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AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Poetry.

A DREAM.

Belov'd—'tis but a dream—yet still I see
The witching beauty of your face so fair,
I watch again the light that never dies
Upon the yellow glory of your hair.

I gaze into the eyes that wrought my woe,
The gray eyes flashing 'neath their heavy fringe,
I watch the hue that glows upon your cheek,
The sweetest rosebud knows no fairer tinge.

And yet 'tis but a dream—the face I lov'd
Will, perfect, lie no more against my own;
The heart has ceas'd to beat for me, and yet
My love has never weaker grown.

How we can love! if woman only knew
The pow'r she holds to work us good or ill,
The happiness and peace her smiles may bring,
The sorrows that her voice has pow'r to still—

Surely she could not prove to us unkind
Surely she would not win us to betray!
Knowing that she can give us life or death—
And turn our darkest night into bright day.

Sweet—I forgive you—tho' your lovely face
Breaks in upon my lonely, unlov'd rest—
I have no pow'r to judge—I love you still
Altho' you broke the heart within my breast.

Select Reading.

LOCKED IN.

"Well, what's the news, Colby?" said I, getting down from the stage at the D—— House, in one of the pretty little villages on the Androscoggin, "and how goes the old place?"

"Oh! the town is behaving itself as well as usual. It isn't the place for news, you know," said Colby, leading the way to the register. "Only," lowering his voice—"only Burt Slater, you remember Burt?"

"Yes, indeed! What of him?"

"He's got the 'jim jams' again!"

"Again! I'm sorry for that!"

"Well, he has; awful, too! There are two men with him in his room over the L. Both of them can hardly hold him."

I felt sorry, indeed, for the poor fellow, for I had known and respected him for his manly qualities. He kept a neat and well ordered livery stable near the hotel, and even now he was scarcely 19 years old. But a boy in years, Burt was every inch a man, genial, handsome, obliging.

He was a fellow, too, who always had his business at his fingers' ends. He could tell you, days ahead, just what horses were engaged, and what he could do for you if you engaged a team, and when the time came, you could rely on him to the hour and minute.

Yet he never used an order book. His memory was so tenacious and accurate that he could safely rely on it for his ordinary business, and but for this one failing—drink—he would have been a favorite with every man in the village.

In Burt's case there was this excuse for him. His grandfather and father (now dead) had been tavern keepers in New Hampshire, where rum in their day was used as freely as water.

Burt had been brought up in the odor of a bar-room, so to speak, and his father had been a drinking man I am sure poor Burt had inherited an appetite for alcohol.

Much as I condemned and lamented his bad habit, I was pleased with him, and liked to be in his company. It was a pleasure to spend an hour in his room, he was so good-natured and cheerful. I was very often saddened, too For, though ordinarily bright and witty, there was always, when he chanced to speak of personal matters, a certain hopelessness in his way of alluding to himself, as of one "booked" for a premature grave.

Burt did not drink habitually. About once in two or three months, an ungovernable desire for alcohol came over him, and he would drink incessantly for three or four days. These excesses could not fail to result in delirium tremens.

When Colby told me of this second attack of this fearful disease, my heart sunk, for it seemed that Burt must now be utterly lost. And as there are thousands of similar cases the country over, I should hardly deem this one likely to interest the reader, but for a strange incident.

I did not see Burt that week. He kept, or rather was kept, to his room and I did not care to see him. In the course of a fortnight, however, he was once more at his work; and, during all the rest of the summer and fall, up to November, he did not indulge in intoxicating drink. One bleak, windy November morning, however, the insane appetite again rose within him. He wandered around with parched lips and blood-shot eyes, suffering almost unendurable torment from his raging thirst. At last, he harnessed one of his horses and rode down to L——, twelve miles distant, hoping, as he afterward told me, that the piercing cold would help him to overcome his raging thirst.

Having arrived at L——, he put up his horse at a stable where he was known, and began to walk the streets, still hoping to overcome the burning desire for alcohol.

But the appetite was more than he could control, and, yielding to it at last, he went into a saloon, and, after taking one glass, gave himself up to utter indulgence.

At night, when he again went to the stable, he could hardly stand, and seemed so unconscious of what he was about that the men would not let him have his horse, and tried to have him go into the hotel and stay until morning.

It was already late in the afternoon, and the weather was bitterly cold, but he would not heed their good counsel, and, instead of going back into the hotel, he started to walk home, a distance of twelve miles.

About half a mile out of town, the road forks, the right branch leading out toward the river into a grove, where there is a large cemetery. By this time Burt did not know one road from another, and, taking the wrong one, he got into the cemetery, where he staggered around hopelessly lost.

It happened that there had been a funeral that afternoon, and a coffin had been deposited in one of the tombs, the door of which had not yet been closed.

The wind was piercingly cold, and though hardly conscious of it, Burt, to escape it, reeled through the open door into the tomb, and tumbled down in one corner.

He either fell asleep or became utterly insensible, for what followed until morning is a blank to him. The sexton, on his late rounds, closed and locked the door without hearing or seeing anything of him.

It was not until some hours had passed Burt came to himself, somewhat. He lay for some time trying, in a dull, heavy way, to solve this difficult problem. The air felt cold and damp. He was in darkness. He put out his hand. It touched a cold stone, and he started, with a shudder to his feet.

Was he in prison? Had he committed murder or some other offense while drunk?

The thought so appalled him that it cleared his brain to some extent of the effects of the alcohol. For the one thing which Burt had always feared more than anything else was that on one of his "sprees" he should kill some person.

He felt in his pockets and found a match, and by its dim light made the horrible discovery that he was in a tomb with the dead.

As yet, he could recall little or nothing of last evening's doings. At first he thought that he must have been taken for dead and put in there to wait for a post mortem examination, or something of that sort.

But this idea was too improbable for him to entertain long; and there was even less probability that he had been put there for a joke.

Then he lighted more matches, and tried the door. Then he shouted for help till he made himself hoarse; but the echo of his voice, as it resounded through the pent up resting place of the dead, was his only reply.

Now Burt was not a person to be alarmed without good cause; so, with more composure than might be supposed, he sat down on a coffin and took account of his chances. They were not flattering. The place was close and noisome to the last degree; and even if not suffocated he might have to stay there till he would be starved or frozen to death.

He had a loaded revolver in his coat pocket. He took it out, thinking whether it would not be best to use it and end his life. For even if he should get out of this horrible place, his fate, with his present habit, was only a question of time. That bullet would in one instant end it all.

"For a moment," so he afterwards told me, "it was a toss-up which I should do—die then and there, or live on, if I could, and favor temptation again."

Then there came better thoughts. He thought of his business; thought of what he might make if it were not for his bad habits. He thought, too, of a dear lady friend who had not quite lost faith in him; and then, a contrast, of what he was and where he was at that moment; his life, too, and his duty to other people as well as to himself, came to his mind in new lights. "What a fool I have been!" he said. "Worse than that, a weakling and a coward!"

The result was that he put his pistol in his pocket, and, in a better frame of mind, looked higher than his own rash arm for aid.

"I had never prayed, nor been taught to pray," he said to me, but I honestly said aloud, that if God would give me one chance more I would try to be a better man, and lead a decent and honorable life."

And the Great Father of all, hearing Burt Slater say these words, knew that he meant them.

Having done this, he sat back and waited his fate with a certain fortitude and stoicism. Morning came, but no cheery light found its way into the tomb where he sat. The day dragged on. Benumbed and faint, and poisoned by the unhealthy gases, Burt at last fell asleep—a sleep, perhaps, from which he might never have waked on earth.

Meantime Colby at the D — House, was anxious about him. After dinner that day, as Burt did not come back, he took Burt's hostler with him and drove down to. L——. The watch dog at the stable, "Old Beave," went along with them.

They went to the boarding-stable where Burt had put up his horse. They found the animal still there and learned what they could regarding him.

The hostler took Burt's driving-gloves out of the carriage and threw them down to the dog, and then told him to "find Burt."

Beave ran about the stable, then up to the hotel, and after awhile he ran off along the D—— road.

Colby and the hostler followed as fast as they could run, and saw the dog go into the cemetery. When they came up he was at the tomb snuffing at the door.

"Oh, come away from there, you fool!" exclaimed Colby.

"Not too fast, now," said the hostler. "That dog is nobody's fool!"

They went up to the tomb door.

"Burt!" Colby shouted incredulously.

"There was no answer, though the call had partly roused Burt from his sleep.

"Burt, you ain't in there, are ye?"

"Yes, I am," came faintly through the heavy door.

Both men uttered an exclamation of surprise, Colby a very forcible one. The hostler tried the door, and they ran to find the sexton and in a short time they had Burt out of the tomb.

These events occurred more than three years ago. Young Slater has kept his word thus far, and has proved himself a capable, honest business man. His craving for stimulants is not yet wholly quenched. At times he experiences it; but it is less strong, and is slowly but surely growing weaker.—*Youth's Companion.*

Dimensions of Heaven.

"Did you ever read the sixteenth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelatation? No? Well, read it, and you will get some interesting figures about the world above the skies. It gives the dimensions of heaven and reads this way: 'And he measured the city with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.'" "Have you ever made the calculation?" "Yes, here it is now," and he handed the reporter the following: "Twelve thousand furlongs equal 7,920,000 feet which, being cubed, is 496,793,088,-000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Reserving one-half of this space for the throne and court of heaven, and half the balance for streets, we have the remainder, 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4096, the cubic feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,750,000,000 rooms. Now suppose the world did and always will hold 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts thirty-three and one-third years, making in all 2,070,000,000,000 inhabitants every century, and that the world will stand 100,000,000,000 years, or 1000 centuries, making in all 2,070,-000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 160 worlds equal to this in the number of the inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 2,979,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than 100 rooms sixteen feet square for each person."

What is a Clearing House.

In reply to a correspondent's inquiry as to the object and business of a clearing house, the New York Journal of Commerce says: "There are upward of sixty banks in this city. Without a clearing house each of these would be obliged to make a settlement with all the rest Suppose the A bank has checks and drafts on sixty banks making a balance in its favor amounting in the aggregate to $500,000, but owes the 61st bank the sum of $501,000; without this general clearance it must be sent all over the city to collect this half a million dollars and then adding $1,000 to it must pay its debt. But with a clearing house all it has to do is to find out whether it is a debtor or creditor on the whole and pay that sum over. In the case above described, after the exchange had gone around the room, it would be found that the A bank had nothing to collect, and had only $1,000 to pay. Instead of handling $1,001,000 by receiving $500,-000 and paying out $501,000 it handles only $1,000. The representatives (clerks) of all the banks meet in a large room. Each has a little desk with an outside ticket hole. The managers then start on their rounds, and each exchanges slips with all the others When through, it is found who is debtor and creditor in relation to the whole body, and exactly how much. Those who are debtors then pay in what they owe, and the clearing house pays it out to the creditors, and not a cent is left on the counter. The sum of three or four millions as a resulting balance will settle daily exchanges for $100,000,000, as only those who owe a balance on final settlement have to pay anything, and only those who have a credit on final settlement will receive anything, and one must exactly balance the other.

Curious Bible Facts.

A prisoner, condemned to solitary confinement, obtained a copy of the Bible, and by three years careful study, obtained the following facts:

"The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,-189 chapters and 66 books. The word *and* occurs 46,267 times. The word Lord occurs 1,855 times. The word Reverend occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet, except the letter J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm end alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

Girls who marry coachmen ought to be stable in their affections.

"How one thing brings up another," said the lady, in pleasing retrospection. "Yes," replied Dibbs, "an emetic, for instance" She left the table in a huff.

A Heavenly Trance.

ALLEGED SPIRITUAL VISIONS OF AN ALLEGHENY COUNTY GIRL.

Maggie Beadling, the 17-year-old daughter of James Beadling, a coal miner at Banksville, three miles from this city, has awakened from her so-called trance, which was reported recently in these columns. With a few lucid intervals of more or less duration, she has been in a comatose or trance state, according to her parents' statements, many weeks. While in this condition she was apparently totally oblivious to earthly surroundings. During this time her attendants say that only a little food in liquid form was placed between her lips, yet she only lost a few pounds in weight.

She was lying in bed when a *Dispatch* reporter called at her home yesterday afternoon. She looked bright and animated and conversed without any reserve or embarrassment. To the scores of people who have called on her she has related a remarkable story of her transition to what she terms heaven. She does not allow her relatives or anybody to say she has been sick, and insists that she has "only been away." Mrs. Beadling and the whole family speak of what Maggie saw "since she came back," and it would be impossible to convince them that she has not returned from the very gates of heaven. They give as indisputable proof that she has told the names and described the appearance of relatives and people who died before she was born and others whom she knew when they were alive.

At the reporter's request, Miss Beadling gave an account of her recent sensations and experiences in very good language.

"When I first loss consciousness," she said, "it was perfect darkness. I could not see, hear or feel anything. How long this darkness lasted I cannot remember, but suddenly it vanished, and in the brightness that followed I saw the forms of two angels. They were my aunt and grandmother."

"Her grandmother died when Maggie's father was 13 years old, and her aunt, Mrs. Younger, died about 3 years ago," here interrupted an older sister.

"Then how could she know her grandmother who died before she was born?" was asked by an inquisitive visitor.

"I knew my aunt immediately," replied the young girl, "and she told me it was my grandmother. They were robed in white, and carried me to a river—"

"How did they carry you?" asked the *Dispatch* reporter.

"On their wings. When we came to the bank of the river they put me down and said: 'This is a life boat.' As soon as we stepped into the boat it commenced to move. No one was pushing or pulling it, and there were no oars or anything connected with it. The river was not wide. It was smooth and clear. When we reached the other side the Saviour was standing on the shore. We followed Him up a narrow path till we reached the gates of heaven. I was not allowed to enter the gates, but I could see all that was inside. All the angels were in white, had beautiful long wings, and each one had a crown upon the head."

"Were they all one size?"

"Oh, no, they were big and little, old and young. The ones I knew looked just like they did on earth. I heard the most beautiful music of harps and voices. I cannot describe the beauties of heaven. It was so happy and bright. I can't tell you what God is like. I was told never to reveal certain things that was shown to me. The Lord told me when I came back to earth to tell all the people that visit to heaven was the most wonderful miracle He ever performed. He told me I was to write what I had seen and publish a book so the world could know the wonders of heaven. The book is not to be sold to make money. I am to do this in return for what the Lord has done for me."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Where to Reside.

A good place for Anarchists—Bombay.

No ring there—Belfast.

Free from riots—Concord.

A rural resort for milkmen—Cowes.

A retreat for scolding women—Shewsburg.

Affords rare facilities for fugitives escaping from justice—Hyde Park.

A desirable place for inquisitive people—Pekin.

Where one may find plenty of game—Lyons.

A popular resort for gamblers—Lucknow.

The first in importance—Leeds.

It has no fascination for dogs—Bologna.—*Life.*

Their Special Use.

"Yes, Bobby," said the minister, who was dining with the family, "everything in this world has its use, although we may not know what it is. Now, there is the fly, for instance. You wouldn't think that flies were good for anything, yet--"

"Oh, yes, I would," interrupted Bobby. "I know what flies are good for."

"What, Bobby?"

"Pa says that they are the only thing what keeps him awake when you are preaching."—*Life.*

He—"How old are you, Miss Emma?"

She—"I am old enough to know better than to answer that question."

"I wonder if this coffee is ever going to settle," grumbled Flumly at the breakfast table. "About as soon as you do," replied the landlady, freezingly.