

THERE'S A LITTLE MOUND.

BY E. W. LOCKE.

There's a fresh little mound near the willow,
Where at evening I wander and weep;
There's a dear, sweet spot on my pillow,
Where a sweet little face used to sleep;
There were pretty blue eyes, but they slumber
In silence, beneath the dark mold,
And the little pet lamb of our number
Has gone to the heavenly fold.

Do I dream when in sleep I behold her,
With a beauty so fresh and divine,
When so close to my heart I unfold her,
And feel her soft lips upon mine;
When so loving those gentle eyes glisten
That my vision is lost in my tears,
And bewildered, enraptured I listen
To a voice from the spirits' bright spheres?

There's a silence in parlor, in chamber,
There's a sadness in every room;
Oh! I know 'twas the father who claimed her,
Yet everything's burdened with gloom;
But I'll not be a comfortless mourner,
Nor longer brood over my pain;
For I know where the angels have borne her,
And soon I shall see her again.

A STORY OF LAST YEAR.

BY RENA HOFFMAN.

It was a very warm afternoon in June; so warm, indeed was it, that Aunt Tab and I each sought the coolest spot in the house, where we might enjoy a little comfort. She sat in the front room, pretending to sew, but in reality taking many short naps and few stitches. Seeing it was unnecessary to stay there to keep her company, I took my book out on the back porch, curled myself up in an easy chair, and proceeded to enjoy my story.

I was soon interested in the book, but was aroused by the sound of a man's step on the walk. Now I knew that the men were working in the field not far from the house, and thought one of them was coming to the house for a drink, as they were in the habit of doing. Not wishing the man to think I was watching for him, I went on reading; but, to my disappointment, he did not come to the well.

I say to my disappointment, because, during the very busy season of the year, I should have been very lonely and even homesick, visiting in the country, if I had not been cheered by these visits to the well, especially by the merry jokes, lively greeting and many little kindnesses of a certain nephew of Uncle Robert's, by name Jim, who found it expedient to come for a drink quite frequently those warm days, when the heat drove me from the house to the shady back porch near the well.

By the time I had read a page, my attention was drawn by the sound of voices in the front room. The doors being open, I could hear every sound. Entering on tip-toe, I peeped in and could see through the crack of the door that Aunt Tab was holding the door open a very little way, carrying on some sort of an argument with a man standing on the outside, who had a satchel or portfolio in his hand.

"He must be a tramp or peddler," thought I, "for she is afraid of both, and will not admit either into the house unless the men are there to protect her."

I did not hear his first words, but he did not seem disposed to leave quietly, but, instead, sat down on the step, spread out his portfolio, and asked, "How old are you, my good woman?" at the same time preparing to write.

"None of your business!" cried Aunt Tab, as she slammed the door in his face and sank into her rocker, calling "Katie! Katie!" several times.

I understood the cause of her anger. She was an old maid, I believe, when she married Uncle Robert, and any allusion to her raises her ire; so that what had been fear of the man was changed to anger at his impudence. Although I heard her calling me, I lingered to catch a glimpse of the tramp. He went down the path and at almost every step he took I could see him bend over and hear a smothered "Ha! ha! ha!" as though he were enjoying something immensely. He did not look like a tramp or a peddler, and it just popped into my mind that he must be a census enumerator. Then I went into the house prepared to hear my aunt's account of her adventure.

After I had listened to a lengthy description of the tramp, book agent or peddler, "she didn't care which, he was a scoundrel, whoever he was—impudent rascal! asking ladies how old they are!" I said,—

"You will have to begin to reckon your age some day soon, aunt, for the census taker will be around to ask our ages. I wonder if they could be so mean as to make a person pay a hundred dollars if he wouldn't answer their questions! They have some sort of book they write the names, ages and everything in."

"O my goodness! My goodness! What shall I do if that was the man, and he makes us pay a hundred dollars! All that money just because I would not tell him how old I am! Run, Katie, and see if he is in sight yet, and if he is tell him I'm forty-three years old. Oh dear! Oh dear me!"

I pretended to run as fast as I could, but when I got to the corner of the house I saw Uncle Robert coming, and with him was the stranger. I ran back and told aunt. Then I slipped into the next room, drawing the door nearly to. I could hear very well without being seen. By that time they came in uncle talking loudly, and not noticing Aunt Tab's embarrassment, while I could tell by the expression of the gentleman's face that he could only restrain his mirth by talking very fast to Uncle Robert; so that it would not be necessary to look at or speak to Aunt Tab, who kept her lips going. Once in a while she would start and get her mouth in position to report "forty-three" at a second's notice. This occurred every time he glanced toward her.

How I enjoyed it, and how I wished Jim or some one had been there to enjoy it with me! The gentleman had just asked Uncle Robert some questions concerning his parents when I heard Jim come to the well. I was about to call him into the back room

when Uncle Robert summoned him. I hid behind the door as he passed through the room, so that he would not see me eavesdropping.

By this time the enumerator felt that he must say something to Aunt Tab, who was still waiting to tell her age. Said he,—

"I shall not get many names here, I suppose. I believe I understood you have no children."

"Forty three," repeated Aunt Tab, looking as relieved as she felt; not now, at least, could it be said that she had refused to answer questions about her age.

She had been so possessed with one idea that she had not heard a word addressed to her, and now she complacently resumed her rocking and sewing, notwithstanding his blank amazement, until Uncle Rob laughed and snorted so that he surely had choked himself to death if Jim had not pounded him on the back, nearly killing himself with laughing at the same time.

As for me, I was so diverted by the whole scene that I rushed out on the porch where I might giggle as much as I pleased without being overheard; so I do not know how they settled the matter. By and by I heard my name mentioned. They were explaining that I was their niece, visiting them, and they did not know how old I was exactly, and Jim said,—

"Aunt Tab, how old is Kate, anyway?"

"Oh, she she must be twenty-six or seven, at least," said Aunt Tab; "I don't know exactly, but she's an old maid this long time—I know that."

"Yes," said Jim, "she's an old maid—she's an old maid. Ha! ha! ha!" and he waltzed and capered out of the room, still singing, "She's an old maid! She's an old maid!"

Jim is very near thirty himself, if you care to examine the record.

I was so angry that I did not know what I could do to revenge myself on the great booby. I could forgive Aunt Tab, for I knew her spite about ages. At twenty-three, I ought to have had more strength of mind than to allow such a circumstance to annoy me; but the more I thought, the angrier I became.

I remembered with great satisfaction that I had never been very friendly to Jim, never speaking to him unless it was a mere answer to his greeting, or acknowledgment of gifts of flowers.

I did not care so much for being called an old maid, for I expected to be one. I could have forgiven his words; but the expression of his face, or the manner of his exit never! I made up my mind to go home the first time they had time to take me to the depot.

After this I felt better; so I went back to my original position. As I had taken care not to answer any calls for Katie, they had left me, and were at work at the farm schedule!

The gentleman asked Uncle Rob how much his farming implements were worth. Uncle seemed to have an idea that strangers were a little deaf, for he always talked at "the top of his voice," though in general his tone was rather low. So now he began to yell.

"Well, I'll just tell you; my farming instruments are poor, very poor, not worth much."

This was his regulation answer to assessors, and now he went on to depreciate the value of his property to such an extent that he could not tell that anything was worth anything.

In vain did the census taker say again and again,—

"Well, if you do not know how much they are worth, make an estimate of some kind. Lump them altogether, and make an estimate."

"Well, indeed," said Uncle Rob, "if I could do it I would willingly; but if I was to be hung this minute, I couldn't tell."

And so it was with the cattle, the horses, the corn.

"Why," said he "if I was to have a stack of Bibles as high as I could reach I couldn't tell how much corn we raised. I fed it all, and did not sell any. How can I tell how much there was of it when the critters ate it all up?"

The poor enumerator tapped his pen on his book, scratched his head, and finally bowed his head on his hand in silent despair, after a last terrible but vain effort to keep Uncle Robert on one subject long enough to tell him, in a sensible way, at what sum his land had been appraised, which, as a matter of course, he "did not know—had known at the time; but his land was not of the best, and of course had not been appraised high, etc., etc."

I was disgusted, amused and astonished all in a breath at the amount of neighborhood news, past events, trials, troubles and tribulations, necessary to be accounted and commented upon in order to get at a few items connected with a farm of less than a hundred acres. I suppose the gentleman thought it was a rare joke to sit on the doorstep and ask Aunt Tab her age, but she was amply avenged by Uncle Robert, who worried the poor man nearly to death before he found himself at liberty to depart at last.

That evening I kept in the back-ground, reading diligently, as it had been my custom to do, and when I thought they were all busily engaged in conversation, and no one was looking at me, I managed to slip a small piece of paper into a book of Jim's. On the paper was written, "She's an old maid! She's an old maid! Ha! ha!" This was to be a reminder, when I should have gone home, that Jim might know, whenever he found it, that I was mortally offended. I wished afterward that I had not done it; but when I went to remove the paper I found that Aunt Tab had been cleaning up and the book was gone. I could not find it. I was afraid to inquire about it, for I had not planned that Jim should see the writing until I was safe at home, as I had put it in a book he seldom used. I was in agony lest some one might see and recognize the writing, for I was heartily ashamed of myself for doing such a thing. But I heard

nothing concerning either book or paper.

After I went to my own room that evening, I reviewed the week of my visit, and came to the conclusion that there must be something amiss in my conduct to make any one accuse me of being an old maid; so I made up my mind to be as lively and friendly as possible during the remainder of my visit. I determined that if Jim really thought me as old as Aunt Tab that I would make him forget it.

I put my resolution in practice the next morning. I soon saw that the whole family were not a little surprised at the change in me. It had been my habit to allow them to talk on subjects interesting to them without taking any part in the conversation myself, thinking any remarks of mine uncalled for and superfluous. Now I managed to find something to say to keep up a lively conversation. Jim especially seemed to appreciate my efforts to be agreeable. Before that meal was over, I saw to my satisfaction, that he was changing his mind about the "old maid."

So it went on for several days, the most enjoyable of my visit. I found that trying to give pleasure to others made them more interesting to me; but that made me all the more determined to return home soon, for fear that instead of making Jim think more of me I should find myself thinking entirely too much of him.

It was Saturday evening, nearly sunset, and I was sitting in my favorite resort, the back porch, when I happened to think I wanted to make some fresh bouquets to put in the rooms.

I had done this ever since the flowers bloomed, though it was something they were not accustomed to have about the house. When I set the first bouquet on the table Jim wanted to know if that was all we were to have for supper; the first one I put in Aunt Tab's bedroom I sat in the open window, and the next morning Uncle Robert said: "I awoke in the night and thought I saw an owl sitting in the window; but when I got the gun to shoot it, it was one of those flower pots that Katie had for supper last night." They loved to tease any one so much, that, though I saw they liked to see the flowers, they pretended not to care for them.

This Saturday was the last of my visit, so I thought I would make some extra nice bouquets before I went away. I looked about for something to wear on my head, but Aunt Tab had worn my bonnet to visit a sick neighbor.

Just then I saw Jim's straw hat hanging in the kitchen, and without any ceremony I put it on. He didn't like any one to touch anything that belonged to him, old bachelors never do; they are worse than old maids; but he was gone hunting, so I snatched my fingers and said I didn't care for Jim or anybody else.

I was alone at the house, but I was not afraid, for they would all be home before dark. I went into the yard and gathered my apron full of lovely roses and syringa blossoms. I was about returning to the house when I saw a fine bunch of flowers high up on the syringa bush. I forgot everything else in my desire to have it; and I jumped up and reached for the flowers several times, but could not quite succeed.

At last I caught the branch, and had just broken off my coveted flowers when I was caught around the waist somewhat roughly. I looked around and saw a gun on the ground, which frightened me so that I did not know who it was until, touching the hat with his head, for his hands were engaged in controlling my frantic efforts to escape, he said,—

"Aha, little thief, have I caught you? This is my property, I believe, which you will be kind enough to restore after paying the fine."

Then I knew it was Jim.

I shook my head, too angry to speak or else there was something in his eyes that made me speechless. He folded his arms about me and said,—

"Now you are in prison and you must pay your fine if you want to get out." And he put his lips dangerously near mine.

"I had not said one word as yet, but I tried to make my looks as expressive as possible of my wounded dignity. He answered the looks by saying,—

"Never mind about the fine, Katie, darling; I am willing to keep you here forever, imprisoned near my heart, never to let you go again. May I, Katie? Will you be my wife and be near me always as you are now!"

He looked so manly and handsome as he said this that I longed to say yes. But I couldn't do it. So I just braced myself for the effort, and, trying to look him in the face as contemptuously as possible, I said,—

"Oh dear, no, indeed! How could you think of such a thing? I am an old maid, I have heard—too old to think of marrying any one so young as yourself."

The effect was greater than I had expected. He dropped his hands and, after gazing silently in my face for a moment, he turned toward the house and left me standing with his hat still on my head, and his last look imprinted on my mind indelibly.

While I gathered up my scattered treasures I thought I need not have been so contemptuous, even if Jim had made me angry. I was glad that I was going home so soon. And as I thought of leaving Jim in anger I am afraid I shed a few tears, which were quickly dried as I saw Jim coming to the spot where I stood. It was too late to run or I am sure I should have done so. I went on with my work until he came up and thrust a piece of paper into my hand, which I recognized immediately. He at once began to speak in a more serious tone than I had ever heard him use, and as he went on my respect for him increased.

"I found this," said he, "and I fear it throws some light on what has offended you. I apologize for anything I may have said or done which was not proper; but I must do myself justice while I state that what is written there was not uttered with

any intention of hurting your feelings. This is the way it happened: As I was coming to the house for a drink, I witnessed Aunt Tab's reception of the census taker and the most of what happened afterwards. When I was called in by Uncle Rob I came in through the back room, and thought I caught the glimpse of two eyes with more mischief in them than I had thought a certain young lady possessed. Thought I, 'she is gathering items with which to entertain her friends when she goes home, for she never appears to wish to share her pleasant thoughts with any of us;' and knowing Aunt Tab's failing, I perpetrated the deed you resent. Encouraged by your kindness since then, I have behaved in such a manner as to be compelled to apologize to you, hoping this interview may afford your friends, to whom you may recount it, as much amusement as it apparently has afforded you."

I had not said a word, but my eyes must have been fairly dancing if they expressed half of what I enjoyed during those few minutes; for the dear fellow looked so dignified, was so ceremonious, and withal had such a terrible opinion of me, that I allowed him to make a wonderfully low bow, and walk nearly to the corner before I could say:

"Mr. Dormot, I should like to say a few words to you."

He came back, and I went on,—

"It is rather embarrassing to be a party in an interview of this kind and in order that there may be no more such during my short stay here, I will say that if it is agreeable to you I will pay my fine now."

I had expected him to look astonished, but he seemed not to understand what I meant; so I waited just long enough to see that he was beginning to appreciate my last remark, and then turned, fled into the house, threw the hat at him, and locked myself in my own room to think over what I had done—in what an unladylike manner I had behaved. What if he did not care anything for me? How he would sneer at my forwardness! And if he did care for me, how disgusted he must be with one who had as good as offered herself to him!

I wished myself at home. I dreaded meeting him in the morning, for I determined to see no one that evening. I knew they were all in the sitting-room for I heard their voices.

I proceeded to light my lamp, but I could find no matches. Thinking I could slip through the back room to the kitchen unobserved, I did so, but, glancing out at the sky, the night was so lovely that I stepped lightly on the porch to enjoy the cool beauty of the summer evening before retiring to my room and book.

I leaned over the banisters, wondering how many stars I could count, when suddenly a face met mine in the semi-darkness, and a pair of lips very near to mine, whispered, "ready for your fine, Katie?" and before I knew it I was in prison again, the fine paid, and all difficulties settled.

So it happens that though I was "an old maid" when the last census was taken, before the next ten years have passed I shall be somebody else.

The Difference.

CHAPTER I.

Miriam McIntyre stood idly beside a *fauteuil* in the parlor of her father's stately residence on Beacon Hill, Boston. She was a tall, fair girl, with the pale, rose-tinted complexion that one sees so often in women of gentle birth and proud lineage, and a lithe, willowy figure, every feature of which was set off to perfection by the simple morning wrapper of soft gray cloth cut *en Princesse*, with a Pompadour waist and a double row of pleating down the front, the bottom of the skirt being relieved by a narrow trimming of red, while at her snowy throat nestled a blush rose,—she stood out a beautiful picture against the dark background of the room in which the shadows of approaching night were rapidly darkening. One could see by the calm, joyful smile that now and then flitted across her face—each fit being a complete act in itself—that her thoughts were of a pleasant nature. In three short weeks she would be a happy bride, wedded to a man in whose love her whole life was centered. While thus engaged in racy meditation some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Miriam.

A boy entered the room and handed her a paper. She looked at it closely. It was published in Cleveland.

"Who could have sent it?" she said to herself. The boy had gone out.

Opening the pages of the paper her eyes were attracted by an article headed "Matrimonial." She read, at first carelessly and then with ever-increasing look. At length she gave a shriek of horror and fell senseless on the *fauteuil*.

What she had been reading was an account of the marriage of her betrothed. He had basely betrayed her.

The girl's shriek brought her mother to the room, and the unconscious form was borne away to bed.

The next morning her hair had turned white!

CHAPTER II.

Beatrice Malone stood in the parlor of her father's house in Chicago. Her complexion and dress were all right, same as the other girl's. A boy came in and handed her a paper. She looked around for a *fauteuil*, but the chamber-maid was thumping the dust out of it in the back yard. Beatrice decided not to faint. The paper contained an account of the marriage of the man to whom she was betrothed. She gazed at the print with a wild look, and saying softly to herself, "I was afraid that sucker would get away," began eating an apple. The noise brought her brother to the room. She handed him the paper.

The morning after the faithless lover came back from Cleveland, and his eyes turned black and blue, and his nose was spread all over his face. He had seen her brother.

Notes About Names.

The legal name of a person, let it be said at the outset, is—according to the decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana—"one Christian name and a surname;" he may have as many middle names or initials as he chooses to take. The most sensible practice is to give a male child two names, as the second initial will be valuable as a distinguishing mark in business; for a girl, however, the single name is to be preferred, as it will, with her maiden name, form a sufficiently-long and characteristic title when she marries.

Mr. H. A. Hamilton, in his curious and interesting book, "Quarter Sessions from Queen Elizabeth," records that the practice of giving children two Christian names was utterly unknown in England before the period of the Stuarts; that it was rarely adopted down to the time of the revolution, and that it never became common until after the Hanoverian family was seated on the throne.

Of the remarkable names which have been bestowed on contemporary folk the papers have given us not a few notable examples. Col. E. Burd Grubb, of Philadelphia, for instance; or J. Thad Toadvine, of Pocomoke City, Md.; or M. Abraham Minbratrahah, of Paris; or Dr. Chicanard, of the same city; or Mr. Chaloner Alabaster, of the British Consular service in China; or Prof. Cassius Marcellus Clay Zedaker, of Youngstown, Ohio, who is a poet; or Miss Circeasia Wray Barrett, a young lady whose god-parents were the steamship of the Anchor line on which she was born and the surgeon thereof who attended at her debut; or Miss Ottilie Tootle, of St. Joseph, Mo. There was an old lady in Lansingburg who rejoiced in the name of Frances Caroline Constantine Maria Van Raeder Van Raes Van Outzorn Van Bram Van Holsdinger—a very respectable and sonorous title.

After all, though, when one wants names in their richness he must go to the *Almanach de Gotha*, and especially to the chapters devoted to the Hapsburgs of Tuscany, the Bourbons of Parma and the royal family of Portugal. Thus seven children of the Archduke Charles Salvador, of Tuscany, have 105 names among them, an average of fifteen each, about the most formidable of them being the Archduchess Marie Immaculee Renira Josephine Ferdinande Theresia Leopoldina Antoinette Henriette Frances Caroline Aloisa Januaria Christina Philomena Rosalie. But she is outdone by some of her little cousins of Parma and notably by Prince Joseph Maria Peter Paul Francis Robert Thomas-of-Aquinas Andrew Avellino Blasius Maure Charles Stanislaus Louis Philip-of-Neri Leon Bernard Antonine Ferdinand. And even this is a comparatively abbreviated title compared with that of the second son of the King of Portugal—Prince Alphonso Henry Napoleon Maria Louis Peter-of-Alcantara Charles Humbert Amadeus Ferdinand Anthony Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzago Xavier Francis-of-Assisi John Augustus Julius Volfrando Ignatiüs de Braganza Savoy Bourbon Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

A little while ago the Hartford (Ct.) County Superior Court granted the petition of Henry Ratz, of Thompsonville, praying that his name be changed to Henry Raitez. It was shown by the petitioner that his peculiar name was the cause of a great deal of annoyance to himself and members of his family. Mischievous neighbors spoke of him and his wife as the "old rats," and the children as "little rats," some going further and teasing them by calling them "mice." Herr Julius Jackass, of Lohdorf, in Germany, applied a few months since to have his name changed to Julius Courage.—*New York World*.

Won Without Loss.

As a rule, military men are much more humane than the public for whom they fight. The General who sacrifices 2,000 or 3,000 men in a successful assault is hailed by the people as a hero. But if he could have gained the same advantage by head work, with the loss of only 100 men, the code of military ethics stigmatizes the popular hero as a "butcher."

An illustration of this contrast between professional and public opinion occurred during the Mexican war.

The siege and capture of Vera Cruz, and its strong castle of San Juan de Ulloa, was one of the most brilliant achievements of the campaign. Within twenty days after landing, Gen. Scott took the city, 5,000 prisoners, and 400 cannon. The American loss was sixty-four killed and wounded.

The success was due to head-work, and that was what the people could not or did not appreciate. A great victory, to be appreciated by the public, must be accompanied by a "long butcher's bill"—that is, a report of thousands killed and wounded.

A few weeks before the capture of Vera Cruz, Gen. Taylor had defeated the Mexicans at Buena Vista. The lists of killed and wounded on both sides reported thousands.

When the news reached Gen. Brooke, commanding at New Orleans, he rushed report in hand, to the Exchange, and threw the whole city into a frenzy of joy.

In a few days the news came to the same General of the capture of Vera Cruz. He again visited the Exchange to spread the report.

"How many men has Scott lost?" called out a merchant from the crowd.

"Less than 100, I am delighted to say," answered Gen. Brooke.

"That won't do," responded the merchant. "Taylor's the man for my money. He always loses thousands."

The crowd only gave a few faint cheers for Vera Cruz. There was no "butcher's bill" to stimulate their enthusiasm.

The Eloquence of Misery.

Leitch Ritchie, in his "Travels in Ireland," relates the following incident: "One man, whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalor in his appearance which I had rarely before observed even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged, and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but, having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. 'If you are in want,' said I, with some degree of peevishness, 'why do you not beg?'"

'Sure, it is begging I am,' was the reply.

'You did not utter a word.' 'No! is it joking you are with me, sir? Look there!' holding up the tattered remains of what had once been a coat; 'do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers, and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues!'"

The Kansas Liquor Law.

The following is a synopsis of the Liquor law of Kansas:

In the first place, the manufacture, sale or barter, either directly or indirectly, of intoxicating liquors for the purpose of beverage, is prohibited, and the person doing so is guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished for the first offense not less than \$100, nor more than \$500, and be imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty nor more than forty days; for the second offense the fine and imprisonment shall be increased.

Section 7 makes it liable to punishment in the county giving intoxicating liquor to a neighbor or farmer or any person, except a member of his family, to cure a bite of a rattlesnake, without a prescription in writing. The law provides that a druggist can procure a permit to sell for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes only, from the Probate Judge, on the filing of a specific bond. Before a druggist can sell for these purposes he must have presented to him a prescription signed by a physician who, before he makes it, must swear that he will give no such prescription unless in case of actual sickness, and when it is necessary for health. Any physician who makes such a prescription without taking the prescribed oath is guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by a heavy fine, and on the second offense shall be imprisoned in the county jail. Every person who wants liquor for mechanical or scientific purposes can buy it of any druggist who has a permit by making a written or printed application setting forth the purposes for which it was intended. Every person who makes a false statement in this connection is guilty of and can be punished as for any other perjury. No sale can be made to a minor, even on the prescription of a physician. All prescriptions have to be filed and an entry made of them in a book, which is open to the inspection of the County Auditor at any time. It, in effect, prohibits the sale of cologne or perfume of any kind, or any mixture in which alcohol is used in any preparation whatever. A person can't go to a drug store and purchase camphor and have it cut by alcohol, without first getting a prescription from a physician that it is absolutely necessary for the health of the person getting it. The manufacturing of alcohol is forbidden except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes, and when made can only be sold to persons having permits to sell, and manufacturers cannot make alcohol, etc., without first getting a permit from the Probate Judge. Wine and cider can be manufactured but cannot be sold except to those who have permits. It is the duty of the County Attorneys, Marshals, Sheriffs, etc., under penalty of forfeiture of office, to prosecute all violators of the act. For each successful prosecution the County Attorney is to have a fee of \$15. All places where liquor is manufactured, sold, bartered or given away are declared common nuisances and can be shut up or abolished by the proper officers. It is made a misdemeanor for clubs or associations if liquor is kept by its members. Any person who becomes intoxicated shall be fined \$5 or imprisoned ten days. Under the law there is no provision for purchasing wine for sacramental purposes. If bought outside the State and used for that purpose, the minister using it is liable to the same penalty that others are for using it, as one provision of the bill makes a gift equally criminal as the selling of it.

Forced to Run.

Edward Wise, the original rock-and-fence advertisement painter, relates one of his comical experiences to a reporter of the *New York Sun*. Some persons will be public-spirited enough to wish that every one of this tribe of out-door artists could also be accommodated with a bee on his ear.

I had a warm time one day near Annapolis. I found a low house, built against the gable end of a barn, and got on the house to paint "Tutt's Pills" on the barn. I was working away nicely on the "P" when the farmer saw me and ordered me away.

I tried to reason with him, but he wasn't open to conviction. I had to go; but I hadn't gone far when I thought what a pity it was that the sign wasn't finished, and then I concluded to go back and finish it.

I was working away on the last "L" when the farmer saw me again. He insisted upon me getting right down.

I paid no attention to him, finished the "L," and began on the "S" as if there was no one within a thousand miles.

"Oh, you won't stop, won't you?" yelled the farmer. "Well, we'll see!" and he rushed into the little house on which I stood, and began thumping around at a great rate.

"What's he up to?" thought I, and I began to shade the "S." I soon found out, for just then, b-z-z-z, a bee spotted me in the left ear, and another jabbed me in the cheek, and, before I knew it, about a million of them were around my head.

I didn't wait to make the period. I just finished that "S" in a hurry, picked up my paint-pot, and started in double-quick time.

"I thought I'd stop ye!" yelled the farmer after me.

I thought he had. The house was a bee-house, and he waked up the inmates. I had hard work to get rid of the bees, and had to keep mud on my cheek and ear all that afternoon to keep the swelling down.

A WHITEHALL lady ran her last year's bonnet through a clothes-wringer, and now she has the most stylish hat in town. The ribbons and trimmings resemble watered silk, with smashed soap-bubbles on the strings, and miniature snowballs of starch clinging to the tips of the feathers.