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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 17, 1898.

**That Town is Now Night.**  
"Three miles from nowhere, in a little backwoods village over in North Carolina the other day, I found the one town in the world where everybody works and no loafing is permitted," said a well-known traveling salesman the other night. "In this hamlet there's no idleness that is not voluntary or vicious, and this privilege is not allowed even to the wandering Willie out of a job. On a sign at the post office in Bechland is this injunction, from which there is no appeal: 'No loafing allowed in this town. We work, and so must everybody else who expects to reside here for any length of time. Idleness breeds crime, and as we never had a robbery or a murder here we have determined to strike at the root of all evil. Tramps will be given one hour in which to depart, and honest men out of employment will be given work if they desire it. If not they must git, and git as quick as their lazy legs will carry them away from the village. This means you.'"

A little American flag, stuck in a frosted cake, came in contact with a candle while the stewards on board the American liner St. Louis were celebrating New Year's, and out of this mishap grew the story that the blasted Britishers who are employed on that line had insulted the American people by setting fire to their flag. It takes a mighty small whiff to make the American eagle scream nowadays.

Three men and two women of the same family were admitted to the Frankfort (Ky.) penitentiary one day recently. The men were habitual criminals, one having served three previous terms and the others two terms each.

According to report a Great Bend (Ind.) woman, who, on being divorced, married the man who had been her father-in-law, made herself on this second trial a model wife.

A recent report says that a young Maryland widow set a bear trap in front of her smokehouse door, and the first catch was the man who was courting her.

There is a fine horse at Glasgow Junction, Ky., which was left with a citizen near the railroad station last April by a stranger who was in a great hurry to catch a train and said that he was coming back from Bowling Green on the next returning train. He has not been heard of since.

It is said that Iowa could put 250,000 soldiers in the field in defense of the nation, if they were required, and still have left enough men, boys and robust women to cultivate the fields, milk the cows, make the butter and keep the agricultural machine in full operation.

John Muir, the leading naturalist of the Pacific slope, says the animal life of Alaska is very abundant and varied. More birds are born in Alaska, he thinks, than in any equal area on the continent, and these include not only strong-winged birds, but thrushes and finches that winter in Central America.

The following is a recent state paper from the Drierwell, Ky., justice court: "This here decision handed down by his honor, Justice Green, witnessed by his bailiff, Thomas Jenkins and three attorneys, and may God have Mercy on our Soles!"

A Tacoma negro woman has been sent to an asylum because she persisted in eating soap. There are white people in this world who seem to have as little knowledge of the use for which soap is intended.

Experience is proving that the cigarette habit will find slaves among brain-brained young women as well as callow young men. Both New York and San Francisco contribute a victim to the madhouse.

Some comment has been excited by the statement that the football coaches at some of the leading colleges receive higher compensation than any of the professors.

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**THE DAY IN THE ARMY**

HOW THE IRISH BRIGADE CELEBRATED IT IN 1863.

Devotional Exercises, Followed by Races, Games and Feats of Skill—General Joseph Hooker Called For Three Cheers For General Meagher's Command.

St. Patrick's day, 1863, was celebrated in our camp on the Rappahannock with the usual gayety and rejoicing by the few and fearless men composing the Irish brigade. Vast preparations had been made, a race course marked out, and on every side, written in large, bold characters, could be seen the announcement:

**GRAND IRISH BRIGADE STEEPLECHASE.**  
To come off the 17th of March, rain or shine, by horses, the property of and to be ridden by commissioned officers of that brigade. The prizes are a purse of \$500; second horse to save his stakes; 2½ mile heat, best two in three, over four hurdles 4½ feet high and five ditch fences, including two artificial rivers 15 feet wide and 6 deep; hurdles to be made of forest pine and braced with hoops.

The brigade quartermaster brought from Washington for the banquet that was to follow the race the following moderate supply: Thirty-five hams and a side of an ox, roasted; an entire pig, stuffed with boiled turkeys; an unlimited number of chickens, ducks and small game. The drinking materials comprised 8 baskets of champagne, 10 gallons of rum and 22 of whisky. A splendid bower was erected, capable of containing some hundreds of persons, for a general invitation was issued to all the officers of the Army of the Potomac.

The evening previous to the races a committee was held on punch as to who was the best qualified to mix that important compound. It was unanimously agreed that the general and staff were the best judges, and therefore the most proper to undertake it. It was ruled that the matter be left entirely in their hands.

The morning commenced with religious ceremonies, after which the different riders proceeded to dress themselves. The dresses were showy, but some rather incongruous. One officer appeared mounted in scarlet, the top of his head crowned with a green smoking cap, the present of his ladylove. The reason he assigned for this peculiar taste was he was from Galway and his family had hunted with the Galway Blazers' club and dressed similarly. At 11 o'clock the grand stand was crowded with generals, officers and about a dozen ladies.

A concourse of at least 10,000 had assembled to participate in the fun. Previous to the starting the course was the object of attraction for spectators. Large crowds of soldiers were congregated in the vicinity of the interesting points, which seemed to be, in their estimation, where the leaps were highest and ditches deepest. The nature of the ground was favorable—a gently rolling stretch of land, over which the course ran a mile and three-quarters in length—and at points about equal distance from each other eight leaps had been erected or excavated. From the ground whereon the stand was and where the flags marking the track waved the hills, here and there crested with a growth of oak or cedar, sloped away toward the Rappahannock, beyond which could be seen the camp of Lee's army. The bluest of the blue skies looked down on the gayly dressed and eager crowds, on the flashing horsemen, whose steeds pranced by the side of others on which were riding gay and brilliant women, on the quiet hills, the peaceful river, the two hostile armies.

The start was named for 11 o'clock. Ten minutes before that hour the commander in chief of the Army of the Potomac, Major General Hooker, attended by all the members of his staff, arrived on the ground. On the appearance of the commander in chief he was greeted with warm cheers, which he gratefully acknowledged as he took his place on the grand stand.

Naturally the ladies added much by their vivacity and their picturesque costumes, by their brilliancy and witchery, to the entertainments and amusements of the day. Fortunate citizens, dwelling in their quiet homes and having before their eyes every hour of the day the graceful and lovely women, can have no idea of the chivalrous emotions which swell the heart of even the roughest soldier, seeing on rude camp covered hills the figures, the fair faces, which, it may be, have not been looked on in these regions and by these men for many, many months. If the reader has any conception of these things, he can then easily imagine with what deep yet subdued gladness the ladies were greeted by all.

When an opportunity offered, in recognition of the hospitable greeting accorded him, General Hooker proposed three cheers for "General Meagher and his Irish brigade, God bless them!"

The following horses only, out of a large number entered for the first race, open to officers of the Irish brigade, started:

General Meagher's gray horse Jack Hinton; Captain John Gosson; dress, crimson jacket, sleeves, breeches and white cap. Captain Hogan's bay mare Napper Tandy; rider, Lieutenant Ryder; dress, blue jacket, white breeches, green cap. Captain Martin's bay mare Kathleen Marrounser; rider, Captain Martin; soldier's uniform, blue jacket, white breeches, maroon cap. Captain Leavelle's black horse Nigger Bill; rider, Lieutenant Byron; plaid jacket, white breeches, pink cap.

Quartermaster McCormick's bay horse Sharpshoot; rider, Lieutenant O'Connor; red jacket, white breeches, blue cap. Major Mulholland's chestnut horse Major; rider, Quartermaster Wade; blue jacket, white breeches, red cap. Judges: Colonel Van Schaick, Seventh N. Y. V.; Colonel Frank, Fifty-seventh N. Y. V.; Umpire, Brigadier General Caldwell. Clerk of the Course, James Meagher.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock the bugle sounded to the post, the horses were uncovered, and the eager riders mounted. Precisely as the hand denoted the hour the clerk of the course waved his whip, another sweet, inspiring note from the bugler, and off they go.

The first race was won by General Meagher's horse. Then followed a sweepstakes, won by a chestnut ridden by a descendant of Waterloo Blucher. It was 1 o'clock when General Mea-



A FAIR EXILE'S DREAM.

gher announced that all further operations would be postponed for half an hour and invited the ladies, the generals present and their staffs to a collation, prepared and awaiting destruction at his quarters, and thither the goodly company proceeded. In front of the quarters two Sibley tents had been pitched, separated by a space of ten yards, which space was inclosed by an awning. In and under these the guests thronged. Mountains of sandwiches disappeared, no doubt filling up those voids which nature is said to abhor. With the precision and promptitude of file firing, pop, pop, went explosions that proceeded copious drafts of rich wines. In and out, in fact everywhere, went the attentive officers of the brigade, attending to their visitors. What attracted most attention, however, and gratified every appreciative palate were potatoes of spiced whisky punch, ladled by Captain Hogan, the Ganymede of



THE HUGE PUNCH BOWL.

the occasion, from an enormous bowl, holding not much less than 30 gallons.

Then a varying programme followed:

- First.—A foot race, one-half mile distance, best of heats; open to all noncommissioned officers and privates, the winner to receive \$7 and the second \$3.
- Second.—Casting weights, the weights to weigh from 10 to 14 pounds, the winner to receive \$3.
- Third.—Running after a soaped pig, to be the prize of the man who holds it.
- Fourth.—A hurdle race, one-half mile distance, open to all noncommissioned officers and privates, the winner to receive \$7, the second \$3.
- Fifth.—The wheelbarrow race, the contestants to be blindfolded and limited to six soldiers of the Irish brigade, the winner to receive \$5; distance to be decided on the ground.
- Sixth.—Jumping in sacks to a distance of 500 yards, the winner to receive \$7.
- Seventh.—A contest on the light fantastic too, consisting of Irish reels, jigs and hornpipes, the best dancer to receive \$5, the second best \$3, to be decided by a judge appointed by the chairman.

The celebration closed with an entertainment at night consisting of theatricals and recitations. Many a health was drunk, many a friend was toasted, and even the pure blooded Americans present entered into the spirit of the hour. Flowing bumpers, songs and toasts went freely round. Captain Hogan presided at the nectarean mixture, which floated like a spiced island in a huge barrel. Captain Jack Gosson in his most recherche uniform, bespangled with lace, aided and assisted. Around them were a lot of drummer boys and soldiers.

CAPTAIN G. KENNETH GILMER.

Washington Order on St. Patrick's Day.

It is said that General Washington, when encamped at Morristown in the winter of 1780, gave the first official recognition in this country to St. Patrick's day. Among his manuscripts preserved in St. Louis is an order dated March 16, 1780, which congratulates the American army upon the sympathy of Ireland and commands that all working parties cease work on the 17th out of regard for the Irish nation and its festal day. A hoghead of rum was rationed out to the troops to help on the jovial pastimes.

**ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.**

A Word About the Organization and Principles of This Influential Society.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians is distinctly Irish Catholic in its organization, benevolent in its character, but its prime object is to arouse the spirit, elevate the character and unify the Irish race into one common bond of brotherhood. The motto of the society is "Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity"—attributes that appeal to the noblest and most generous impulses in the human heart. Friendship—in regarding each other as members of one family; to extend all necessary support and protection in sickness and distress; to be animated by a fervent purpose of mutual assistance and forbearance; adoring at the same altar, and holding sacred the same holy tradition of motherland. Unity—to be true and united to each other and assist in promoting each other's prosperity. While influenced by this principle, deceit or hypocrisy is unknown and proves what a blessing it is for brothers to dwell together in unity. Christian charity—by bearing with each other's weaknesses; aiding by wise counsel distressed or erring brothers; by relieving their distress and soothing their afflictions.

With these cardinal principles emblazoned upon its banner, the order is propagating its benevolent and patriotic influence with such effect that in every city and town of importance from the Atlantic to the Pacific may be found flourishing divisions of the order, united in a common purpose and bound together in the same fraternal ties, making in all 100,000 members in the United States, and such are the teachings inculcated into the members that from this number are gathered the leaders and projectors of every other organization whose object is the amelioration of the condition of Irish kindred in the old land or the fraternization of the race in the new.

Another High Hat Victim.  
Mollie—I wonder what is worrying Mabel. She seems to have something on her mind.  
Chollie—I don't know, but she had something on her mind last night that worried me a good deal. I sat behind her at the opera.—Up-to-Date.

All the Earmarks.  
Little Ethel—Mamma, Percy went and looked for an hour at a naughty picture, then tore it up so I couldn't see it.  
Mrs. Goodie-Goodie—Little darling! John, dear, hasn't he the making of a great reformer in him?—Judge.

A Resemblance.  
Twynn—The coal dealer reminds me of the heathen Chinee.  
Triplett—In what way?  
Twynn—Well, for weights that are dark, and tricks not in vain, the dealer in coal is peculiar.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Other Way Around.  
She—I cannot think what induced Jack to marry again after his first unfortunate experience. Once bitten twice shy, you know.  
He—Perhaps if he had reversed it, and been once shy, he wouldn't have been twice bitten.—Harlem Life.

Practical Man.  
"Papa," she said, twisting the hair over his temple around her pudgy finger, "if you should lose your little girl what would you do?"  
"Advertise for you, dear," replied papa who was very busy with his accounts.—Chicago Tribune.

It Came Off.  
Her face was her fortune; no flaw  
Could I in its beauty see,  
But she failed, and next morning I saw  
My coat was her assignee.  
—N. Y. Journal.

Tentative Indorsement.  
"Your deceased husband was a good man, wasn't he, Mrs. Jackson?"  
"Yes, sir; so far as I know."—Chicago Record.

A Considerate Mother.  
Near the main entrance of one of our churches a poor woman, shivering with cold, and holding a baby in her arms, appealed to the charity of the passers-by.  
"Why, your infant is pasteboard!" said a gentleman, as he tapped its nose, which sounded hard and resonant.  
"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. It is so cold, I left the real one at home."—Tit-Bits.

She Would Like That Kind.  
"O, my friends, there are some spectacles that no never forgets," said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed.  
"I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience, who is always mislaying her glasses.—Odds and Ends.

A Misnomer.  
They call them trusts, I wonder why—  
Can you the trust disclose?  
I've hunted low, I've hunted high—  
But found no one who knows.  
Why should they call them trusts, forsooth?  
The title is unjust.  
Because a trust does not, in truth,  
Give anybody trust.  
—Chicago Daily News.

A Matter of Direction.  
"Aren't you afraid that child is rather forward in its conversation?" asked the bachelor relative.  
"Oh, no, indeed," replied the fond mother serenely. "It's all we can do to keep it from talking back."—Washington Star.

A Recommendation.  
Mrs. Slindiet—So you have placed yourself under the care of a physician who reduces superfluous flesh? Did he recommend any special diet?  
New Boarder—No, madam. He simply recommended your boarding house.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Novel Way.  
Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens in the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house she inquired, shyly: "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"—Judge.

Consistent in His Vegetarianism.  
Brown—I thought you were a vegetarian, but I hear you eat mutton.  
Robinson—I am not a bigoted vegetarian. I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food.—Odds and Ends.

Seasonable Finance.  
"So they're reorganizing the company?"  
"Yes."  
"What's the reason for that?"  
"New crop of suckers, I suppose."—Chicago Journal.

FROM THE NURSERY.  
"Oh, Tommy, what are you doing with my Puggie?"  
"Nothing—only teaching him to swim."—Fliegende Blätter.

Not a Gardener.  
Outskirts—My wife always calls a spade a spade.  
Townie—That's because you live in the country. I think my wife would be apt to call a spade a shovel.—Up-to-Date.

A Rainy Day.  
Talented Boy—Papa, may I get my paints, and paint a picture?  
Practical Father—Not now, my son; but you may get some lime and white-wash the cellar.—N. Y. Weekly.

Badly Put.  
Sam Pinkney—Will yo' allow me ter put youn skates on, Miss Mokeby?  
Miss Mokeby (angrily)—D' yo' mean ter 'sinnate dat yo' could get mah skates on dem feet ob youn?—Puck.

Easy Enough.  
Judge—How do you explain your being found inside Maj. Brown's chicken coop last night?  
Prisoner—Judge, dar war chickens inside de coop, sah.—Harlem Life.

A Far-Reaching Area.  
Mistah Hayfoot—Get off mah feet, biggah!  
Mistah Johnsing—Does yo' think I'm gwine into de nex' block to please yo', ol' brack trash?—N. Y. Journal.

The Power of Music.  
She—Does her singing drive dull care away?  
He—I don't know; but it drives her husband away, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

Kind Sympathy.  
The Fierce One—I do wish the Lord had made me a man.  
The Gentle One—Perhaps He has, Amelia, dear, but you haven't been able to find him yet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Oil of Turpentine -  
Oil of Sweetgum -  
Oil of Wintergreen -  
Oil of Eucalyptus -  
Oil of Lemon -  
Oil of Orange -  
Oil of Bergamot -  
Oil of Rose -  
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Oil of St. Peter's Wort -  
Oil of St. Paul's Wort -  
Oil of St. Andrew's Wort -  
Oil of St. George's Wort -  
Oil of St. Elizabeth's Wort -  
Oil of St. John's Wort -  
Oil of St. Peter's Wort -  
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