

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether it is a subscription, is responsible for the same.

A CAPTURE!

I caught it; yet I am not proud, I have no disdainful will, To vaunt myself and seek applause For having displayed skill.

I caught it; yet I am not proud, And you are quite unfair To say that I parade it, though, And show it everywhere.

AN INTERESTING PATIENT.

Two men sat in a pleasant room in a city boarding-house, chatting accidentally. Both were young, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, and both were enthusiastic students of the noble profession of medicine.

"You will accept this offer?" "Accept it?" cried his friend. "I should think so. It is what I want most in the world. You see, I have always been more interested in the study of insanity than in any other form of disease, and to be resident physician in an asylum, where I have only made weekly visits, gives me opportunity for study that I could never have elsewhere."

"Yes, I know all that; but it will be very confining. I think I prefer general practice, after all. But you may expect to see me often. How I shall miss you, old fellow!"

And then the talk drifted into other channels, until Dr. Atkinson discovered that it was time for his train to L., where his new home and field of duty lay.

"You will come over often," he urged, in parting from his friend: "and if I am busy or away, make yourself at home. The grounds are large, and very pleasant, and if you meet any of our patients, be sure those who are allowed to roam about inside the walls are harmless. Some of them are absolutely sane on every point but one; touch that, and off they go. But the eyes tell the story."

"Yes; it is hard to hide it there." "And contradiction brings out the truth. As long as the delusions are humored they are generally amiable enough; but once crossed them—when?"

"I shall come over often and hear the results of your experience. My enormous practice takes about three hours a day."

In pursuance of this promise Dr. Read took the train about once a week and spent an hour or two with his friend, finding him generally busy, as his duties included a general superintendence of the asylum and details that were quite independent of professional work. Still, he took it all as a part of his new life, and gave his mind as fully to ordering groceries and towels as he did to writing prescriptions and studying cases.

But Fred, as he became familiar with the place, began to share his friend's interest in the study of mental disorders and would often spend hours roaming through the wards and grounds with only a few words to Dr. Atkinson.

It was when June was young and the air soft and pleasant that Dr. Read, strolling about in the prettiest part of the grounds, saw a lady in a summer-house whose pale face attracted him at once. It was a very pale face and the large dark eyes were languid, while the slender figure seemed weak as if from recent illness. But it was, too, a beautiful young face, shaded by waving brown hair, and with purely oval outline and regular features.

"A new patient," was Fred's mental exclamation. "What a lovely face!" Then he sauntered over to the summer house and spoke to the lady. To his consternation, she started, gave a quick, gasping sob and fainted. It was not a very long insensibility, and under Fred's quick treatment the large eyes opened, and she whispered: "O, I am so sorry to trouble you! But I have been very ill, and you startled me."

"I was very much to blame," he said, penitently, "and I hope you will pardon me. Are you well enough now for me to run up to the house for a glass of wine?"

"I am well enough, but I do not need it," she sat up again and took up a piece of needle work that had dropped from her hands. Her fingers still trembled, and a pretty flush came a moment into her pale face, as she said: "Are you one of the physicians here?"

"Only by courtesy," he replied. "I have the run of the place; but Dr. Atkinson is the physician. Old Dr. Here is the head doctor, but he does very little."

"Yes, I know! It is a lovely place, is it not? Out here, I mean! Inside," and she shuddered, "the sounds are often dreadful. But the doctor at home thought a change of air would be good for me, and so mamma sent me here."

ing at any desire to see one especial patient—a desire not gratified, for there were only familiar faces in the wards. But the summer house was soon found to be Miss Bessie's resort. It was in a secluded part of the grounds, shaded by a thick clump of trees, and provided with a rustic table and comfortable chairs. Here the young girl made a cozy nest for herself, and the place looked home-like with her work-basket, her books, knitting, or sketch book, her cushions and footstool.

"The doctor said I must be in the open air as much as possible," she told Fred, one day; "and as no one seems to care much for this summer-house, I have appropriated it. Sometimes I have visitors," and her face saddened, "the poor patients here, you know, but they do not like the quiet, and soon leave me."

She never clasped herself with her companions, Fred noticed, often speaking playfully of those more heavily afflicted. But this phase of mental delusion was very common. There had been one very sweet-faced, elderly lady of whom Fred had grown quite fond, and whose mental infirmity he did not discover for several weeks. But one day, in passing another patient, she had turned to Fred, saying:

"That poor soul we passed is not quite right here," tapping her forehead; she fancies she is the Queen of Sheba," and she drew herself up with stately dignity and said, "while every one knows I am the Queen of Sheba."

But Fred had not, when July closed, found out the delusion of the sweet little girl he called "Miss Bessie." She had gained perfect health in the two months of quiet and open air; but while her eyes had lost their weary expression, they never stared or wandered, but were always steadily tranquil, or lighted only by the animation natural to interesting conversation.

In those two months Fred had scarcely seen Dr. Atkinson. His superior in office, Dr. Hare, had gone away for a summer vacation, and a new wing was being added to the building. With the entire care of the house and the patients, the direction of the workmen, the work of selecting furniture, carpets and other necessities for the new building, the resident physician had scarcely a moment to call his own and Fred frequently did not see him at all during his visit.

It was in July that Dr. Read suddenly awoke to the appalling conviction that he was deeply in love with the inmate of a lunatic asylum. He had deluded himself with the thought that it was pity, professional interest, even curiosity that drew him again and again to the summer-house, where he was sure to meet a warm, if shy, welcome, and where the hours flew by in utter content.

But so simple a matter as the reading of a poem had opened his eyes to the truth. It had become quite a common thing for him to read scraps of newspaper intelligence, from one of the books on the table, or a selection from a favorite work he brought with him, while Bessie sewed or knitted, and listened to him. And on this particular July day he had read a little love poem nestled in the corner of a newspaper. It was not a wonderful production of genius, but it was pretty and tender.

Looking up, Fred saw a pair of bushing cheeks, downcast eyes, trembling fingers, and his heart stood still. He read the truth in a flash. He loved the lovely girl before him, and she—alas! she returned his love. His first feeling was one of keen self-reproach. What if he had added to the mental infirmity that had caused this beautiful young creature to be sent to an asylum? Would she forget him, or—dreadful possibility!—would the whole reason give way if he deserted her?

He scarcely knew how he reached his boarding-house; but once there he sat down and looked the situation squarely in the face. His own share of the affliction that drew him to the summer house was a man, and he could bear his trouble manfully. That he loved, where his love must die, was in a great measure, his own fault and folly; but that he had won a pure, sweet heart only to wound it, caused him bitter pain. Long meditation brought him to one resolution. He must see Dr. Atkinson, make a clear confession, and have his opinion of the danger to be anticipated.

"He knows where the weakness I have failed to discover lies," Fred thought, "and he can tell me whether it is safe to break off my visits suddenly or gradually."

It was not an easy matter to catch Dr. Atkinson, or having caught him, to secure his attention, but something in Fred's troubled face aroused his friend's anxiety, and he turned his back for the time upon his manifold duties and shut himself in his private office with Fred.

At first he listened gravely enough, but as Fred proceeded his face became more and more amused, until, to the consternation of the penitent speaker, he threw himself back in his chair and broke into a roar of laughter.

"O," Fred said, "it is funny, is it? I do not see it in that light. Even if this poor girl is insane—"

"Stop!" interrupted his friend. "Don't get angry, my dear fellow. You really love her, you say?" But Fred was too angry to answer. "And she loves you—at least you think so—and you want to know if it is a curable case, and—well, I will not torment you any more. Your charmer, Fred, is not a patient, nor, as far as I know, a lunatic."

Fred gave a long sigh, but only looked his eager questions. "She is my sister, Bessie Atkinson, who has had a long winter of illness from typhoid fever, and is making me a visit. I thought she was quite safe from intrusion in that summer house, as the attendants have orders to keep the patients away from there, and I did not think of you! But since you have been prowling around so long, perhaps you had better come now and be introduced in form."

"One moment, Will. I have been a puppy, it seems, in taking her love for granted; but if I have won it?" "I am her oldest brother, and her father died years ago. I am quite sure that what I approve my mother will sanction, and you must know nothing could please me better than to know Bessie has a lover I esteem so highly as I do you!"

"And you will not tell her—will you? My awful blunder?" "I can't promise. I'll try to do the secret, but—" and the doctor roared again, "the idea of Bess as a raging lunatic! Well, there, I won't tell her, at all events, until you have told her something far more interesting."

Scarlet Fever in Horses. The first description of scarlet fever in horses is as far back as 1514, and the earliest account was of scarlet fever in mankind in A. D. 1610. From 1514 to 1610 there is an unbroken chain of evidence of the existence of scarlet fever in horses, simultaneously with outbreaks in human beings, and sometimes connected with diphtheria in horses. In 1514 a pestilential disease among animals, something like measles, but more particularly resembling scarlet fever, was described. There is an eruption on the face, ears and neck, attended with severe sore throat. In 1610 severe sore throat reached many horses, and it was like scarlet fever and diphtheria. In 1617 Mercurialis described a malignant sore throat and a disease resembling scarlet fever, which he said originated among horses and was transmissible to man. In 1618 they had one of the greatest outbreaks of scarlet fever that has ever been described. In 1640 the same thing happened, accompanied with the epizooty among horses. It was attributed to the poisoning of the fountains, and witches were burned as the culprits. These cases were mainly in Portugal, Spain and Italy. In 1712 there was a disease of horses marked by high fever, sweating of the throat, dropsy and disease of the kidneys. There were symptoms of scarlet fever then, which were attributed to the poisoning of the water. In 1741 there was what was called scarlet fever in man, and a most violent epizootic in horses. In 1723 Rott, one of the most distinguished medical writers of the time, described a disease among horses in Dublin and other parts of Ireland, where there was sore throat among both horses and men. The clothes of men carried the pestilence. In 1734 the particular resembling scarlet fever in England and Scotland and there was also the epizooty among horses which was described as scarlet fever. Huxham, a great medical writer, described an epidemic of the same kind the same year. I might multiply examples for the following century.

From 1834 down all the principal writers on veterinary medicine give descriptions of scarlet fever among horses. They admit two varieties, one of which is mild and the other malignant. The latter is said to come from horses of bad constitution living in filthy stables. The latest writers on the subject are Dr. Williams, Professor of Veterinary Medicine in the Royal College of Edinburgh, and Dr. Robertson, of London. Dr. Robertson takes the peculiar view that scarlet fever originates spontaneously among horses. We have generally supposed that scarlet fever among human kind comes from contagion. I think it much more probable that what he describes as scarlet fever are the first stages, and that we have to look for real scarlet fever among cases of "pink-eye" and "strangles."

In the past summer I visited a number of large car and omnibus stables in pursuit of information on this subject. I found very few cases. I found that a majority of the veterinary surgeons and foremen of the stables do not know of the disease, but on speaking of it to them I found that they described it, yet they thought it was not contagious.

My explanation of this is that the disease is contagious, but it is not observed because the horses are bought in small numbers, five to ten at a time. These will get the disease in their turn, but those which have had it here will not take it. The disease which the new horses get is called the distemper, and is attributed to the foul air of the stables irritating the eyes, noses and throats of the horses. I feel pretty sure that some of these horses have scarlet fever. There are no means of disinfecting the stables. I believe that the disease will be found largely in the sales stables.

I found some of the veterinary surgeons quite familiar with the measles in horses. There is pressing need of more attention to the cleansing and ventilation of stables. One thing I observed as very peculiar, which was that in some of the private stables, apparently clean, there was obviously great injury done by the use of a raw infected by excrement. Many fine private stables, from this cause and from lack of ventilation, were worse than livery and car stables. There is a lamentable lack of disinfectants which are cheap, and which are necessary to protect human beings from the spread of disease as well as to save the lives of valuable horses. There are 100,000 horses in New York, and 10,000 of them die every year. There is no intelligent inspection of the stables as there should be, and the Board of Health does not attend to the subject as it should. I must make an exception of the Fourth and Madison Avenue car stables, which I found very clean, and the horses were very healthy. The owners have found that it pays to keep the stables clean and ventilated. They use disinfectants.

The most remarkable results have been obtained by D. J. W. Stickler, of Orange, N. J. He had some equine virus sent to him by Dr. Williams, of Edinburgh. Dr. Stickler inoculated twelve children who were afterward exposed to the disease of scarlet fever and did not take it. That was last May or June. He has inoculated two young colts and reproduced the disease among them. He failed with a calf, showing that the horses were more susceptible to the disease. Another set of children were inoculated, all of whom were living in the same room where a case of scarlet fever had broken out. Some who had been exposed before the inoculation took the disease, but a majority escaped. There was only one case that looked like failure. Dr. Stickler will cultivate the virus and prove his experiment. He is sure to meet with great opposition and possibly as much as Jenner did, but I have no doubt he has made a discovery as great as Jenner's and one that will prove as signal an epoch in the history of medicine.—Dr. Peters, in N. Y. Sun.

An Improbable Lie. "It is getting late," remarked the President of the Philadelphia Lying Club, "but I cannot adjourn the meeting without telling you of a curious case which will, I think, be of great interest. In a certain town about a hundred miles from this city, lives a young lady, not yet nineteen, with the face of a Hebe, the figure of a Venus, the mind of a Minerva, the soul of a Psyche, and who sings like a bird and plays like an angel."

"Not at all improbable," murmured an unmarried member who is in love. "But that is not all," said the President. "She has many times been known to go into the kitchen and help with the ironing, while her mother stayed in the parlor and played the piano." Amid the scene of wild confusion which followed the President made his escape.—Detroit Free Press.

The salary of the Mayor of New York is \$10,000 a year.

System. Could we all, in ordering our homes, but develop that degree of system and order that characterized the affairs of every successful business man, we would do away with much of the worry and vexation of life. But for various reasons the majority fail here, some from one cause and some from another, but the result is very detrimental to the children reared in such homes, and unless possessed naturally of an unusual degree of order, they go out into the world poorly fitted for any kind of life, no matter how much of other preparation they may have had for it.

As we have said, there are reasons for this flaw in our domestic arrangements, some of which are unavoidable, while many are but the result of carelessness and lack of management. For instance, we have little or no conception of the vast amount of valuable time we squander in changing from one occupation to another. Many of us who work faithfully and well while we do work, seem to feel that we are entitled to a rest when the task is complete, and sit complacently down to breathe awhile before taking up the next thing, and the probabilities are that the while will be allowed to grow into a big one before we realize what we are about. Now, these resting spells after hard work are good for the body and the time they take would not be missed if, while we were employing these, we would but improve the time by using the mind, which usually at such time is not tired, but more active than usual, and ready for almost anything we may require of it. And if work is pressing, we may often save more time than we take for our rest by planning for the rest of the day. But how often we allow the mind to go "wool-gathering," and the time is wasted that might have been turned to account. Again, many of us are not as prompt as we might be in preparing meals, and one, two, three, or possibly six or eight individuals are thus robbed of a half hour each, and we are the criminals. This fault also reacts on the housekeeper herself, so that instead of being through with her work, with her house in order and herself tastefully dressed at the proper time of day, she is probably obliged to keep her friend waiting another dreary while in the parlor while she completes her toilet before she can see her. And unless dealt with severely, this same habit of being always a little behind time proves a most powerful enemy to domestic happiness.

Various causes in the way of petty hindrances may operate to produce this delay, aside from the cool decision to wait awhile before performing a task, so we may enumerate procrastination as another of the sins that beset us as housekeepers, although the effect is much the same whatever the cause of tardiness. Then there is a tendency in many of us to put off time about our work. We do not work with the purpose in view of getting done, but more like a laggard working by the day, to put in the time. These defects, taken with numerous other failings of home, produce disorder and confusion fatal to the development of proper habits in the young; and if neglected till maturity there is not a chance in a thousand that the individual will acquire this talent for systematizing and reducing work to a method, even when he realizes his inability to compete with men of inferior ability, but who have acquired this.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Where the Old Maids Come In. "Do you know, sir," inquired an American tourist of his companion while doing England, "can you inform me the reason for the fresh, healthful appearance of the English people? Their complexion is far superior to ours, or our countrymen over the herring pond."

"Well, I know what Prof. Huxley says." "And what reason does he advance?" "Well, Huxley says it is all owing to the old maids."

"Owing to the old maids! You surprise me." "Fact," Huxley figures it out in this way. Now, you know the English are very fond of roast beef."

"But what has that to do with old maids?" "Go slow. This genuine English beef is the best and most nutritious beef in the world, and it imparts a beautiful complexion."

"Well, about the old maids." "Yes, you see the excellence of this English beef is due exclusively to red clover. Do you see the point?" "All but the old maids. They are still hovering in the shadows."

"Why, don't you see? This red clover is enriched, sweetened and fructified by bumble bees."

"But where do the old maids come in?" "But said the inquisitive American, wiping his brow wearily."

"Why, it is as plain as the nose on your face. The only enemy of the bumble bee is the field mouse."

"But what have roast beef, red clover, bumble bees and field mice got to do with old maids?" "Why, you must be very obtuse. Don't you perceive that the bumble bees would soon become exterminated by the field mice if it were not for—"

"Old maids?" "No, if it were not for cats, and the old maids of Old England keep the country thoroughly stocked up with cats, and so we can directly trace the effect of the rosy English complexions to the benign cause of English old maids; at least that's what Huxley says about it, and that's just where the old maids come in. Science makes clear many mysterious things, and don't you forget it."—Texas Siftings.

The Liability of Bank Directors. The large defalcations at the River Plate Bank have set people asking once more whether bank directors have a right to consider that they hold sinecures. A few years ago one F. King, a clerk in the Banque de Belgique, embezzled £230,000, and it was elicited at his trial that his deprecations had extended over three or four years. A Belgian Senator sat on the board of directors, and he had been deputed many times to audit King's accounts, but he had found it simpler to trust to that gentleman, and the result was that he got sentenced to a year's imprisonment for his good nature. Depositors and borrowers do not commit their securities to a clerk or cashier whose name is unknown to them, but to directors whose names have figured on prospectuses, and who seem to offer guarantees for good management. This is a point which directors too frequently overlook.—London Graphic.

As S. Treator, of Tivoli, N. Y., was sawing up some wood that he had bought recently, a hole was discovered in one piece completely covered with bark and containing ten-dollar gold pieces, two twenty-dollar pieces and some coins of smaller value.

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BERRY BROS.

ALSO FORTY TONS OF BARB WIRE THAT MUST BE SOLD THIS FALL.

J. E. BONNERBAKKE HARDWARE COMPANY ARE NOW OFFERING WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, HARROWS, SULKY PLOWS, DRILLS, 5-TOOTH CULTIVATORS, Mowers and Rakes VERY LOW to reduce their immense stock.

"I thought this country was able to raise her own cabbages," said a Chicago merchant on an Erie train, "but when I was in New York a few days ago I was down about the Hamburg Line piers, and I saw 'em bringing out cabbage heads enough to build a little mountain of it. It seemed there were enough cabbages in that pile to make a sauerkraut turnpike from Cincinnati to Milwaukee, but still they kept coming from the ship's hold. What a country this must be for cabbages, anyway."—Chicago Tribune.