

# The Maitland Courier

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## The Shadow of the Cloud.

Ripe fields and sunny skies;  
A glamour on the distant hills that stand  
Like citadels of some enchanted land  
Which yet invites our eyes.  
A wealth of daisies spread;  
A weight of redolence upon the air,  
From yonder crab, whose wanton blossoms  
Lies there  
Oppressive fragrance shed.  
Here in the sedges deep,  
A little pool that, full of sweet content,  
To ripple, wind swept, 'neath the branches  
Lies bent,  
Lies tranquil and asleep.  
High up among the boughs  
The feathered choristers of morn, that strove  
To fill the air with ecstasy and love,  
Chirp feebly as they drowse,  
And all things yield in silence to the power  
Of warmth and sunlight at the noontide hour.  
Unfathomed depths of blue,  
And rifted dusky clouds chased by the breeze  
Across a sea of azure, which one sees  
The veiled sunlight through;  
Which darken pond and hillock as they pass,  
And cast their flying shadows on the grass.  
A moment and 'tis done;  
The meadow glows once more with heavenly  
light,  
A glimpse of gloom whose momentary flight  
Shuts out the fadeless sun.  
How many a seeming ill which casts a shade  
Upon life's sunny plains would be allayed,  
Could we but think when that it hides the sky,  
'Tis but a swift cloud-shadow passing by.  
—Nannie M. Fitzhugh.

## HOUSE-HUNTING.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

I believe I always did admire my cousin Celestine. She was pretty when she was a school girl. She had the softest brown hair, fine and sheeny as corn silk, and the sweetest blue timid way with her. She was such a girl as any boy might fall in love with. She married George Andover, a young Presbyterian preacher. I saw nothing of them for nearly five years, when they came to Crmhntslwlin, a little town down in Pennsylvania, where I lived. It was called by a Welsh name, because there were no Welsh people within a thousand miles of it so far as I was able to learn. Still, it had to be called something, and Crmhntslwlin was pronounced as good a name as it deserved. It was at least an improvement on Jinkinville and Thompsontown and Snyderburg. George and Celestine were going to live in the city, a few miles distant, or near, rather. George had to go right away and attend a presbytery or synod or something or other that was going to burn a heretic or something, and would I go to the city and help Celestine hunt a house? Wouldn't I? I would go and find a house for them myself, and Celestine could stay at home and rest. But she hesitated, in her timid way, and then said she would go with me. How glad I was. She was prettier than ever, and seemed so grateful that I was going to take care of her. How glad I was, I repeat it. How glad I was. It didn't take me twenty minutes to find the very house she wanted; just the one she described. Eleven rooms, hot and cold water in every corner, Philadelphia window shutters four inches thick, and a parlor so respectably dark that the boldest cat would fall over the furniture and break its head against the piano limbs every time it ventured in there. But Celestine didn't like it, because Mr. Gonge, the agent, wouldn't paint, paper, put in a new range, build on a bay window and add another story. I never saw that timid, appealing, confiding expression on Celestine's face look quite so sweet and appealing as it did when she refused to take that house. We rode about six miles on nine different street car lines that morning, and visited a dozen houses. I was charmed with every house, but Celestine would look so appealingly at me every time, when we consulted the agent, and state her objections so

sweetly and timidly, and say: "Oh, cousin, won't you decide for me?" And then we would start after another one. We found a new house. Just completed. Just scrubbed and oiled and varnished from garret to cellar; agent just putting the card in the window when we got there. We went all over it, and Celestine said she would take it if he would have it repainted and papered and a new heater put in. The brute looked into that pleading, timid, gentle face and refused. Somewhere during the next mile Celestine suddenly stopped. "There," she said, so decidedly I was frightened. "I would take that house." She was looking at a handsome mansion of stone, situated in a beautiful yard and bursting into bloom and blossom from every window. "Yes," I said a little uncertainly, "but isn't it a little larger than you want?" I judged that it contained possibly not more than twenty rooms. "Ye-es," she said, "but we could close a portion of the house. Suppose you run over and see what it rents for." I didn't believe it was to let. "You can't tell until you find out," said cousin Celestine, timidly. "It looks like a very expensive house," I said. "But maybe the man is embarrassed in business," she said, "and would be glad to find a good tenant. Don't fail me, please," she added, and I said I would go. I did go. I rang the bell, and stated my business. The liveried servant shut the door in my face without a word, and I returned.

I looked at the sweet blue eyes, and calmly, without a blush, I said: "The man said he owned the house, and did not care to rent it this season." She sighed, and said in low, tremulous tones that she believed she could have got it if she had gone over. That afternoon, while we were somewhere on our ninth mile, Celestine found another house that suited her exactly, but the rent was \$240 a month, and she didn't want to go beyond \$60. As we walked now, she leaned heavily on my arm, and I tottered along on blistered feet, eagerly scanning the horizon in every direction for street cars, while Celestine could see a "To let" card with the naked eye farther than I could think. Her timid, trustful way grew upon her, until she looked a perfect miracle of submissive diffidence, and when we went home that night, in a low, sweet voice she tore houses, landlords and agents to pieces so sweetly and timidly and completely it made you think of a cyclone weaving garlands of anemones and violets, and breathing softly through a flute to blow a six-story warehouse clear across the Delaware River. We went house hunting the next day and the next day after that, and the next day after that again, for two weeks. Celestine timidly drove me into the happy homes of all sorts of people to see if the houses were not to let, "because," she said, "sometimes very particular people, who have the best houses to let, may not like to advertise them." Sometimes, in these forays, I stumbled into homes of some of my acquaintances, and had to go in and go through the hollow mockery of "a call" to conceal the real reason of my visit, and then I could see my friends wondering and laughing behind the blinds when I went guiltily out and rejoined my cousin Celestine. I wouldn't have believed it possible that so many houses, exactly alike from drain to chimney pot, could have so many faults, no two alike. I prowled about in cellars until I began to smell moldy, and I climbed stairs till I was knee sprung. At length, just before I died, there came a letter from George. Celestine read it and sighed.

"Well," she said, "George is coming home to-morrow, so I suppose there is an end to house-hunting." "Why," I said, sternly resolving the minute George came home to send myself a telegram calling me to the North Pole on the first train, "you haven't found a house yet?" "Oh, yes," Celestine said, in tones so melting that I half started to go out and resume the search, "there is a parsonage with the church to which George has been called, and our things are all there. The ladies of the church got it all ready for us when we decided to come. But," she said softly, probably noticing the look of brutal amazement that came creeping over my face, "I thought perhaps they could let the parsonage to some one else if we found a house we liked better." "Then you don't like the parsonage?" I managed to say. "Oh, I don't say that," she said, sweetly. "I have not seen it. They didn't want us to come until everything was all ready." I have not seen by cousin Celestine since she went to the parsonage. They came out to Crmhntslwlin several times, but the man whom I have employed to watch the station is vigilant and faithful, and so has warned me in time to effect my escape over into the hills of Irddnwr. Any person desiring to purchase an undivided interest in a cousin, low-voiced, sweet-tempered and fair-favored, gentle and affectionate, a charming singer and an infallible judge of improved city real estate, can secure a bargain by corresponding with me. I cannot give a clear title, save as to coisnship, and that I will quit-claim, purchaser to assume all risks and encumbrances of coisnship during the moving season.

Migrations of Birds.  
Not long ago large numbers of British migratory birds (dead) were found floating in the sea off the Eddystone Lighthouse. It is probable that during their night journey from the Devonshire shores a fog overtook them, and that the light proceeding from the lantern of the lighthouse attracted them and so stupefied them that they dashed themselves against the thick glass and were killed in large numbers. The fishermen who trawl for turbot, soles, skate, etc., on the Varne Ridge Bank between Dover and Calais, not infrequently hear the sound of flocks of migratory birds flying overhead. The speed at which birds can go when on their migratory flight has been noticed. Quails are said to accomplish 150 miles in a night, and undigested African seeds and plants have been found in the crops of these birds when they reach the French coast. It is said that the migration of birds will foretell severe weather, and it is well known by the bird-catcher that when the larks and other northern birds appear, snow and hard weather will follow the flight. These warnings of migratory birds, though apparently insignificant, may be of vast political and even national importance. If the Emperor Napoleon, when on the road to Moscow with his army in 1811, had condescended to observe the flights of storks and cranes passing over his fated battalions, subsequent events in the politics of Europe might have been very different. These storks and cranes knew of the coming on of a great and terrible winter; the birds hastened toward the south, Napoleon and his army toward the north.—Frank Buckland.

Camels in America.  
The camels turned loose upon the Arizona desert some years ago have so multiplied that they roam the Gila Valley in herds of 100 or more. The hunters of the Territory have great sport in chasing them. A camel hunt is a long way ahead of the old-fashioned deer drive.—San Francisco Examiner.

About Auroras.  
The extent of the auroral displays over the world is not uniform, the United States being the most favored, while Siberia, opposite to us across the pole, but much further north, is the least. New York city has about the same frequency of auroral displays as St. Petersburg and London, and also as Siberia, more than half way up the Behring Sea coast, fully 1,500 to 2,000 miles nearer the pole. They are seen as far south as Cuba, Yucatan, Central Mexico and Cape St. Lucas on the American continent, while in Asia they are unknown in Pekin, and almost so in the Japanese Islands, Southern Europe, on the latitude of New York city, being just within the limits of visibility. In general, it is seen about 1,400 miles further south on the Western Continent side than it is on the Eastern, or just the distance the magnet pole is from the true or geographical one, pulled over the same side, so to speak, it being just north of our continent. It thus plainly shows that the magnetic pole is a central point from which the auroral force in some unknown way is dependent. The magnetic pole, approximately speaking, is on longitude 100 degrees west from Greenwich, and on that meridian the displays are more frequent than at other points of the same latitude.—Lieut. Schwatka.

National Flags.  
The present beautiful tricolor of France which succeeded the white field with golden lilies, was formed by the combination of the colors of the city of Paris, red and blue, with the white of the house of Bourbon. What is now called the "union" of the British flag once consisted only of the cross of St.

Andrew was added to it, and finally the cross of St. Patrick, and as the first and last are of the same shape, the last change could only be denoted by the addition of the narrow white line to the edge of the cross of St. George, which can be seen by closely examining the union of Britain's banner. Many people fancy that the present German flag has some relations to the "German liberty flag" of black, red and gold horizontal stripes, adopted by the German revolutionists, which in turn is fancifully connected with the Holy Roman empire. As a fact the German flag is simply the flag of the North German Confederation, which was a combination of the black and white of Prussia with the red and white of the Hanseatic league. The blue in the American flag came from the English Whigs, whose colors were blue and buff. The Whigs were the friends of the struggling colonies before the Revolution. The Whigs were allied with the Protestant cause in Germany and got their colors from Sweden. Blue and buff, with a dash of red in the union to signify the coalition with Norway, still form the Swedish flag.—Cultivator.

Saved His Cattle.  
The French Professor Pasteur, who has made himself famous by inoculating men and cattle with disease germs to insure them against epidemics, ought to yield the palm of priority in that discovery to a humble priest of our own country, says a Russian paper. In 1868, when the Siberian plague was killing the cattle in this place, Father Andrew Joakimansky of the Troitzky village, resorted to a desperate means in order to save his cows. He got some blood from a dying cow, saturated threads with that blood, and passed these threads through the ears of the healthy cows, numbering eleven. At the place where the ears were punctured there appeared tumors of the size of pigeon eggs. In a short time those tumors disappeared, and the cows remained alive and healthy, though the rest of the cattle of that village perished.

## THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Danger of Large Doses of Quinine.  
At a late meeting of the New York Clinical Society, two papers were read in which it was shown that large doses of quinine have a deleterious effect on the heart, through the nervous system. This, it appears, is especially the case in typhoid fever, where, through long continued pyrexia, the heart becomes weak or degenerated.  
A Closet for Medicines.  
Keep if you can, a closet for the sole use of medicines, and appliances for sickness or accidents. A narrow, high chimney-side closet answers the purpose admirably, with shelves half way down and deep drawers to fill the remaining space. Bundles of old, soft cotton and linen pieces, a roll of cotton batting and flannel, the rubber water bag, medicine dropper, bed pan, and feeding cup, and everything needed in an emergency or long sickness. Have every vial plainly labeled, those marked poison place always on the upper shelf. Keep the whole under lock and key, the key beyond the reach of children, but easily accessible to older members of the family.—Good Housekeeping.  
Dangerous Medicines for Children.  
The British Medical Journal says: It is well known that in every household a great deal of useless and unnecessary medication is carried on by parents among the youthful members of the family. As a rule, resort is had to medicines that are practically safe, and which experience has shown to be innocuous; but there is also, we fear, a tendency to employ drugs which should only be administered by the family physician, with calling in medical aid. An example of this was furnished by a trial which took place at Hamilton, where a father was placed in the dock, on the charge of culpable homicide, for administering four drops of laudanum to a child five weeks old, with the result that it became unconscious and died within the next few hours. There was no evidence that the medicine had been given with any criminal intent, and the jury very properly acquitted the parent, whose mental suffering must have been sufficient punishment for the indiscretion of which he had been guilty; but the facts brought out in connection with the case cannot be too widely known. They may serve to impress more forcibly on the public what is well known and universally admitted, that there is extreme susceptibility on the part of children, especially within the first few weeks of life, to the influence of opium in any form, and that it should never be given except under medical guidance and sanction. The evidence of some of the witnesses at the trial showed the hazy notions that exist as to the administration of laudanum to children, some holding that a drop of laudanum for each week of the age was perfectly safe, while others were not prepared to go such lengths. Where the issues involved are those of life or death, it would be well to follow the rule we have given above; for, where a child is ill enough to require an opiate, the sooner medical advice is procured the better.  
To Encourage the Victims.  
Young man: I came in answer to the advertisement.  
Dentist: Are you of a cheerful disposition?  
"Sir, I could laugh at a funeral and play checkers in a graveyard."  
"I think you'll do. I want a young man of good address to issue forth from the operating room at ten-minute intervals, looking as if he enjoyed it. I think it will tend to encourage the real victims."—Philadelphia Call.  
Laces embroidered with lead beads, and bands of cloth embroidered with gold threads in patterns resembling lace, are new trimming novelties.

A CHRISTMAS SYMBOL.

As birds to sun-land wing their way in blithesome beves and with song, so from the gift-hand, Christmas-day, flow tokens that life's joys prolong. The season's symbol, like a charm, wish and delight is interlocking; and plainest gifts the heart will warm be they but found within a stocking! \* \* \* Time can destroy the dearest whim; the sweetest joy age can bedim; but on life's way all love to pause each year a day with Santa Claus. Tho' heads be bowed with weight of years, and onward crowd life's saddening cares, the mem'ry turns at Christmas-tide in grooves of childhood joys to glide. \* \* \* Then hang the stockings—great and small! Our chimney-sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished-for aye to find. Yes! hang the stocking—young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be re-told! Let old heads play the Christmas parts, which prove that naught can age young hearts! Hear ts!

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE. "Now, Charlie dear, do make it go as far as you can," said little Mrs. Rushton, as she counted a roll of crisp, green bills into her husband's hand as they stood in the cottage door one Christmas eve. Charlie received them quite nonchalantly, never once thinking, perhaps, how many weary stitches that pale, patient little woman at his side had earned them with—stitches made in the dead midnight hours, when he and the little ones were fast asleep. He twisted them together and stuffed them into his vest pocket. Mrs. Rushton sighed, and looked wistfully out into the stormy gloom. "There are so many things we need," she said, "I could have gone myself; but how can I go ill for that?" glancing back into the crib in one corner. "So Charlie, do you see the medicine for the baby, pray, forget that—and a little sugar and tea, and a few loaves of bread. And I did want a turkey for to-morrow—a small one, you know, Charlie; and a few plums to make a pudding. We can't afford it well; but it seems so hard for you and the children to have nothing for Christmas. Charlie moved restlessly, but her thin, labor-worn hand held his arm. "And some little trifles for the children, dear," she went on; "the poor little things will be hanging up their stockings to-night, and it hurts me so to disappoint them. Get a few candies, and a knife for Tom, and a doll for Annie—some little things that won't cost much, Charlie."

He shook her hand from his arm, and hurried out. "Yes, yes," he replied, half impatiently, "I'll do it all if you don't keep me here all night." "And Charlie," she called, as he strode away, her voice full of touching entreaty, "please don't stay long; baby is so ill, and will need her medicine in an hour; and I thought we would fix up a bit when the children get to bed. You will come back soon, dear?" "Oh, yes, Mary, yes!" But Mary watched him out of sight, with a glimmer of tears in her patient eyes. "I wish I could have gone myself," she sighed, as she returned to her baby's cradle. "Poor Charlie; I do hope he will be as good as his word."

She sat down, with her foot on the rocker, and took up her work basket. There was never an idle moment for her, not even on Christmas eve. The babe slept, its cheek hot and flushed, its breath coming in quick, short gasps. Presently the children came in from the pine ridge, beyond the village, where they had been to gather wood for the fire. "We've got a lot, mother," said Tom, a sturdy little fellow, the image of his father. "We'll have a rousing fire on Christmas, won't we, Annie?" Annie nodded and crept into the corner holding her little red hands to the fire. "I'm not cold," said Tom. "Girls be so tender mother—let Annie stay in; I'll feed the cow and get in the water—I'm in for Christmas work, I am! Say, mother, shall we have any goodies to-morrow?" His mother smiled. "We must wait and see," she said; "there's no telling what Santa Claus may do."

"I wish he'd bring me a jack knife, or a humming top, like Ned Raynor's," said Tom, as he ran off to finish his work. Having warmed her hands, Annie stole softly to the baby's crib, and sat down beside it. Mrs. Rushton sewed on, and the stormy twilight closed in rapidly. Very soon it was quite dark, and every moment the storm increased. She put by her work, and made preparations for their frugal supper.

"You'll have to put one of your sticks on the fire, Tom," she said; "the room is too cold for the child. I thought the coal would have been here before this." "And baby ought to have had her powder at four," said the thoughtful Annie; "do you mind how fast she breathes, mother?" The mother bent over the little sufferer, and pressed her lips to the hot, dry little mouth. Then she went to the door and looked long and wistfully down the village road, and such a sharp pain at her poor heart. She had worked so hard, and hoped so much for this Christmas; sewed so constantly and patiently for the few bills that Charlie had gone out to expend. Oh, surely, thoughtless, and thriftless, as he was, he would not forget and the children that Christmas Eve.

But the stormy hours wore by, yet he did not return. Poor, half-famished little Tom sat before the fire, and watched the scanty supper with longing eyes. His mother noticed the little fellow, and proceeded at once to place it on the table; she made them eat, and then coaxed them to go to bed. Then she sat down again to her work and her anxious vigil. Slowly and wearily the hours wore on, and with every moment the storm seemed to increase. At last she heard the village bells striking for midnight. At the same moment a feeble little moan from the crib made her start to her feet. The babe was growing worse, its breath came now in sharp gasps, and its little face began to wear a strange, purplish pallor. The poor mother caught it up with a stifled cry. Then she ran to the bed where Tom was lying fast asleep, and dreaming, no doubt, of what the long-hoped-for to-morrow would bring him.

"Tom, Tom!" she cried, shaking him gently, "get up, dear—you must run for your father, for I'm afraid baby's dying." The sturdy little fellow was on his feet in an instant. "The saloon, mother?" he inquired, significantly, with a strange look of sorrowful humiliation in his young eyes as he quickly drew on his warm jacket. "Yes, Tom! And be sure you bring him; and if there's any money left, run by the apothecary's and get the medicine—but it's too late now! Be quick, now, Tom! How very dark it is! I'll wake Annie to go with you, if you're afraid." "No, mother, she shan't go out in this storm—I'm not afraid!" and away the manly little fellow went, out into the wild, stormy midnight. The mother sat down and held the dying babe close to her bosom. And this was the night for which she had worked, and hoarded, and hoped for so long!

An hour passed, and little Tom returned, drenched and shivering. "He's there, mother," he half sobbed, "but he won't come, and the money's all gone, he says. I came by the apothecary's, but he wouldn't let me have the medicine. Oh, mother, what shall we do?" "Heaven knows, my boy," said his mother, as the breathing on her bosom grew more convulsive, "put on more wood and wake Annie, then you had better run back. The child is dying—tell your father so!" Tom obeyed! Another hour went by, and above the din of the storm, above the sobs of little Annie, the waiting wife caught the sound of that heavy, unsteady footstep. He was coming, but it was too late. The babe that she held so closely to her poor, aching heart, was now past all earthly suffering. She arose, and laid it in its crib, and crossed the little, waxen hands upon the pulseless bosom. Then she rose to meet her husband.

He staggered in, pale and abashed, and half desperate. She pointed in silence to the little, marble face on the cradle-pillow. "Your work," she said, hoarsely. "You have killed my baby. The medicine might have saved her! Where's my money, that I worked so hard for?" The shock half sobered him, and he answered, defiantly: "I went to the saloon and gambled it away. You might have known that I would." This poor wife had spirit and temper enough beneath her meekness and patience, and it blazed up fiercely now. She turned to push him from her in bitter anger and disgust, but the sight of his face arrested her. A bloated, brutal, drunkard's face, but the face of her own husband; the face that had won her years before, in her happy girlhood; the face that was so noble and manly, when the village bell rang in honor of their wedding day. A sudden gush of tenderness melted her heart. "Oh, Charlie," she sobbed, "how can you break my heart, and I love you so?" His face whitened to the hue of death and his breast heaved convulsively. "Don't," he cried, hoarsely, as he tore himself from her arms, and the next instant he was gone—out in the storm and darkness.

The mother dressed her little one with her own hands in its daintiest robes, with knots of ribbon at the dimpled shoulders, and a fall of misty lace at the tiny, white throat. Then she draped the cradle all white, and laid it down, and she and Tom and Annie watched beside it. A sorrowful vigil to welcome Christmas morn! It dawned upon them royally—a glorious daybreak, born of the storm and of darkness. The east was one glow of splendor, and from every steeple for miles around rang out the glorious jubilation, "peace on earth, and good will toward men."

The drunkard's wife and children sat in silence and desolation, watching by their dead. A step broke upon their mournful silence. The poor, anxious wife raised her head and met her husband's steadfast, sober eye.

"Mary," he said, solemnly, as he entered the room and knelt down beside her, "I've brought you something," and he laid a folded paper on her lap. "I've signed the pledge, and intend to begin a new life. If God will forgive me, can you, Mary?" She glanced at the paper, and then she caught his poor, repentant face to her bosom, and covered it with kisses. "Oh, Charlie," she sobbed, "I do forgive you, and I love you so!" "Tis your love that will save me," he answered solemnly—"my wife's forgiving love."

Tom and Annie crept from the room, and stood hand in hand in the glittering Christmas dawnlight. "We shall have a sad Christmas, Tom," sobbed Annie, "much as we've thought of it." "No we shan't," responded Tom, his blue eyes flashing with triumph; "we shall always call this the happiest Christmas of our lives, Annie, for father has signed the pledge." And little Tom was right.

HEALTH HINTS.

England's highest medical authority on dyspepsia, Dr. Fothergill, recommends milk pudding and stewed fruits for dyspepsia. A cup of cold, strong beef tea nicely seasoned and free from grease, taken during the night, will overcome, in many cases, nervousness and sleeplessness. Lotion for dandruff: Tincture of capsicum, 2 parts; glycerine, 8 parts; cologne 2 parts; water, 24 parts. Apply by means of a sponge to scalp every day. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon the ice or snow, or where exposed to a cold wind.

Dr. Antonin Martin says that the flavor of cod liver oil may be changed to the delightful one of fresh oysters if the patient will drink a large glass of water poured from a vessel in which nails have been allowed to rust. The many sudden variations in the temperature, in some localities, make it necessary for delicate and aged people to take precautions against cold, which are apt to develop pneumonia. Keep the feet dry and do not sit in a draught.

Girl Athletes of Amsterdam. A phase of Dutch middle class life was revealed to us last evening, writes a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, from Amsterdam, Holland. We were walking along the quays that face the Y, or Het IJ, as this portion of the Amsterdam harbor is called by the natives, searching for a little steamboat that would take us almost anywhere, when we came upon a boat that didn't look big enough to steam very far from the city—certainly not into the Zuyder Zee.

and, I have no doubt, recently, but we got from him only a vague idea of where the boat was going. However, we got on board and found that we were on a ferryboat that went across the Y to some pleasure grounds. Here we found enough to entertain us for several hours—a grove fitted up with all sorts of gymnastic apparatus and scores of people enjoying themselves to the top of their bent. The curious feature about the place (aside from the astonishing fact that we did not have to pay to enter the grounds—I still think it was a blunder on the part of somebody that we did not)—was that eight out of every ten of the athletes were young women, who seemed to be fascinated with sports that are usually monopolized by boys. It was not an extraordinary thing to young women of from twenty to thirty swinging, but I was greatly amused at some of the feats that they did and at others that they undertook to do. The "giant's stride," as it is called in England, is peculiarly a boy's sport. Four strong ropes, with big loops in the ends, are attached to a movable block on a pivot at the top of a high, strong post. Yet these strong, robust Dutch girls would half sit in these loops and whirl around with all the abandon of born athletes, touching a foot now and then, sagging into the air, laughing and shouting all the while. It was great sport for them, and at times it was highly diverting to the spectators—when they would miss their footing and get bumped against each other. But they were utterly unconscious of everything except the enjoyment they got from the exercise, and did not mind bumps or being dragged over the ground.

A rod or two further on one would find half a dozen young women having a match to see who could make the most rounds on a horizontal ladder; and two or three put up a spring-board and attempted a jump. The girls had a monopoly of the sport that evening, certainly. There were only a few young men about, and they looked as if they thought the exercise would be too violent for them. Moreover these young women were of fine appearance, many of them; not rough, uncouth peasant girls, but intelligent, well-dressed—evidently belonging to good families. The color in their cheeks, and the buoyant, easy manner in which they walked, indicated plainly enough the good which this exercise does them.

The Reason Why.

Said Jones to Brown the other day, "My trade is very slack; I must agree at least with me." "The world seems going back," "And I," retorted smiling Brown, "must simply agree with you." "Of going back, the world with me seems rushing on ahead." Now why the world was bright for Brown, and for poor Jones was a bus, is, Brown would always advertise, which Jones refused to do. —New York World.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Care for Horses. Commissioner Colman, of the agricultural bureau, was visited by a Washington Star reporter and questioned in regard to the proper feeding and care of horses. The commissioner has devoted a great deal of care and study to the horse. He owns a large farm near St. Louis, which for years has been mainly devoted, under his own supervision, to the breeding, raising, and training of fine horses. In response to a request for some information with regard to the feeding and care of horses, based upon his experience, he said that the feeding of horses was a very simple matter, the main requisite being the best quality of oats and hay. Damaged hay and damaged oats were unfit to be fed to horses, and most of the injuries to the digestive organs were produced by food of a bad character. Some horses require more food than others. For horses that work, about twelve quarts of oats per day to each horse, and from twelve to fifteen pounds of hay was the proper quantity to be fed. The oats should be fed in three equal installments, and the main portion of hay should be given at night. To horses that have but little exercise, not more than eight or nine quarts of oats and about the same quantity of hay as above should be given. Regularity of feeding was very desirable. Horses should be fed three times a day at a certain hour, and minute if possible. They are excellent time keepers, they know just when to expect their feed, and if they do not get it at that time they become worried and fretted. Oats is a better grain food than corn, because it is less heating and produces more muscle; but three or four ears of good, ripe corn thrown into the feed-box occasionally would be greatly relished by the horses, and would be beneficial. An occasional addition of two or three quarts of good wheat bran, either wetted or dry, is also relished; it furnishes a variety, and conduces to the health of the horse. A horse to do well needs daily exercise, and cannot remain in perfect health if kept standing in the stall day after day. Two or three hours at least of exercise is essential to health.

Horses should be given water about half an hour before their meals, or not until an hour has passed after they have been fed grain. The stomach of a horse is very small, and if a large quantity of water is taken the water washes the grain into the intestines without having been properly digested, and, frequently inflammation or colic is the result. A good bed to sleep upon is indispensable, and many horses will not lie down unless they have a soft bed to rest upon. Thorough grooming, removing the dust and dirt and the exhalations of the system from the coat of the horse is also indispensable to good health and condition. A thorough currying and brushing should be given daily to every horse.

Kindness in the treatment of horses is very desirable. A horse responds to kind treatment and endeavors to repel and defend himself against cruel treatment. Vicious horses are produced by vicious treatment. A horse has the same senses as a man, can be educated to do a great many things, if the proper pains is taken with him from his birth up, and if his senses are properly appealed to he will become a kind, useful and intelligent domestic animal. The abuse and ill-treatment given to horses throughout the country is very reprehensible, and every kind-hearted man should do all that he can to bring about a better treatment of the most useful animal that the Creator has conferred upon him.

Farm and Garden Notes. The pear delights in a deep, rich, warm loam, with a clay subsoil. It is said that 955 farms in Iowa are owned by women and that twenty dairy farms are managed by women. It is a good plan to wrap a piece of tarred paper around the bodies of trees during the winter to keep rabbits away. Provide for the winter water supply of all live stock; they should have access to pure water at pleasure throughout the winter. Never plant black raspberry roots from an old, worn-out plantation. If the old plant is thrifty and healthy, age makes no difference. Place a teaspoonful of salt close around each raspberry plant now. Scatter manure and salt freely on the asparagus beds in the fall. Skim milk is said to be good to cause hens to lay. It is often fed in the form of loppered milk, in which form the fowls are very fond of it. The best solid food is wheat. Do not forget to provide before the ground freezes a box of good soil for a hot-bed next spring. Place the box in some sheltered place, and cover it with boards; or put it under some building. An Ohio farmer is a strong advocate of the idea that apples grown on certain soils keep better than on others. He says willow twigs grown on red clay do not keep well, but his trees on yellow clay bear fruit which keeps till after harvest. Pigs of about one hundred pounds weight make the best bacon. It is more readily cured than hams are; placing it in a mild pickle for six weeks and then smoking it. Belly pieces are used for bacon. Bacon is a good change in meat at most any time of the year. It is a mistake, says the American Cultivator, to suppose that parsnips are improved by being allowed to remain in the ground all winter. It is best to dig them in the fall and store them in sand in the cellar, and they will keep better and be much more palatable than those left in the ground.

MY JOHN.

We loved the birds and babbling brooks, John and I, my John. In meadows and in shady nooks, O'er lake and farm with wondering looks, We saw what ne'er was told in books, John and I, my John. We found a maid with golden hair, Ab, John! my happy John! The wonders of the earth and air Were but reflections made more rare In her blue eyes and face so fair, For John, my happy John. Lo, birds and books and brooks have fled, For John, alas, poor John. The night winds come and smite her dead, Alone in Nature's realm I tread; He followed where her footsteps led, My John, alas, my John. —Hosea Ballou, in Home Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A swell affair—the soap bubble. Is corn-popping an agricultural report? An open question—Are you going to let me in?—Boston Courier. A desirable bargain in silks—a pretty girl with a million.—Goodall's Sun. The tattler is the missing link, for they all bear tales.—Waterloo Observer. Window sashes on trains are more fashionable than ever.—Evansville Argus. The bald-headed man's favorite dress material is mohair.—Burlington Free Press. The right hand is the cleverest member of the body. It never gets left.—Texas Figaro. A California man keeps five thousand hens. It is surmised that he also keeps his next door neighbor in hot water during the gardening season.—Chicago Ledger.

THE BEST ROLE.

Every man has a role in life, And has had since time began, But after all the baker's roll Is the best for a hungry man. —Boston Courier. "What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his Masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied, "encouragingly; I presume it is because they can't sit down." She postponed further questioning.—Merchant-Traveller. Delia had a little bonnet Just as big as George's hand— Horticultural fairs upon it, Like rose gardens in the sand. Oh, it was so neat and little, Jaunty, dainty, "made to kill"— But that charming little bonnet Cost a fifty dollar bill! —Lynn Union.

"Off again, Charley?" "Yes; I'm going to Chicago." "Got your grip along as usual. By the way, what an odd looking thing it is." "That is Scotch plaid, dear boy. I wouldn't travel with any other kind." "Why not?" "Because I am sure this is always checked.—Philadelphia Call.

How to Catch Cold.

Sit in a street car next to an open window. Leave off your heavy underclothing on a mild day. Take a hot drink before going out into the cold or damp air. Let the boys romp at school during recess time without their hats. Sit in the passage or near an entry after dancing for half an hour. Sit in a barber shop in your shirt sleeves while waiting to be shaved. Wear your light-weight summer hosiery through November. Put on a pair of thin shoes in the evening when you call upon your girl. Fail to change your shoes and stockings after coming in on a very rainy day. Have your hair cut and shampooed just as a change takes place in the weather. Wear one of the new ladies' cutaway coats without a chamois or flannel vest underneath. Throw your overcoat open on a blustering winter day to show off your nice new necktie. Send the children out in autumn for exercise in short, thin stockings and skimpy skirts. Leave off your rough overcoat when you go driving, and wear your nice thin one to look swell. Go to the front door in a cobweb dress, and linger, bidding good night to your favorite young man. Take a hot bath in the evening and sit up in your room to finish the last pages of an exciting novel. Throw off your heavy coat when you reach the office in a hurry and put on your thin knock-about. Go down to breakfast without a wrap on a chilly morning before the fires have got fully started. Put the window of your sleeping-room up before you go to bed, especially if the window is near the bed. Run a square to catch a street car and take off your hat for a few moments to cool off when you catch it. Go out into the lobby during a theatrical performance and promenade around without your overcoat. Do your back hair up high when you have been accustomed to wear it low and go out on a windy day. Come in from a rapid gallop on horse-back and stand talking in the open air to a friend for five or ten minutes. Go to an evening party in a dress suit without putting on heavy underwear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth. If you are bald-headed or have a susceptible back, sit during grand opera near one of the side doors in the Academy of Music. Wear a thin vest of fancy pattern that protrudes a little below the coat and allows a part of the body that should always be warm get chilled.—Philadelphia Times.

# MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

Life Story of the British Spy—A Man Who Was Unlucky Throughout his Entire Career.

Many Facts in the History of Andre that are Full of Interest—His Monument in Westminster Abbey.

[Special New York Letter.]

Ever since the blowing up of the Andre monument, erected by Cyrus W. Field, on Treason Hill, Major John Andre has once more been prominently before the American public, and the citizens of Tappan, where the explosion occurred, the papers of this city, and orators here and elsewhere have been more or less excited and moved over the unfortunate young man of the last century.



THE DESTROYED MONUMENT AT TAPPAN.

Every reader of history has heard more or less of the beautiful young Honora Sneyd, the adored love of Andre, and whose final rejection of his suit sent him out of England and into eternity sooner than than he would have otherwise had left one and reached the other. Perhaps every one hasn't heard, however, that the adorable young lady in question had suitors while yet in her teens other than Andre, and one in particular, whose curious ideas are worth noticing. This was one Thomas Day, an eccentric genius, who seldom combed his hair, was pitted with small pox, round shouldered and ugly, but—he had \$5,000 a year and waded in. His ideas of matrimony were peculiar, and he had taken two little girls from an orphan asylum intending to raise them and marry the one he loved best after rearing her in the way she should go. In the meantime, Miss Sneyd crossed his path, and being already raised, and possessing a handsome face, blue eyes, and golden hair, she captivated him, and for a while it



CYRUS W. FIELD.

him the go-by, as she had done Andre; and then he turned to the little orphans and fired off pistols close to their ears to give them self-control, and dropped hot sealing wax on their naked shoulders to give them fortitude, until finally he fell in love with one of them. It was the old story, and the one he wanted he couldn't get, and the one he could get he didn't want, and they both married somebody else. Then he wrote a story to amuse the children of his lost love, Honora, called "Sandford and Merton," and for a time it eclipsed Robinson Crusoe in merry England, but didn't last, and is out of print long ago.

Among other suitors there came along a jolly young married man named Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who ran away from Oxford with a Miss Elers, and married her before he was twenty, and had left her behind on the continent while he roved over England in search of fun and an affinity, as he had succeeded to an Irish property since his marriage which demanded something in this line to keep up the reputation of the estate. He kept up the reputation until July 17, 1773, when, his wife having considerably died a few months before, he returned to Honora, and was married to her on the above date. The beautiful wife fell a victim to consumption in a few years thereafter, and died before Andre did. Then the bereaved Mr. Edgeworth married Honora's sister for his third wife, who, by the way, had also been sought in marriage by Mr.

Day, before he finally decided on bachelorhood. Elizabeth also quitted the world and the loving Mr. Edgeworth together, in a short time, and then he took a fourth wife in a sister of Admiral Beaufort, who stayed by him through life. He, however, seems to have thought the most of his second wife, Honora, as it is said he gave the name of Sneydborough to a North Carolina town in her honor, he owning some estates in this at that time English territory.

In spite of all, Andre appears to have been unable to get over his early love for Honora, and when first captured by the American forces in Canada hid a picture of Honora in his mouth while his captors were searching him, and managed to retain it, as it was one he had



HONORA SNEYD, ANDRE'S LOVE.

made of her himself, he being an artist of no mean talent under ordinary circumstances. He drew a picture of himself seated at a table on the day before he was executed at Tappan, which, however, is not a fair sample of his ability in this line, as he was expecting to die on that day instead of the next, and under these circumstances was not in the best of spirits, and neither is the picture, although we believe the original pen-and-ink sketch is held in high esteem by its owner. A better sketch, and one said to have been made by himself from which the one given with this letter is taken, the original of which was made in England before he emigrated to America.

Among the curious things regarding the death of Andre are the visions and dreams which presaged it here and in England. It is vouchsafed for that in 1778, seven years before he was executed, he paid a visit to Miss Anna Seward, an

who forthwith wrote to some friends of hers, a Mr. Cunningham and a Mr. Newton, that she intended bringing an acquaintance to visit them the next day. That night Mr. Cunningham, who was a curate and a poet, had a strange dream, in which he found himself in a forest and in a strange land. While looking about he perceived a solitary horseman approaching at great speed, who had scarcely reached the spot where the dreamer stood when he was seized by three men who rushed out of a thicket, and, after searching his person, laid hold of the horse's bridle and hurried him away. The dreamer specially was struck by the face of the lone rider, which was specially interesting, and his sympathy for him in this misfortune awoke him. Presently he fell asleep again, and once more dreamed that he was standing in a strange land, near a large city among thousands of people, and that the same person that he had previously dreamed of was slowly marched out between the files of spectators on either side and brought to a gallows, where he was hanged. He awoke in a fright, and the next day while waiting with Mr. Newton for the arrival of Miss Seward and her friend, he told Mr. Norton of the dream, stating that it had left a very vivid impression on his mind. Upon the arrival of the two friends he was horrified to see in the face of Andre the features of the solitary horseman and also the man who was hanged.

Apropos of this comes the story of the visit of a lady friend to Miss Hannah Andre, just about the time of the execution. This friend shared the bed of Miss Andre, and was awakened one night by the violent sobbing of her companion. Upon entreating to know the cause, Miss Andre stated that she had seen her brother in a vision, and that he had been taken prisoner by the Americans. Her friend quieted her, and she again fell asleep, but Miss Andre started her companion from slumber by the announcement that she had again seen her brother and they were trying him as spy,



MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

and she described the scene, the court, the judge, and the surroundings with great minuteness. Once more she was quieted by her friend, who smiled at her fears, but again she awakened her friend by screaming out that they were hanging her brother as a spy, from a tree, and in his regimentals. There was no more sleep for either that night, and they arose and entered in their diaries the particulars of the successive visions, with the date, the friend trying to allay the fears of Miss Andre as best she could until morning broke and daylight banished the fears of that dreadful night. The next mail from America brought the sad tidings of the death of Andre, as described by his sister through her visions to her friend in England.

There is yet one more story of this kind in connection with his demise, and one which brings General Washington to the foreground. After the British evacuated Philadelphia and the American forces took possession, a banquet was given by the officers in the Springettsbury manor house, near Twentieth and Spring Garden streets, which had formerly been used by the Penn family as a residence, but was a favorite place for entertainments at this time and for dinners given by the military to the citizens. It had been frequently used in this manner by the British, and now by the American forces. Two ladies who had known Andre well when he had been stationed there, and who had frequently dined at parties in this same house when he was one of the guests, were present at this dinner given to General Washington and some of his aides. As they were passing through the groves of cedar trees and catalpas which surrounded the mansion they simultaneously perceived a corpse dangling from one of the limbs in the uniform of a British officer, and while they stood terrified the body swung round facing them, and though calm and stiff as in death, they both recognized the features of Major Andre, and then the illusion vanished. At dinner they spoke of the vision, and with such solemnity that it provoked a smile, and finally, considerable chaffing laughter at their expense, from Washington and others assembled, at their credulity; one of them especially remarking it as being the first time that she had seen General Washington indulge in hearty laughter. Shortly thereafter Andre was hung; and many years after one of the ladies seeing Washington again, he then being President of the United States, she mentioned the circumstance to him, reminding him of his mirth. He appeared troubled, and asked her to please never refer to it again, as the whole subject had been a source of great trouble and perplexity to him. The narrator states that one of the ladies was the daughter and sister of two of the first physicians of Philadelphia at that day, and that her companion was equally well connected, but omits the names.

Philadelphia, Andre's residence in tournament of the return of gland, and in took a leading inious tickets, and to be worn by the It was a grand and glorious triumph of mock virtue over vice, and tinsel over solid sense. The river was lined with boats and barges gaily decked, and the city was filled with knights riding about on horseback, for this was the festival called Mischianza, and the Knights of the Burning Mountain and the Knights of the Blended Rose met in mortal combat to shiver their swords in defense of their true lady loves, who were present and watched the fray from safe seats around the circle. A great deal of money was spent, and although Philadelphia had less than 30,000 population then, they had balloons, Chinese lanterns, plenty of skyrockets, and a dining room containing fifty-six pier mirrors and over 1,200 dishes. There were some military men who, of course, objected to all this knight-errantry business, and one of them was an old major of artillery in the British army, who, when asked by his child what was the difference between the Knights of the Burning Mountain and the Knights of the Blended Rose, said that "one were tom fools and the other dom fools." The wife of Benedict Arnold, then unmarried, and her sisters were among the favored ones present, being the Misses Shippen, and by many it was afterward thought that it was through the intimacy and friendship of Andre for Miss Shippen, the future wife of the arch-traitor, that the first treasonable steps of Arnold were brought to the

Old Lancaster, Pennsylvania  
 Penn. Apr. 22, 1780  
 Remotely John Anderson to J. P. of the  
 from to the white Pine in Ohio  
 of the Church of England on Penn  
 Drawing by my Daughter  
 B. Arnold's Sister

notice of the British with success. The pass given by Arnold to Andre, who had assumed the name of Anderson, is still on file at the State library of New York at Albany and the cut below is a facsimile of it, and it was taken from Andre by his captors when they made him strip under the famous whitewood tree near Tarrytown, and which tree was struck by lightning on the day the intel-

ligence of the death of Andre reached that place. It is claimed that the treasonable papers found in Andre's boots at the time, September 23, 1780, and which are on file with the pass in the same library, still bear the wrinkles made by the impress of Andre's feet 105 years ago. The name of Anderson was also assumed by Benedict Arnold years afterward, when he was a refugee from America and ostracised from good society in England. He was doing business in Gaudaloupe when it was captured by the French forces, and he packed his wealth in a cask, assumed the name of Anderson, and escaped to a British vessel, the name bringing him better luck than it did Andre.

Andre's executioner was a Tory named Strickland, who had been captured by the American forces, and whose liberty was granted on the condition that he perform the part of hangman on this occasion, which he did, an eye witness stating that he had so thoroughly blackened his face, with what appeared to be greasy blacking from the outside of a pot, that his features were unrecognizable, and that he looked frightful enough to perform any work of this description. The same narrator states that Andre's two servants, who were permitted to attend him for the purpose of taking his clothes after the execution, were both dwarfs, being under four feet, and that they were most gaudily decked out on that occasion, as he particularly noticed them standing at the head of the coffin after the hanging, and the body had been stripped of its regimentals, which one of them held upon his arm, the body being buried in its underclothing at the foot of the gallows tree, three feet below the surface. After the remains had laid there forty-one years they were removed to England, in 1821, and the spot was lost sight of for some time, until a New York merchant, a Mr. Lee, in 1847, commemorated it by placing over it a bowlder, about three feet long, inscribed with the words: "Andre executed



WHERE ANDRE WAS EXECUTED.

Oct. 2, 1780." A cut of the stone taken from a drawing made of it about that time, is given below. This holder was removed by the owner of the ground, who objected to the numerous visitors, and was chipped to pieces by relic hunters until there was nothing left of it shortly thereafter, and nothing to mark the spot until Cyrus W. Field hunted it up with Dean Stanley about six years ago, and erected a monument later on, which has been the source of so many explosive experiments. The only monument ever erected to Andre so far that has been fortunate enough to hold its own with the world is that erected by King George III, to Andre's memory in Westminster Abbey, near the Poet's Corner. It stands seven and a half feet high, and is surmounted by the British lion, and a figure of Britannia bewailing Andre's fate. In the panel is represented Andre being led to execution, General Washington taking a letter peti-



ANDRE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

tioning a soldier's death, and the tree Andre was hung upon. King George settled a pension on the Andre family, and conferred knighthood upon Andre's brother, in order to wipe out the stain of Andre being hung as a spy. Andre's will is still on file in this city.

One of Andre's ancestors, a certain Nicholas St. Andre, who flourished about 1700, was a very noted character, as a runner, fencer, rider, and jumper also a writer. King George I. is said to have presented him with his own sword on one occasion, in admiration for some one of his accomplishments. But he fell into great disrepute a little later on by becoming a firm believer in and publishing a work substantiating the absurd theory, at that time accepted by a great many credulous people, that the race of rabbits

were the children of men, which was started by a certain Mary Tofta, a rabbit breeder. Nobody ate rabbits for some time, as long as the belief lasted, for even those who didn't believe it preferred not to bring down on themselves the condemnation of the believers as being cannibals. St. Andre married a widow, who brought him 30,000 pounds, however, and this raised him a little in the public estimation, although the lady was so imprudent that she was forthwith dismissed from the queen's service. It is also claimed that St. Andre at one time saved the life of the famous Voltaire by holding the arms of the Earl of Peterborough, who, with sword in hand, intended to slay Voltaire, who was visiting him in England, on discovering some pecuniary dishonesty his visitor had practiced upon him. His guest fled from the house while Andre held the earl, so the story goes.

SPIRITO GENTIL.

## A Story of the Borealis.

The place was the old Warsaw campground in Milton county, Georgia. The time recently. A large and seriously attentive congregation had assembled for the night service, the negroes in the rear of the pulpit, as was the custom in those days before the war. The preacher was a talented young man, at that time stationed at Marietta. He had reached a point in the sermon at which he held the almost undivided attention of the vast audience, and perfect quiet reigned. Just at that moment, when the interest was most intense, an old negro woman hopped over into the altar, right in front of the preacher, and shrilly cried out: "Hallelujah! the judgment day am come." Her joyful exclamation caused the crowd to look out from under the arbor, and, sure enough, there was a striking and magnificent spectacle.

The northern heavens were lit up by a gorgeous aurora. Not many in that crowd understood the phenomena, which, in fact is rarely observable from southern latitudes, and, not understanding, many concluded that the old auntie's explanation was the true one. "Ah! then there was hurrying to, and gathering tears, and tremblings of distress." Indeed, so great was the commotion that there was imminent danger of a stampede and that somebody would be crushed in the swaying crowd.

It was at this crisis a preacher, well known to Methodist circles, tall, angular, red-headed, with the voice of a stentor, ran out and mounted a convenient stump. "Be calm, my friends," he shouted, "be calm. This is not the judgment day, for how could the judgment day come in the night?" The incongruity struck the people with soothing force, their fears subsided, the preacher finished his sermon and order reigned in Warsaw.—Fairburn (Ga.) News.

## How Royalty Travels.

The carriages which are used by Queen Victoria are thought to be the most exacting passenger, and the imperial train of the late Emperor Napoleon used to be considered a miracle of luxury; but the latter was not good enough for the late czar, who purchased it, and it was improved and altered and refurbished out of recognition before it was pronounced fit for use in Russia. The English saloons sink into utter contempt when compared with it. This train, which is always used by the emperor and empress for long journeys, carried them to Kremsier and back. There are sixteen carriages, of which the first is a kitchen, and then comes one for police agents, one for military suite, three for members of the household, and two for the imperial family; each grand duke having an entirely separate compartment, which can be fitted for either day or night use. The carriage of the empress has a spacious sleeping apartment, with a hammock bed, furniture of ebony and utensils of silver, and an immense looking glass. There is a bath room completely fitted, and a compartment for the lady in waiting. The empress's sleeping room contains a writing table, a sofa and easy chairs. The emperor's sleeping carriage is fitted with olive green leather, and contains only a bed and dressing table and bath. Then comes a sitting room, fitted very simply; and lastly the dining room, which is furnished with carved oak, and merely contains tables, chairs and a sideboard. There is communication throughout the train from one end to the other.

## Possible Result of a Blow.

A particular man receives a blow on the head, you see. Now perhaps he thinks he recovers from that blow; he is apparently perfectly well; but the effect of the blow continues. A son is born to the man. What has become of the energy expended in that blow upon the man's head? It is bound to continue. You can not get rid of that. The persistence of force makes it inevitable. Perhaps the man's son gets along all right, and perhaps he doesn't. But suppose that the son, or the son's son, turns out to be a forger, or a criminal of some sort—possibly a murderer. How do we know that this is not the result of the original blow on the head, producing a slight accidental impression on the brain, the force of which takes the form of moral perversion in the offspring?—George P. Lathrop.

## The Terrible Little Sister.

It usually happens when you sit surrounded by her pa and ma and sisters, there is no equal parallel to it, except the wretchedness of strong fly bits.

You've just been telling them a funny tale, and all your execution is in play. When up she bobs, she's never known to fail. As poets sing "to give the snap away."

"Oh, Mr. Blank, I know a story, too, about yourself. It happened in our hall. Last night I saw our Mollie kissing you! You promised peanuts, but brought none at all."

—Pittsburg Dispatch

# Maitland Courier.

C. F. Townsend, - - Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF MAITLAND AND VICINITY.

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Professional Cards, \$10.00 per year. Local Notices, ten cents per line. Special Notices, fifty cents each. Rates for large or continued ads on application. Transient ads must be paid in advance. Yearly ads are payable quarterly, in advance. No deviation from these terms.

THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1885.

### DON'T!

If you are too lazy to earn a living in your own state, don't come to Florida. This is no Utopia where potatoes grow ready baked and roasted and chickens walk around begging to be eaten. You must work for a living here as elsewhere.

If your heart yearns for fashionable routs, soirees, five o'clock teas, kettle-drums, hops, and other social dissipations, Florida is no place for you. Our society is the good, old-fashioned kind which refuses to lionize a man because of his ability to lead the german!

If you belong to the noble army of snobs, Florida won't suit you. There is no hero-worship among us. Every man is as good as his neighbor if he is industrious, honest and persevering.

Are you a member of that "cod-fish aristocracy" that judges people by their dress? Then keep out of Florida, and especially away from Maitland. A man's a man here, though his coat be thread-bare and his hat old-fashioned. The wealthiest man in our town dresses the plainest, and the prettiest girl we have seen in Maitland wore the least furbelows.

If you are a grumbler, fault-finder, old fogey, dude, toper, gambler or sluggard don't come here—don't! you are not wanted. In plain words, your room is better than your comersgetic, industrious, and level-headed; plain, persevering, simple-minded and willing to accept the situation as you find it, then come to Florida by all means, and we will guarantee you a royal welcome by our people.

### THE DEAD PAST.

In these days of cool and reflective historical criticism, the events of the past decade can be discussed without arousing any of the bitter animosities so prevalent during the bygone years. Sectional strife has passed away. The North and South are united in a bond of brotherhood stronger than ever before, and the only rivalry between them is that of open-handed good fellowship. The success of Lincoln is rarely questioned now, and by none less than by the Southern people. The noble qualities of Grant, whose superb heroism was only equalled by his magnanimosity, are unquestioned throughout the length and breadth of the nation. So, too, are the exhibitions of high manhood, christian forbearance, patience under the most trying circumstances and adroit generalship displayed by Lee, freely admitted in the North.

In the face of these facts—facts that are palpable to all—how absurd, nay, how criminal are the vaporings of a Sherman or the idiotic whinnings of a Reid. The South long ago accepted the result of the war in good faith, and entered upon its new era with an heroic resolve to do its best. And it is a striking proof of Southern nobility that, after passing through such years of terrible suffering as the Civil War engendered, no traces of hatred or revenge are to be found.

The War left the South poor. Stripped of every wreck of property or power, with desolated fields, a ruined credit, no commerce, an alien population—and, worse than all, a blighted hearthstone in every fami-

ly—none can but admire how grandly its people have shaken off these burdens and risen into a new and glorious manhood. It has been the policy of certain ghouls whose hold on the public "crib" depended on agitation, to be ever at work digging up the festering remains of dead and buried issues. Let no one be deceived thereby. The yells of the jackal frighten nobody, however much they may disgust. The bonds of union between the sections of this great nation are stronger than at any previous time in our history, and neither demagogues nor synecophants can rend them asunder. We thank God that it is so. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

The New York Tribune has again opened its mud batteries and is vomiting forth volleys of dirt at Roscoe Conkling. Whitlaw Reid, than whom no more venomous creature ever lived, seems to think that the sole object of the great paper founded by Horace Greeley is to abuse all who oppose him. Like most men of few brains, he cannot appreciate a noble mind, as he measures all mankind by his own contemptible self. His feeble intellect cannot grasp the fact that Conkling, like the fairy prince of old, is enveloped in an impenetrable armor—that of truth and honesty—from which his puny shafts fall harmless.

The Maitland Courier informs its readers that there are no cyclones in Florida. Its editor should get acquainted before he gets too positive in his statements.—Times Herald.

From which we infer that there is some truth to the stories of hurricanes, drouths, killing frosts, malaria, sand barrens and other pleasant features around Tavares.

It is remarkable that any marine disasters occur between New York and Boston, when we consider that all the steamers go through Long Island sound!

with a dress of new type from celebrated foundry of Farmer, Little & Co., New York. Improvement is our motto.

We are told that Mormon women are poor cooks. Of course. There is an old saying that "too many cooks spoil the broth."

A new machine for making cigarettes does the work of thirty men. They are bound to kill off the dudes somehow.

A new brand of Kentucky whiskey is called the "Horn of Plenty," because it will corn you copiously.

THE SEMINOLE OPENING;—The new and elegant Seminole, at Winter Park, will open for guests on New Year's Day, and to give all an opportunity to see the house before the rooms are occupied, the management proposes to celebrate the day by throwing open the entire house for inspection, from the Kitchen to the Large Promenade on top, from which ten Lakes can be seen within a radius of one and one-half miles.

Everybody is cordially invited to come and see the most elegantly finished hotel in the State of Florida. It is especially desired that every citizen of Orange county should come and see the superb accommodations that have been prepared for visitors to our beautiful region.

The formal opening and banquet will take place early in February, for which special invitations will be issued, consequently nothing in the way of entertainment will be attempted, except a dance in the evening, when the entire house will be brilliantly illuminated with gas.

The Winter Park Band will be in attendance, the Steam Yachts belonging to the house will make free excursions on the lakes, and the Skating Rink will be open day and evening, free to all.

In addition to the regular trains a special will leave Sanford for Winter Park, at 5.40 P. M.; arrive at Winter Park, 6.35 P. M.; leave Orlando for Winter Park at 7.20 P. M.; leave Winter Park for Orlando at 12.30 midnight; leave Winter Park for Sanford, 1.30 midnight.

Round trip tickets will be sold for the special train as follows: Sanford and return, 50c.; Longwood and return, 25c.; Altamonte and return, 25c.; Maitland and return, 10c.; Orlando and return, 20c.; Willcox and return, 10c.

Come one and all and spend New Year's Day in happy greetings with neighbors and friends. Respectfully, F. W. LYMAN, Pres., L. A. CHASE, Sec., W. E. FORBES, W. F. PAIGE, Managers.

## Correspondence.

### ALTAMONTE NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, with a number of servants, arrived last week and the "Altamonte" is being put in order preparatory to being opened the 25th. With the addition of the pool and billiard room and pavilion the "Altamonte" will offer a greater attraction to the tourist than ever.

Mr. Wm. P. Ireland, a young farmer from Kent Co., Md., arrived last week and will spend the winter with his cousin, A. W. Wallis, at Frost's Spring Lake grove. Mr. I. is so well pleased with the country and climate that he is thinking seriously of remaining permanently and going into business here.

As cool as it is, Agent Rudisill is as accommodating and smiling as if there was a red-hot stove in the waiting-room at the station. Truth to tell, he hasn't time to get cold.

The S. F. R. R. is indeed a "handsome narrow gauge," for we have a crossing at the station, which is a great convenience to the public generally and especially to the managers of the "Syndicate" grove.

Mr. V. E. Lucas, our genial friend, had the misfortune to lose his fine driving mare last week.

The "buzz" of the "boss saw-mill" is "buzzing." SILAS.

### TO THE TAX PAYERS OF THE TOWN OF LAKE MAITLAND; GENTLEMEN:—

Various circumstances have prevented our calling on you for the Town Tax. J. W. Spittler is now prepared to receive your Taxes and give receipts therefor. He appoints the 24th and 30th of December for that purpose. Perhaps this will be a proper opportunity for stating a few facts to the Tax Payers of Lake Maitland.

The Tax paid by you is used for no salary of officers. The mayor and council give their best services without fee or reward: the town clerk is paid only actual expenses and the tax assessors and collector have only the usual per centage on taxes collected. It was found necessary in your interests, that, as all proceedings should be in exact legal form, to employ an attorney. We have an active and able one, who renders value for all he receives.

That is all. The money you pay is Maitland's; it does not stick by the way; it will be employed in a manner to appreciate the value of all property in the neighborhood, and that everyone shall take an honest pride in saying, "I belong to Lake Maitland." E.

We are prepared to print Bill Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Hand Bills, Visiting Cards, Notices and at

At Turner's.

### Private Boarding House.

Mrs. S. J. Powe,

Maitland Ave. Maitland, Fla.

A Pleasant Home for Gentlemen!

### MAITLAND HOUSE,

MAITLAND, - - FLA.

A FIRST CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

Table supplied with every delicacy.

Mrs. M. J. Spittler, PROPRIETRESS.

B. D. STONE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MAITLAND, FLA.

Office on Maitland Ave. first door below depot. Night address, C. E. Ventres, Central Ave.

W. A. HEARD, M. D. DRUGGIST AND PHYSICIAN, MAITLAND, FLA.

A complete stock of medicines always on hand, and anything not in stock promptly ordered. Prescriptions compounded at all hours.

G. B. VAN DYKE, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter! Carriages, Buggies, Wagons etc. Paper hanging, graining and kalsomining. Lake Maitland, Fla.

WILLIAM B. JACKSON, Notary Public, MAITLAND, - - - - FLA.

Deeds, Mortgages and other legal instruments prepared and executed with care and dispatch. At the Post Office.

Job printing at the MAITLAND COURIER office.

J. A. RICHARDSON } LAWYER & N P }

B. J. TALIAFERRO

## MAITLAND REAL ESTATE AGENCY

"I Have Got It On The List!"

\$1,000,000 Worth of Fine Property!

ORANGE GROVES FROM \$1,000 TO \$50,000

HIGH PINE LANDS FROM \$5 TO \$100 AN ACRE

HAMMOCK LANDS

BEAUTIFUL LAKE FRONTS

HOTEL SITES

TOWN LOTS IN MAITLAND, MAYO, WINTER PARK & APOPKA.

Maitland is surrounded by one of the most beautiful, most healthy, and most lake abounding regions in the state. Her exemption from killing frost is proverbial. In large and magnificent Orange Groves and beautiful Lake Fronts she is unexcelled. Only 16 miles south of Sanford, and yet 90 feet above the St. Johns! With five Churches, a Live Newspaper, stores, good school, music school, the best of society, and in the healthiest of localities, she offers inducements hard to beat. For Circulars and other information, address, RICHARDSON & TALIAFERRO, MAITLAND, FLA.

## THE - PEOPLE - OF - THIS - NEIGHBORHOOD

WILL FIND AT

E. TURNER'S,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS, CAPS & SUNDRIES.

IN FACT, EVERYTHING GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

E. TURNER,

LAKE MAITLAND, FLORIDA.

**TRAVELER'S DIRECTORY.**

**SOUTH FLORIDA RAILROAD**

Passenger Trains Leave Maitland:

GOING NORTH.

7:50 A. M. No. 4; Sanford Accommodation; for local stations.

3:10 P. M. No. 3; Mail and Express; for Sanford, Jacksonville and New York.

4:20 P. M. No. 10; Sanford Express.

11:35 P. M. No. 12; Saturday Accommodation; runs Saturdays, only

GOING SOUTH.

9:15 A. M. No. 1; Mail and Express; for Orlando, Kissimmee, Tampa, Key West and Havana.

5:15 P. M. No. 5; Kissimmee Accommodation.

10:55 A. M. No. 11; Sunday Accommodation; runs Sundays, only.

**Maitland Post Office.**

MAILS CLOSE:

For the North, - - - - 3 P. M.

" " South, - - - - 9 A. M.

MAILS ARRIVE:

From the North, - - - - 9:15 A. M.

" " South, - - - - 3:15 P. M.

**THE MAITLAND COURIER.**

THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1885.

City and Suburban.

Christmas!

Hang up your stocking.

Forgive your enemies and pay your debts.

What do you think of the COURIER this week?

No criminal cases will be tried at Orlando until after the holidays.

Mr. Clark, of Eatonville, has something to say to the public in another column.

We are prepared to do every kind of Job Printing in neat style and at reasonable rates. Rush in your work.

Paint your houses and get your material of R. L. Hungerford who sells the famous Liquid Glass Paint--the best in the market.

Engine No. One; of the A. & A. R. E., was detained by Agent Hill last week, owing to the non payment of charges for transportation.

N. A. Wilson has a sweet potato, grown in Maitland, which weighs seven and one half pounds, and this was not much of a year for sweet potatoes either.

The numerous fair arrivals during the past week have caused a flutter among our few bachelors. The way "biled" shirts appear of an evening maketh the washwoman's heart glad.

The second of the series of sociables, given by the ladies of the Church of the Good Shepherd, will be held at the residence of Mr. I. Vanderpool, on Tuesday, 29th inst. All are cordially invited.

The Maitland Dramatic Club held its first regular meeting on Tuesday evening. The Committee on Plays has selected Robertson's comedy of "Caste" for the initial performance of the Club, and active rehearsals will begin at once.

We have sent the COURIER for several weeks to people whose names were given us by subscribers. We take it for granted that all parties who have not ordered the paper discontinued wish to receive it regularly, and shall look to them for payment.

The Episcopal Church has been this week most beautifully and tastefully decorated for the Christmas Festival, and Divine Service will be held at 10.30 A. M., Christmas Day. We feel satisfied that the announcement that Bishop Whipple and Canon Street will officiate will more than fill the little church with an appreciative congregation. All are most cordially invited. We understand the music will be exceptionally good.

WAR DECLARED--Mrs. Powe, our pleasant hostess, has a gentleman fowl of the genus *gallinaceous*--in other words, a rooster. This interesting bird is of a sad and thoughtful disposition, much given to pondering over the sins of the world and the general depravity of mankind. Unfortunately he has an impediment in his speech and therefore his voice is not as musical as Patti's, but that doesn't impair his enthusiasm in the least. He sings his song beneath our window at various hours of the night with a gusto quite appalling. We have argued with him; we have begged, coaxed, threatened and thrown shoes and things at him; but all to no purpose. He takes our mild remonstrances for applause, and opens his throttle yet a little more, if possible. We can stand it no longer. There is blood on the moon, and fire in our editorial eye. We have bought a Gun! Now let our gallic friend with the melancholy air and bazoo voice beware! We propose to stand up for our rights, and if that reckless songster warbles again beneath our window, we will shoot the top of his head off if it takes all the ammunition in Florida.

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

—Hello, Santa Claus!

—Justice McMurray went to Orlando on official business last Friday.

—Mayor Eaton held forth in the Court House last week, as a trial juror.

—Mayor W. B. Whipple, Bishop of Maitland, has returned to Maitland for the winter.

—We were pleased to see Col. Mayo in town yesterday and regret to note that Mrs. Mayo is still an invalid.

—Mr. Clark, of Lake View, cut over eight hundred thousand feet of lumber from his property last year.

—Mrs. Kedney's numerous friends will be glad to learn that although still ill, she is recovering from her serious illness.

—Mr. G. B. Van Dyke is not only a good painter but an excellent musician as well. His flute playing is remarkably fine.

—Bishop Whipple and family are stopping at the Park House until the furniture arrives at their house opposite the Episcopal Church.

—Among our latest arrivals are Mrs. Woodward, grand-daughter and Miss Sherman; also Mrs. Prentiss, daughters and Miss Lay.

—We wish Messrs. Richardson & Tallafiero every success in their increasing business, which has compelled them to move into more central quarters.

—The notice Interlaken is again occupied by its owner, Dr. Kingsley, with his charming daughter, Miss Carrie, and their accomplished friend, Miss Marsh.

—S. H. Pullman, of Belfast, Ireland, has settled down here. He has purchased sixteen acres near Lake Charity, and will soon have a grove under headway.

—Mr. George E. Hudson recently laid on our desk a bouquet of Damask Roses grown on his premises near Maitland. These beautiful flowers should have a place in every door-yard.

—Misses Tallafiero and Simmons, Mayor Eaton, Mrs. E. C. Hungerford, Capt. Richardson, Mr. R. L. Hungerford, Mr. S. H. Pullman and Mrs. C. C. Haskell were among those who called on the COURIER last week.

—Agent Hill at the depot is a busy man; he is telegraph operator, express agent, freight agent, ticket agent and bill clerk all in one. The way business is booming on the S. F. R. R. makes the work here much too heavy for one man.

—The COURIER will soon be in new quarters; the building which Postmaster Stith is erecting for us on Main street, will be ready in a few days, and thus with a new building, new type and plenty of new subscribers, we shall be very comfortable.

—Richardson Currie is among the recent settlers; he is at present residing at Moss Hill, the residence of Mr. I. Vanderpool. Mr. Currie contemplates building a commodious house on his recently purchased property on Lake Howell. We notice he has also purchased a spirited horse; query, from the ladies, has he a buggy?

—The other day, and especially recommend this well appointed house as a good one in which to get your Christmas dinner. Mr. Bruce is fulfilling his promise to make it the best house in Orange County. All trains going North and South stop at Park House station, three minutes walk from the hotel. Mr. Sands has just opened a real estate office at this station. Walk over after dinner and have a chat with him about Maitland real estate. He'll be glad to see you and we can safely say you'll not take the train either way.

**CHARTER OAK STREET.**

Lots on this Street For Sale!

Fine Locality! High Ground!

Near Lake Maitland!

FINE ORANGE TREES, NEARLY IN BEARING, ON SOME OF THEM!

Come and look at them!

R. L. HUNGERFORD, LAKE MAITLAND, FLA.

**Building Lots For Sale!**

EATONVILLE, - - - - FLORIDA.

Splendid Location! High Lands! Convenient to Churches and Schools. Each Lot 44 by 100 feet. For terms, Address, J. E. CLARK, MAITLAND, FLA.

**PAINT!**

All who intend painting their buildings, should use the best paint for Florida wood and climate.

**Liquid Glass Paint**

Is The Best!

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**Special Notices.**

**Orange Trees Wanted!**

One Hundred good size Tangerine Orange Trees wanted. Will pay a good price.

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**For Sale!**

A second hand double wagon: Not nearly as good as new, but well worth the \$20.00 asked for it. Apply to J. C. EATON.

**Buggy For Sale**

A good, covered buggy, (Brewster,) almost new. Will be sold cheap. Apply to J. C. EATON.

**Boy Wanted!**

To learn the Printing business. Must come to stay.

**Notice.**

On Monday the Billiard Hall did well; Tuesday was slim. No one whispers to me--but doves whisper together.

J. D. BOWEN.

**THANK YOU, BROTHERS!**--The initial number of the MAITLAND (Florida) COURIER comes to us this week. It presents a neat appearance, and gives promise of great usefulness to the locality from which it hails. The Maitlanders should give it a good patronage. Mr. Townsend is a keen writer, and will greatly aid in building up their town if he receives, as we doubt not he will, the local aid to which he is justly entitled.--*Cayuga Chief, N. Y.*

The MAITLAND COURIER is a credit to its town. We wish it success.--*Sanford Journal.*

The MAITLAND COURIER is before us having made its bow to the citizens of Orange County on Thursday, Dec. 3d. The COURIER will be Democratic, and promises to be newsy. We wish Orange County's fourteenth paper success.--*South Florida Argus.*

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**MEETING OF TOWN COUNCIL**---Special meeting, Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, 1885. Present, E. Turner, Chairman; G. T. Stith, C. C. Haskell.

Voted that the resignation of W. H. Massey as Marshal and Collector be accepted.

Voted to accept the tax list as given in by Assessor Simmons.

Voted to make the rate of taxation one per cent of the assessment.

Voted to elect J. W. Spitzer, Marshal and Collector for the unexpired term i. e. to the next general election in March.

Adjourned sine die.

C. C. HASKELL, Sec. pro tem.

There will be Divine Service at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday--both morning and evening.

Good correspondents wanted in Orlando, Sanford, Apopka, Longwood and Mayo. Write us for instructions.

**Special Notice!**

Parties subscribing for two or more copies of the COURIER can have the extra copies sent to any address, by leaving directions at our office.

Fine Cigars only \$1.00 per box at STITH & JACKSON'S.

Snow Flake Crackers at STITH & JACKSON'S.

Corn, Oats and Hay at STITH & JACKSON'S.

Canned Goods in every variety, At Turner's.

Orange Wraps at Turner's. Orange Wraps at Turner's. Orange Wraps at Turner's.

Great variety of Canned Meats, Fish, Fruits and Vegetables, At Turner's.

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**STITH & JACKSON**

DEALERS IN

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE.**

A Fresh Stock Of Canned Meats, Vegetables &c., constantly On Hand!

Just Received; 450 lbs. Choice Candy!

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR

BREAKFAST BACON

DRIED BEEF

BEST ALDERNEY BUTTER

NEW FLORIDA SYRUP

PRUNES DATES RAISINS NUTS DRY GOODS HAY & FEED

HARDWARE NEW BANGOR ORANGE BOXES & C

The Maitland Nurseries Will

Advertise Here Next Week!

Subscribe for the COURIER. Only \$2.00 per year.

**TUTT'S PILLS**

"THE OLD RELIABLE."

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

Indorsed all over the World.

**SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.**

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, KIDNEY PILLS WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

**TUTT'S HAIR DYE.**

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a LUSTRY BLACK by a single application of HAIR DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

Job Printing of all kinds neatly executed at this office.

Subscribe for the COURIER. Only \$2.00 per year.

**KIDNEGEN**

TRADE MARK

**THE GREAT KIDNEY REGULATOR AND DIURETIC.**

KIDNEGEN is highly recommended and unsurpassed for WEAK or FOUL KIDNEYS, BRONCHY, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, LOSS OF ENERGY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, or any OBSTRUCTION arising from GRAVEL or BLADDER DISEASES. Also for YELLOW FEVER, BLOOD and KIDNEY POISONING, in infected malarial sections.

By the distillation of a FINEST LEAF of JUNIPER BERRIES and BARLEY MALT we have discovered KIDNEGEN, which acts specifically on the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, removing deposits in the Bladder and any straining, smarting, heat or irritation in the water passages, giving them strength, vigor and causing a healthy color and easy flow of urine. It can be taken at all times, in all climates, without injury to the system. Unlike any other preparation for Kidney difficulties, it has a very pleasant and agreeable taste and flavor. It contains positive diuretic properties and will not nauseate. Ladies especially will like it, and Gentlemen will find KIDNEGEN the best Kidney Tonic ever used!

NOTE--Each bottle bears the signature of LAWRENCE & MARTIN, also a Proprietary Government Stamp, which permits KIDNEGEN to be sold (without its name) by druggists, grocers and other persons everywhere. Put up in Quarter-size Bottles for General and Family Use.

LAWRENCE & MARTIN, Proprs., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers everywhere.

TOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!  
Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, for Home use!  
Fret and Scroll Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price \$5 to \$50.  
Send 5 cents for 100 pages.  
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.



# THE WEATHER PROPHEYS.

THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE AND ITS WORK.

Where Storms Are Brewed and What Their Track—Why Wind Blows and Rain Falls.

It was to protect the shipping of lake and ocean that the weather bureau was brought into existence by General Albert J. Meyer in 1870. From the twenty stations of 1870 have grown 400. The sphere of usefulness of the service has developed with the number of stations. Beside warning shipping of the approach of storms, farmers and shippers of fruits have been saved thousands of dollars by being notified of coming rain or frost or the approach of a cold wave. It was formerly the custom to mail reports and predictions from stations to country post offices that could be reached the same day the reports and predictions were made, and there to display them. The daily newspapers are devoting so much space and attention every day to matters meteorological that the rural bulletins were discontinued in July. Bulletins are now displayed in every commercial organization's rooms, and are furnished all daily newspapers, while from each signal station signals forecasting the weather for the succeeding twenty-four hours are displayed from 7:30 A. M.

A square blue spot on a red background is a cautionary signal against storm. A round blue spot on a white background bespeaks rain or snow; a square blue spot on a white background means that a cold wave is approaching; a blue crescent on a white background indicates clear or fair weather, and a blue cross on a white background calls for local rain or snow. The round red spot on a white background means high temperature, the red crescent lower temperature, and the red star stationary temperature. Since General W. B. Hazen took charge of the service on the death of General Meyer in 1880, reorganization has been going forward and the scope of the service has been widened. The Fort Meyer (Va.) school, where the observers are given a six or eight months' training in meteorology and army signaling, has been put on a thorough footing. Students are admitted only after passing a successful competitive examination. They go out as assistants to observers. Then if they develop capability they are advanced when opportunity affords.

There are three observations made at all signal stations daily and telegraphed to Washington, where the predictions are made up that are promulgated to the entire country. When a severe storm is raging special observations are taken, and the information thus obtained is furnished by telegraph to stations in advance of the storm and likely to be visited by it.

The regular observations are taken at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 11 P. M., seventy-fifth meridian time. Half an hour later they are forwarded. The operators on the telegraph stations are grouped at their desks, all other business is taken off the line, and the operator farthest from Washington begins sending his report. All the other operators on the line take it. The next one sends; all the others take that. When Washington has sent its report all the operators in the section have complete reports of observations at every station in their telegraph section. Time is saved in this manner, and still further cut down by a cypher system, one word of which often means a whole paragraph. The observations result in obtaining the pressure of the atmosphere as shown by a barometer adjusted to a common standard; the temperature by the thermometer; the atmosphere's humidity by the hygrometer; the wind's direction and velocity by a combination of windmill and weather vane that automatically records its findings on a paper driven by clockwork; the rainfall as measured in a vessel on the roof, which has a surface equal to one square foot and a perforation against evaporation; the velocity, character and direction of clouds.

The usual birthplaces of storms are the Gulf of Mexico, the West Indies, and Manitoba. Their courses are directed somewhat eastward. This is accounted for by the fact that the earth revolves in that direction. Those emanating from Manitoba travel southeast over the great lakes and pass off to sea by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Those coming from the Gulf of Mexico, generally cyclones, pass up the Mississippi valley and out over Lakes Erie and Ontario. They also go east over the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The West Indian tornadoes travel northwest until they strike the South Atlantic coast, where they curve to the east, and, following the coast line up the gulf stream, finally strike the track of the Manitoba and Gulf of Mexico zephyrs. Newfoundland's favored people sometimes get storms from all three of these hatchways at about the same time. They ever complain up there of not getting enough weather for their money. The West India storms are the most robust of all.

The supposition as to the cause of storms is that, for some unknown reason, certain parts of the country are heated to a greater temperature than others. Heavy evaporation is caused, and the atmosphere is laden with water carried up by the hot air, which is lighter than the air around it. The hot air passing upward creates a vacuum to which the cool rushes. The disturbance thus created in the atmosphere recharged with the evaporation of the lakes and rivers of the overheated district causes rainfall. The near approach of a rain storm is heralded by an increase in air pressure and humidity, and a rising temperature. Knowing the direction of a storm and its velocity and extent by the observations taken in the signal station, and the general knowledge of the forms possessed, accurate information can be furnished as to when a storm will

reach a given point, how soon it will pass over, how great will be the rainfall, and how violent the wind.—New York Telegraph.

A Fruitful Five-Dollar Bill.

A little money sometimes goes a great way. As an illustration of this read the following, founded upon an incident which is said to have really occurred:

- A. owed \$15 to B.
- B. " \$20 to C.
- C. " \$15 to D.
- D. " \$30 to E.
- E. " \$12.50 to F.
- F. " \$10 to A.

All of them were seated at the same table.

A. having a \$5 note, handed it to B., remarking that it paid \$5 of the \$15 he owed B.

B. passed the note to C., with the remark that it paid \$5 of the \$20 which he owed.

C. passed it to D., and paid with it \$5 of the \$15 he owed D.

D. handed it to E., in part payment of the \$30 owed him.

E. gave it to F., to apply on account of the \$12.50 due him.

F. passed it back to A., saying, "This pays half of the amount I owe you."

A. again passed it to B., saying, "I now only owe you \$5."

B. passed it again to C., with the remark, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to \$10."

C. again passed it to D., reducing his indebtedness to \$5.

D. paid it over to E., saying, "I now owe you \$20."

E. handed it again to F., saying, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to \$2.50."

Again F. handed the note to A., saying, "Now I don't owe you anything."

A. passed it immediately to B., thus cancelling the balance of his indebtedness.

B. handed it to C., reducing his indebtedness to \$5.

C. cancelled the balance of his debt to D., by handing the note to him.

D. paid it again to E., saying, "I now owe you \$15."

Then E. remarked to F., "If you will give me \$2.50 this will settle my indebtedness to you."

F. took \$2.50 from his pocket, handed it to E., and returned the \$5 note to his pocket, and thus the spell was broken, the single \$5 note having paid \$25.50, and cancelled A.'s debt to B., C's debt to D., E's debt to F., and F's debt to A., and at the same time having reduced B's debt to C. from \$20 to \$5, and D's debt to E. from \$30 to \$15.

MORAL.—"Here a little and there a little," helps to pay off large scores. Money circulates from hand to hand and business moves. Pay your debts—in full if you can, and if you cannot pay in full, pay something. What helps one helps another, and so the round is made.—American Merchant.

Light and Life at the Ocean's Bottom.

A writer in the New York Sun says that "the results of deep-sea dredging tend to show that the ocean bottom, which has long been supposed to be in absolute darkness, is lighted by brilliant phosphorescence. I believe that if we could find ourselves upon the bed of the sea in 2,000 fathoms, we should see brilliant white lights, casting intense shadows, illuminating the bottom in an effectual manner. The groves of coral would shine with this light, shrimp and fishes would dart about, sceptre-like, over an illuminated pathway, each carrying his own lamp, and the whole ground would be one glow of phosphorescent light. The bottom animals have eyes, and hence they have use for them, for nature supports no useless organ. One thing that is certain is that there is practically no glimmer of sunlight in these great abyssal depths; and unless we admit that there is some such light as I have mentioned, the presence of eyes cannot be explained. Certain animals retain phosphorescent lustre even after being brought to the surface, and it seems natural to conclude that in this way the ocean bottom is lighted.

"The dredge comes up laden with its precious load of deep-sea treasures, and the enthusiastic naturalists crowd around to explore the contents. Mixed up in a mass of mud are brilliant red starfishes, deep purple sea pods, delicate pink sea anemones, pure white holothurians, and ugly black fishes, all peculiar in many respects. While the naturalists are busy getting the animals ready for us to see, let us take a bit of the mud into the laboratory and examine it through the microscope. It will be found to be composed of countless numbers of microscopic shells, the teste of Foraminifera. They are usually composed of carbonate of lime, but there are silicious species also, and, in the shallower waters, sandy forms. Some are as smooth and glossy as the best glazed chinaware, showing beautiful concentric rings of different hues, while others rough and lobed in a manner which defies description. Still others are the most beautiful shade of pink, and some present in color a most delicate chocolate brown. We find them tubular, coiled, crown shaped, spherical, and oval, and in masses of lobes upon lobes."

A writer from the tea districts of northern India defines the different varieties of tea as follows: The very coarse tea remaining after the first sifting (which ends the "making") is called Bohea, and the second quality Souchong. Flowery Pekoe is the very young shoot, with a down on it, called the flower. "Facing" tea is simply cooking it in an iron pan, by which means principally green tea acquires its color.

There are 1,900 white people in South-eastern Alaska. Vegetation is abundant and luxurious, the cattle sleek and fat, and the mining industry assuming large proportions. These facts appear in an official report to Washington.

# A PEUCHERON HORSE FARM.

WHERE THE JUMBO OF EQUINE STEEDS IS RAISED.

Twenty-five Square Miles of Territory in Colorado Devoted to Raising Fine Draft Horses.

A Denver (Col.) letter to the Chicago Tribune describes the visit of a party of Eastern gentlemen to the extensive breeding ranches of the Peucheron Horse company. The party left the train at Dixon. Conveyances were waiting, and the party were driven ten miles to one of the ranches of the company. These are six in number—five of them located on the plains a few miles to the south of the Burlington road, and the sixth in Elbert county, near Elizabeth station, on the Denver and New Orleans road. They cover an area of about twenty-five square miles, and on this vast range horseflesh is supreme and the Peucheron is the king. The drive across gave visitors an opportunity to get an idea of the extent of the domain owned by the company and the native grass upon which the stock is kept. Immense stacks of hay showed that there was no danger of starvation should a heavy snowfall cover the ground for any length of time. The fact was made known that never yet had this large reserve been drawn upon, and that as spring approached the hay had been marketed yearly, while the stock found plenty of fresh, nutritious grass for their consumption.

But the ranch and its stables were reached, and the visitors were eager to see that portion of the stallions which are kept there. It must not be forgotten that this is only one of the six central stations of the company. Here in a number of roomy box-stalls the great, handsome fellows are kept. Each stall has a portion of ground outside for its occupant, wherein he reigns supreme. Each holds a stallion, some jet glossy black, dark mottled gray and some a lighter gray. These are the only colors. A bridle was thrown over their heads, and they were brought out to where they could be better seen. When one raised himself on his hind legs his head would tower high above the tallest giraffe, and the party admitted that they were the Jumbos among the horses.

From one point of interest to another the party passed, and, sooner than expected, lunch was announced. While the visitors were at lunch the men were out gathering in a bunch of horses. On they came, from over the rising ground, and still they kept coming, until the corals were nearly filled. Among them were sucklings, yearlings and two-year-olds, and the forms of the youngsters all showed strong marks of their Peucheron sires. These were prominent even among the quarter-blooded colts. As they gathered in there was a better opportunity to examine them closely and see what the bunch really contained. There were some very handsome two-year-olds, and all of the younger stock are in fine condition. There are 3,400 head of horses on the company's ranges. Rosa Bonheur's painting of "The Horse Fair" gives an idea of these Peucheron horses, but to see them in all their glory they must be seen alive, that their motion may add to the picture just as a photograph may be a portrait true in all its details of form and feature, but the spirit and motion are wanting to bring reality before the spectator.

The inquiry may arise why Peucheron horses are so specially desirable, and why should they be raised in such quantities. Where is the demand for them, and to what uses are they especially required? One visit to the breeding ranch will quickly furnish an answer to a host of such questions. The Peucheron occupies the same relation to the working horses that the fine thorough-bred does to the racing stock. Graded from the colossal thorough-bred of his species, and crossed with the native bred, the product gives a class of horses fitted for all work. For heavy hauling the pure blood, from their massive size, seem fitted to draw any thing that can be placed on wheels.

The company sells no mares, but it is always ready to buy blood mares for its range. It retains all mare colts, and by constantly breeding it will gradually advance its vast herd toward the pure breed of Peucheron. Five years hence its ranges will show great numbers of three-quarter stock, and in the mean time the lower grades will be marketed for carriages, transfer and other purposes.

The four richest men in the world are said to be Mackay, of California, whose property is estimated at \$75,000,000; Vanderbilt, of New York, \$175,000,000; Rothschild, \$200,000,000, and the Duke of Westminster, \$86,000,000. The income of Mackay is \$36,000 a day, or \$1,500 every hour; that of Vanderbilt \$19,000 a day, or \$800 an hour.

Maryland, My Maryland.

Maryland legislators, who are always alive to the public interests, have endorsed the new discovery, Red Star Cough Cure; because it contains neither morphia nor opium, and always cures. The price is only 25 cents.

The four sons of Lieutenant Kistingbury, of arctic fame, receive a pension of \$10 each per month.

BLOOD PURIFIERS and "invigorators," "tonics," and "alteratives," have been palmed off upon the people, but, after a brief season of experiment, have disappeared because of their utter worthlessness. DR. WALKER'S famous VINEGAR BITTERS are not of this class. Many million bottles have been sold, and still does the demand continue to increase.

Turkey is the only state in Europe that is not Christian.

# Is Every Body Drunk?

Among the many stories Lincoln used to relate was the following: Trudging along a lonely road one morning on my way to the county seat, Judge—overtook me with his wagon and invited me to a seat.

We had not gone far before the wagon began to wobble. Said I, "Judge, I think your coachman has taken a drop too much. Putting his head out of the window, the judge shouted: "Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!"

Turning around with great gravity, the coachman said: "Be dad! but that's the first rightful decision your Honor's giv'n 'n twel' months!"

If people knew the facts they would be surprised to learn how many people feel in the streets who never "drink a drop." They are the victims of sleeplessness, of drowsy days, of apoplectic tendencies, whose blood is set on fire by uric acid. Some day they will reel no more—they will drop dead, just because they haven't the moral courage to defy useless professional attendance, and by use of the wonderful Warner's safe cure neutralize the uric acid in the system and thus get rid of the "drunkenness in the blood."—The American Rural Home.

The wealthiest friendly society in the world is believed to be the unity of Odd Fellows of Manchester, England. According to its last financial statement the accumulated capital amounts to \$28,661,000. The income of the society exceeds \$4,200,000, of which \$1,055,000 is from interest and the rest for membership dues.

It is calculated that there are in Canada from 10,000 to 15,000 lacrosse players, 5,000 curlers, 4,000 snow shoers, 3,000 or 4,000 cricketers, 2,000 football players, 1,000 rowing men, 1,000 baseballists, and 1,000 bicyclists.

# A Lucky Man.

"A lucky man is rarer than a white crow," says Juvenal, and I think he was right. How many have heard of thousands of lucky ones, and we propose to let their secret out. They were people broken down in health, suffering with liver, blood and skin diseases, scrofula, prosy, and consumption, and were lucky enough to hear of and wise enough to use Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign blood purifier, tonic and alterative of the age.

A SYNDICATE of Southerners is raising funds to establish an agency in New York city for the sale of Confederate money.

A Bonanza Mine of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred ailments thousands testify.

A PLANT from which "real" ostrich feathers will soon be made.

Decline of man or woman, prematurely induced by excesses or bad practices, speedily and radically cured. Book (illustrated) 10 cents in stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

LARGE numbers of Chinamen are emigrating from this country to Mexico.

MEN'SMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making force, generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

# Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Southville, Mass., writes: "I was afflicted with a severe cough, I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1871 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past."

# Frazier Axle Grease.

The Frazier Axle Grease is the best and, intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor grease. Try it.

When you get your boots and shoes straightened use Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they will save money, give comfort and keep them straight.

3 months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

# A OCEAN PROMINENT MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IS RUNNING A BAR IN UGANDA, N. I.

Disagreeable---Dangerous

Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, &c.—being not only troublesome to the sufferer but offensive to others. Catarrh is also dangerous, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease the true method to cure is to purify the blood. To purify the blood take Hood's Sarsaparilla, by which many sufferers from catarrh have been cured.

"I suffered three years from catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I found I had the right remedy. The catarrh is yielded, as Hood's Sarsaparilla is cleansing my blood, and the general tone of my system is improving. My case is of such long standing that I did not expect to be cured in an instant."—FRANK WASHBURN, Rochester, N. Y.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years; tried all the catarrh remedies without benefit, and I was about to change of climate when I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I would not take any money consideration for the good one bottle did me. Now I am not troubled any with catarrh."—W. W. LILLIS, Chicago, Ill.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN. Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

# Malaria in Its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial affections so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

# DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier, For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complications, etc. (see our book on Venereal, etc.; price 25 cents). Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Bruise, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

# SCROFULA.

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, a remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medicinal properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

# DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs. Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

# DYSPEPSIA!

Dr. Radway's Pills are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract disease. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "Facts and Truths" respecting it. Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York, for the same and True. \*Be sure to get RADWAY'S.

# IMMEDIATE RELIEF!

Gordon's King of Pain reliever is of whatever nature, the moment it is applied, and is a household remedy wherever known for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache and Toothache, Burns, Indigestion, Sprains and Bruises, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Sore Throat, Ulcers, Fresh Wounds, etc. Burns will not blister if applied, and Bruises will heal in a day. It would require a week by any other method. The remedy is furnished in powder, with labels, etc., and is sent by mail, postage paid. It is put up in 50c., \$1 and \$5 packages. The 50c. or trial packages, when reduced to liquid form, will fill 24 2oz. bottles, which are worth at retail, \$5. Agents can coin money selling it. It is worth ten times its cost, for burns alone. Send postal notes or two cent stamps. Address E. G. RICHARDS, Sole Proprietor, Toledo, Ohio.

MITCHELL'S Perforated Belladonna Plasters cure all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that cold spot between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists every where.

WANTED: An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$25 per Month and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE! Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co., Boston, Mass.

THURSTON'S IVORY TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

OLD COINS WANTED. Sent 10c. for Catalogue of prices paid. CHARLES J. SCHAYER, 13 Leitch Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

WANTED TO HIRE A FARM of about 30 to 100 acres. Address Bradford, E. H., P. O. Box 333, New York.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamps for LYNCHBURG GUIDE, L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

**TEMPERANCE TOPICS.**

**A Common Character.**

He never did any good work in his life. He's a man who from danger would shrink, He's always neglected his children and wife And squandered his earnings in drink. Ignorant, selfish, uncultured is he, Yet people by whom he is known, Remark with a sigh, "What a man he would be If he'd only let liquor alone!" —*Boston Courier*

**The Little Grave.**

It was the day of the wine market; and not yet had the sun reached its full splendor. Will you not try to picture to yourselves, my friends, a lateral valley of the Rhine, lying amid fresh green meadows, and surrounded on all sides by mountain heights, showing up as dim, aspiring forests, in the glad sunshine resting above it all? If so, then you have Eberbach—only Eberbach without its real glow, since that you never can picture without seeing.

"Please buy my flowers! my sweet, fresh flowers!"

The voice was very young, ringing and musical, and at the sound thereof many turned, to discover only a little maiden of some ten or twelve summers, pacing back and forth beneath the walls of the lunatic asylum, which since the time I am telling of has been removed thence for lack of space to its new site on the Eichberg. A basket of myrtle hung on the one arm, while in the hand of the other she held a bunch of the fragrant sprays, as though to tempt, as it were, the passer-by into buying her pretty merchandise.

A young man passed; he was the son of the pastor of the Cloister church, Johann von Hohenburg by name; his face was good, clever and bright, and his blue eye sparkled with the fresh, sweet glory of the world—a glory which seemed to fall also upon little Gerba, the flower girl, as his gaze then rested upon her. "I'll buy thy flowers, little one," he said, gaily, taking the bunch from her hand and leaving in its stead a silver coin.

"This is too much money, Herr Johann, unless you will take all my flowers," faltered Gerba, holding out as she spoke the basket for his acceptance.

"And they are too many, unless you take all the money I have"—and Johann clinked together a couple or so of stray coins which still remained in his pocket with such a comical air that the child laughed also, in a way which was truly refreshing after her pathetic sadness.

Only for a moment, however, did this merry mood last; for the next, pointing gravely toward the grey walls, and quaint old window close by, she said with finger on lip, as though in mute reproach upon herself, "My mother is in there, Herr Johann, and folk say she will never come out again."

"Poor child!" The word of sympathy dropped deeply down.

"It was about father's going away that she fretted so much, never sleeping day nor night, and so—and so—"

"Yes, I know," and taking the child's hand Johann tried to lead her away. "Come, I'll sell thy flowers," he went on; and so together they passed into the busy market-square, where men sold wines and men bought, while those who did neither yet paused to drink (as though about to purchase) from the sellers' ample goblet, which according to custom is presented to all. And Johann tasted with the rest, afterward chinking his stray bits of money, and then with a laugh and a jest going on to another, till in time a remote corner of the square was reached, where stood many of Johann's friends, gay, rollicking fellows like himself, and who, like himself, judging from their flush faces and excited talk, had also indulged in the "pearl of drinks."

"How now, Johann!" And then Johann, holding up his hand for silence, told them of the child's bereavement, and of his having offered to prove salesman on her behalf. Oh, but they had kindly hearts, though in many cases their pockets were well nigh empty—one by one paid for a spray of flowers as he could, wherewith to adorn his button hole, one by one said some kindly words to the little girl in turn, although from many of them, as Johann felt, the child shrank back in fear and dislike.

Now the little one had no hold upon Johann—none whatever; therefore it was in very kindness, the kindness of a true, loving, and manly heart, that leaving his friends to themselves, he led her away—away to the banks of the Petersbornchen, which flowing from the mountains downward, sheds beauty in its way, till at last it loses itself utterly and gloriously in the Rhine river, which with its tiny power it helps to swell. It was a day of fairy pleasure to little Gerba, to sit there while her companion told tales of the past, of the wild boar who had fixed the site of the ancient cloister, and

who in company with angels had helped to build the same while men slept.

"I want to say something, Herr Johann—something which I fear you scarce will like to hear." The child's voice faltered, and her blue eyes looked misty when she raised them to his.

"Say on, child. I won't be angry."

"Well, then, Herr Johann, I want to tell you what made my father unkind and bad, and what made him go away." She was sobbing a little, and yet she would have her say. "Years ago, Herr Johann, I have heard that he was once good and kind, as you" (her hand touches his fondly), "but he did what you have done to-day—he tasted of the wine at the market; and, Herr Johann, I hate wine, for when my father grew to liking it more and more, it made him wicked and my mother miserable. It was her tears, they say, which drove him to leave us; but oh, it was the wine which brought the tears to her, and made me without a mother. And now, Herr Johann, won't you give up even the tasting, lest you should go on to worse, like him? Oh, do! for you have been kind to me, and if I can make you promise to do what is right, may not God give me back my father some day, and through him my dear mother, too? I have thought of it so much, and it seems that the dear God who is so just will give me him for another, if I can but keep one from the tempting evil. Be that one, Herr Johann, for I love you!"

And in the evening glow the promise was given.

Years and years after, in the graveyard of the Cloister church, an old worn-out man knelt, weeping bitter tears over a little grave—tears of repentance and regret. Strangely enough, an unseen hand had guided Johann, even at this late hour of life, to the haunts of Gerba's miserable and debauched parent; to him he told the tale I have told you, with him he pleaded earnestly in his child's name, who was dead and gone on before to a better land.—*E. Searchfield.*

**Corrupting the Young by School-Books.**

Bad enough is it to run risks on account of the vicious character of the light reading sought after so much by the young, without having wicked mischief in the course of study imposed by law. Every citizen is deeply interested in the course taken by commissioners and boards of education in providing school-books bearing upon elementary physio-

not evaded. To teach a child at school that the moderate use of alcohol is good as an invigorating beverage when the law makes the selling of liquor to that child a criminal offence; to prate about the moderate use of liquor when the country spends annually eight hundred and fifty millions of dollars for rum and about eighty-five millions for education; to teach that the use of alcohol can be of any real or comparative good to brain, muscle, or nerve, when the great daily press so reeks and teems with the record of crime and abomination wrought under the influence of alcohol as to make the ordinary newspaper no longer fit to come under the eye of a pure family and household—all this is to stultify all concerned.—*Christian Advocate.*

**Temperance Notes.**

A Japanese proverb says: "A man took a drink, the drink took a drink, and then the drink took the man."

The Russian government has decided that liquors shall be retailed only in hotels and eating houses. As a result of this edict 90,000 vodka shops will be closed on January 1, 1886.

The study of the drink question in Switzerland has disclosed the fact that the use of alcoholic beverages is largest in those cantons in which wages are lowest, and the people are the poorest. Drunkenness tends to poverty and want; and then this state of things fosters the drunkenness.

Beer is more dangerous than whisky. That is the verdict of the *Scientific American*, which sets forth that the use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally in a beer-drinker.

Blue Ribbon beer, manufactured in Toronto, and claimed to be a temperance beverage, was tested a few days ago on two men, each of whom drank seven glasses in an hour and a half and then became drunk. The court thereupon decided that the stuff was intoxicating.

**Coming.**

So I am watching quietly Every day! Wherever the sun shines brightly I rise and say, Surely it is the shining of His face! And look unto the gates of his high place Beyond the sea; For I know he is coming shortly To summon me. And when a shadow falls across the window Of my room, Where I am working my appointed task, I lift my head to watch the door—and ask If He is come; And as in angel answers sweetly In my home, "Only a few more shadows And he will come!"

**RELIGIOUS READING.**

**A Bishop's warning.**

Bishop Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal church, says the great dangers of the church are "assimilation to the world, neglect of the poor, substitution of the form for the fact of godliness, abandonment of discipline, a hireling ministry, an impure gospel, which summed up, is a fashionable church," and then he adds, "Methodists should be liable to such an outcome, and that should be signs of it in a hundred years from the 'sail loft, seems almost the miracle of history; but who that looks about him to-day can fail to see the fact? The Church of God is to-day courting the world. Its members are trying to bring it down to the level of the ungodly. The ball, the theatres, nude and lewd art, social luxuries, with all their loose moralities, are making inroads into the sacred inclosure of the church, and as a satisfaction for all this worldliness Christians are making a great deal of Lent and Easter, and Good Friday and church ornamentation. It is the old trick of Satan. The Jewish church strack on that rock, the Romish church wrecked on the same, and the Protestant church is fast reaching the same doom."

**Mr. Lowell on Christianity.**

One of the most serious and notable of the admirable after-dinner speeches that made Mr. Lowell so famous in England has only lately been published. It was called out by some allusions to the Christian religion made in the tone of genteel skepticism quite common among the literary men of England.

those enemies of the religion which is at the very heart of all there is good in civilization, that "whatever defects or imperfections may attach to a few points of the doctrinal system of Calvin—the bulk of which was simply what all Christians believe—it will be found that Calvinism, or any other ism which claims an open Bible and proclaims a crucified and risen Christ, is infinitely preferable to any form of polite and polished skepticism, which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroic ancestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools, the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety, now turn and kick down the ladder by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God and die without hope."

"The worst kind of religion," continued Mr. Lowell, "is no religion at all; and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness or ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which had hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and have found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy protected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical literati to move thither and there ventilate his views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon

the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope and humanity of its faith in that Savior who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terror and the grave of its gloom."

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

**An American Horse.**



"Go around behind, sir, and git on; he's an American horse, sir, and he hisn't use to dem clothes yet; dey frighten him."—*Lije.*

**A Burrowing Bird.**

A more quiet picture is afforded by the hill where the auks brood, says Dr. Brehm in an article on the "Social Habits of Arctic Birds," published in the *Popular Science Monthly*. They resemble the eider-duck in shape, except that their bills are sharp and not flat, like those of the latter. There are three species of them, which are distinguished from one another by the length of the bill and its curvature. All three species live and brood in the same places. I was told of a mountain where a million of them had built their nests. I am sure of one thing—that no man has ever seen a million birds, even though he has traveled over half the earth. Doubting the accounts, I visited the described mountain. On a bright summer day we

rowed toward it, over the smooth, transparent water, between beautiful islands, followed by the screeching of the startled gulls. High above us on a towering ridge we saw the watchful ospreys; by our side, on right and left, along the shore-cliffs, the sitting eider-ducks. Finally we came to the populous part of the mountain, which is from three hundred and twenty to three hundred and thirty feet high, and saw really immense numbers of birds sitting on the ridges. The higher parts of the cone were covered with a brown sponwort, and as we approached the shore the birds drew back thither, and suddenly disappeared from view as if by concerted agreement. When we had reached the shore and landed, and were wondering what had become of the hosts of birds, we found the ground burrowed all over with holes that looked like common rabbit holes. We soon learned that they were the entrances to the nest-chambers of the auks. The holes are large enough to permit the birds to pass through, and then widen on the inside so as to give room for the nest and the two birds. As we climbed toward the height, the tenants first carefully and anxiously peered at us, then slipped out and threw themselves screaming into the sea, which was soon covered, as far as the eye could reach, with birds whose cry resembled the noise of a gigantic surf or of a raging storm.

**Then and Now.**

1785.

"Canst thou cherish me, Martha?"  
"Yea, if it be the Lord's will."  
"And wilt thou wed with me, sweet-heart?"  
"Yea, verily, as the Lord is my shepherd."

1885.

"Can you love me, Maud?"  
"Well, I should shudder."  
"And will you marry me, dearest?"  
"What are you giving us?"—*Chicago Ledger.*

**Decision Reserved.**

Miss Clara (to young Featherly)—"Mamma and I were discussing a certain rule of table etiquette just before you came in, Mr. Featherly. Mamma thinks it is perfectly proper to take the last piece of bread on the plate, while I contend that to do so is violating a rule almost as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. You must decide for us, Mr. Featherly."  
Mamma—"Yes, Mr. Featherly, please do so."  
Mr. Featherly—"Well—er—really, ladies, you place me in a somewhat embarrassing position. You see, I am only slightly acquainted with the Medes, and I've never even met the Persians."—*New York Times.*

**The Tall, Lank Man's Scheme.**

The conductor asked a tall, lank, bearded man for his ticket.  
"Hain't got any," replied the tall, lank man.  
"Where are you going?"  
"Chicago."  
"Seven thirty-five, please."  
"But say, conductor, I hain't got any money and I want you to do me a favor. If you will you'll never regret it. Carry me up to Chicago and in six months I'll buy this here railroad an' make you the superintendent of it."  
"Seven thirty-five, please."  
"Carry me up to Chicago an' in six months I'll buy this here hull railroad an' make you a present of it. I've got a scheme, conductor; the biggest scheme on earth. It'll revolutionize everything. It'll—"  
"You must pay your fare or get off the train."  
"It'll turn the hull industrial world upside down. It'll rearrange science an' society an' everything. It'll bust all the monopolies on the top o' 'arth. Carry me up to Chicago to-day, pardner, an' I'll let you in. I'll give you a half interest. I'll—"  
"I've stopped the train and you must pay your fare or get off immediately, sir."  
"I'll make you richer than Vanderbilt afore the next Fourth of July. This is the greatest scheme the civilized world ever saw. Promise me not to give it away an' carry me up to Chicago an' I'll tell you. Sh-h-h! The crust o' the 'arth is only two or three miles thick. Down there is reservoirs' o' heat enough to consume everything on the surface o' the globe in ten minutes. Bend your ear down closter to me—we'll bore a hole down an' tap that great reservoir an' run all the engines, all the machinery, warm all the houses in the world. I'm goin' up to Chicago to get capital interested, and I'll give you two millions wuth o' stock. I'll—"  
But the train rattled on and the words of the tall, lank man were lost among the rumble of the wheels.—*Chicago Herald.*

**A Proposal.**



"My dear Miss Emilia, now that you are disposed to look favorably upon my suit, nothing need stand in the way of our engagement. But there is one question I would like to ask: Are you willing to be a fond mother to my three motherless daughters?"  
"Oh, yes."  
"Then I'll bring them to you to-morrow."



"Miss Emilia, these are my daughters. Children, your future mother."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

**A Queer Mistake.**

"That was a queer mistake a servant made in Philadelphia the other day," said Mrs. De Wiggs to her husband.  
"What mistake?"  
"A lady sent her servant for a copy of the song, 'He Cometh Not, She Said,' and the girl went and asked for 'He Cometh Not His Head.' I wonder what sort of a song she imagined it was."  
"She probably thought it was about a bald-headed man."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

**Chicken Soup as a Pillow.**

"Is the Blank house a good hotel?" asked one drummer of another.  
"Hardly," replied the other, briefly.  
"What's wrong with it?"  
"Why, there isn't a feather in any pillow in the house, but every dish of chicken soup is chock full of feathers. If you get a decent pillow in that hotel you'll have to call for chicken soup."—*Newman Independent.*