The Morning Star.

J. E. COLLINS Editor and Proprietor. SUBSCRIPTION---$2.50 per Annum, Payable in Advance.

VOLUME I. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879. NUMBER 75.

CONDEMNED BY A CLOCK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

On a summer evening, years ago, a man was found murdered in a field near a certain town, in the west of England. The name of the field was "Pardon's Piece."

The man was a small carpenter and builder in the town who bore an indifferent character. On the evening in question a distant relative of his, employed as farm bailiff by a gentleman in the neighborhood, happened to be passing a stile which led from the field into the road, and saw a gentleman leaving the field by way of this stile rather in a hurry. He recognized the gentleman (whom he knew by sight only) as a Mr. Dubourg.

They passed each other on the road in opposite directions. After a certain lapse of time—estimated as being a half hour—the farm bailiff had occasion to pass back along the same road. On reaching the stile he heard an alarm raised and entered the field to see what was the matter. He found several persons running from the further side of Pardon's Piece toward a boy who was standing at the back of a cattle shed, in a remote part of the enclosure, screaming with terror. At the boy's feet lay, face downward, the dead body of a man with his head horribly beaten in. His watch was under him hanging out of his pocket by the chain. It had stopped—evidently in consequence of the concussion of its owner's fall on it—at 8:30. The body was still warm. All the other valuables, like the watch, was left on it. The farm bailiff instantly recognized the man as the carpenter and builder mentioned above.

At the preliminary inquiry, the stoppage of the watch at 8 30 was taken as offering good circumstantial evidence that the blow which had killed the man had been struck at that time.

The next question was, if any one had been near the body at 8.30? The farm bailiff declared that he had met Mr. Dubourg hastily leaving the field by the stile at that very time. Asked if he had looked at his watch, he owned that he had not done so. Certain previous circumstances, which he mentioned as having impressed themselves on his memory, enabled him to feel sure of the truth of this assertion without having consulted his watch. He was pressed on this important point, but he held to his declaration. At 8.30 he had seen Mr. Dubourg hurriedly leave the field. At 8.30 the watch of the murdered man had stopped.

Had any other person been observed in or near the field at that time?

No witness had been discovered who had seen anybody else near the place. Had the weapon turned up with which the blow had been struck? It had not been found. Was any one known (robbery having plainly not been the motive of the crime) to have entertained a grudge against the murdered man? It was no secret that he associated with doubtful characters, male and female; but suspicion failed to point to any one of them in particular.

In this state of things there was no alternative but to request Mr. Dubourg—well known in and out of the town as a young gentleman of independent fortune, bearing an excellent character—to give some account of himself.

He immediately admitted that he had passed through the field. But, in contradiction to the farm bailiff, he declared that he had looked at his watch at the moment before he crossed the stile, and that the time by it was exactly 8.15. Five minutes later, that is to say, ten minutes before the murder had been committed, on the evidence of the dead man's watch—he had paid a visit to a lady living near Pardon's Piece, and had remained with her until his watch, consulted once more on leaving the lady's house, informed him that it was 8.45.

Here was what the defence called an "alibi." It entirely satisfied Mr. Dubourg's friends. To satisfy justice also it was necessary to call the lady as a witness. In the meantime another purely formal question was put to Mr. Dubourg. Did he know anything of the murdered man?

With some appearance of confusion, Mr. Dubourg admitted that he had been induced by a friend to employ the man on some work. Further interrogation extracted from him the following statement of facts:

That the work had been very badly done; that an exorbitant price had been charged for it; that the man, on being remonstrated with, had behaved in a grossly impertinent manner; that an altercation had taken place between them; that Mr. Dubourg had seized the man by the collar of his coat, and had turned him out of the house; that he had called the man an infernal scoundrel (being in a passion at the time) and threatened to "thrash him within an inch of his life" (or words to that effect), if he ever presumed to come near the house again; that he had sincerely regretted his own violence the moment he recovered his self-possession; and lastly, that, on his oath (the altercation having occurred six weeks ago), he had never spoken to the man, or set eyes on the man since.

As the matter there stood, these circumstances were considered as being unfortunate circumstances for Mr. Dubong—nothing more. He had his "alibi" to appeal to, and his character to appeal to; and nobody doubted the result.

The lady appeared as witness.

Confronted with Mr. Dubourg on the question of time, and forced to answer, she absolutely contradicted him, on the testimony of the clock on her own mantelpiece. In substance, her evidence was simply this: She looked at her clock when Dubourg entered the room, thinking it rather a late hour for a visitor to call on her. The clock (regulated by the maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clock-maker proved that he kept the key, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock thus vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before, terminating in an assault and a threat on his side, and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to commit him to take his trial at the assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Pardon's Piece.

The trial occupied two days.

No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken at the preliminary examinations—with this difference only, that it was more carefully sifted. Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister of the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position, and eager for proof of his innocence. By the end of the first day the evidence had told against him with such irrisistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the minds of the people in court; everybody said, "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon, and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the people was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defence.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of the new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and barristers on either side, the court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as housemaid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the housemaid than narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress' clock:

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantelpiece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once before done this, she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offence, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to put matters right again, if possible by herself.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, with a bronze figure on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she contrived so to lift the clock a few inches and drop it again on the mantelpiece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obsticle. There was a difficulty in opening the glass case which protected the dial. After uselessly searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel. With this she opened the case — after accidently scratching the brass frame of it—and set the hands of the clock by guess. She was flurried at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had over-estimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. She had, in fact, set it exactly a quarter of an hour too fast.

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again, had occurred until the last thing at night. She had moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed, as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight.

Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn if the prisoner's twin brother had not found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew anything about the clock, and had not (hearing what she had to tell) insisted on her taking the journey with him to the court the next morning.

The evidence virtually decided the trial. There was a great burst of relief in the crowded assembly when the woman's statement had come to an end.

She was closely cross-examined as a matter of course. Her character was inquired into; corroborative evidence (relative to the chisel and the scratches on the frame) was sought for, and was obtained. The end of it was that, at a late hour on the second evening, the jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box. It was too much to say that his life had been saved by his brother. His brother alone had persisted from first to last, in obstinately disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried everybody with his incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the house-maid after the trial had begun and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted every body: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me anything about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his deathbed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances. Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel and an absence at the moment of witnesses on the spot—these were really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy.

A Patient Father.

After we left Vincennes this afternoon, writes Bob Burdette in the Burlington *Hawkeye*, a man got on with his wife and two children. One of the little ones, a boy three years or over, was fretful and weepful, and the father did his best, and in the tenderest, patientest manner, to quiet the child and put him to sleep. How the little fellow did cry and kick, and throw things around. He had been crying that way, the man said, all day long, and he couldn't imagine what ailed him. He "allowed he might have the earache." The passengers were full of sympathy for which, as they strove to express it in various ways, the father appeared unspeakably grateful for, and the boy indignantly repelled. One man gave him an orange; the boy hurled it spitefully into the face of his baby sister, sleeping in the mother's lap, and the terrified young lady added her wail of fright and pain to the general chorus. A lady gave him her handsome smelling-bottle; he dashed it on the floor, and howled more fiercely than ever. I handed the poor little innocent my pocket knife; away it went out of the car window, and the urchin wailed more indignantly than ever. All the time the father never got cross or grew impatient, but "allowed he could hush him off to sleep after a bit."

And by-and-by, sure enough, the pain and impatience yielded to the father's patient soothing, the little head dropped over on the father's shoulder, the broken sobs became less and less frequent, and finally died away, and the poor little fellow just began to forget his troubles in sleep as the train slowed up to a station, when suddenly the father, walking up and down the aisle with him, darted a glance out of the window, stooped down and looked again, and shouted:

"What's the matter with that man?"

"Hello!" he shouted. "Here, Emily, take him—watch him—here! I can't wait! Don't let him roll off! Watch him!"

With a hasty motion he tossed the baby into the seat behind his wife, getting him just about half way on. He gave a hurried jab at the boy with his extended fingers to push him further on the seat, but missed him and darted off to the door of the car, shot out of it, and was down on the platform in a flash. The mother quickly put down the baby and turned to attend to the boy, two or three passengers at the same time sprang forward with the same purpose; all too late; before the father was well out of the door, the boy toppled off the seat, came to the floor with a thump and a howl of real pain and fright, and when the father, looking sheepish and cheap, came back into the car, the poor little fellow, wide awake to all his old miseries and the one crowning, insulted new one, was screaming away at a rate that fairly made the windows rattle, and kept it up until we got to Terre Haute, and I don't know how long after that. And all this time nobody else had been able to see anything to excite the father to such a remarkable degree, and he saw our wonder in our coutenances.

"The man was a coal-miner," he explained, as he took the screaming boy, "and I reckon he'd been loadin' a car of coal and got his face smutty."

Our amazement looked out of our eyes greater than ever.

"An' I thought," continued the father, nervously patting the boy's back, and seeing that some further explanation was necessary and expected, "I thought his eye was blacked, an' I 'lowed maybe there'd been a fight."

Chrystal's "Xylophonics.'

On thyme—The gardener's foot.

A pedestrian's wages—Gait money.

The earliest spring on record—The bullfrog's.

Never on hand when wanted—A diamond ring.

There is a wide difference between a pupil and a pup ill.

A lamp-host—The landlord who lights you up to your room.

Is a man well bred, when he is "raised by an editor's boot?

No matter what rank vegetables may attain, the cabbage will always be a head.

An assembly composed of paragraphers would probably be called an O pun meeting.

A man with a pair of creaky boots always has music in his sole, and is not likely to forget it, either.

A man may be full weight, yet dishonest; he may be large, but lazy; and yet we generally judge a man by his eyes.

It isn't necessary for a printer to strike the funny-bone of his left forelimb against a frame in order to find out the difference between a knee cap and a cap E.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach the fruits; but the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over-eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

The fellow who tumbles off the "tailboard" of a wagon is the man who "falls behind."

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Fashions.

A New York paper says: Everything now worn is in several colors—ribbons, embroideries, and even the straw of which bonnets are made. Underclothing and table linen are embroidered in many colors. Handkerchiefs have monograms worked in cotton or silk in as many as seven different hues, and are often adorned with plaid designs and borderings striped in all colors. There are scarcely any more suits made in two shades of the same color. They are now trimmed with "pekin" or Scotch plaid goods in altogether different colors from the bodies of the dresses. Tissues are made of satin cashemire, for bonnets and neckties and to trim suits.

Pekin continues in fashion. A new kind has just been manufactured for spring wear which will serve for many combinations. It is woolen pekin with narrow satin stripes. These stripes alternate, one being plaid and in a natural shade, and the other having small branches in bright colors on a plain grounding, which is in a different color from the grounding of the plain stripe. Another novelty in pekin is called "*inamovible*," which means immovable. It is a pretty gray material. Foulards will be more worn than ever, as also surah "*corah des Indies*," and "*louisine*," which is handsomer even than surah. It is as soft as satin, and always comes in light shades. In these materials there are Scotch plaids in large designs and very pale shades, with which are combined small bunches of many colored fine flowers. These flowers are marked on cashemire. The new color n plain goods is called "chaudron." It is coppery-brass color, or rather a kind of golden brown. Among the knowns which are to be in fashion this spring are red, straw-color and biege. Old-gold color will still be worn, but not so much as formerly; that is, the color is not exactly the same. Gold and silver are likely to be mixed with different tissues and combined with embroideries. Materials shot with gold and silver are now much used for the draperies and trimmings of ball dresses and also for the trimmings of bonnets. Real moss is now combined with flower trimmings.

The chief question at present in respect to the make of dresses is the draping of the paniers. Some *modistes* try to make their spring suits somewhat in this style without altogether adopting it; others make tight-fitting dresses, with very long peplum points on the side, which lie perfectly flat and are trimmed on the ends with tassels. The princess apron forms the upper part of the peplum point, and the plaiting *a l'Ecossaire* is narrow at the top, becoming broad toward the lower border of the skirt. The plaiting is bordered on either side with the peplum trimming. This Grecian style has great advantages; it is admirably suited to small figures, to which it gives a taller and more slender appearance. The most suitable material for these dresses is silk. A dress made in this style, and worn at one of the latest Parisian *fetes*, has a lemon-colored *faille* skirt, trimmed with double ruchings of *faille* and *crepe lisse*. The waist is cut very low in the neck, and is square both front and back. The dress is cut from the waist down in a large peplum point, which ends on the lower trimming of the skirt. The lemon-colored plush train is taken back in revers, and bordered with a band of satin embroidered with flowers. The peplum point is covered with jet work and colored flowers. Many plush trains are worn by ladies who do not dance. This fashion is particularly popular, as plain *faille* toilets can be altogether changed in appearance by the addition of the plush train. This train must be in a color contrasting with the remainder of the toilet; for instance, over a pink *faille* or satin dress the train may be of ruby-colored plush.

To return to the paniers. Those persons who fully adopt this fashion arrange them in the following ways: The panier is taken from the side and falls among the folds of the train, or forms a tunique. Some paniers are made very short, and fastened to the waist like a puffed basque. An evening toilet may be of light blue *crepe de Chine* and white embroidered gauze. The train skirt is plaited. The white satin apron is covered with small embroidered gauze flounces. Down the sides of the apron is a trimming consisting of blue and pink double-faced ribbon. On the lower border of the apron is a blue-plaited flounce. Down the back of the skirt are puffed draperies, drawn in to the middle of the train by means of many large ribbon loops. Large ribbon loops fall in cascades over the draperies, starting from the right side of the waist. The waist is plaited all the way down, back and front. The upper part of the waist is opened and trimmed with a ruffle of embroidered gauze and ribbon loops. The neck trimming is completed with a *crepe lisse* and lace collarette, with a blue ribbon through the centre. Over the arm-sizes is a roll of *crepe de Chine*. The sleeves, which reach to the elbow, are of white net, worked with beads. On the left shoulder, falling down the back, are long loops of the double-faced ribbon. The belt is of pink ribbon.

Hair Dressing.

Many have scanty locks—for them, far from forbidding borrowed ones, I enjoin them. Many have hair so heavy that it really needs elaborate fastenings. Some have bald patches, caused by the dragging of too much false hair or by injudicious tying; to these I recommend some dainty head-gear for disguise sake—and how few know the improvement that some form of ornament is to the hair. A little cap of antique lace or a gracefully-managed ribbon of good color, or a thick gold chain twisted among the plaits, will give height and importance to the figure, by drawing the eye, through color, to the top of the head. The generality of women have hair neither dark enough nor light enough to be conspicuous *per se*. To all of these some headdress is a great improvement. One of the prettiest modes of doing up the hair is that affected greatly by the artistic world. The hair is cut in a fringe over the forehead, or the fringe is simulated by the ends of the hair brought over the head to the front and bound to the head by narrow straps of ribbon, gold, or black velvet. Between these straps the hair is loosened and raised, which gives an undulating line. This is a rival of the old medieval fashion. It is absolutely necessary to study yourself before you dress your hair; your height, your build, the shape of head and face must be considered if you aim at being pleasant to the artistic eye. If the forehead is narrow, while your cheeks are rather wide, roll the hair over pads at the temples or friz it out; if your forehead be too large for your face, any form of fringe may be cultivated. If you lack height, dress the hair high, brush off the brow, and wear a flower or jewel as high as possible. Should the head be depressed or flat at top, plaits across diadem-wise will be a great addition; or the hair may be brushed over a cushion.—*Mrs. Haweis.*

A Royal Bridal Dress.

The bridal dress of the Princess Louisa Margaret of Prussia, whose marriage to Prince Arthur, Queen Victoria's third son, was celebrated with such splendor at Windsor, is of heavy white satin, and the low bodice is embroidered with lace four inches in width. The skirt is ornamented with lace twelve inches in width, and there is attached in front, a little toward the right, a small bouquet of myrtle. The train is thirteen feet long, and is covered by a rich lace flounce, the width of which is three feet and a half, and upon which is laid a branch of myrtle. The bridal vail is a square of lace blossoms, about ten feet and a half square, which will be fastened to the top of the crown, enveloping the princess. All the lace is of the finest point d'Alencon; the design modern in style, representing a fantastic combination of oranges, myrtle, and roses. The bridal handkerchief is made on the same pattern, and has in one corner the interlaced name of the bride, and in the other the Prussian eagle. The recent bereavements in the two royal and imperial families have rendered several black *robes de cour* for the princess indispensable. Among these are a velvet dress, bodice, and skirt richly embroidered with pearl lace, and a dress of rep, the satin insertion of which is adorned with rich bead embroidery. The traveling costume is gray, braided with soutache.

Village Boards of Health.

Writing in *Scribner* of Dr. Roosa's recent address before the New York State Medical society on the "Relations of the Medical Profession to the State," Dr. Holland thus discusses a very important topic:

Doctor Roosa very wisely says that there should be a board of health in every county and every town, and that there should be no man upon it who has not a scientific, medical or legal education. He furthermore says that "not a schoolhouse, not a jail, not a hospital, not a sewer, should be built unless competent sanitary advice, with power to enforce it, be given." This is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go half far enough. The truth is that every private house that goes up should be built under public sanitary supervision. Men are dying in New York every day because houses are built improperly. The arrangements for plumbing and ventilation are not only incompetent, but utterly vicious and murderous. Men put up buildings all over the country just as they please. We have built houses for human dwellings, and we have never yet been questioned by any public officer as to how many fatal traps we had set for human life. House-poisoning has now become the most common form of poisoning. Diphtheria, pneumonia and typhoid fever are the constant, daily demonstration of vicious modes of building, and there is no authority, apparently, to prevent the formation of these diseases. A builder puts up a block, and offers his houses for sale. The buyer sees everything fair, for the sources of disease are covered from sight; but he moves in, and one after another of his family sickens and dies, and he learns, at last, that he has dealt with a criminal, and that the municipality or State has afforded him no protection.

The truth is that we not only need to have boards of health established in many places where they are not, but we need to have their powers much enlarged where they exist. No one, we suppose, can doubt the great usefulness of our New York board of health; but if they could be armed with powers that would enable them to act more directly upon the prevention of disease, they could be much more useful. If they could have authority to dictate the plumbing and ventilation of every structure, private as well as public, erected in this city, they could save the city a large percentage of its cruelest mortality. If they could have the control of the cleaning of the streets, does any one doubt that they would greatly improve the health of the city? We talk about the adulteration of food as if it were a great thing, and our board of health busies itself about it in the absence of other work; but the adulteration, the absolute poisoning, of the air we breathe, is of almost infinitely more importance.

Doctor Roosa speaks of what is done in the way of preventive medicine by our wise system of quarantine, by which the city has been saved from epidemics. With our yellow fever lesson of last year fresh in memory, it really seems as if towns should learn something. There is no question that all these epidemics become fatal in the degree in which the air is vitiated by poisonous odors. When yellow fever or cholera visits a place, it becomes a terrible or a mild visitation, according to the condition which it finds. If it finds a people already poisoned with foul streets and bad drainage, it finds food for a great and grave mortality. If it finds a place where everything is pure and sweet, it does not stay long or work such mischief. There are some States which have a board of health, or may have one, in every town, armed with a considerable amount of power—with the power, at least, of holding inquest on private premises, and determining what shall be done to remedy evils; but what we really want most is a wider power of prevention, such as shall make it incumbent upon every builder to secure the approval of such a board before he can live in his house himself or offer it for sale or rent.

MILLIONS OF MONEY.

Mrs. Hummell's Vast Inheritance—A Newsvender's Wife Falls Heir to $20,000,000.

Out in Betts street Hospital, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, lies an old lady seventy-seven years of age, a confirmed invalid for twenty years, unable to care for herself. Down on Budd street, in a little dingy brick building, a news store in front and tenement in the rear, is an old man of sixty, her husband, with a passage-ticket for London in his pocket, and his wife's good-bye kiss upon his lips, about to sail for Europe to obtain possession of an immense fortune, estimated at $20,000,000, to which his wife has suddenly found herself entitled. Joseph Hummell is his name; Germany his nation, and for the past fifteen years, since a bullet at the battle of Duval's Bluff rendered him unable to sit upon the tailor's bench, the vending of newspapers and periodicals has been his means of obtaining a livelihood. Now he finds himself suddenly a millionaire, through an inneritance of his wife, with whom he plighted his vows in the fatherland long years ago.

It is a strange story—strange even in these times of sudden fortunes and reverses. Joseph Hummell is a native of Germany, and there he married his wife, a widow, seventeen years older than himself. In 1843 they came to America to seek their fortunes. They landed in New York, remained there two years, and in 1845 went to Boston, where Joseph learned the tailor trade, and spent seventeen years steadily devoted to the goose. Then he entered in Uncle Sam's army, went South, was wounded, discharged, and finally with his wife went to Cincinnati. Unable by reason of his wound to sit upon the tailor's bench, he began peddling pictures, books, church papers and periodicals. In this occupation he made a scanty living, living in obscurity and comparative poverty. His wife, meantime, had been a confirmed invalid; and, gathering together a few dollars, he invested it in a little stock of papers, books and sacred pictures, and for years past has given his time to these and the care of his aged and helpless wife, hoping for nothing more than a comfortable living and a life in conformity with the requirements of the church of Rome, of which he is a devout member. Two years ago, however, his wife, in looking over a newspaper, chanced to notice an advertisement asking for the whereabouts of the heirs of Caspar Weiss, formerly an admiral in the English navy, deceased since 1804. "Caspar Weiss," she said, "was the name of my grandfather. Can it be that this is in relation to him and his heirs? He was, too, an admiral, and died about the date mentioned. Can it be that I am the one wanted to lay claim to his inheritance?" Her husband gave the matter little thought or attention at first, but finding her positive in her statement of family history, decided to write to the address mentioned, giving the facts. The result was a letter of inquiry from a lawyer named Weber, in London, stating that Caspar Weiss, an admiral, died in London in 1804, leaving a fortune of £1,000,000 invested in four per cent. securities; that during the long years since no claimant had ever appeared for the fortune; that it had by the natural process of interest-bearing greatly increased since that time; and that he was desirous, if possible, of finding the rightful owners. The claims of Mrs. Hummell seemed, he said, to be well established, but he asked for further information, with documentary evidence of her identity. Then followed more correspondence, in which the family history and records were thoroughly searched and ventilated; and the result was that several months ago Mrs. Hummell received the information that there was no longer any doubt as to her identity, and that she was the long-sought-for descendant, and entitled to at least a large portion of the funds in question, which could be obtained by herself or her representative upon complying with the necessary legal forms. There was, however, a serious obstacle to remove, and that was the lack of funds. Mr. Hummell, the husband, was very poor, being enabled by his very scanty income to little more than furnish the necessities of life for himself and his invalid wife. Finally, however, he succeeded in interesting his friends in the society of which he was a member to a sufficient extent, and they becoming convinced that the claim was probably valid, consented to advance sufficient funds to enable him to make the journey to London and claim for his wife, who is unable by reason of her age and infirmities to travel, the fortune.

Catching Cold.

"Colds" are among the unsolved medical problems. They used to be thought due to the suppression of the excretions of the skin; but this takes place whenever the surface is exposed to cold, and often without harm; and colds are sometimes taken when only a few square inches of surface are exposed. It is a fact, too, that men and animals may be varnished without producing the symptoms of a cold.

Still, the ordinary medical view is that the passing off of effete matter from the skin being checked the blood is altered in character. The corrupted blood then in its turn affects the heat-regulating apparatus.

A cold is a slight fever. It begins with a chilly sensation, followed by heat. The fever runs its course in a day or two. Like other fevers, however, it may have various complications. Hence, rheumatic pains, headache, nasal catarrh, sore throat, catarrh of the intestines, *herpes labialis* (eruptions around the mouth).

Sweating, whether by medicines administered internally or otherwise, is the main reliance for hastening a cure. But the pores should be kept somewhat open by warm clothing, or the heat of a warm room for several days, during which there should be no exposure.—*Youth's Companion.*

The common council of Racine, Wis., have adopted what may be considered a peculiarly discriminative liquor law. It prohibits all liquor-dealers in the city from giving or selling liquor to a lawyer of the place who used to be a leader at the State bar, but is now a drunkard.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A man of pluck—The fowl-stripper.

Every baker's shop has the stomach cake.

This is the walking year, the next will be leap year.

The chief necessity of the season—Handkerchief.

The average size of the farms in the United States is 153 acres.

In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up.

"Mischief, thou art a foot!" exclaimed the man of many corns.

Diphtheria is regarded as the most atal of all the diseases of children.

Your professional pedestrian may be said to be a man who profits by his extremities.

Dancing has been introduced into the army. Probably you have heard of its squad-drills.

Some malignant slanderer says: "Woman needs no eulogist, for she speaks for herself."

As a rule leather men are no better than other people though they have both inner and outer soles.

There is a very suggestive proverb which declares that "There are a great many asses with short ears."

Which is the most wonderful animal in a farmyard? A pig; because he's killed first and cured afterwards.

It may be healthy to take a walk on an empty stomach, but we pity that man who has to furnish the stomach.

The origin of electing members by ballot came from the Grecians. When a member was to be elected, each member threw a small crumb of bread into a basket, carried by a servant on his head, and whoever differed, flattened the pellet at one side.

Of Mr. Shelley, a nephew of the poet, Mr. Conway tells an interesting story: This gentleman, while searching for adventures in Africa, got among a tribe whom he found suffering poverty for want of a little knowledge about cattle breeding, agriculture and other things which he was competent to give. He remained with them for a while, taught them what they most needed, and as matters began to improve the Africans desired to worship him as a god descended among them. Mr. Shelley's only trouble was that they so loaded him with their favors and environed him with their devotion that he could not get away. The one thing they would not hear of was his leaving. It having become necessary that he should return to England, he was forced to have recourse to stratagem. He proposed to go on an expedition with a mounted company, and, carrying these with him to a point not far from an English colony, he got up silently in the night and rode off furiously, making good his escape.

Curious Facts.

The word purse originally meant a receptacle for arms, and was not invented to mean simply a place of safety for money.

Gloves were introduced into England in the tenth century, but were only used by the wealthy people, and were considered very valuable. As New Year's gifts they were quite popular, or sometimes "glove-money" in place of them. "Pin-money" originated in somewhat the same manner. Pins were so costly that money spent or laid aside for them was called "pin-money," and it became so important that it grew into the name of dower, which was settled upon the lady at her marriage.

Attar of roses was discovered by accident. The wife of an Eastern mogul had a small canal of rose-water, and as she was walking one day upon its banks, she noticed a thin film upon the water, which proved to be an oil made by the heat of the sun. The Egyptians were very famous in the manufacture of perfumes, and at the museum in Alnwick there is some ointment preserved in an alabaster vase which still has a very powerful odor, notwithstanding it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old.

The word hermit comes from a Greek word meaning a desert place, because deserts were generally sought in order to avoid persecution.

Sandwiches were named from Lord Sandwich. It is related of him, that one day in a gambling-house, being very much fascinated by play, for twenty-five hours he was unconscious of fatigue and hunger, when suddenly, becoming aware of them, he ordered some food to be brought, which proved to be some beef and two slices of bread. Placing them together he ate them. His friends gave them the name of sandwiches, and in his memento he declared this act to be the most important one of his administration.

Fortnight comes from the Anglo-Saxons, who counted time by night, and means fourteen nights.

The Medical Ice-Hat.

Dr. Richardson believed that by icing blood that went through the carotids to the brain, and blood that came back through the jugulars, we should directly lower the temperature of the brain itself; and probably it may have been done experimentally, but in practice it was not found easy to do. It was difficult to keep any kind of cravat or collar that was tried, filled with ice, round the neck of the patient; it slipped off, and the old India rubber bag or ice helmet, so well known in lunatic asylums, had to be resorted to. After a time Mr. Thornton combined a particular form of cap which answers the purpose extremely well. A pail of water with a large lump of ice in it is placed above the bed of the patient, and the stream of ice water runs through the cap, which is formed of a coil of India rubber tubing lined with linen. That is placed upon the patient's head, and is made of different sizes and shapes to fit the patient; the other extremity of the tube is put into a second pail at the side of the bed, and by this means the head is iced. The effect in lowering temperature is very marked, the thermometer in almost all instances indicating a fall of temperature within an hour; if the temperature be rising it is checked, and if very high it can be owered, and so time is gained for the recovery of the patient.—*Scientific American.*