? And why these pertinent questions?" he demanded, in a fierce way.

"Don't you know that Horace Granger is dead?" I said, with a fixed look upon the fellow that made him quail.

"Dead?" he echoed, in a well assumed amazement and horror. "Good heavens! How! When? Where?"

"How?—by hanging; when?—six days ago; where?—London," I answered, categorically.

"You take away my breath!" he almost gasped.

"What is your name?" I queried.

"George Grenham."

"Ah, yes, the G.," thought I.

"You knew Mr. Granger went to London nearly a week ago to find his daughter?" I proceeded.

I saw the man turn pale and shudder, as he answered, in a mumbling, confused way:

"I believe—he did—go—somewhere."

"But his daughter was not in London, you know?"

I said this at a venture, for I fancied I had divined the plot.

"Why, how did you know that?—that is—I mean—"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "His daughter was not there, but your were."

"Man! and his eyes fairly glared."

"You had been there before, in the disguise of an old man, I went on; you had engaged a room in a commercial house to exhibit a patent; you went on again and telegraphed to your employer that his daughter was found and locked up, and to come on the last train and you would meet him at London bridge station. You did meet him; it was in the night, you took him to the room you had previously engaged; you fell upon him; you garroted him; you hung him up to the wall; you burned the telegram, and then you hastened back here to play the role of innocence?"

I went through with my accusations so rapidly, giving the villain no time for consideration or even interruptions—I piled one fact upon another so quickly and surely that I seemed to the guilty wretch to be an eyewitness relating what I had seen; and I brought the whole damning scene so vividly to his mind's eye that, with a face distorted with horror and covered with the sweat of mental agony, he staggered back, sank down, and half groined and half shrieked out:

"Good heavens, have mercy!"

Well, I had my clue; but before I could make much use of it the murderous scoundrel blew out his own brains.

Of course the affair made quite a sensation in certain circles at the time, but was kept as much as possible from the public at large, and was soon hushed up and forgotten by everybody not in any manner interested beyond the mere curiosity and scandal of the hour.

What part the wife had in the wicked plot I do not know.

I, of course, won the distinguished approval of my chief for the part I had taken in the affair, and that proved of much importance to me in the future of my profession.—Hartford Times.

**Afraid of the Train.**

"I have always noticed," said an old engineer on the Burlington road to me, "that whenever an accident happens to any train many people avoid riding on that particular train for some time afterward. Now, the fact is, that is probably one of the safest trains on the road for several weeks after its accident. Every switchman, station master, watchman—in fine, everybody along the line of the road—is on the lookout for that train, and you may depend upon it that every switch will be set right for it. Then, too, the same crew is likely to be running the train, and when men have been in a smash up they are always extraordinarily careful for some time afterward. But just the same a good many people will wait for another train. I suppose it is a sort of superstition. Surely it is not reasonable."—Chicago News.

**The World Growing Better.**

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**FOR THE LUNGS AND THROAT.**

The greatest known remedy for Colds, Consumption, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, Sore Throat, Croup, Spitting Blood, and all Diseases arising from an irritated throat and Inflamed Lungs. This Balsamic Compound has been used in private practice over twenty years, gaining a high reputation for curing all Lung and Throat affections with those who have used it. It is a sad reality, yet true, that two-thirds of the deaths within our midst are caused from bad colds becoming deeply seated in the vital portions of the lung tissue through neglect and improper care or treatment. When health is destroyed all enjoyment of life is lost. Then, because of these treacherous colds, which suck the life-blood by degrees, and leave the poor emaciated sufferer with no chance for relief, the reliable way is to thoroughly eradicate the destroyer from the system by using

**Ryman's Pure Vegetable Remedy.**

You will find it imparts health and vigor to the whole system, acting on the Mucous membrane of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, greatly facilitates expectoration, breaking up a troublesome cough in a marvelous short period, at the same time increasing the appetite, causing an enjoyment of food, enables the stomach to properly digest it, purifies the blood and imparts a healthy complexion.

**Ryman's Carminative,**  
For Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Cholera Morbus. This Carminative, founded on just medical principles, is the most positive remedy offered to the public; hundreds have been cured by it when other remedies have failed. A fair trial will prove its efficacy. FOR CHILDREN TEETHING, it is the most pleasant, reliable and safe remedy for children in cases of Griping, Pains, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, etc., now before the public. A trial will prove the truth of this assertion. No mother should be without it. FOR DYSENTERY. The most violent cases of Dysentery have speedily yielded to the magic power of carminative. If taken according to directions success is certain.

**DR. RYMAN'S CELEBRATED CARMINATIVE** for children teething greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is sure to regulate the Bowels. Depend upon it, Mothers! it will give rest to your—selves and RELIEF and HEALTH to YOUR INFANTS. We have prepared and sold this valuable Medicine for many years, and can say in confidence and truth THAT IT HAS NEVER FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE when timely used. We have never known of dissatisfaction by any one who used it, on the contrary all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and Medical virtue in almost every instance when the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the CARMINATIVE is given. This valuable Medicine has been used by MOST EXPERIENCED and SKILLFUL NURSES with never-failing success. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS and COLIC and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death. We believe it is the BEST and CHEAPEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhoea whether it arises from teething or from any other cause, and say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the fore-going complaints, do not let your prejudice, nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and relief, that will sure to follow the use of RYMAN'S CARMINATIVE. Full directions for using we accompany each bottle.

Send a trial of the Carminative will recommend it.

**Price 25 cents per Bottle.**  
Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants generally.  
**H. A. Moore & Co., prop's,**  
HOWARD, PA.