

Till the poor little head was weary,
And the poor little brain would swim.

But at dawn when the birds were waking, As they watched in the silent room, With the sound of a strained cord breaking, A something snapped in the gloom.

Twas a string of his violoncello, And they heard him stir in his bed; "Make room for a tired little fellow, Kind God!" was the last he said.

SMUGGLING QUININE.

A Young Physician's Perilous Adventures.



LONG IN 1862-'63'64 the Confederate
Government had
lost many of its best
men through the
malarial influences
of the swamps and
low-lying country of
the Mississippi and
the Arkansas rivers.
Quinine became excedingly valuable,
but as the blockade
grew more and more intact it was next
to impossible to get any of the drug
through the lines. The demand became so great that orders were sent
out to the different commands to select from among their umber a few
men of nerve, ingenuity, and patriotism to the Southern cause who could
be depended upon under the most critical circumstances. These men were
to be instructed in the hazardous duties of smuggling quinine, and were to
bave the sanction of the Confederate
Government, and the protection, as far
as it could go, of the Confederate
Government, and the protection, as far
fas it could go, of the Confederate
most advisable by them, and were to
purchase large quantities of the drug,
and use every means possible to get it
through.

Among the men selected for this
hazardous duty was a young student
of medicine, who has since that time
become prominent as one of the best
physicians of the country.

Dr. James Guthrie was born in Pocahontas County. Virginia, now West
Virginia, and when the war broke out
enlisted in the Confederate army, finally in 1862 becoming attached as an
assistant surgeon to General Kirby
Smith's army. When the order of the
War Department reached General
Smith's department one of the first
men selected for the hazardous duty
was young Guthrie, then a mere boy of
twenty or thereabouts. He willingly
accepted the dangerous commission,
and set out for St. Louis he stowed
away in a safe place several thousand
dollars in gold with which he had been
provided by the Confederate Government to purchase the drug. Days were
spent about the hospitals by the young
student and acquaintances made with
the officials, until after the lapse of a
few weeks he became to all intents and
appearance a regular assistant of the

business was ever created, and it was not long before young Guthrie was able to go about the city purchasing medicines and drugs ostensibly for use at the hospitals where so many Union soldiers lay wounded and sick. Day after day the young man purchased, first here and then there, at different drug



he had enough secured as he believed to justify a trip into the Southern lines. Meanwhile he had made the acquaintance of a tinsmith of undoubted Southern sympathy to whom he imparted his secret. One night this tinsmith and the young doctor collected all the quinine he had purchased and sealed it up in long, hollow tubes of tin, which were soldered perfectly water-tight. These tubes, about four linches in diameter and three or four feet long, were covered with the bark of cottonwood limbs, and the ends were concealed by short blocks of the proper size, which were also covered with bark, presenting the appearance of pieces of wood of the ordinary size. So perfect was the work that a thousand men might have glanced at them without the slightest suspicion of any

without the slightest suspicion of any sirregularity in their make-up. When all was ready the young doctor bought an old wagon with a pair of broken-down horses which the meanest-principled Union or Confederate force would never have dreamed of confiscating, and then after clothing himself in a suit of clothes bought at a second-hand store started out of the city.

Over one hundred miles was made, with several narrow escapes, before the doctor again neared the river with his old team. For the last day or two the scouts and videttes had seemed to be unusually suspicious, and the young

ware, where he remained that the was over.

Dr. Guthrie is to-day one of the most popular and eminent physicians in this country, with an immense practice, but seldom too busy to tell some interesting story or reminiscences of the times which tested the nerve and ingenuity of the bravest.

Statistics as to Hunchbacks.

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Ten years ago a remarkable character died in Paris. He was known all over France and the greater part of all Europe as "The Learned Hunchback." He was very wealthy, and spent a mint of money in the last fifty years of his life, traveling in all directions making researches concerning his hunchbacked brethren. It was in the milder portions of Europe that he found the misfortune the most prevalent. Spain supplied the greater number, and in a circumscribed locality at the foot of the Sierra Morena he found that there was one humpbacked person to every thirteen inhabitants. They were also found to be quite numerous in the valley of the Loire in France. The little humpbacked statistician came to the conclusion that there was one humpback in each one thousand inhabitants, or an aggregate of one million against the estimated thousand millions of the entire earth.

After the death of this eccentric individual his heirs found in place of a will a voluminous manuscript of two thousand pages, all concerning humps. The last page, although it said nothing about the disposition of property, expressed the author's desire to have a lump of marble raised over his grave, with this inscription:

"Here lies a humpback who had a taste for humps, and who knew more about them than any other humpback."

Cornfield Philosophy.

The egg that does not hatch when it has a chance will never be given the second trial.

The man who will acknowledge that he cannot withstand temptation but will surely fall, is usually anxions that temptation should come. He is ever ready to fall.

The crow does not pull up the corn that does not sprout.

A cat would doubtless make as good stew as a rabit if one did not know the difference.

It is not the wheat that stands thickest on the ground that yields the best crop.

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Some men frequently get too sick to work, so they quit and go to the circus. Sunday is not a day of rest unless it is made so.

The cow does not let you milk her for your good, but simply because it helps her out of a dilemma.

The wormy apple ripens first, and it is also the first to fall when the wind shakes the tree.

The man who would catch a fish must watch and be ready to jerk when his game nibbles. Otherwise he will loose his bait and get no fish.

The man who is too greedy to examine a peach before eating it must be prepared to eat worms occasionally.

The flowers that bloom in the spring are not the same ones that bloom in the fall.

Wheat, rye, oats, and barley will grow all right in the same field, but the trouble occurs when you want to harvest them. It is the same with the man who boasts of his ability to do several things at once.

The rose is indeed beautiful, but the wise housekeeper will have a corner in the garden sacred to catnip, sage, and hoarhound.—Chicago Ledger.





CORRECT DRESS FOR A LABORER.
whole or in detail it ought to be an external indication of the part he has to
play in the drama of life, of his condition, his profession, his social rank, and
adapted to the occasions for which it
will be worn; when less than this,
dress falls below its high office of
adornment, and becomes a mere covering for the body, little superior in principle to the primitive blanket of the
savage.

ing for the body, little superior in principle to the primitive blanket of the savage.

"To every variety of life and occupation there correspond some invariable principles of dress which the eye and mind will, if permitted, at once accept as correct and appropriate. There is a picturesque and pleasing quality about the peasant laborer's costume as seen in the fields of certain foreign lands. The same laborer transplanted to these democratic shores, where he is to be the equal of every other man, immediately repudiates his native costume because he thinks it an insignio of inferiority; here he dons the costume of an American gentleman (?), and if his trousers be ragged, his coat out at the elbows, his vest besmeared with grease and dirt, at least it has the cut, the style, the sacred evidence of equality."

So much for the principles. Mrs. Miller, considering the question in all its lights, next essays prediction. She vaticinates:
"I am inclined to the belief that the next decade will witness remarkable and significant mediciations in the

nat decade will witness remarkable and significant modifications in the severity of man's garb, with a corresponding increase in its artistic and symmetrical qualities. Every one



liftment, and it is not too much to hope that with an appropriate garb, in place of the cast-off clothing of gentlemen or want then.

cheap imitations of the same, respect for cleanliness and neatness in attire may obtain among the classes now noted principally for their slovenliness

may obtain among the classes now noted principally for their slovenliness in dress.

"One can not withhold hearty and respectful admiration from the honest laborer who starts to his daily toil in a clean fiannel shirt, stout, clean trousers of a length and pattern and material adapted to his work, a belt about his waist, and with top-boots. When his clothing its distinctly and appropriately his own we may hope for cleanliness and general tidiness impossible now."

This is how a savant of the great sartorial science would have men dress. They must be not alone good and useful as they are, but ornate as they ought to be. With Tyrolese costumes upon the American peasant and velvet and ribbons and ribbons and lace upon the American of the upper classes, life in these United States will be a dream of masculine loveliness. The plans and specifications reproduced are Mrs. Miller's own. They show what men ought to wear and how they ought to wear it. They lead the discussion and end it beautifully. Let each reader whose legs will stand the garish conspicuousness of silk stockings hie him to his haberdasher and order his velvets and brocades. Cassandra has prophesied.

The Old Man Disappointed.

The Old Man Disappointed.

"Can't fool these'ere railroads much!" observed the young man in the seat ahead, after we got fairly out of Mauch Chunk, writes a traveler.

"How do you mean?" I asked, suspecting he had a story.

"It's a good one on the old man, and I'm dying to tell it," he grinned. "I live about twenty miles below here, and within half a mile of the railroad. One afternoon, about six months ago, my brother Pete got hurt in our sawmill, and was brought home unconscious. We had just got him home when a neighbor came along and said a passenger train had been ditched at the crossing, and a good many people hurt. This was just at dark, and Pete hadn't come to yet. Soon as the old man heard of the accident to the cars he scratched his head, looked Pete over, and then said to me:

"Jim, it's wuth trying for. We'll take Pete down on a mattress and mix him in and try and git damages from the railroad."

"I was against it, but he said it was a go, and so we got out a mattress and lugged Pete down to the crossing. Four or five ears were off, and lots of people hurt, and we slid l'ete in among three or four lying on the grass and groaning to kill. It just happened that one of the railroad attorneys was on the train, and he went about asking names and writing 'em down. By and by he came to Pete. An edging had caught in the saw and given him an awful whack over the head, and the lawyer felt him over and asked:

"Do any of you know this poor fellow?"

"I happen to know him,' answers the old man. 'His name is Pete Stay-

"Do any of you know this poor fellow?"

"I happen to know him,' answers the old man. 'His name is Pete Staynor, and he orter git a thousand dollars for this!"

"At that minute Pete came out of his snooze, and sitting up on the grass he looked around in a dazed sort of a way, and yelled out:

"Why in Halifax don't you clear that saw?"

"And at that the old man got away, and I after him; and Pete went on to tell all about how he got there, and we had to sneak back, and lug him all the way home."

"And what did the old man say?" I

"And what did the old man say?" I

"And what did the old man say?" I saked.
"Say! Why, there's half a mile of road with the trees blistered on each side of it, and he's had everybody kicking him, until the whole neighborhood is hip lamed and can't climb a doorstep."

Says an eminent professor of surgery who has given the subject of drugs and narcotice considerable attention: There are many cases on record where the use of quinine has caused a disarrangement of the mental powers, and to such an extent that the sufferer did not know what he or she was about. Instances are not few where patients who were given large doses of the drug became delirious. These symptoms, however, passed away when the use of quinine was discontinued. It is possible, while under its influence, for one to act as irresponsibly as when in liquor. That quinine affects the brain is evident from the fact that an overdose will cause severe buzzing in the ears and often temporary deafness. Physicians cannot be too careful in prescribing quinine, for what is one man's meat is another man's poison. I have known one grain to have more effect on some patients than fifteen grains on others. The same can be said of morphine. Two grains of this drug will cause many intense itching sensations, with parched tongue and throat. On the other hand, I have known patients, even those unused to morphine, to take much larger doses without showing any evil effects. There is little doubt but there are quinine habitues as well as slaves to chloral, morphine and other narcotics and drugs; yet its use as a stimulant has not become general.

John Brown's Clothes.



A Sultan Whose One Cannon Was Not Safely Equal to the Usual Salute to Other Nationalities—His Style of Justice, His Haren, and the Generally Queez Style of His Government, HE placid waters of the Indian Ocean murmurings upon the shores of the small islands composing a group commonly called the Comoros; situated to the north of Madagascar, they are acched in a southeasterly direction from the Gulf of Aden; lying, as they do, away from any direct route traversed by the commerce-hunting or pleasure-seeking hosts of eastern or western hemispheres, it seldom falls to the lot of the traveler to visit such out-of-the-way communities, but as chance has favored me with a stay of a few days among these—by the world—forgetting people I will try in plain, unvarnished language to convey to you



the impression yet perfectly inscribed upon the tablets of my memory.

Before our salute to the Turkish flag had been fired we observed a boat leaving the landing of a little town in front of which we had dropped our anchor, and when the courtesy had been paid, a dapper little gentleman, dressed like a Turk and speaking the French language fluently, stepped on the quarter-deck and in elegant phrases bade us welcome to Johanna. He informed the captain that our vessel was the first one in thirty years that had displayed the American flag there.

After the official part of his visit was so satisfactorily settled, the visitor said lis return to shore was necessary, as he had to settle a very complicated case between a Zanzibar slave-dealer and a Johanna merchant. Anxious to be present at a trial of this description, a delicate hint was dropped, which brought forth the invitation to investigate the manner in which Turkish justice was meted out to evil-deces.

When the man-of-war's boat, containing two American officers, arrived at the little town, the army of Johanna turned out in force to do them honor, and to be used as an escort to the long white building observed from the vessel, it being the residence of the god of justice. The army consisted of three individuals; one was dressed in white trousers and the cast-off red coat of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of an English soldier; he was an officer; the other wore the fatigue drost of a English soldier; he w



THE SULTAN'S TOILET.

for mercy in such agonizing tones that. Arab as he was, we could understand him by the cadence of his vocalism. At the fourteenth blow justice was satisfied, and the culprit's tongue loosened, but his feet, looking like boxing-gloves of large dimensions, had been made useless, as he could neither stand nor walk, and had to sit on the floor while giving his testimony. His obstinacy ruined his case, and the cargo of the slave dhow, over which the trouble began, was confiscated in behalf of the Johanna Government.

The next day half a dozen officers gorgeous in gold lace and brass buttons were pulled on shore and received by the whole army and most of the populace. We were received by the Prime Minister and ushered into a

by the whole army and most of the populace. We were received by the Prime Minister and ushered into a large room elegantly carpeted, and with walls lined with luxurious divans, upon which we took our places. One end of the room was curtained by a heavy Persian portiere, which was pushed aside and in walked the Sultan. He was one of the most magnificently built human beings ever gazed upon-over six feet high. He conversed fluently in French, and, after partaking of a light repast, the Americans returned to the vessel, with the exception of the pair whose ability to speak the Sultan's favorite tongue procured a pressing invitation to stay on shore that day. The dignity of the Sultan

A Sultan Whose One Cannon Was Note Stafely Equal to the Usual Sature of Other Nationalities—His Style of Justices. His Harem, and the Generalty Queek. Style of His Government, of the Indian Ocean break their slow murmurings upon the shores of the small islands componing a group commonly called the small islands componing a group commonly called the small islands componing a group commonly called the small islands componing a group componi



DIVORCE COURTS ARE UNKNOWN.

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masked, entered, bearing a large
japanned tray, filled with little boxes,
bottles, and brushes. Two of the newcomers attended to the long, curly
hair of the master, and another penciled his eyebrows and arranged his
mustache. Then the building of his
turban was commenced—every turn
and fold being laid with a nicety that
can not be described. And, at last,
the Sultan was ready for evening
prayer. It had only taken sixty-seven
minutes and half a dozen women to fix
him up.

He Got In.

The bane of the average Senator's life are the requests of his friends and constituents for tickets of admission to the Senate gallery when anything of great interest is going on upon the floor. In later days, on great occasions, the Senators have transferred the responsibility to the Sergeant-at-arms; about twenty years ago the whole duty devolved upon them. Good-natured men were made miserable by the demands upon them, and it is told of big, burly Ben Wade that at the impeachment of Andrew Johnson all Ohio demanded tickets to the chamber.

He distributed his tickets with a lavish hand, but they gave out sooner than his constituents. He managed to make excuses to all but one, an old army chaplain, who had come from the northern corner of the State just to be present at the impeachment.

"My tickets are all gone," said Senator Wade, "but perhaps I can serve you in some other way."

"There is nothing clse I want," sighed the chaplain, "I have heard you are a generous man, but this is the first favor I have asked after serving my country for three years, and besides I have come clear from Ohio to be present at the impeachment of Andrew Johnson."

The old Senator looked him over with a merry twinkle in his eye, noticing especially the clerical cut of his coat, and then writing something on a slip of paper said:

"If that doorkeeper is a Christian, he cannot resist that plea."

After he got out of sight, the Ohioan looked at the paper and on it were these words:

"For God's sake, let this man in. Ben Wade."

He—I love you, Maud.
She—All right, Harry! And you may keep company with me this summer on a few conditions.
"Name them, sweet!"
"You must not try to work the baccili in ice cream racket on me, nor cut all the drowning accidents out of papers to show me, nor tell me any chestauts about poisonous serpents at piccies. They won't work! Now, I think we can get along very well."—Lawrence American.

All the Difference.

All the Difference.

First official—Sa-ay, I got a p'inter
to-day dat dere was a committee goin'
to investigate us fore long.

Second official—Well, dat's dead
tough, for a fact. What are you going
to do about it?

First official—Naathin', of course.
An' as to it bein' dead tough, that's
where you are wrong. If it wasn't a
committee, it would 'a been the newspapers, and then where would we be,
eh?—Terre Haute Express.

FOUND BY A WOMAN.

Mme. Darnet Discovered China Clay in France While Washing.
The history of French porcelain, as it is called in France, and china, as it is known in the United States, is very interesting. The finding of the knolin or china clay is due to a woman. She was the wife of a country doctor, M. Darnet by name, living in very moderate circumstances in the little town of St. Yrieix, Department of Haute Vienne, France. Mme. Darnet, according to French custom, took some clothes that she intended to wash down to the bank of a little stream. The earth where she placed the garments was very white, but recent rains had made the white chalky substance quite soft. She found, in washing the garments next the ground, that some of the earth where she placed the garments was very white, but recent rains had made the white chalky substance quite soft. She found, in washing the garments next the ground, that some of the earth adhered to the clothes, and in washing it off she found that it was almost as good as soap and greatly facilitated the removal of all kinds of dirt. Overjoyed with her discovery, she hastened to inform her husband that she had found a soap mine. The doctor was a very good chemist, and after a careful analysis of the earth pronounced the one word that France was longing to hear—kaolin. Ho straightway charged his wife to guard her secret and sought to buy the land. But the discovery leaked out and real estate rose enormously in that vicinity, and it is doubtful whether Mme. Darnet was rewarded for her wonderful find.

This event occurred somewhere about the year 1760, about the same time the royal porcelain factory was removed from St. Cloud to Livres, where it has since remained, and the St. Yrieix kaolin took the place of the clay brought from China, England and elsewhere. China factories now began to be established at Paris, but finding the transport of clay very costly—water communication was impossible and the railroads were unknown—he removed his factory which has quarter. Monarchies, evolutions, dictatorship

The Antiquated Flirt.

The Antiquated Fiirt.

HE newspapers for a long time, and justly, too, have made that libel on manhood, the dude, the subject of their shafts. Whenever the literary wag has needed a victim he has found in the dude an inspiration for his best efforts. But there is one who deserves the same or worse treatment, yet does not seem to get it—he is the antiquated flirt. We expect dudes to be harmless, and their "mashing," as they call it, is harmless, but when it comes to a bewigged, bewhiskered, fossilized old man it makes our blood boil.

Watch him now as he comes down the street, rheumatic and wheezy, and

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a generous man, but this is the first favor I have asked after serving my country for three years, and besides I have come clear from Ohio to be present at the impeachment of Andrew Johnson."

The old Senator looked him over with a merry twinkle in his eye, noticing especially the clerical cut of his coat, and then writing something on a slip of paper said:

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After he got out of sight, the Ohioan looked at the paper and on it were these words:

"For God's sake, let this man in. Ben Wade."

Whether it was an imprecation or an appeal he could not tell, but he wisely decided to consider it the latter and passed into the gallery under cover of the doorkeeper's surprise at the novel licket of admission.—Washington letter.

Sne was Smart

He—llove you, Maud.

When Deville showed the first alu-THE CONVENTIONAL MASHERS

WHEN Deville showed the first WHEN Deville showed the first aluminium at Paris, in 1855, the charge for the new metal was \$16 an ounce, but in 1857 the price was reduced to \$2 an ounce. In 1884 it had been further cheapened, so that the metal for the tip of the Washington monument was furnished for \$15 a pound. In 1887 the cost had fallen to \$10 a pound, and at the close of 1889 it was only about \$4 a pound. The annual production previous to 1887 did not exceed five tons, but large quantities are now being turned out by two distinct processes.

Where the Money Is.

Where the Money Is.

Aspiring youth—Yes, sir, I'm going West. No money in the East. What's the use of plodding along in this effets section? The West is the place for youth and energy.

Same youth (a few months later, in the West)—Yes, Mrs. Hashhouse, I know my board bill is a good deal overdue; but have a little patience. I have just sent to my friends and relatives in the East for money.—Prob.

A good time for farmers to get in their hay is when it rains pitchforks, if there isn't any other shelter handy.

THERE IS no accounting for taste except on the principle that some people haven't any.