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THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

"FOR US PRINCIPLE IS PRINCIPLE—RIGHT IS RIGHT—YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, FOREVER."

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Selected Poetry.

Ring, Bells, Ring!

Sweetly did the angels sing:
Ring, bells—ring!
On the birthday of Earth's King,
Ring, bells—ring!
Naught of wealth and naught of power
Showed itself in that still hour;
But our Lord himself was born
In a manger, Christmas morn.
Softly slept the Holy Child,
Watched by Mary, mother mild;
Wise men, guided by a star,
Came from different countries far;
Shepherds, by their flocks at night,
Heavenly visions saw with fright—
Hastened then away, to see
If in the manger Christ could be.
Thus it was, the calm, sweet morn,
When Jesus, Prince of Peace was born—
Hovered by angelic vision
From the realms of fields elysian.
'Tis the birthday of Earth's King:
Ring, bells—ring!
Joy and peace the day doth bring,
Ring, bells—ring!

Selected Story.

Cured.

Pat[illegible] Patterson was ill—at least he th[illegible]t so—and depressed; he had a [illegible]dache and he hated the dusty [illegible]eets, in which the summer heat [illegible]t and the summer sun shone [illegible]ore the green [illegible]ves had drap[illegible]e trees, and po[illegible]ed geranium[illegible]ich had com[illegible] to be so blesse[illegible] popular in [illegible]w York, lens [illegible] summer fresh[illegible]s.

"W[illegible] shall I do, [illegible]tor?" he said. [illegible]ou say noth[illegible] ails me, but I [illegible] tell what my [illegible]elings are better [illegible]an you can [illegible] know I shall b[illegible]own with som[illegible]ing soon. I rode [illegible] a car with [illegible]half-dozen dirty [illegible]dren the other [illegible]y—to the small-p[illegible] hospital, [illegible] haven't a doubt [illegible]ery red and [illegible]y-looking, all of th[illegible]; and while [illegible] was buying some[illegible]thing in a [illegible]tore down Broadw[illegible] the other [illegible]y a horrid old woma[illegible] begged of me because her husband was sick with typhoid fever. No doubt I have caught both diseases, and it's the complication that puzzles you. Could't relish my coffee this morning; left my milk toast untouched. Hateful life, that of a bachelor at a hotel. Oh, dear me!"

"Why don't you marry, then?" said the doctor.

"They need so much courting," [illegible] said Patter[illegible] "You spend six months or so, at least, dangling at a woman's apron strings. You must go to the theatre and opera if she is gay, and to church if she is pious. At fifty a man likes his slippers and dressing-gown and chair of an evening. If it was just stepping over to the clergyman's and getting married, putting a ring on her finger and saying or nodding yes two or three times, why I wouldn't mind it, you know."

"Ah, well, courting is the fun of it all, in my opinion," said the old doctor, "but every one to his taste. And my advice to you is to get out into the country."

"To another hotel and more mercenary waiters!" said Mr. Patterson.

"No," said the doctor; "go to a nice, private home. I know one—a motherly widow lady, who cooks a dinner fit for a king. River before the house, woods behind it, orchard to the left, kitchen garden to the right; no fever and ague; no mosquitoes. Heavenly! I am going up there to-morrow, and I'll see if she'll take you."

"Very well," said Mr. Patterson; "I think I will try it."

"And you must drink plenty of milk and eat plenty of nice home-made bread."

"Yes, I will," said Patterson, overjoyed at least at hearing something that sounded like a prescription. "And you would advise milk?"

"Quart of it every day," said the doctor.

"I'll take a pint of it," said Patterson, "and if I should like it, she'll nurse me?"

"Splendidly," said the doctor, and went his way.

Mr. Patterson thought over and thought both day, and when the little [illegible] ming him that the widow was willing to "take him in" and "board him" reached him, he packed portmanteau and valise and was ready to start by noon. As for the widow, she had prepared her best room for her boarder's peculiarities.

"Nice fellow, social, plenty of money; thinks himself ill-used; ought to be married; [illegible] but he hates the idea of being married off some day, no doubt. 'Will you have me?' [illegible] in clergyman, but then clergymen are peculiar generally."

The widow was a smart woman. She had married at sixteen, and never failed to have her way over when other people were carrying out theirs. Her bread rose, her cake was always light, her butter always sweet. Before she had married off her daughters, was well-to-do and happy.

Her son and his wife boarded with her, and she added to her plentiful savings by taking a summer boarder or two, if they happened to offer.

"Fifty and a bachelor," said Mrs. Muntle, looking in the glass. "Well, it seems a pity; but when elderly gentleman marry it is to some hity-tity girl that leads them a terrible life, and likely it's for the best."

Then she looked in the glass again; for the widow was but a woman, after all.

Mr. Patterson came to the widow's and obeyed the doctor's prescription carefully. He ate bread and milk, robbed the orchard like a school-boy, and reclined over the strawberry short-cake after a fashion that would have made his reputation at the bar. Then too Mrs. Muntle did not smile at his aches and pains and insist that he must be perpetually well because he had a fresh complexion and dimples on on his cheeks. She had savory herb teas and potions which she produced when he complained of feeling miserable.

For two months and more, Mr. Patterson boarded with Mrs. Muntle, and happier months he never lived through. Then he went back to the city for a few weeks, returning in urgent need of more pellets from the medicine chest, and staying until the last pink chrysanthemum was blooming on its withered branches. He had grown so fond of his little room, with its white curtains and fresh grass-bleached linen, of the country good things and of the buxom Mrs. Muntle, that he could not bear the thought of parting with them altogether.

After all, why could he not buy a house and get Mrs. Muntle to keep it for him? Perhaps she would. He would offer a high salary, and she could have plenty of servants. Then, indeed, he might have friends to dine with him, and be as happy as possible. If only he could approach his hostess, showing her as he did so that he considered her his equal and a lady—and all that she certainly was; a clergyman's daughter and the widow of a country doctor.

After much consideration he finally mustered courage for the effort, and walked into the front parlor and sent the servant to ask Mrs. Muntle to please step there for a moment.

"[illegible] resumed [illegible] "[illegible]rious!" thought Mrs. Muntle [illegible]lf; "what can he want?" [illegible] she blushed brightly, set[illegible] necktie, took off her apron [illegible]lked demurely in.

[illegible]seated, ma'am," said Mr. [illegible]on. "Sit here please. Allow [illegible]to sit near you, as I have [illegible]song to ask which may require [illegible]sideration."

[illegible] it is coming!" thought Mrs. Muntle.

"[illegible]pose you know I'm a man of [illegible]rable means, ma'am," said [illegible] bachelor, "able to buy a nice [illegible] furnish it well and live in it [illegible]tably?"

"[illegible] understood, Mr Patterson," [illegible] the widow.

"A[illegible]course it is pleasanter than [illegible] at a hotel," said [illegible]on.

"[illegible]ge it might be," [illegible] cautiously.

"[illegible]ght," said Mr. Patterson, "[illegible] know a bachelor [illegible]ds of servants if [illegible]. A gentleman [illegible] he wants a lady [illegible] for him—[illegible] and refinement [illegible] people don't [illegible]gs, and mer[illegible] poor dependents."

"[illegible]," said Mrs. Muntle.

"[illegible]uch alone [illegible]ntle?" said Mr. [illegible]

"[illegible] Doctor knew him. He's go[illegible] just as he said he would [illegible]," said the lady to herself, [illegible] she answered; "[illegible], I am pretty free, it is [illegible] my children are married [illegible]."

"I kn[illegible] money would be no ob[illegible] to you," said Mr. Patterson, [illegible] high enough. But if I was [illegible] you that I hated boarding-[illegible] and wanted a home, I think [illegible]ould have pity on me. I'll [illegible] beautiful house, and you [illegible] have complete control of [illegible]thing only to make my straw[illegible] shortcake for me all my [illegible]."

[illegible]ed and looked at the [illegible] delicately put," he [illegible] you hire out for a [illegible] wonder."

"[illegible]ntic, though," said [illegible] but still we ain't [illegible] time, and it gets to [illegible] the most senti[illegible] and [illegible]

"[illegible] and wi[illegible] pleaded Mr. [illegible] face, [illegible] warm gre[illegible], I won't," [illegible]get? [illegible] my own [illegible]ell-balance[illegible] never [illegible]ll of energ[illegible], why [illegible]siness and [illegible] making [illegible]ood sense, an[illegible] never [illegible]otable degree [illegible] [illegible]low-man and w[illegible] disposition, and I understand your ways and tastes."

Mr. Paterson listened. He saw what he had done—proposed and been accepted without having any idea of what he was about. He looked at Mrs. Muntle. She was very nice and comely and ten years his junior, at least, if she was forty. He could not have done a better thing, and would be married without any troublesome courting. So he at once put his arm around Mrs. Muntle's waist and said:

"Thank you, my dear. I consider myself very fortunate."

He wrote to his good doctor in about a fortnight's time, to tell him that he had taken both his prescriptions; was a married man and intended to bring his bride home about the first of the new year.

Life at West Point.

"It is impossible to judge of a person's military ability by his standing at West Point," said an old cadet recently. "If a young fellow is a trifle careless and forgets to invert his washbowl a few dozen times a year, and goes to parade with a spot on his trousers, or with his boots unblacked, he may pile up demerits that will give him a poor place in his class, though he may have a good standing in his studies. The boys who avoid any kind of fun that might lead to black marks, are far from favorites at West Point.

"One cadet, who spent the last two months of his cadet life in light prison, was found at graduation to have more than one hundred demerits for the preceding six months. He passed his examining in studies, but his deficiencies in discipline caused his discharge. Had it not been for them he would have stood second in a class of sixty. He managed to get an appointment in the army from civil life, and is now a lieutenant of infantry.

"The opportunities for being reported for breaches of discipline at West Point are very numerous. There are a dozen chances during the day for him to get a bad mark for being late. At the inspection of quarters the cadet gets demerits if he is found in his room coatless, if the floor is dirty, if his overcoat hangs on the second nail in the alcove, or if the shell jacket has changed places with the night shirt. The wash bow[illegible] bottom up, the [illegible] MANUALS. [illegible] brush clean, the wate[illegible] full, and towels immaculate.

"My room mate and I once smuggled into the barracks a basket of fruit which a friend had sent to us. We placed the basket upon a board wedged far up the chimney, where it was to remain until we had a chance to invite a few friends to the feast. My chum was at the section room and I working at my mathematics, when a little flaxen-haired lieutenant of cavalry came in and I stood at attention during his inspection. He found nothing out of the way and started to leave, when suddenly he stopped, sniffed a little and said:

"There is fruit in this room, is there not?"

"'I decline to answer, sir,' said I. My refusal to criminate myself, a right that I was at perfect liberty to exercise, made him angry. He turned everything in the room upside down, until his attention was directed to the chimney where the fruit was found. He ordered it turned into the guardhouse, and the next day, being called to the commandant's office on business, I saw the last of the fruit disappearing down the throat of the officer in charge."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Going into Battle.

Said Captain George W. Stone yesterday: "I don't believe any man ever went into a battle without feeling frightened. I know I never did. I'll tell you when a man feels real badly. It's when he is forming his men into line for a big battle while a little skirmishing fire is kept up all the time. Every minute or so some one, maybe your best friend, standing right next to you will shriek out "Oh, my God!" and fall back dead, yet you cannot let your men fire, for the army must be drawn up first. There is plenty of time to think. You don't dare to retaliate in any way. The next bullet may find your heart, and your children will be left fatherless. It is a moment that tries the bravest man, because he has to stand quietly and take it all. But when the order comes to fight and the excitement of the battle arises, fear passes away. You have something to do. You have a duty to perform at any cost. Bullets drive into the ground at your feet, sending up the little clouds of dust; they whistle past your ears, and maybe cut holes in your clothing. Shells and schrapnel kill your comrades and leave you living, and soon there comes a feeling that some good fortune preserved you and protects you, and the desire to do as much damage to the enemy alone fills your mind. That was my experience in the army, and I don't believe that the man lived who did not feel at the commencement of a fight that he would rather be somewhere else.—*Chatham Star.*

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 on 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 like a 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 up with 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 horseback and stand [illegible] open air to a fri[illegible]

Go to an evening party in a dress suit without putting on heavy underwear to compenate 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 allow a part of the body that should always be warm get chilled.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Remembered by One.

A man who had rested in the county hospital for two years made his appearance on the streets one day this week. The town was strange to him and he to the town. Old friends gazed at his bearded, cadaverious face, but, they knew him not. He looked the old familiar barkeeper in the eye, but the barman silently mixed his drink and gave no sign of recognition. The waiter at the restaurant where he had dined for years set a plate before him but spoke no word of greeting. Sadly the invalid ate the meal, lit his cigar and wandered among the faces that were familiar to him, but which had no smile of welcome for the man rescued, as it were, from the grave.

"Alas," said he, "is there no one in all this great city that knows me?"

Just then he felt a tap on the shoulder, and a deep, and not unfriendly voice whispered in his ear:

"Don't you tink it vash time dot leetle bill vas settled?"

It was his tailor, who first saw light under the shadow of Mount Olivet. The lost one grasped him by the hand and led him to the nearest saloon. Such is life, my brethren. The friend of thy bosom may in a few years forget thee, but thy creditore, never. Oh, man, if you would retain a place in the affections of your kind, if you would build for yourself a monument in the human heart, buy something, buy everything, and—have it put down to the old account.

A man was lately tried in England for giving a five-weeks old child four drops of laudanum, thereby causing its death. The examination of witnesses showed that the ideas of womanhood concerning the administration of narcotics to infants are dangerously hazy. One woman thought the dose of laudanum for a child was one drop for each year of its age; another thought it was a drop for each week. A physician testified that most soothing syrups were composed of opium, and fatal results often attended their use. He thought they were unsafe at any age under one year, and that even homœopathic preparations were unsafe for infants.

Condensed Wisdom in A.

A good maxim is never out of season.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

A truly great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry.

Among the base, merits begets envy; among the noble emulation.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

A desire for admiration is the offspring of vanity.

A few books well chosen are more use than a great library.

A knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

A chaste eye exiles licentious looks.

A careless watch invites a vigilant foe

Abundance is a trouble but competency brings delight.

Averice generally miscalculates, and as generally deceives.

A wounded reputation is seldom cured.

A knave discovered is the greatest fool.

A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.

A virtuous man in a fair body, is like a fine picture in a good light.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue.

Anger and haste hinder good counsel.

Acquire honesty; seek humility; practice oeonomy; love fidelity.

A faithful friend is a strong defense.

A flatterer is a most dangerous enemy.

A man who breaks his word bids others to be false to him.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm

Abundance like want, wins many.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

Adversity willingly undergone is the greatest virtue.

Adversity successfully overcome is the highest glory.

Affected superiority makes good fellowship.

A wager is a fool's argument.

Affectation in dress implies a flaw in understanding.

Affectation in wisdom often prevents our becoming wise.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

A good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.

A false hope is but dreaming while you're awake.

A penny saved is twice earned.

At a great bargain, pause awhile.
—*Sigismund in Catholic Home.*

He Did Not Wait.

A wor by sea-captain entertained a fancy to become a Freemason, and was accordingly proposed and elected. A friend accompanied him to the place of meeting, which was in a building, the lower part of which was used as a place of entertainment. The neophyte was left in an apartment next to the servant's room, while his friend went upstairs to assist in the opening ceremonies. A Celtic maiden, who caught a glimpse of the stranger, resolved to take part in his initiation, and procuring a gridiron, placed it over the fire. It was not long before the captain, looking inquisitively through the door, saw the utensil reddening in the heat. The recollection flashed through his mind of masonic candidates, and some peculiar ordeals which they were made to encounter.

"What is that, Bridget?" he eagerly inquired.

"And sure," replied the Hibernian virgin, "it's only the gridiron that I was tould to place over the coals."

"Who told you?" asked the eager captain.

"And wasn't it the gentleman who came with you?"

"What could he want with it?" demanded the captain.

"And sure I can't tell," replied Bridget. "They are often using it—it belongs to the people up-stairs. I always heat it when they want to make a Mason."

This was too much for the excited captain, and taking to his heels he soon put a safe distance between himself and the lodge.

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial Bottles Free at Willcox & Co's drug store. Large size $1.00.

When a country editor who is struggling along, trying to build up a town and rear a large family on $900 a year, discovers that a base-ball pitcher hauls $4,000 for a season's play, it makes him sit down on a [illegible] WANTED. [illegible] We are both MANA[illegible]

Crooked Answers.

School children often become possessed of many singular and amusing ideas. Here are some in the form of answers to questions asked by their teachers.

"Describe the heart."

"It is a comical-shaped bag."

"What is a volcano?"

"A volcano is a large mountain with a hole at the top and a fire-place at the bottom, and sometimes the fire comes out at the top and destroys the cities at the bottom, if there are any."

"Mention any occupation considered injurious to health."

"Occupations which are considered injurious to health are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood."

"Is a bootmaker's trade considered injurious to health?"

"Yes, very injurious; because the bootmakers press the boots against the thorax, and therefore it presses the thorax in, and it touches the heart, and if they do not die they are cripples for life."

"What is the feminine of goose?"

"Gauderess."

"Can you tell where Bishop Latimer was burned to death?"

"In the fire."

Another pupil writes:

"When food is swallowed it passes through the windpipe, and the chyle passes up through the back bone, and reaches the heart, where it meets the oxygen and is purified.."

Dickens' Earnings.

In an article on the gains of authors, which has recently been reprinted in a number of newspapers, surprise is expressed that Dickens should not have left a larger fortune than £80,000. I have an impression that Dickens' total property amounted to nearly £100,000, but of that a considerable proportion must have come from the profits of his reading. There is no doubt that Dickens made some very bad bargains with publishers in his early days, and I know that his friend Talfourd once calculated that during a period of five years he ought to have been receiving £10,000 a year for his works; but one cannot form any estimate of his total "gains" from literature by the amount of his possessions when he died. It must be remembered that Dickens himself made every shilling which he ever possessed, and he not only lived in a very liberal style for thirty years, keeping up a considerable establishment, and of ten traveling without much regard to cost, but he also brought up a large and expensive family.—*London Truth.*

Luck and Labor.

If the boy who exclaims "just my luck!" was truthful, he would say "just my laziness!" or "just my inattention." Mr. Cobden wrote proverbs about Luck and Labor. It would be well for boys to memorize them:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would come and bring him the news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation for competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides up to independence.

The phenomenal performance of two-year old and three-year old trotters, and even of yearlings, has attracted wide attention lately. But it may be doubted whether these precious youngsters will ever be able to show such a record as Goldsmith Maid, who began to train after she had matured, and, after twelve years of struggle for the lead, and having vanquished every opponent, retired at twenty with her wind as sound as a fox hound's, her limbs as clean as a gazelle's, and her body without spot or blemish. It was when she was nineteen years old that she downed Smuggler, who beat her two heats, tied her one, and then had to yield to the stamina of the Jersey mare, who outstripped him in the fourth, fifth and sixth heats successively—the very last of which was won in 2.19.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Willcox & Co's. Drug Store.

A Berlin physician claims to have invented a [illegible] the [illegible] We know [illegible] cox & Co's. Drug Store.

Bits and Tidbits.

An exchange asks why so many editors are bow-legged. It's the weight of their brains.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Sam Jones' three Gs "grace, grit and greenbacks"—will run a country newspaper as well as a camp meeting.—*Thomson (Ga.) Journal.*

Beecher says there are times when a man must either swear or burst. There has never been a well authenticated case of an editor bursting.—*Philadelphia Call.*

An editor whose three months' imprisonment for libel will expire in two days, peers through the bars of his cell and writes of "The Hopeful Iron Outlook,"—*Norristown Herald.*

Tigers will lie for hours in a single spot without attracting attention. And so will a large percentage of the reportorial staff of the average Chicago newspaper.—*Chicago Telegram.*

If poets were as solid with the editors as advertisers are, the muse would be roosting in the sanctum with her feet on the etagere and her pockets loaded with fifteen cent cigars.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The skeleton of a man nine feet one inch in height has been found in a cave in Missouri. An exchange thinks it is the remains of an editor, but editors in that State are generally a "little short."—*Norristown Herald.*

We don't mind taking country produce occasionally in payment for subscription, but we do object to having our subscribers send in eight or ten-year old roosters with a note attached to credit them with a pair of chickens.—*Kinston (N. C.) Vitmizer.*

Uncle Isom and the Ghost.

Uncle Isom was whitewashing an old, dilapidated house on Whitehall street yesterday. The interior had a ghostly appearance, and a gentleman said to the old negro:

"Isom, ain't you afraid of ghosts?"

"No, sah; dat I ain't, young marster," was the reply, as the old man's face loomed up with a smile.

"You are not?"

"Dar are no ghosts."

"How do you know?"

"Case, sah, w[illegible] when a possum dey goes to heaben or purgatory, one"

"Yes."

"An' ef dey goes ter purgatory dey can't get er way; an' if dey goes to heaben dey don't wanter get er way an' cum back 'er scollopin' 'roun dis wurl. I'se too ole fer to let dat kind er mesmerisin' bizness bodder me."

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life, strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Willcox & Co's.

A German who has studiously watched every movement of the honey bee, asserts that they are excellent storm warners. He says that on the approach of thunder storms bees, otherwise gentle and harmless, become irritable, and will at once attack any one, even their usual attendant, approaching their hives. A succession of instances are given in which the barometer and hydrometer foretell a storm, the bees remaining quiet, and no storm occurred; or the instruments gave no intimation of a storm, but the bees for hours before were irritable, and it came

A singular decision is credited to the supreme court of Indiana. It is that an owner of property destroyed by fire from sparks negligently permitted to escape from a locomotive may recover its full value from the railway company, notwithstanding the fact that the property was fully insured and the insurance company has paid the loss. In other words, if a person happens to be lucky enough to have a building burned by a chance spark and also has it insured in a sleeping company, he may get twice its value in solid cash.

St. Mary's City, where the first State-House in Maryland was built, had a population of 6,000 a century ago. To-day there are two buildings there, one a [illegible] academy, the oth[illegible] Church. It [illegible] leave without buyi[illegible]